

GALLIPOLI DIARY

MAJOR JOHN GRAHAM GILLAM

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DIARY ***

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BY

MAJOR JOHN GRAHAM
GILLAM

D.S.O.



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PREFACE

IN the kind and courteous letter which you will read on p. 15 General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston says that it is not possible for him to write a Preface to this book. That is my own and the reader's great loss, for General Hunter-Weston, as is well known, commanded the 29th Division at the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula on April 25, 1915, and during those early months of desperate fighting, until to the universal regret of all who served under him he became one of the victims of the sickness that began to ravage our ranks; and as one of the chief players of the great game that was there enacted, his comments would have been of supreme interest and would have added immeasurably to such small value as there may be in this Diary of one of the pawns in that same game. But since the player cannot, the pawn may perhaps be allowed to say a few words by way of comment on and explanation of the following pages.

Towards the completion of the mobilization of the 29th Division in the Leamington area in early 1915, I heard secretly that the Division was bound for the Dardanelles at an early date, instead of for France as we had at first expected. By this I knew that in all probability the Division was destined to play a most romantic part in the Great War. I had visions of trekking up the Gallipoli Peninsula with the Navy bombarding a way for us up the Straits and along the coast-line of the Sea of Marmora, until after a brief campaign we entered triumphantly Constantinople, there to meet the Russian Army, which would link up with ourselves to form part of a great chain encircling and throttling the Central Empires. I sailed from England on March 20, 1915, firmly convinced that my vision would actually come true and that some time in 1915 the paper-boys would be singing out in the streets of London: "Fall of Constantinople—British link hands with the Russians"; and I am sure that all who knew the secret of our destination were as firmly convinced as I was that we should meet with complete success. We little appreciated the difficulties of our task.

For these reasons, and perhaps because the very names—Gallipoli, Dardanelles, Constantinople—sounded so romantic and full of adventure, I determined to revive an old, if egotistic, hobby of mine—the keeping of a diary. Throughout the Gallipoli campaign, therefore, almost religiously every day and with very few exceptions I recorded, as I have done in the past, the daily happenings of my life and the impressions such happenings made on me, and the thoughts that they created. The diary was written by me to myself, as most diaries are, to be read possibly by myself and my nearest relations after the war, but with no thought of publication.

But when the Division was in Egypt, after the evacuation, and just prior to its embarking for France, a Supply Officer joined us whom I had met and talked to on the Peninsula, as one meets hundreds of men, without knowing, or caring to know, anything more about them than that they are trying to do their job as one tries to do one's own. His name is Launcelot Cayley Shadwell, and we became firm friends. We talked often of Gallipoli, and one day, in France, I showed him my diary. He read it, and then told me that I should try to get it published. I laughed at the idea, but he assured me that these first-hand impressions might interest a wider circle than that for which they were primarily intended, but that beforehand the diary should be pruned and edited, for of course there was much in it which was too personal to be of interest to anybody but myself. I asked him if he would edit it for me. He consented, and very kindly undertook the necessary blue pencilling, and in addition to his labour of excision was good enough to insert a few passages describing, so far as words can, the exquisite loveliness of the Peninsula. For these, which far surpass the powers of my own pen, I am deeply indebted to him. They will be found under dates:—*May 2nd, Moonlight at Helles; May 13th, The sensations one experiences when a shell is addressed to you; May 26th, Moonlight scenes; May 30th, Colouring of Imbros; July 15th, Alexandria; September 16th and 17th, The bathing cove.*

I am also indebted to the kindness of Captain Jocelyn Bray, the A.P.M. of the 29th Division on the Peninsula, for many excellent photographs.

The diary next had to be submitted to the Censor, who naturally refused to pass it until the Dardanelles Commission had finished its sittings, and it was nearly a year before it came back into my hands, passed for publication, but with a few further blue pencillings, this time not personal,

but official. And in this form—hastily scribbled by me from day to day, with a stumpy indelible pencil on odd sheets of paper, pruned, edited and improved by Shadwell, and extra-edited, if not notably improved, by the Censor—my diary is now presented for the consideration of an all-indulgent public.

Enough has been said to show, if internal evidence did not shout it aloud, that my diary has no literary pretensions whatsoever. I am no John Masefield, and do not seek to compete with my betters. Those who desire to survey the whole amazing Gallipoli campaign in perspective must look elsewhere than in these pages. Their sole object was to record the personal impressions, feeling, and doings from day to day of one supply officer to a Division whose gallantry in that campaign well earned for it the epithet “Immortal.” If in spite of its many deficiencies my diary should succeed in interesting the reader, and if, in particular, I have been able to place in the proper light the services of that indispensable but underrated arm, the A.S.C., I am more than content.

I have now seen the A.S.C. at work in England, Egypt, France and Flanders, as well as in Gallipoli, and the result is always just the same. Tommy is hungry three times a day without distinction of place, and without distinction of place three times a day, as regularly as the sun rises and sets, food is forthcoming for him, food in abundance with no queues or meat cards. The A.S.C. must never fail, and it never does fail, for its organization is one of the most brilliant the Army knows. But few, other than those in the A.S.C. itself or on the staffs of armies, can appreciate its vastness and its infallibility. To do so one should watch the supply ships dodging the enemy submarines and arriving at the bases, the supply hangars at the base supply depots receiving and disgorging the supplies to the pack trains, the arrival of the trains at the regulating stations on the lines of communication, whence they are dispatched to the railheads just behind the line, the staff of the deputy directors of supplies and transport of armies at work, following carefully the movements of formations and the rise and fall of strengths, to ensure that not only shall sufficient food arrive regularly each day at the railheads, but that there shall be no surpluses to choke the railheads. It is hardly less important that there should not be too much than that there should not be too little.

The slightest miscalculation may easily lead to chaos—to the blocking of trains carrying wounded back and ammunition forward, or the deprivation of a few thousand men of their food at a critical moment. One should watch the arrival of the supply pack trains at the railheads where the supply columns of motor lorries or the divisional trains of horse transport unload the pack trains and load their vehicles, regularly each day at scheduled times, under all conditions, even those caused by a 14-inch enemy shell bursting at intervals of five minutes in the railhead yard, causing all and sundry to get to cover, except the A.S.C., who must never fail to clear the train at the scheduled time. One should watch the divisional train H.Q. at work, following its division and arranging for the daily correct distribution and the delivery of the rations to units. Often horse transport, by careful managing on the part of train H.Q., is released for other duties than those of drawing and delivering supplies to units. Then one may watch the A.S.C. driver delivering R.E. material, etc., to the line, along roads swept by high-explosive shell and shrapnel and machine guns, where all but the A.S.C. driver can get to ground, while he must stand by his horses and get cover for them and himself as best he can. Then, although one has only seen the skeleton framework of this vast service, and has had no opportunity to go into the technicalities of the system or to investigate the many safety valves of base supply depots, field supply depots, reserve parks and emergency ration dumps in the line, all of which are ready to come to the rescue should a pack train be blown up or a convoy scuppered, nor to study the wonderfully efficient organization of transport, covering mechanical transport, horse transport, Foden lorries and tractors which ply from the base to the line, carrying, as well as supplies, ammunition, R.E. material, and every imaginable necessity of war, and moving heavy guns in and out of position, at times under the very noses of the enemy, yet one cannot fail to have gained a great respect for that vast and wonderfully silent organization, the Army Service Corps.

J. G. G.

FRANCE,
May 1918.

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INTRODUCTION

LETTER FROM LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR AYLMER HUNTER-WESTON,
K.C.B., C.B., D.S.O., M.P., D.L., WHO COMMANDED THE DIVISION AT
THE LANDING, APRIL 25, 1915.

DEAR GILLAM,

THE Diary of a man who, like yourself, took part in the historic landing at Gallipoli, and was present on the Peninsula during the subsequent fighting, will, I know, be of interest to many besides myself. There are but few of us who, in those strenuous days, were able to keep diaries, and even fewer were those who had the gift of making of their daily entries a narrative that would be of interest to others.

I should like to have time to write a Preface for this book of yours, giving the salient points of our great adventure and the effect it had both on us and on the enemy. I should also have liked to have shown the influence that you and the Army Service Corps generally had on our operations by the successful manner in which you were able to keep the troops fed and supplied under circumstances of apparently insuperable difficulty.

But being, as I am, in command of a big Army Corps on one of the most difficult parts of the Front, it is impossible for me to find any time for writing such a Preface.

I can but wish your book the greatest success, and hope that it will be widely read.

Yours sincerely,
AYLMER HUNTER-WESTON.

HEADQUARTERS, VIII CORPS, B.E.F.,
February 18, 1918.

THE CLIMATE AT THE DARDANELLES

By HENRY E. PEARS

[After the evacuation of the Peninsula, the following article, which appeared in the *Westminster Gazette* early in September 1915, was shown to me. After reading it through, I compared the weather forecasts that the author sets forth, and was interested to find that they agreed very closely with the notes on the weather that I had made in my Diary. The article is therefore republished here, as it may be of interest to the reader.—J. G. G.]

THE dispatch of August 31st of Reuter's Special Correspondent with the Mediterranean Forces, of which a summary was published in the *Westminster Gazette* of the 18th inst., speaks of the weather at the Dardanelles and as to there being two months of fine autumn weather in which to pile up stores, etc. It would be more correct to say three months rather than two.

It may be interesting to some of your readers to have a few remarks on the weather in the Marmora. Such remarks are based on the results of observations made by a close observer of nature during a period of over thirty years. The fact that particular interest was taken in weather conditions at such a place arose from a cause other than a meteorological interest in the weather, the object being an endeavour to throw light on the migration of birds. Bird naturalists in general, and especially Frenchmen, have fully recognized that the two stretches of land, namely the shores of the Bosphorus and that of the Dardanelles, being the closest points of junction between Europe and Asia, as also the European coast between these points, are the concentrated passage way or route for the huge migratory flocks of birds proceeding from the western half of Europe into Asia. Three results stand out in respect to this migration. First, the absolute regularity of the autumn migration or passage; secondly, certain conditions of weather at

almost fixed dates; thirdly, the result of the weather conditions as affecting the density of the flights, the resting and stopping of various birds at certain places. The subject is a very wide one, and is somewhat foreign to the real purpose of my remarks.

Taking the month of September to begin with, the weather is very fine, a continuation of summer; cloudless skies day after day, with perhaps a rain and thunder storm or two, only—one generally in the first week, and another about September 17th, but always brought on by a north to north-west wind. As a rule the constant summer land breezes (north-east about) are of less intensity in September than in August, which allows for a keeping up of an average day temperature, as the Marmora, Bosphorus, and Dardanelles owe their moderate day temperature to these daily breezes (called “Meltem”) from the north to north-east during the summer. The wind generally dies away at sunset, which fact, however, rather tends to make the night temperature higher during the summer; the result being that, as between day and night temperature, when the north wind blows during the day, there is but little drop in the temperature and the nights are hot.

About September 21st to 24th there is, however, a marked period in the weather. It is either a calm as regards winds, and consequently very hot, or such period is marked by southerly winds, but not of any great intensity or strength—very dry, hot winds. These are the first southerly winds of autumn, but as a general rule such period is in nautical terms “calm and fine, with southerly airs.”

From such time up to the end of September the north or north-easterly winds set in again, but later on, generally about the first week of October, the winds get more to the north and north-west, and there is a heavy thunderstorm or so, and as a result a drop in temperature.

From October 10th to 14th there is a period of uncertainty; sometimes a south-westerly wind, which veers round to the north-west, and a good rain-storm. The first distinct drop in temperature now takes place (about the 10th to the 14th), one feels autumn in the air, the nights continue fairly warm; and this period continues fine and generally calm up to about the 20th—sometimes the 18th or 19th—when a well defined and almost absolutely regular period is entered upon.

This spell begins with three or four days of very heavy northerly or north-westerly wind, sometimes a gale, generally accompanied by rain for several days, and it is this period—from October 20th to 25th—which is intensely interesting to naturalists owing to the big passage of all kinds of birds, the arrival of the first woodcock, the clockwork precision of the passage of the stock-doves (pigeons); in fact, it is the moment of the big migration, when the air night and day is full of birds on the move. Towards the end of October, and in the way of a counter-coup or reaction to the northerly gales, there is generally experienced a fierce three or four days of southerly winds, sometimes gales.

It is to be noted that these gales or changes in the weather are usually of three or seven days' duration, the first day generally being the strongest, and for some of these regular winds the natives have special names.

November almost always comes in fine, with a lovely first ten days or so. It, however, becomes rather sharp at night, and a very marked period now of cold weather is to be expected—a cold snap, in fact.

This snap is generally in the second or third week of the month, and only lasts a few days, the weather going back to fine, warm, and calm till the end of the month. Barring such cold snap the month is marked by fine weather and absence of wind, and many people consider it the most glorious month of the year, the sunsets being especially fine. The cold snap is rather a peculiar one. Snow has been seen on November 4th, and, if I remember rightly, the battle of Lule Bourgas three years ago was fought on November 5th, 6th, and 7th, and during such time there raged a storm of rain and sleet, succeeded by two or three nights of hard frost, which caused the death of many a poor fellow who had been wounded and was lying out.

Another year there was a very heavy snow-storm on November 16th and 17th. Although the weather may be of this nature for several days, it recovers and drops back into calm, warm weather.

In the last days of November or the first days of December another period is entered upon. There is generally a heavy south wind lasting from three to seven days, which is succeeded by a lovely spell of fine weather, generally perfectly calm and warm, which brings one well through December. From a little before Christmas or just after, the weather varies greatly. The marked periods are passed—the weather may be anything,

sometimes calm and mild, sometimes varied by rains, with strong north winds, but no seriously bad weather; in one word, no real winter weather need be looked for until, as the natives put it, the old New Year—otherwise the New Year, old style, which is January 14th, our style—comes in.

After January 14th, or a few days later, the weather is almost invariably bad; there is always a snow blizzard or two, generally between January 20th and 25th. These are real bad blizzards, which sometimes last from three to seven days; and anything in the way of weather may happen for the next six weeks or two months. The snow has been known to lie for six weeks. Strong southerly gales succeed, as a rule, the northerly gales, but one thing is to be noted: that the south and west winds no longer bring rain; it is the north and north-east which bring snow and rain.

This winter period is difficult to speak of with anything like precision; nothing appears to be regular. Some years the weather is severe, other years snow is only seen once or twice. Winter is said to have finished on April 15th. The only point about a severe winter is that a period of cold is generally followed by a period of calm warm weather of ten days or so. It has often been noted that a very cold winter in England and France, etc., generally gives the south-east corner of Europe about which we are speaking a mild winter with a prevalence of southerly airs, whereas a mild winter in England and France marks the south-east corner of Europe for a severe winter, with a prevalence of northerly winds. No doubt experts will be able to explain this. Of late years no great cold has visited the Marmora. In 1893 the Golden Horn from the Inner Bridge at Constantinople was frozen over sufficiently for people to walk over the ice, and the inner harbour had floes knocking about for some weeks. That winter, however, was an exceptional one, but even then the winter only began about January 18th, lasting into March. The great point about the climate is that, however hot or cold a spell may be, it is always succeeded by calm weather, a blue sky, and a warm sun, quite a different state of things from winter weather under English conditions. To those who have relations or friends at the Dardanelles (and I quote from a letter from a friend), let them send good strong warm stockings for the men, besides the usual waistcoats and mufflers; and as for creature comforts, sweets, chocolate, and tobacco, especially cigarettes. It is the Turks who will suffer from the cold; they

cannot stand it long, and being fed generally mainly on bread, they have no stamina to meet cold weather. Most of their troops come from warm climes.

PROLOGUE—MARCH 1915

ON March 20th, 1915, I embarked on the S.S. *Arcadian* for the seat of war. My destination, I learned, was to be the Dardanelles, and the campaign, I surmised, was likely to be more romantic than any other military undertaking of modern times. Our ship carried, besides various small units, part of the General Staff of the Expedition. The voyage was not to be as monotonous as I first thought, for I found many old friends on board. After the usual orderly panic consequent on the loading of a troopship we glided from the quay, our only send-off being supplied by a musical Tommy on shore, who performed with great delicacy and feeling “The Girl I left Behind Me” on a tin whistle. The night was calm and beautiful, and the new crescent moon swung above in the velvet sky—a symbol, as I thought, of the land we were bound for. As we passed the last point a voice sang out, “Are we downhearted?” and the usual “No!” bawled by enthusiastic soldiers on board, vibrated through the ship, and so with our escort of six destroyers we left the coast of Old England behind us. Nothing of interest happened during the passage across the Bay. On arrival at Gibraltar searchlights at once picked us up, and a small boat from a gunboat near by came alongside—we dropped two bags of mails into her and in return received our orders. As we sailed through the Mediterranean, hugging the African coast, the view of the purple mountains cut sharp against the emerald sky was very beautiful.

Our next stop was Malta, which struck me as very picturesque. The island showed up buff colour against the blue sky, and the creamy colour of the flat-roofed houses made a curious colour scheme. As we went slowly up the fair way of Valetta Harbour, we passed several French warships, on one of which the band played “God Save the King,” followed by “Tipperary,” our men cheering by way of answering the compliment. The grand harbour was very interesting, swarming with shipping of all kinds, the small native boats darting over the blue water interesting me greatly. The buff background of the hills, dotted with the creamy-coloured buildings and a

few forts, the pale-blue sky and deeper tint of the water, the wheeling gulls, all went to make up a charming picture. We went ashore for a short time and found the town full of interest. We visited the Club, a fine old building, once one of the *auberges* of the Knights of Malta, where we were made guests for the day. Afterwards we strolled round the town; the flat-roofed houses made the view quite Eastern, and the curious mixture of fashionable and native clothing at once struck me. The women wore a head-dress not unlike that of a nun—black, and kept away from the face by a stiffening of wire. We passed many fine buildings, for Malta is full of them, and one particularly we noticed, namely the Governor's Palace, with its charming gardens. As to the country itself, what I saw of it was all arranged in stone terraces, no hedges, except a few clumps of cactus being visible. In the evening we returned to the ship, and before very long set sail once more. I found that two foreign officers had joined us; one was a Russian and the other French, but both belonged to the French Army and both spoke English perfectly.

On April 1st, after an uneventful trip from Malta, we arrived at Alexandria, our Base, and from this date the Diary proper begins.

GALLIPOLI DIARY

APRIL

April 1st to 17th.

WE arrived at Alexandria on April 1st. The harbour is very fine, about three miles wide, and protected from the open sea by a boom. The docks are very extensive, and, just now, are of course seething with industry. All the transports have arrived safely. The harbour itself is full of shipping, and anchored in a long row I am delighted to see a number of German liners which have been either captured on the high seas or captured in port at the beginning of hostilities and interned. All the Division disembarks and goes to four camps on the outskirts of the town. My destination was bare desert, and reminded me irresistibly of the wilderness as mentioned in the Bible. There was a salt-water lake near by, with a big salt-works quite near it.

In the centre of Alexandria is a fine square flanked by splendid up-to-date hotels and picturesque boulevards; but the native quarter is most depressing, consisting of mud hovels sheltering grimy women and still grimier children. The huts themselves are without windows and only partially roofed. Flies abound upon the filthy interstices; a noxious smell of cooking, tainted with the scent of onions, greets the nose of the passer-by at all hours. I find my work at the docks rather arduous, as, after the troops have disembarked, we have to take stock of what supplies remain on board, and then make up all shortages. I sleep and have my meals on a different ship almost every day—which is interesting. About the fifth of the month the troops return to re-embark—I have to work very hard on the ships with gangs of Arabs. These folk are just like children, and have to be treated as such—watched and urged on every moment; if one leaves them to themselves for an instant they start jabbering like a lot of monkeys. I finally find myself on a fine Red Star boat, the S.S. *Southland*.

There are a lot of our Staff on board—also French Staff, including General D’Amade, the French G.O.C., who did such good work in France in the retreat. He is a distinguished-looking old man with white hair, moustache, and imperial. I hear that Way and myself are to be the first Supply Officers ashore at the landing. Half the A.S.C. have been left behind in Alexandria, and there are only five of my people with me.

Sunday, April 18th.

We are now steaming through crowds of little islands, some as small as a cottage garden, others as large as Hyde Park. Sea beautifully calm, and troops just had their Church Parade. We have the King’s Own Scottish Borderers on board, and it is very nice having their pipers instead of the bugle.

On account of drifting mines we are keeping off the usual route.

2 o’clock.

Arrive at our *rendez-vous*, Lemnos, a big island, with a fine harbour. Seven battleships in, and all our transport fleet as well as some of the French and Australian. We remain in the outer harbour awhile opposite a battleship that had been in the wars, one funnel being nearly blown away. All battleships painted a curious mottled colour, and look weird. One of our cargo-boats has been converted into a dummy battleship to act as a decoy, very cleverly done too. Later, we go into the inner harbour and moor alongside another transport, the *Aragon*, on which is my Brigade Staff and the Hampshires, who were at Stratford with me. The Staff Captain hands over to me a box, which I find is my long-lost torch and batteries from Gamage.

French Headquarter Staff and General D’Amade leave and go on board *Arcadian*. The transport *Manitou*, one of the boats on which I ate and slept, and which left Alexandria two in front of our transport, was stopped by a Turkish destroyer off Rhodes and three torpedoes were discharged at her. The first two torpedoes missed and the troops rushed to the boats. Owing to some muddle, two boats fell into the sea and a ship’s officer and fifty soldiers were drowned. The third torpedo struck, but did not explode, as the percussion pin had not been pulled out. Two cruisers arrived on the scene and chased the destroyer off, which ran ashore, the crew being captured.

After dinner go on board *Aragon* with Hampshire officers and see Panton. Also talk to Brigade-Major and Captain Reid, of Hampshires.

Monday morning, April 19th.

Lovely morning. Fleet left. Troops, with full kit on, marching round deck to the tune of piano. Most thrilling. Piano plays "Who's your Lady Friend?" soldiers singing. What men! Splendid! What luck to be with the 29th!

April 22nd.

This is a fine harbour, very broad, and there are quite a hundred ships here, including the Fleet and transports, amongst which are some of our best liners. I had to go to a horse-boat lying in the mouth of the harbour two mornings ago and took two non-commissioned officers and a crew of twelve men. We got there all right, a row of two and a half miles, but the sea was so heavy that it was impossible to row back. I had to return, and fortunately managed to get taken back in a pinnace that happened to call; but the rest had to remain on board till the next day, and then took three hours to row back. This gives us an idea of the difficult task our landing will be at Gallipoli. For a time we were moored alongside the boat on which was the Headquarters of the 88th Brigade, and it was cheering to be able to walk to and fro between the two ships and to see all my pals of the Hampshires.

The Hampshires and the Worcesters spend the day marching, with full kit on, round the deck to the cheery strains of popular airs played by a talented Tommy. The effect, with the regular tramp, is very exhilarating.

Later, I am ordered to join another ship, the *Dongola*, in which are the Essex and the Royal Scots, the other regiments of my Brigade. Two Essex officers were staying in the "Warwick Arms" with me, and it was good seeing them again. The harbour at night is a fine sight. A moon is shining and not a cloud in the sky, and the temperature about 50°.

The last few days, however, have been wet and drizzling, just like a typical day in June in England when one has been invited to a garden party.

One can see the outline of the low irregular hills on shore, and the ships are constantly signalling to one another, silently sending orders, planning and arranging for the great adventure.

Have to go up to the signalling deck above the bridge to take a message flashed from a tiny little “Tinker Bell” light away on our starboard. The sight is wonderful. Busy little dot-dash flashes all around the harbour. How the signallers find out which is which beats me.

The view of the hills in the background contrasts strangely with the scenes of modern science and ingenuity afloat.

I saw the *Queen Elizabeth* at close quarters two days ago, and I hope to go over her to-morrow. Also the *Askold*, a Russian cruiser, with five funnels. Tommies call her “The packet of Woodbines.” It is interesting to note the confidence the Army and Navy have in each other. While being rowed over here by some bluejackets, “stroke” told me that he was in the *Irresistible* when she was sunk. He looked sullen, and then said, “However, they’ll catch it now the khaki boys have arrived.” The prevailing opinion amongst the Tommies is that the landing will be a soft job, with *Queen Bess* and her sisters pounding the land defences with shells. Then the confidence French, British, and Russians have in one another is encouraging. The feeling prevails that when once the landing is effected Turkey will cave in, and that will have a great influence on the duration of the war. But a Scotsman said to me to-day, “Remember, Kitchener said ‘A three years’ war.’”

Sir Ian Hamilton this evening sent round a brief exhortation beginning, “Soldiers of France and of the King,” which bucked up everybody.

April 23rd.

A bright day. Took estimate of stores on board to see if troops had enough rations. Found shortage; signalled Headquarters, who send stores to make up. Received orders where to land on Sunday. Have to go ashore at “V” Beach with the first load of supplies and start depot on beach. Naval officer on board with a party. Breezy, good-looking young man, very keen on his job.

The first boat of the fleet leaves, named the *River Clyde*, an old tramp steamer, painted khaki. She contains the Dublin and Munster Fusiliers. Fore and aft on starboard and port the sides are cut away, but fastened like doors. She will be beached at “V” Beach, and immediately that is over, her sides will be opened and the troops aboard will swarm out on to the shore. Good

luck to those on board! She slowly passes the battleships, and turning round the boom, is soon out of sight.

The strains of the Russian National Anthem float over the harbour from the *Askold* and the first large transport leaves the harbour, a big Cunarder, the *Aucania*, with some of the 86th Brigade on board. Great cheering. What a drama, and how impressive the Russian National Anthem is. Evening again. Little “Tinker Bell” flashes begin to get busy.

On lower deck the Tommies give a concert, with an orchestra composed of a tin can, a few mouth-organs, and combs and paper—“Tipperary,” “Who’s your Lady Friend?” etc.

Feel just a bit lonely and homesick. Longing for the time when I can see my sisters again and punt up the river at dear old Guildford. But what about the Tommies on board?—they have just the same feeling, and yet keep playing their mouth-organs. Hear that Ian Hamilton feels a bit anxious over this job, but that Hunter-Weston, our Divisional General, is full of pluck and confidence. He says that he will not “down” the man who makes mistakes yet tries to remedy them, but that the man that he *will* “down” will be the one who slacks and avoids work.

April 24th.

Another bright day. Some transports and battleships leaving harbour. Issue extra days’ rations to troops on board, which makes four days’ that they will have to carry. Their packs and equipment now equal sixty pounds. How they will fight to-morrow beats me. I tried a pack on and was astonished at its weight. We have left harbour and are steaming for the scene of the great adventure. Hope we shall not meet a submarine or drifting mines. Have spent the evening with some young officers of the Essex. They all seem a trifle nervous, yet brave and cheery. They play a Naval game called “Priest of the Parish,” but it falls flat. I felt nervous myself, but after cheering them up, felt better. Told them it was going to be a soft job.

We arrive at five in the morning, and troops are to land at six. London will be ringing with the news on Monday or Tuesday.

If successful, the war out here will soon be over, we think.

April 25th.

Was awakened up at four by the noise of the distant rumbling of guns, and coming to my senses, I realized that the great effort had started. I dressed hastily and went on deck, and there found the Essex and Royal Scots falling in on parade, with full packs on, two bags of iron rations, and the unexpended portion of the day's rations (for they had breakfasted), entrenching tools, two hundred rounds of ammunition, rifle and bayonet. I stood and watched—watched their faces, listened to what they said to each other, and could trace no sign of fear in their faces and no words of apprehension at forthcoming events in their conversation.

It was a simple “fall in,” just as of old in the days of peace parades, with the familiar faces of their N.C.O.'s and officers before them, like one big family party.

They seemed to be rather weighed down with their packs, and I pity them for the work that this parade is called for. The booming of the guns grows louder. It is very misty, but on going forward I can just see land, and the first officer points out to me the entrance through the Dardanelles. How narrow it seems; like the Thames at Gravesend almost. I can see the *Askold* distinctly. A Tommy said, “There's the old packet of Woodbines giving them what-ho!” She is firing broadsides, and columns of dust and smoke arise from shore. The din is getting louder. I can't quite make out which is the Asiatic side and which Gallipoli. It is getting clearer and a lovely day is developing. Seagulls are swooping over the calm sea above the din, and a thunderous roar bursts out now and again from *Queen Bess*. Her 15-inch guns are at work, and she is firing enormous shrapnel shells—terrible shells, which seem to burst 30 feet from the ground.

8 a.m.

The Essex are disembarking now, going down the rope ladders slowly and with difficulty. One slips on stepping into a boat and twists his ankle. An onlooking Tommy is heard to remark, “Somebody will get hurt over this job soon.” Young Milward, the Naval Landing Officer, is controlling the disembarkation. He has a typical sailor's face—keen blue eyes, straight nose and firm mouth, with a good chin. They are landing in small open boats. A tug takes a string of them in tow, and slowly they steam away for

“W” Beach. We hear the Lancashires have landed at “W” Beach, and are a hundred yards inshore fighting for dear life. Tug after tug takes these strings of white open boats away from our ship towards land, with their overladen khaki freight. Slowly they wend their way towards the green shore in front of us, winding in and out among transports, roaring battleships, and angry destroyers, towards the land of the Great Adventure. Never, surely, was Navy and Army so closely allied.

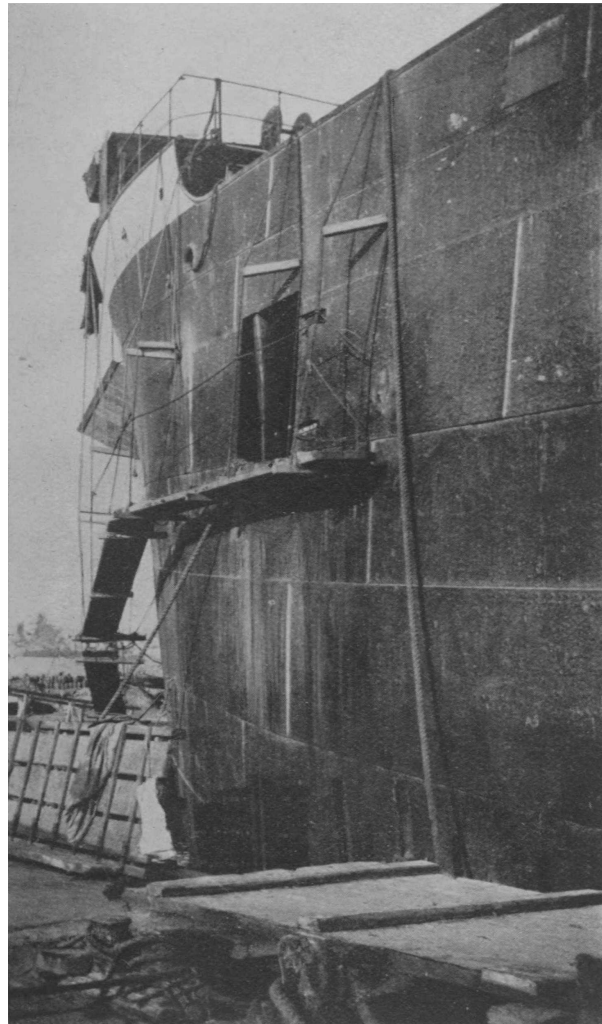
I go below to get breakfast, but hardly eat any. The breakfast-tables are almost empty, except for a few Quartermasters and people like myself who do not fight. I feel ashamed to be there, and a friend says the same. The steward calmly hands the menu round, just as he might on a peaceful voyage. What a contrast! Two boiled eggs, coffee, toast, and marmalade.

Here we are sitting down to a good meal and men are fighting up the cliffs a few hundred yards away. I get it over and go up on deck again.

8.30 a.m.

It is quite clear now, and I can just see through my glasses the little khaki figures on shore at “W” Beach and on the top of the cliff, while at “V” Beach, where the *River Clyde* is lying beached, all seems hell and confusion. Some fool near me says, “Look, they are bathing at ‘V’ Beach.” I get my glasses on to it and see about a hundred khaki figures crouching behind a sand dune close to the water’s edge. On a hopper which somehow or other has been moored in between the *River Clyde* and the shore I see khaki figures lying, many apparently dead. I also see the horrible sight of some little white boats drifting, with motionless khaki freight, helplessly out to sea on the strong current that is coming down the Straits. The battleships incessantly belch spurts of flame, followed by clouds of buff-coloured smoke, and above it all a deafening roar. It is ear-splitting. I shall get used to it in time, I suppose. Some pinnace comes alongside our ship with orders, and the midshipman in command says the Australians have landed, but with many casualties, and have got John Turk on the run across the Peninsula. I turn my glasses up the coast to see if I can see them, but they are too far away. I can only see brown hills and bursting shells, a sea dead calm, and a perfect day. The work of the Creator and the destroying hand of man in close intimacy. A seaplane swoops from the pale blue of the sky and settles like a beautiful bird on the dark blue of the sea alongside a

great battleship, while hellish destructive shells deal out death and injury to God's creatures on shore. This is war! and I am watching as from a box at the theatre.



THE GANGWAY OF THE *RIVER CLYDE*, OUT OF WHICH TROOPS Poured AS SOON AS THE SHIP GROUNDED ON APRIL 25, 1915. CAPE HELLES.

10.20 a.m.

Imbros is peaceful and beautiful, Gallipoli beautiful and awful. We have moved closer in to the beach and they are trying to hit us from the shore. Two shells have just dropped near us, twenty yards away; the din is ear-splitting, especially from *Queen Bess*. I can hear the crack-crack of the rifles on shore, which reminds me of Bulford. I shall be glad when we land. This boat is getting on my nerves. We are just off the "Horse of Troy," as we call the *River Clyde*. Are we going to land at "V" Beach? I can see no sign of life there. Nothing but columns of earth thrown into the air and bits of the houses of Sed-el-Bahr flying around, and always those crouching figures behind the sand dunes. Only the Royal Scots left on board. Perhaps they are going to land and make good. I get near Milward to see if he has any orders. He goes up to the bridge to take a signal.

11.30 a.m.

We are going out to sea again. A tug comes alongside with wounded, and they are carefully hoisted on board by slings. They are the first wounded that I have ever seen in my life, and I look over the side with curiosity and study their faces. They are mostly Lancashire Fusiliers from "W" Beach. Some look pale and stern, some are groaning now and again, while others are smoking and joking with the crew of the tug.

I talk to one of the more slightly wounded, and he tells me that it was "fun" when once they got ashore, but they "copped it" from machine guns in getting out of the boats into shallow water, where they found venomous barbed wire was thickly laid. He laid out four John Turks and then "copped it" through the thigh, and three hours afterwards was picked up by sailors.

And then, "Any chance of Blighty, sir?" and I said, "I'm afraid not; it will be Malta or Alex, and back here again," to which he replied, "Yes; I want to get back to the regiment."

12 noon.

We are going closer in again, and the Royal Scots are leaving. The Quartermaster, Lieutenant Steel, remains behind with ration parties. He is

very impatient and wants to get off; a curious man: tells me he doesn't think he will come off Gallipoli alive.

2.15 p.m.

I have a dismal lunch, just like the breakfast. I can see French troops pouring out of small boats now on to the Asiatic side and forming up in platoons and marching in open order inland, while shrapnel bursts overhead. During lunch I find that we went out to sea, but are nearing the land now. Oh! when shall I get off this ship? I wonder. Milward tells me that the delay occurred because at first we were to land at "V" Beach, but that it has become so hot there that landing to-day is impossible. He says that I shall land at 4 p.m. I hear a cheer, a real British one. Is that a charge? My imagination had conjured up a mass of yelling and maddened men rushing forward helter-skelter. What I see is crouching figures, some almost bent double, others jog-trotting over the grass with bright sun-rays flashing on their bayonets. Now and again a figure falls and lies still—very still in a crumpled heap; while all the time the crack-crack of musketry and the pop-popping of machine guns never ceases. That is what a charge looks like. I chat to Milward, and he tells me that the Navy are doing their job well, and he will be surprised if a single Turk is alive for three miles inshore by nightfall, but he expresses surprise that we have only the 29th and Australians; as he figures it we want six Divisions and the job over in a month. This depresses me.

I have orders to leave, and I must get ready.

4 p.m.

I give orders to my servant and to the corporal and private of the advanced Supply Section, who are to accompany me, to get kit ready. I am to land at once on "W" Beach with seven days' rations and water, and a quantity of S.A. ammunition for my Brigade. I superintend the loading of the supplies from the forward hold to the lighter which has moored alongside, my corporal on the lighter checking it, and doing his job just as methodically as he used to at Bulford. While at work, a few shells drop into the sea quite near, throwing up waterspouts as high as the funnel of the ship. Two small boats are made fast to the lighter, and my servant and I get into the lighter down the rope ladder. Beastly things, rope ladders. We sit down

on the boxes and wait. We wait a devil of a time while others join us, among whom are the 88th Field Ambulance and the Padre. Suddenly Padre gets a message that he is not to go, and we find that he was trying to smuggle himself ashore. At last up comes a small pinnace with a very baby of a midshipman at the wheel, and a lot of orders are sung out in a shrill voice to men old enough to be his father. We slowly steam for shore.

Passing across the bows of the *Implacable*, we nearly have our heads blown off by the blast of her forward guns, and the funny thing is, I can hardly see a man on board. Pinnaces, tugs, destroyers are rushing in and out of the fleet of transports and warships. A tug passes close to us on its way to the *Dongola*, the ship I have just left, loaded with wounded, all slight cases, and they give us a cheer and shout "Best of luck, boys!" We wave back. We approach close into "W" Beach, where lighters are moored to more lighters beached high on the sand, and then the "snotty," making a sweep with his pinnace, swings us round. He gives the order to cast adrift, and then shouts in a baby voice: "I can't do any more for you; you must get ashore the best you can."

We fortunately manage with difficulty to grab a rope from one of the moored lighters and make fast while the two boats are rowed ashore. There we stick. I *dare* not leave those seven days' rations and water for four thousand men, and I shout to seamen on shore to try to push us in and so beach us. The bombardment begins to ease off somewhat. The sun begins to sink behind Imbros, and gradually it turns bitterly cold. I sit and shiver, munching the unexpired portion of my day's ration. I want a coat badly, but by this time my kit is on shore with my servant. We appear to have been forgotten altogether. On the cliffs in front of us Tommies are limping back wounded. One comes perilously near the edge of the cliff, stumbling and swaying like a drunken man. We shout loudly to him as time after time he all but falls over the edge. Two R.A.M.C. grabbed him eventually and led him safely down. I have a smoke, and view the scenes on shore. Gradually the beach is becoming filled with medical stores and supplies. It is gruesome seeing dozens of dead lying about in all attitudes. It becomes eerie as it gets darker. At this beach at dawn this morning there landed the Lancashire Fusiliers. They were waited for until their boats were beached, when, as the troops stepped out of the boats, they were fired on by the Turks, who subjected them to heavy machine gun fire from two cliffs on

either side of the beach. The slaughter was terrible. On the right-hand side of the beach the troops had a check, and terrible fighting took place. Finally, one by one the machine guns were pulled from their positions in the cliff, and the sections working them killed in hand-to-hand struggles. On the left side of the beach the troops found no barbed wire, and so were able to get on shore, and to the cry of "Lads, follow me!" from an officer they swarmed up a 50-foot steep cliff, clearing the upper ridge of Turks, but losing heavily. They fought their way inland, and after a while were able to enfilade the Turks holding up our men on the right of the beach, until at last, by 6 a.m., the whole beach was won and John Turk was driven five hundred yards or more inshore.

Midshipmen and Naval Lieutenants were in charge of the pinnaces towing strings of boats, and as they approached the shore, fired for all they were worth with machine guns mounted forward, protected by shields. Then, swinging round, they cast the boats adrift. Each boat had a few sailors, who rowed for shore like mad, and many in so doing lost their lives, shot in the back. To row an open boat, unprotected, into murderous machine gun and rifle fire requires pluck backed by a discipline which only the British Navy can supply. Some of the sailors grabbed rifles from dead and wounded soldiers and fought as infantrymen. I can see many such dead Naval heroes before my eyes now, lying still on the bloody sand. I am sitting on the boxes now, and "ping" goes something past my head, and then "ping-ping," with a long ringing sound, follows one after the other. The crackle of musketry begins again, and faster and faster the bullets come. At last I know what bullets are like.

The feeling at first is weird. We get behind the pile of boxes, and bullets hit bully beef and biscuit boxes or pass harmlessly overhead. At last, boats come alongside and we unload the boxes into them, and I go ashore with the first batch, and there I meet 86th and 87th Supply Officers, who landed two hours earlier. My servant meets me and asks where shall I sleep. What a question! What does he expect me to answer—"Room 44, first floor"? I say, "Oh, shove my kit down there," pointing to some lying figures on the sand. Five minutes after he comes up, and with a scared voice says, "Them is all stiff corpses, sir; you can't sleep there." I reply, "Oh, damn it; go and sit down on my kit till I come back." I start to work to get the stores higher up the cliff. Oh! the sand. It is devilish heavy going, walking up and down with

my feet sinking in almost ankle-deep. It is quite dark now, and I stumble at frequent intervals over the dead. Parties are removing them, not for burial, but higher up the beach out of the way of the working parties. I run into the Brigade quartermaster-sergeant and ask him, "How's the Brigadier?" He replies, "Killed, sir." I can't speak for a moment. "And the Brigade Major?" "Killed also, sir." That finishes me. It is my first experience of the real horrors of war—losing those who had become friends, whom one respected. And I had worked in their headquarters in England every day for two months, knew them almost intimately, and looked forward with pleasure to going through the campaign on their Staff. "How did it happen, Leslie?" I ask. The General was shot in the stomach while in the pinnacle, before he could step on to the hopper alongside the *River Clyde*, and died shortly after. The Brigade Major got it walking along the hopper. The *River Clyde* was to have been Brigade H.Q., and the Brigade was to have taken "V" Beach that day. So far, "V" Beach was still Turkish. Their machine guns kept our men at bay. I wonder what it is like on the *River Clyde* at present, and whether those few men are still crouching behind that sand dune.

Way comes up and says it is going to be a devil of a job getting those stores ashore, and that he can't get enough men. I have a few seamen, Cooper, Whitbourn, and my servant, so put them on to it, and I myself help. Thus we struggle on over the sand and up to the grass on the slope of the cliff. Phew! it is work, and I am getting dead tired. We work till eleven o'clock and then Foley and I have a rest behind a pile of boxes on the sand. Bullets steadily "ping" overhead, and now and again a man gives a little sigh of pain and falls helplessly to the sand. The strange part is that I do not feel sick at the sight of the dead and wounded. I think it is because of the excitement, and because I am dead tired. I get a bit cold sitting still, and can't find my coat, so I huddle against Foley behind the boxes. A philosophical Naval officer sits alongside, smoking a huge pipe. Crack-crack-crack goes the desultory fire of the rifles. The ships cease firing. It is awfully quiet and uncanny. Suddenly the musketry and rifle fire breaks out with a burst which develops into a steady roar. The beach becomes alive with people once more. All seems confusion. The Naval officer goes on steadily smoking, and we sit still, wondering how things are going to develop. The Fleet is silent. But I can just see the outline of the warships, with a few lights showing.

Then I hear an officer shouting angrily, "Now then, fall in, you men! Who are you? Well, fall in. Get a rifle. Find one then, and damn quick!" Then another officer shouts, "All but R.A.M.C. fall in. Who are you? Fall in. Into file, right turn, quick march." About a dozen or two march off into the night up the cliff—officers' servants, A.S.C., seamen, R.N.D.—every man who was not either R.A.M.C. or working on the dozen or so lighters that had been beached. I pause a bit. I feel a worm skulking behind these boxes while these events are happening. I express my feelings to Foley, and he says he feels the same. I say, "We must do something," and he replies, "Let's get rifles," and off we go searching for rifles, but can find none in the dark. I lose my temper—why, Heaven only knows. I see some men falling in, and I go up to them and say, "Fall in, you men; why aren't you falling in?"—although I know they are, and I find an officer in charge and feel an ass. They move up to man the third-line trench just running along the edge of the cliff. All the beach parties have moved up to this trench. I have lost Foley, and so I follow up with no rifle and no revolver, and shivering with cold. But I feel much better, although I am still in a temper. Extraordinary this! I am annoyed with everybody I see. Nerves, I suppose. Then a petty officer comes along and shouts, "Now then, you men, where the —— is the —— ammunition?" and in the darkness I discern some seamen carrying boxes of S.A.A. I go to the first pair, carrying a box between them, and take one side of the box from one of the seamen, and immediately feel delighted with myself, the sailor, and everybody. I have got a definite job. Up we pant; half-way up the cliff, I find Foley on the same job. A voice shouts, "Have you got the ammunition, Foley?" It is O'Hara's voice, our D.A.Q.M.G., and he comes running down to us.

Suddenly the Fleet open fire, and the infernal din begins all over again, the flashes lighting up the beach, silhouetting men on shore and ships lying off, and all the time the song of bullets. Red Hell and a Sunday night! And this is war at last! I never thought I should ever get as near it as this, when I was a civilian. O'Hara says, "Who's that?" to me, and I answer my name, and he says, "Righto! give us a hand with this little lot, lad." He bends down, and he and a sailor lift a box. Foley and I lift another, and six seamen (I find they are off the *Implacable*) lift the others, and off we pant up the cliff over that third-line trench, lined with men of the beach parties with fixed bayonets. It's a devil of a walk to the second line, and it reminds me

of hurrying to the railway station with a heavy portmanteau to catch a train. Foley and I constantly change hands.

The seamen too find it heavy going. We arrive at the second line and run into the Adjutant of the Lancashire Fusiliers, calmly walking up and down his trench with a stick. We halt, open the boxes, and hang the strings of ammunition around our necks and over our shoulders. I am almost weighed down with the load. We have a rest, taking cover in the trench now and again as bullets come rather thicker than usual. The firing is frightful—now a roar of musketry, and now desultory firing—while the ships' guns boom away in the same spasmodic way. O'Hara then says, "Come along; follow me," and we go, headed by the Adjutant of the Lancashire Fusiliers to show us the way, and on over the grass and gorse into the blackness beyond. We are lucky, for it is a quiet moment and we have only to go three or four hundred yards, but just as we approach the first line, out bursts a spell of machine gun and rifle fire—rapid—and I fall headlong into what I think is space, but which proves to be our front-line trench. I fall clean on top of a Tommy, who is the opposite of polite, for my ammunition slings had tapped his nose painfully. I apologize, and feeling a bit done, lie down in the mud like a frog, the coolness of the mud soon reviving me. We pass the ammunition along, each man keeping two or three slings. O'Hara wanders along the trench, having to keep his head low, for it is none too deep and bullets are pretty free overhead, while I remain and chat to the Tommy, another Lancashire Fusilier, who is shivering, with teeth chattering and wet through, for it is raining. A Tommy on the other side of me is fast asleep and snoring loudly. The one awake describes to me the landing of the previous early morning, the machine gun fire and the venomous barbed wire, with the sea just lapping over it, and the exciting bayonet work that followed.

I am enjoying myself now, for I am in the front-line trench with a regiment which has just added a few more laurels to its glorious collection. It is curious, but no shells are coming from the Turks, and bullets are such gentlemanly little things that they do not worry me. It is funny, but everybody up here appears very cool and confident, while on the beach they all are inclined to be jumpy. O'Hara comes back with the two sailors. Foley has disappeared, and the other four sailors also have gone. We push along to the end of the trench, and the firing having died down somewhat, we climb out into the open and wend our way back. We seem to miss our bearing and

go wandering off a devil of a way, when another burst of firing from a few machine guns forces us to dive promptly into a hole which by Providence we find in our path. The two sailors have disappeared somewhere. We find two men crouching in the hole, and on asking who they are, find that they are Lancashire Fusiliers, separated from their regiment. I can hear the swish of the machine gun bullets sweeping nearer and nearer, farther and farther from me, and then nearer as the guns are traversed. We are evidently lying in a hole which was dug to begin a trench, but which was abandoned. It is practically only a ditch the shape of a small right angle. O'Hara and I fall one side, and the two Lancashire Fusiliers the other, and we crouch for three-quarters of an hour. If we kneel, our heads are above the parapet. After a while O'Hara says to me, "I am awfully sorry for getting you in this fix, Gillam," and I reply automatically, just as one might in ordinary life, "Not at all; a pleasure, sir." Really though, I don't like it much, but I am much happier here than I would be on the beach. The firing dies down again. The ships' guns are still banging away steadily. O'Hara disappears somewhere. I follow where I think he has gone, but I hear his voice after a minute talking to an officer, and I therefore lie down. But for a while I can't make out the situation. Firing starts again and I can almost feel the flight of some bullets, and I lie flat. It dawns on me that I am lying in front of a trench. I wriggle like a snake over the heap of earth in front of me, into the trench behind, and find it not nearly so deep as the one I have just left, nor so roomy. The firing gets so hot that I try to wriggle in beside a form of a man which is perfectly still. An extra burst of firing sends me struggling for room into the trench, and the man whom I thought was dead moves, which sends a shiver down my spine. I apologize, and he makes room for me. A little later, the firing dies down again; two figures run past our trench shouting "All correct, sir," and an officer shouts "All correct." They are runners sent up from the beach. I can hear O'Hara talking to some officer the other side of a traverse; then he calls me, and joining him, I follow him down towards the masts of the ships that we can just see silhouetted against the brightening sky. Suddenly an advanced sentry cries, "Alt, who are you?" "Friend." "Who are you?" "Friend—friend—friend!" shouts O'Hara. "Hands up; advance one," and for some stupid reason I think he means advance one pace, which I solemnly do. O'Hara catches me a blow in the "tummy" and nearly winds me, saying, "Stand still, you —— fool," and I stand stock-still, gasping for breath, with my hands above my head, while

he walks slowly forward with hands up, and I can just see the sentry covering him with his rifle the while. I can hear them talking, and after a few sentences O'Hara calls me and I follow, still with my hands up, until I reach the sentry.

I think this frightened me more than all the events of this night. We continue our way. It is not so dark as it was, and it has ceased raining. Then a horrid thing happens. I fall headlong over a dead Turk, with face staring up into the sky and glazed eyes wide open. He wears a blue uniform, and I think he must have been a sailor from Sed-el-Bahr fort. Ugh! I almost touched his face with mine. Shortly after this mishap we arrive at the third-line trench, crowded with troops of all kinds, made up from the parties on the beaches, and get challenged again by some Engineers. Safely passing these, we stumble down the slope to the beach. O'Hara sends me off to look for the stores, and I last see him going back once more with a rifle and bayonet.

I run into Foley, who I find has had an adventurous time. Having had the ammunition taken off him, he tried to find us, but turned the wrong way up the trench. He got out into the open after a bit and wandered apparently just behind our front line towards "V" Beach, well the other side of "W." The rifle fire was so hot there that he crawled like a caterpillar back to the second line, and from there doubled back to the beach, steering himself by the mast-lights of the ships.

We see that the stores are O.K., and then run into Carver, who has just landed. Afterwards I find my friend Major Gibbon, of the howitzer battery, busy getting his guns ashore. Foley and I then go back to the boxes, and we lie down like dogs, falling to sleep at once on the soft, comfortable sand. Dawn breaks over the hills of Asia.

Monday, April 26th.

I awake about seven and find myself nestling up close against Foley, who is still asleep. I wake him, and he promptly falls asleep again, murmuring something about "that —— machine gun."

The beach quickly becomes alive with men all working for dear life, and we get to our feet, go down to the water's edge and bathe our faces, and start to finish the work of making a small Supply depot which we left last

night. My servant comes to tell me that breakfast is ready, and we go up the cliff and join Way and Carver at a repast of biscuits, jam, bacon, and tea. But the tea tastes strong of sea water. All water had been carried with us in tins, and we had struck a bad batch, for most of them leaked. And then our day's work begins in all seriousness.

By night O'Hara wishes us to have a proper Supply depot working, the Quartermasters coming with fatigue parties, presenting their B55's, and rations to the full are promptly issued and accounted for in our books. At frequent intervals the Fleet bombard, but we are quite used to the roar of the guns now. I am covered and coated with clayey mud and have no time to clean myself properly. We have to take cover continually from snipers—unknown enemies who fire at us from Lord knows where. One open part of the beach is especially dangerous, and I cross that part about six times during a day—not a very wide space, but I feel each time I go across that I am taking a long journey. The dead are still lying about, and as there is no time to bury them, we pass to and fro by their bodies unheedingly. In addition to these snipers who pick off one of our number now and again, we have spent bullets flying in all directions, for our firing-line is but a few hundred yards away. The Turk, however, does not appear to have a proper firing-line; he only seems to have advanced posts strongly held, and must have retreated well inshore.

It is a blessing for us that no shells come along, only these spent bullets and the deadly shots from the unseen snipers. Heavy firing sounds, however, from "V" Beach, a rattle of musketry and a roar of the battleships and torpedo-boat destroyers lying at the mouth. Colonel Beadon and Major Streidinger are getting a proper system of supply and transport working.

We become venturesome in the late afternoon, and many of us, quite two to three hundred, go up on the high land on the right and left of the beach and make a tour of the lately captured trenches. Turkish dead are lying about in grotesque attitudes; the trenches are full of equipment, and I notice particularly bundles of remarkably clean linen, and many loaves of bread, one loaf sticking out of a dead Turk's pocket. Several of the dead are dressed in a navy-blue uniform with brass buttons, but most are in khaki with grey overcoats and cloth hats. Suddenly a whistle blows, and several cry "Get off the skyline!" and we all run helter-skelter for the safety of the beach. When darkness arrives we have a proper Supply depot working, and

strings of pack-mules are hard at work carrying stores. Guns, ammunition, and men are everywhere. The Engineers have run out a pier already. Every one is in the best of spirits, for we have tasted a brilliant victory, and organizing brains are still at work in preparation for further ventures. I go to sleep behind boxes with the sound of a heavy rifle fire disturbing the night.

Tuesday, April 27.

I am ordered to make a small advanced depot just behind the firing line, using pack-mules under Colonel Patterson, of the Zion Mule Corps. The drivers are Syrian refugees from Syria, and curiously enough speak Russian as their common language. While up there, but a very short walk from the beach, I sit down on the layer's seat of one of the 18-pounders of one of the batteries in position just behind our line. The battery is not dug in at all. I look through a telescopic sight, but can only see a lovely view of grass, barley, gorse and flowers, hillocks, nullahs, and the great hill of Achi Baba in the background, looking like Polyphemus in *Dido and Æneas*, with an ugly head and arms outstretched from the Straits to the Ægean.

I ask where the Turks are, and they point to a line some two thousand yards away, marked by newly turned earth, which is just distinguishable through strong glasses. I can see no sign of life, but away up on the ridges of Achi Baba columns of earth and smoke suddenly burst from the ground, caused by the shells of our Fleet.

Rifle fire has died down; hardly a shot on our front comes over, and no shells at all.

On our right, shell fire continues. I hear that "V" Beach is taken. It was taken midday yesterday, but with heavy casualties. The Dublins, Munsters, and Hants had the job, and the Hants did magnificently. Colonel Williams, the G.S.O.1, behaved most gallantly. Snipers were worrying after the village was taken, and in crossing a certain part of the village he exposed himself by mounting a wall, and, standing there for a time, looked down, saying to men round him, "You see, there are no snipers left, men." They leapt after him like cats, and were through the village in no time. Man after man had been hit on that wall that morning.

I make a little depot of boxes just behind the battery, and go back to the beach and load for another journey. On arrival there, Colonel Beadon orders

me to proceed to "V" Beach to collect all stores there and make an inventory. For at first this was to have been our beach, had we been able to land on the first day. The French are to take it over now, as they are coming back from the Asiatic side, evacuating it entirely. I go down to "W" Beach for a fatigue party of the R.N.D., and am told to apply to the Naval Landing Officer, and an officer standing talking on the sands is pointed out to me as he. I go up to him and wait for an opportunity to catch his eye; for he is an Admiral. He is talking to a Captain, and two midshipmen are standing near. I wait fifteen minutes, manœuvring for position so that he may ask me what I want. I think I must have shown signs of impatience, for the Admiral turned full round toward me, and after looking at me in mild surprise for a few seconds, during which I felt a desire to turn round and run up the cliff, quietly turned round to the Captain and continued his conversation. A minute or two passed and he walked away with the midshipmen, and the Captain asked me what I wanted. I told him a fatigue party, and he pointed out an R.N.D. officer a hundred yards away, to whom I went, at once obtained satisfaction, and to whom I should have gone at the start. I find I have made an ass of myself, and therefore administer mental kicks. With my fatigue party, my corporal, private, and servant, I march up the cliff toward "V" Beach. We pass the lighthouse, which has been badly knocked about, following the line of the Turkish trench, which is along the edge of the cliff, to the fort, which had withstood the bombardment well. At the fort we see two huge guns of very old pattern, knocked about a good deal. Then we dip down to "V" Beach, a much deeper and wider beach than "W," and walk towards the sea. Then I see a sight which I shall never forget all my life. About two hundred bodies are laid out for burial, consisting of soldiers and sailors. I repeat, never have the Army and Navy been so dovetailed together. They lie in all postures, their faces blackened, swollen, and distorted by the sun. The bodies of seven officers lie in a row in front by themselves. I cannot but think what a fine company they would make if by a miracle an Unseen Hand could restore them to life by a touch. The rank of major and the red tabs on one of the bodies arrests my eye, and the form of the officer seems familiar. Colonel Gostling, of the 88th Field Ambulance, is standing near me, and he goes over to the form, bends down, and gently removes a khaki handkerchief covering the face. I then see that it is Major Costaker, our late Brigade Major. In his breast-pocket is a cigarette-case and a few letters; one is in his wife's handwriting. I had worked in his office for

two months in England, and was looking forward to working with him in Gallipoli.

It was cruel luck that he even was not permitted to land, for I learn that he was hit in the heart on the hopper shortly after General Napier was laid low. His last words were, "Oh, Lord! I am done for now." I notice also that a bullet has torn the toes of his left foot away; probably this happened after he was dead. I hear that General Napier was hit whilst in the pinnace, on his way to the *River Clyde*, by a machine gun bullet in the stomach. Just before he died he said to Sinclair-Thomson, our Staff Captain, "Get on the *Clyde* and tell Carrington-Smith to take over." A little while later he apologized for groaning. Good heavens! I can't realize it, for it was such a short while ago that we were all such a merry party at the "Warwick Arms," Warwick. I report to Captain Stoney, of the K.O.S.B.'s, who is the M.L.O., and he hands over supplies to me. I clear the beach, make a small Supply depot and take stock, and start to issue to all and sundry as on "W" Beach the previous day. All day the French are arriving from the Asiatic side. No shelling. Evidently the Turks have no artillery. Davidson, an R.N.D. officer, tells me that he is quite used to handling the dead now. He has been told off to identify them on this beach and to take charge. I have a good look at the *River Clyde*. She managed to get within two hundred yards of shore, and now she is linked to the beach by hoppers. Two gangways are down at either side at a gentle slope from holes half-way up her sides, and very flimsy arrangements they are. It is difficult for the troops to pass each other on them. Men poured out from these holes in the ship at a given signal early on Sunday morning, and were quickly caught by machine gun fire, dropping like flies into the sea, a drop of 20 feet. Some of those who fell wounded from the hopper in the shallow water close inshore drowned through being borne down by the weight of their packs. Colonel Carrington-Smith, who took over command of the Brigade when General Napier was killed, was looking round the corner of the shelter of the bridge through glasses at the Turkish position on shore when he was caught by a bullet clean in the forehead and died instantly. Sunday night on the *Clyde* was hell. One or two shells, luckily small ones from Asia, burst right through the side of the ship. Doctors did splendid work for the wounded all night on board. A sigh of relief came from all on board when the signal was given next day to land and take the beach, which was taken after much hand-to-hand fighting, the enemy putting up a gallant resistance,

encouraged as they were by their success in preventing us from landing on this beach on Sunday.

Addison, of the Hants, is gone; he met his end in the village of Sed-el-Bahr. He was leading his men, firing right and left with his revolver. He met a Turk coming round the corner of a street; he pulled the trigger of his revolver: nothing happened. He opened it, found it empty, threw it to the ground with a curse, went for the Turk with his fist, but was met by a well-aimed bomb, which exploded in his face, killing him instantly.

It sounds horrible, but it is war these days. Perhaps I am over-sensitive, but a lump comes to my throat as I write this, for just over a month ago Addison and I used to talk about books at the "Warwick Arms," Warwick, and the sight of him reading with glasses, smoking his pipe before the fire of an evening, is still fresh in my memory. It would have been hard to believe then that such a quiet, reserved soul would meet his end fighting like a raging lion in the bloody streets of Sed-el-Bahr a few weeks later. But that has now actually happened, and similar ends will meet like brave men again and again before this war is over.

A little amusing diversion is caused in the afternoon of to-day by a hare running across the beach, chased by French "poilus," and being very nearly rounded up.

At 5 p.m. while making up my accounts for the day, I hear from the Asiatic side the boom of a gun, followed by a sound not unlike the tearing of linen, ending in a scream and explosion. Not very big shells, and the first, so far, that I have experienced on shore. I look towards Asia and see a flash in the blue haze of the landscape there, and over comes another, dropping in the sea near the *Clyde*. They follow quickly in succession, and each time I see the flash, I duck with my three stalwart henchmen behind our little redoubt of supplies, proof only against splinters. The nearest falls but twenty yards away, and does not explode. I see through my glasses two destroyers creep up towards the enemy's shores and fire rapid broadsides. After a few of these we are left in peace.

I am once or twice called up on the telephone—a telephone worked by a signaller lying on the ground, the instrument being in a portable case. It is strange saying "Are you there?" under these conditions and with these surroundings. The signal arrangements are excellent. Calls come in constant

succession from “W,” “X,” and “S” Beaches. A wireless instrument is hard at work, run by a Douglas engine in a tent, controlled by a detachment of Australians. One of the Australians, a corporal, offers me a shakedown in his tent for the night, and lends my men some blankets for their bivouac, which they have constructed out of my little Supply depot. Owen, O.C. Signals, says that I shall not get much sleep in the wireless tent, and that I had better share his tent, which is in a little orchard behind a ruined house close handy. I have my evening meal of bully, biscuit, and jam, and lighting my pipe, go for a stroll in the village, but am stopped by sentries, for snipers are still at large there, and several casualties have occurred to-day there through their industry. I cannot help admiring the pluck of these snipers, for their end is certain and not far off. Two mutilated bodies of our men are lying in a garden of a ruined house, but this case so far is isolated. We have seen the Turks dressing the wounds of some of our men captured by them. The Turks appear to be a strange mixture.

April 28th.

I awake feeling very fit and refreshed, and find a beautiful morning awaiting me. Opposite our tent is a little “bivvy,” made of oil-sheets and supported by rope to one of the walls of the house and a lilac-tree. A head pokes out from under this “bivvy” with a not very tidy beard growing on its chin, and the owner loudly calls for his servant. While making his toilet he joins in a merry banter with Owen, who is indulging in a cold douche obtained from a bucket of water. Some of the French having invaded the sanctuary of our walled-in camp, picking several of the iris growing in the wild grass, the officer with the beard asks me to tell them to get off his lawn, which I do. I find later that he is Josiah Wedgwood, M.P., and being interested, get into conversation with him. He is a most entertaining man, and tells me that he is O.C. Armoured Cars, but that as it is not possible for his cars to come on shore, he had been instructed to use his intelligence and make himself useful, which he was trying to do with a painful effort.

Finding that I was a Supply Officer, he begs for some tobacco, saying that he would be my friend for life if I could get him some, which I manage to do, for yesterday I issued tobacco and cigarettes with our rations and had some over. I go down to my depot for a wash, shave, and breakfast. Biscuit and bacon do not go well together. While washing, shells begin to arrive,

bursting on the crest of the hill at the back of the beach. One or two come near to the beach and a splinter flies towards us, hitting the boxes behind which we all crowd. The nearest, so far, so I preserve the splinter. French troops are now in large numbers on the beach, and I meet my friend the Russian officer who was on the *Arcadian*. I see General D'Amade and his Staff. A French officer takes some snaps for me with my camera, as he knows more about photography than I do, including one of a French machine gun company, who had then two guns in position screened by branches of lilac at the entrance to the village. He made fun of them, telling them that it would have been just as much sense if they had placed a rusty sewing machine, which happened to be lying near, in position instead. Looking rather foolish, the gunners pack up and go off somewhere. I am wanted on the telephone, and hear O'Hara talking at the other end. He says I am to hand over the remaining supplies to the R.N.D. beach party, and come back to "W" Beach with the S.S.O., who is coming over. S.S.O. arrives shortly after. I hand over to the senior officer of the R.N.D.—a fine old boy with a crown and a star up—who tells me he landed at "W" Beach on Sunday morning at six, and had joined in the scrapping himself.

We go on the *River Clyde*, and from there I take photographs of the beach and one of the mounds of earth that had proved shelter for those men whom I had seen from the *Dongola* crouching for cover on Sunday morning. We get on to a trawler from the *River Clyde*, which takes us round to "W" Beach, and I enjoy the brief sea-trip, and it is very interesting viewing the scenes on shore from the sea.

Off "W" Beach we get on to a pinnace which takes us alongside a very good pier, considering the short time the engineers have had to construct one. On shore I find the K.O.S.B.'s arriving from "Y" Beach, where they have had a rough handling. "Y" Beach appears to have been evacuated. I find a lot of officers I know have gone, including Koe, the Colonel, a very fine type of man. He really should never have come out, for he was in indifferent health. He was shot in the arm, which had to be amputated, and he died shortly afterwards. Our depot has grown, for more supplies have come ashore. Our Colonel and a few more of the train officers have arrived. We have quite a good lunch.

I find Phillips, our O.C. Company, has gone inland with some pack mules. He comes back later with rather depressing news. I hear that a battle

has been started, but I do not pay much attention, for I am quite accustomed now to the sound of rifle fire and the roar of the ships' guns. The battle develops in the afternoon to a general attack on our part. We are well inshore now, I should say two and a half miles. Anyway, no bullets are flying about the beach now. All snipers have been rounded up, one of the worst offenders, a huge fellow, falling dead from a tree yesterday.

5.30 p.m.

Brigade Supply Officers are ordered to find out the location of their units. Horses can be had on application from D.H.Q. I ask to be allowed to proceed on foot, and am granted permission, but they rather wonder why I ask. The honest reason is because I am nervous, and I prefer to be nervous on foot than a nervous rider on horseback over a difficult country. I make a bee-line inshore, and after a quick walk of fifteen minutes or so become intensely interested in what I see. Shells are passing over my head from the Fleet, but the rifle fire appears to have died down. Wounded are straggling back in twos and threes, and bearers carrying the more serious cases, with great fatigue to themselves. To carry a man two and a half miles over rough ground on a stretcher is hard work.

Nearing the line, I pass police forming battle posts, and these, together with the badges of the wounded men, which are sewn on their tunics, returning to the beaches, helps me to steer my course. Now and again I am warned not to go near where snipers are said to be, and perpetually I trip over thin black wires, which serve for the nonce for signallers' cables. Passing a cluster of farm buildings, I arrive at last at a scene of great activity and feel relieved that I am once more amongst men. A trench is being dug with forced energy, orderlies are passing to and fro, signallers at work laying cables, doctors dressing wounded, and bearers carrying them to the rear. I discover that we have had a set-back. I learn that we were heavily outnumbered, but that at 5 p.m. the Turks had retreated hastily to almost beyond Krithia, which lies in flames on the high land in front of me towards the left, and that actually the Lancshires had been through the village.

Walking along the line, I find the 86th Brigade, and from them learn where H.Q. 88th are. On my way there I pass Captain Parker and Major Lee, of the Hants. Major Lee asks me excitedly if they are getting on with the digging of the trench, and then asks me to get some water up to some of

his battalion on his right by the French, which I promise to do this night. Walking further along, I cross a white road of some kind of paving, and then at last reach my H.Q. I see Thomson, who looks very ill and tired, but appears very cool and quiet. I shall never forget his smile when he saw me, saying "Hello, Gillam!" in a quiet voice. I see Panton busy at dressing wounded, for alongside H.Q. is an advanced dressing station. On my right I notice French troops hard at work continuing the digging of the line to the edge of the Dardanelles.

I find out what is wanted in the way of food and water and where it is to be dumped, and start off back to the beach. It is twilight and rapidly getting dark, and it is difficult to find my way back to the right beach, namely "W." I remember with a shudder those silent clumps of bushes and trees, and wonder if snipers are still alert. I steer my way back by the masts of the ships, the heads of which I can just see, and I walk as the crow flies over every obstacle I find. I had learnt at Brigade H.Q. that the white road ran between Krithia and Sed-el-Bahr, and mentally I made a note of the way I should take rations on my return journey, namely to Sed-el-Bahr from "W" Beach via "V" Beach, and thence up the white road. I see three figures ahead limping, and as I had not seen a soul for fifteen minutes and it is getting dark now, I finger my revolver, wondering if they are some of our most trying enemies, the snipers. But that thought is only born from nerves, for they are limping and must be wounded. On overtaking them I find that one is an officer, Cox of the Essex, one of those who had played "The Priest of the Parish" on the *Dongola* the night before the landing. He is the only one limping, from a bullet wound in his calf; he is supported by his arms resting round the shoulders of two men—one his servant, unwounded, and the other a man wounded through the arm. Cox tells me he took cover in a nullah when hit, and remained there all day. Twice the French advanced over him, and twice they retreated, leaving him between the enemy's lines. A third time British and French advanced, and he was rescued and helped back. I wish him further luck in this war, for luck had befallen him—he an infantryman and a bullet wound in his leg. I like him rather specially, and feel glad that he is to be out of it for a while. It is now quite dark and I have missed my bearings and see a few small lights ahead, and make for them and am very soon pulled up short by the challenge of a sentry.

I discover it is signals of D.H.Q. and am directed to H.Q., where I am interviewed by a G.S. Officer, who asks me the position of troops. I tell him French on the right, and then 88th, 86th, then 87th. I learn that I am on Hill 138, the future name of D.H.Q. I am directed back to "W" Beach and then endeavour to find O'Hara. After fifteen minutes I find him and report what I had done, and am told that he had learnt that a dump of rations, ammunition, and water is to be made at Pink Farm. Learning that Pink Farm is the collection of buildings that I had struck earlier in the afternoon, I point out that this farm will be too far to the left for my Brigade, and that I found a convenient site for the 88th dump on the right of the Sed-el-Bahr-Krithia road, but I am told that I must have made a mistake. This disturbs me somewhat, as I feel that I am right. He tells me to come along with him up to Pink Farm, as pack-mules with rations, ammunition, and water had started for this dump. We overtake some of them. Further on we meet Carver coming back on horseback, and he reports where 87th Brigade H.Q. is. I now see that the reason why they have decided on Pink Farm for a dump is because Way had come back first and reported where his Brigade was, and that through Carver and I not having turned up they decided on Pink Farm as a Divisional dump for all the Brigades. As a matter of fact, Pink Farm will suit 87th as well as 86th, for it lies between the two, and rations, etc., from the one dump can be man-handled to the two Brigades. But for the 88th, the dump is right out of it.

We meet Phillips, our 88th Transport Officer and O.C. No. 4 Company, a good soldier; Ford, Q.M. of the Essex; and Grogan, Transport Officer of the K.O.S.B.'s, a delightful chap; and passing them we arrive at Pink Farm, where I tell my tale to Colonel Beadon and Major Streidinger. It is now raining hard, and I have no coat. It is hard work getting through the clayey mud. They apparently do not consider my statement that this dump is of no use whatever to the 88th, for a bush that I can just see a hundred yards away is pointed out, the moon then being up above the clouds, and I am ordered to go two hundred yards beyond there, where I will find Thomson and 88th Brigade H.Q., and to arrange with him for fatigue parties to come back and carry up water. They say they have just been talking to Thomson.

This puzzles me, and I start off for that bush. I hate bushes just now. I pass it and come to a brook full of the loudest-croaking frogs I have ever heard. Without much exaggeration they made as much row as a dozen

people would, all talking together loudly. Then I pace what I think is two hundred yards in front of that bush and come to nothing at all. Remembering that in the dark one hardly ever walks in a straight line, I alter my course, and walking a few yards, see the rays of an electric torch shining, towards which I walk quickly. It is immediately switched out as I approach, and now, feeling cautious, I shout, "Are you British?" but receiving no answer, I shout once more, and am glad to receive an answer of "Aye, aye." I go up to them and find that it is our front line, and inquire where Brigade H.Q. is. A little light to my right, but behind rather, is pointed out, to which I go. There I find Thomson in a trench and give him the message as instructed. The light of a torch shining on his face shows me a look of annoyance, expressive of his thoughts that I am a fool. He politely tells me that he wants rations taken to the spot that he had pointed out in the afternoon. I find that I am at 86th Brigade H.Q., and that Thomson is but visiting there for a conference. Having a difficulty in finding my way to Pink Farm, I make for the front line once more, whence the direction is pointed out to Pink Farm, for I can only see a hundred yards ahead and all bushes look alike. I hear the noise of croaking frogs and make for it.

It comes from the brook that I had passed, and from there I go towards what I think is Pink Farm, but find that it is a collection of the pack-mules under Phillips, and I unload my feelings in horribly bad language. Then Phillips gives me a packet of cigarettes, which I am entirely without. I am wet through now to the skin, and dog-tired; my pocket is full of iron-ration biscuits, and between puffs of my cigarettes I munch them. Not a sound of a shot, not a flash of a gun. Old John Turk has had a nasty knock and is over a thousand yards away. Nothing but the sound of the hiss of the gently falling rain. I follow the farmer's track up to Pink Farm and tell my troubles to Colonel Beadon. Colonel Williams, who had distinguished himself at Sed-el-Bahr, is there without a coat, and soaked to the skin as I am. I am instructed to take the remaining mules back to "W" Beach, link any which I pass, that are on the way up, on to my convoy, and also pick up any which are starting off from "W" Beach, make one convoy, take stock and make a note of it, and take the whole through Sed-el-Bahr up to the spot Thomson had pointed out to me in the afternoon. I think of the tale of the odd-job man who had been given every imaginable job in the world by his old lady mistress, and who asked her if her house was built on clay, as he would very much like to make bricks in his spare time. I go back to Phillips; the convoy

is turned round and off we trek, I at the head, Phillips in the rear. I meet Davy on the way up with a convoy of his, and accordingly instruct him to join on to my convoy. He says, "Look here, Gillam, old boy; you're fagged out and are making a mess of things; go back to bed, old boy. I know all about it, and we have to take these mules to Pink Farm." I wish Pink Farm elsewhere, express my feelings to him in forcible language, and finally convince him under protest. However, we are soon friends again, and his convoy links up in rear of mine. We hear three reports of a rifle ring out on our right. A sniper, still undiscovered, at work. We arrive at "W" Beach, arresting the start of another convoy, which in turn also becomes part of ours, and I go to find O'Hara. Having found him, I told him my tale of woe; he says he will come with me to the 88th Brigade; and after taking stock and tacking a watercart on to the rear of the column, we trek off to Hill 138. Stopping there, O'Hara has a chat with the A.P.M., who has been to the 88th H.Q. and assures us that we are on the right track. On through the ruined village of Sed-el-Bahr we go, down through a poplar grove enclosing a Turkish cemetery, when we overtake the C.R.A., riding alone with an orderly. We are on the white road that I noticed in the afternoon, and the C.R.A. takes the lead, as he states that a part of the road further up is rumoured to be mined. Krithia lies ahead on our left in flames, a wonderful sight.

It has stopped raining; we pass several brooks, and from them comes the clamouring noise of loudly croaking bull-frogs. We pass one after the other four white pillars of stone, about a hundred feet in height. On my right I can see dimly the waters of the Dardanelles. Dawn is just developing. The C.R.A. raises his hand and we stop. He rides cautiously forward with his orderly, and after a minute returns and orders us to follow him. He turns sharply to the left, makes a wide circuit, we following, and comes out on the white road once more farther up. He then leaves us and disappears. We continue for three hundred yards, when I come to the conclusion that we are very near our destination, tell O'Hara so, and the command is given "Halt!" O'Hara and I walk on up the road. Not a sound is heard—no shells, no rifle fire whatsoever. I can see no one about. I look to my right, where Brigade H.Q. should be, and find nothing but some shallow dugouts. We go off the road to the right amongst bushes, and trip over a few poor dead Tommies. We come back to the road. O'Hara thinks I am wrong. Good Lord! supposing that I am wrong after all this!

We walk up the road further, and suddenly come to a sentry standing in a trench on our right. I look to the left and see another trench and a sentry a little way on, on guard. The road goes on into darkness. I am smoking a cigarette, and am ordered peremptorily by the sentry on my right to put it out. We question him, and find that we have arrived at our front line. Every man of four is on guard, the other three sound asleep in the bottom of the trench. The sentry tells us that the Turkish line is a good way ahead, and that he has seen or heard nothing from there since he has been on guard. He is shivering with cold, though muffled in his coat, but for all that looks a fine type of fellow. But he is “pukkah” and 29th as well. Finest troops in the world, bar none. The finished type of a disciplined British Tommy. Oh! for six more Divisions of this quality: Achi Baba would have been ours this day. He directs us to Brigade H.Q. Following his direction, we turn back down the road and come back to the shallow dugouts.

During our absence Thomas, of the Essex, and a Naval officer, smoking a huge pipe and muffled to his ears in his white muffler and blue overcoat, had arrived. They tell us the dugouts are the 88th Brigade H.Q. We inquire for Thomson and the rest, and are told that they have gone to 86th to confer. One by one the little patient mules are unloaded, and proceed down the road, to wait, and the boxes, rations, ammunition, and water are spread singly amongst the thick gorse off the road, so as not to be seen by the enemy in the morning. While this goes on I talk to the Naval officer, and learn from him that he is an observing officer for the ships’ guns; he appears a very cool customer. He tells me that he is a very unlucky man to talk to; that an officer yesterday was wounded while talking to him, and another killed last night under the same circumstances. I wish him “Good-night and good luck,” and go back to the mules, and help to hasten their unloading by helping myself. Colonel Patterson, O.C. Mule Corps, keeps on urging upon us the importance of not losing the ropes, as when lost they are difficult to replace. The last mule being unloaded, we search for the watercart, but it is nowhere to be found; but tins of water are up now, and we hear that a well has been found, the water pure and not poisoned, as we had feared. And so we start to trek back. A short way back and O’Hara shouts “Halt!” Then he says to me, “Gillam, where’s that —— mine we’ve heard so much about?” I answer, “Great Scott!” Somebody behind us gives a muffled cough, and a Tommy, one of the armed escort, steps forward and in a Tommy’s polite manner says, “Begging your pardon, sir, but we are standing on it.” O’Hara

shouts “Walk—march!” and we move at a good four miles an hour until we arrive at the white pillars and the friendly sound of the croaking frogs; we realize at any rate that we are safe from land mines. Evidently this mine is a false alarm. Permission to smoke is given, and the Syrian boys exchange ration cigarettes and chatter to each other in Russian. Up to now they had been almost entirely silent. We pass many French troops sleeping in little hastily made camps, and we pass some Zouaves, looking picturesque in the early morning light in their quaint Oriental uniforms. And so through the silent cemetery and poplar-trees, through Sed-el-Bahr, now a large French camp, back past Hill 138 and home to “W” Beach. I give O’Hara a few of my iron-ration biscuits and almost stagger to my Supply depot, for I am hardly able to walk any further, and lie down on my valise, that my servant has thoughtfully laid out for me, beside the S.S.O. and Colonel Beadon, falling off to sleep with the satisfaction that to-morrow at any rate the 88th will have their rations.

April 29th.

I wake at eight, but am given permission to sleep all the morning. I have breakfast. Getting fed-up with biscuit. My servant rigs me up a “bivvy” and I roll up and go fast asleep. Lord, what a gorgeous sleep it was! I slept till one, and then had lunch, and after, a shave and a wash. I did little all day but watch the Fleet firing and the transports unloading everything imaginable necessary for an army. We have now rigged up a nice little mess with some ration boxes and a tarpaulin, and have quite a nice dinner at night with a boiled ham, bully beef rissoles, and biscuit pancakes. Our chef is “some” chef. A Naval officer at night, after dinner, is continually shouting “Any more for the *Arcadian*?” where G.H.Q. is. Reminds me of “Any more for the *Skylark*?” at Brighton. It is pleasant going to sleep at night with the sound of the swish of waves breaking on the shore in one’s ears. The Fleet guns roar away consistently all day.

April 30th.

To-day we have some shells on the beach, but not very terrible ones. Many of them go “fut” in the ground without exploding. If this is all the artillery they can put up against us, Lord help them! They must be having hell from the Fleet.

Go up to Brigade H.Q. via Sed-el-Bahr this morning with a rifle and dressed as a Tommy. All go up dressed like that now, for snipers are still about. On past the white pillars to Brigade H.Q., we pass the bodies, still unburied, of Turks and British—fallen heroes lying broken amidst wild flowers. I call and see Major Gibbon at his observation post, but from there can see nothing of the enemy. Before me is a simple, lovely summer scene; yet amidst the nullahs and the olive groves, the flowers and barley, Death lurks, alert to claim his toll. It is a long walk back to “W” Beach via Sed-el-Bahr. Snipers are still at large, which is remarkable, and we are warned not to walk across country, though to do so would be much quicker. I pass two snipers as we arrive back at the white pillars, prisoners in the hands of the French. One prisoner is limping badly from a wound in the foot. The French appear to have made themselves very much at home in Sed-el-Bahr. I pass an officers’ mess and lunch is on. I am surprised at the delicacies on the table, including many bottles of white wine. We are still on bare rations, and bully and biscuits at that, but they appear to have bread, probably from Tenedos, and probably for officers’ messes only; and they all seem very bright, as if it was a huge joke. As we are about to enter Sed-el-Bahr a French sentry stops us, and warns us not to go through the village, as two men have just been sniped. We pass at the back of “V” Beach. The view from here of the Fleet is magnificent. Occasionally one sees a whiff of yellow smoke shoot from the side of a ship, and a few seconds after a deafening report follows. It takes some getting used to.

We pass a company of Senegalese manning a trench dug at the back of “V” Beach. They lie in it, peering over the top, looking inland intently, as if they expect the enemy, who is more than three miles away, to rush down on them at any moment.

I pass General D’Amade at the H.Q. at the back of “V” Beach, and stop to chat with the French officer who was on the *Arcadian* with me, and also a French Naval officer who was on the *Southland*. The Naval officer inspects my rifle with interest, saying it is the first time that he has handled one of the short patterns. He tells me that he saw the fight from the *Andania* on Sunday morning, and says that he thinks that it will stand out as the most magnificent fight of the war.

MAY

May 1st.

A FEW shells, but none very terrible, come over; one, however, in our depot. Beautiful weather. Heavy rifle fire heard at night. Now and again a Turkish shell lands over from Achi. The rifle fire last night was Turkish; nothing happened. Probably “wind up” on their part. Letters arrive. While sitting on a box reading, a shell comes beastly near, but bursts in a not very frightening manner twenty yards away. But I and the few near me fall flat to the ground. I have been advised to do this by an officer who is an expert in shelling, and he tells me that by so doing, though a shell may burst ten yards from you, one should be safe. My servant rolls over and over, shouting “Oh!” and I rush to him, asking him if he was hit, but find that a stone had caught him on the forehead, and but for a nasty bruise he was none the worse. This afternoon I have a bathe off “W” Beach. Crowds are bathing. What a contrast to this time last week! Only a week ago we landed, and now “W” Beach is like a seaside resort as far as the bathing is concerned. I felt in holiday mood, and with that delightful refreshed feeling that one has after a dip, I strolled along the sand up to the depot for a cup of tea. But the scream of a shell overhead from Achi, which fell in the water beyond the bathers, brought my holiday mood to an abrupt end. The mouth of the Dardanelles and the sea at the end of the Isthmus is full of warships, from battleships to small destroyers and their necessary small craft, transports, hospital ships, trawlers, and lighters. Engineers, French and English, are working feverishly at the building of piers and finishing those already begun. Stores are being unloaded, and marquees for their storage are being erected.

The scene here is extraordinarily interesting. I have never seen such a motley gathering in my life. The beach is crowded with figures, all working for dear life. The sea is dotted with lighters, out of which are being poured all kinds of military stores—wood, sand-bags, wire-netting, galvanized iron, cooping, and the like; all these things are being conveyed to the piers

and from there put ashore. On the shore itself parties are at work erecting tents and marquees, and other parties are hard at work making dugouts, plying picks and shovels with a will. Here they are erecting the signals station, a contraption of beams and sand-bags. Outside, wires are being laid, and so the work of the beach parties goes busily forward. Yet to my untutored gaze the scene is wonderful. The whole beach is a hopeless mix-up of French and English, with a good sprinkling of Naval men—presenting a kaleidoscopic effect, with the afternoon sun shining upon it, such as I have never seen before. It is of course quite an orderly mob really—but this is only recognized when one watches the work of one group at a time. Here is the real business of a military landing on a hostile shore, everybody knowing what to do and how to do it, and so the work goes on without a hitch.

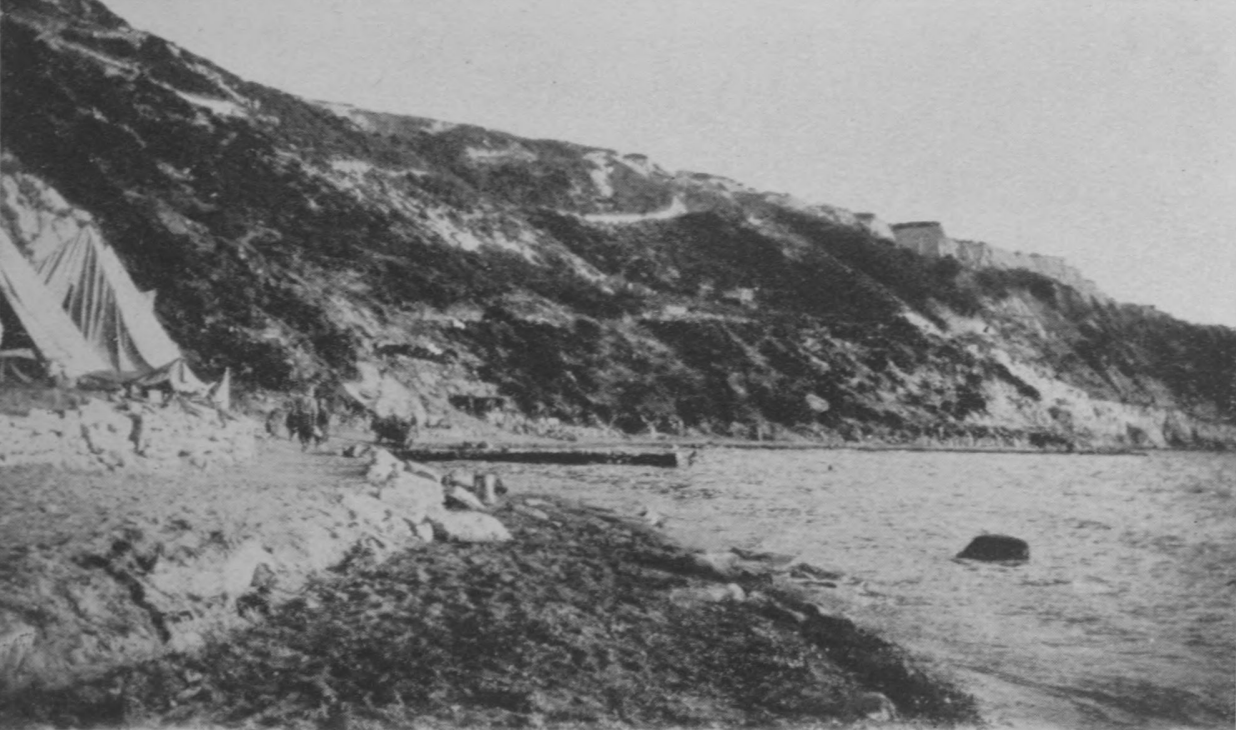
At 7 p.m. I start off with a long convoy of pack-mules with rations for Brigade H.Q. via the Sed-el-Bahr–Krithia road. At present it is impossible to use vehicles, for the first line is served by but two roads, which are nothing but farmers' tracks. An armed escort of the Essex Regiment accompanies us. The Padre of the 88th Brigade, who is just joining, comes along with me, intending to join the Worcesters in the trenches. Just entering Sed-el-Bahr we are halted by a French officer, and almost immediately my head feels as if it is blown off by four spouts of flame stabbing the darkness just a few yards away, followed almost instantaneously by four deafening reports. A French "75" battery is in action, and that means business. Almost immediately after No. 4 gun had fired, No. 1 fired, then No. 2, No. 3, and No. 4 again, and so on, shell after shell following each other in rapid succession into the night, towards Achi Baba. The gunners, crouching like cats by their guns, were lit up fitfully by each flash, disappearing again in the pause of a fraction of a second between each round. An officer in a dugout behind, with telephone glued to his ear, shouts incessantly directions as to range, elevation, and depression to an officer who is standing nonchalantly smoking a cigarette behind the battery, who in turn shouts orders to the guns. The guns reminded me of two couple of hounds held in leash at a coursing meeting, barking with eagerness to be let loose. Our little pack-mules are greatly concerned at first, but become surprisingly docile as the firing goes on. A sharp order is given by the French officer standing behind the weapons; the gunners relax their tense attitudes and begin attending to parts of the guns. The officer

who had first stopped us most charmingly and politely apologizes in English for delaying us, and our convoy proceeds on its track. I chat to the Padre; find he is fifty-five years of age and before the war a peace-loving rector. What circumstances to find one's self in after fifty-five years of peaceful life! I record him in my mind as a very gallant old gentleman. We pass through the French camp down through the trees to the poplar-grove cemetery, which always now fills me with a curious awe, so ghostly do the graves look in the moonlight, lying peacefully amidst the poplar-trees. It is a most beautiful sight, with the glimmering water of the Dardanelles beyond.

Ahead on our right the reflection of the bright beam of Chanak searchlight, swinging round from east to west across the Narrows, can be seen in the sky, searching for any of our ships, should they make a dart up the Straits. Past my friends the loudly croaking bull-frogs, past the stately white pillars, on up the white road that leads to Krithia and towards our dumping-ground—Brigade H.Q.—the little mules pad carefully and surely along, led by the Syrian mule-drivers, who chatter confidentially to each other in Russian, for they now are at home in their new life, and delight in the thought that they are doing their bit in the great cause.



BATHING OFF GULLY BEACH, HELLES.



"Y" BEACH, CAPE HELLES, WHERE THE K.O.S.B.'S LANDED ON APRIL 25, 1915, HAVING TO EVACUATE THEREFROM ON THE FOLLOWING DAY.

The beach was captured later from the land by the Gurkhas. Its situation remained close behind our front line during the whole campaign. The high ground was well within rifle range of the enemy during the whole campaign. The enemy lines are behind the camera.

We arrive at our destination, and lo and behold! no one is there. Phillips and I confer. I decide to go on with Smith, Q.M. of the Hants, to find H.Q. We take an orderly each from the armed guard. I take an Essex man. We follow the white road, and arriving at the front-line trenches are pulled up short by the "Alt, who are you?" "Supply Officer." "Advance to be recognized." We advance. Smith asks where Battalion H.Q. are, and learns they are a hundred yards to our left. We find, a hundred yards along, a part of the trench dug back a bit to serve as Battalion H.Q. The trenches are deeper now; one can stand up in safety, but only just. Smith asks for Captain Reid, the Adjutant; he steps out to us. We express surprise at the quietness of things. There is absolutely no firing on our front, but we can hear desultory firing on our right from the French line. Reid offers us cigarettes and lights one himself. I remark to him that it is unwise to light a cigarette standing in the open, to which he replies that the enemy are a long way away. He directs me to Brigade H.Q., further along the line. I wish him "Good-night," and with my orderly proceed cautiously in the direction he had pointed, for it is now pitch dark. I am challenged again and again, and find myself after a bit among the Royal Scots, and one of their officers kindly lends me an orderly, who takes me to Brigade H.Q., dug in a dry brook, some two hundred yards behind the front line. Thomson is asleep, and it is with regret that I have to wake him. He tells me to dump rations in the same place as the last night's. I start to go back, steer my way by the front line once more and in the dark miss the direction, and find myself about to walk across a track which runs through our front line towards the enemy's and an alert sentry bringing me to the halt with a sharp challenge, I find my mistake. I then leave myself in my orderly's hands, who takes the lead and guides me back to the Brigade dump, when I find that Phillips had met Q.M.S. Leslie and had nearly finished the unloading of the pack-mules. I really believe that if I had not been challenged and had passed through our lines towards the enemy's, my orderly, one of the "doesn't reason why" breed, would have calmly followed me. Some one taps me on the shoulder, and a Tommy asks me, "Where's your rifle, mate?" I reply that I haven't one. He then says, "Ain't you one of the 'Ants?" and wonderingly I reply that I am the Supply Officer, and the man brings himself erect with a sharp click, begging my pardon. The reason of his mistake then dawned on me; I have on a private's tunic.

Our goods delivered, we trek back, and on arrival at Sed-el-Bahr the sound of heavy rifle fire breaks out, but by the sound it is from our own rifles. We wonder what is happening, and think ourselves fortunate that we had finished our job before this activity started. I am in rear of the column, walking with my orderly about fifty yards behind the last mule, when I have a bad nerve shock. I have had many during the past week, but this one takes the biscuit. Out of a hole in the side of a broken-down house there leaps a French soldier. He shouts something to me in French and points a rifle, with gleaming bayonet fixed, at my chest. In days long gone past, it has sometimes happened that one of my young sisters or a brother with a warped sense of humour would leap round from the corner of the landing in our early home, just as I might be passing along, and shout "Boo-h!" I used to go hot and cold with fright, and appeared to cause intense amusement by my state of nerves. When this boy sentry, who by his looks could not have been more than nineteen, jumps out from his hole in the wall, my heart seems to stand still, until it feels that it is never going to start its job again, and then with a bound it carries on its job at about ten times its normal speed. My mouth feels like dry blotting-paper, and all I say is, "Oh, hell!" at the same time throwing my hands well over my head. My orderly, who appears most unconcerned, comes to my rescue and says with a Cockney accent "Ongley," and our gallant ally brings his rifle to the order and allows us to pass.

Previous to this incident I had been chatting to my orderly about his life in the Army in peace days, but now walk on in silence until we have overtaken the convoy, finding the mules halted. Suddenly the French battery that we had passed earlier in the evening opens a terrible fire. I go along to its position and find that half our convoy had passed earlier, but that, the battery being suddenly called into action, the rear half of our column had been ordered to stop. In the excitement two of the mules get adrift, and with good instinct trot off to their own lines, ignoring the cries in Russian from their drivers and the angry bark of the little "75's." A halt of ten minutes, and, again with polite apologies, the pleasant French gunner officers, wishing us "Bon soir," allow us to proceed. Home to bed and a good night's rest.

May 2nd.

A Taube flies over and drops one bomb on our new aerodrome to the left of Hill 138. One of our machines which is up swings round, heading straight for it, and quickly drives it back. A couple of aircraft guns from one of the ships put in some good practice, little white puffs of shrapnel bursting perilously near. A few wounded come in from a little show last night, and amongst them are wounded Turkish prisoners.

We are issuing stores now from one depot for the whole Division, and to all others who come. Way and Carver are running it. I simply hold a watching brief for my Brigade, but give a hand when I can in helping the business to run smoothly. Foley is up the coast a short way at "X" Beach, running his own depot for the 87th Brigade, and wires constantly come in from him indenting on us for stores he has not in stock. It is just like a business store, and we are running short of supplies, but a Supply ship has come in to replenish our stock and form a large reserve depot. Our depot is the hot-bed of rumours and news, and we feel the pulse of the Division through the news that the Quartermasters and ration parties bring. Bad news has arrived this morning. Captain Reid, to whom I was talking last night, has been killed, and Major Lee, his C.O., with him. I inquired as to what time it happened, and learn that it was at eleven o'clock. I was talking to him at ten. It appears that shortly after I had left him, word was passed down the trench for C.O.'s and Adjutants to go to the end of the trench to meet the Staff. Major Lee, accompanied by Captain Reid, immediately went, and met two officers dressed in khaki with Staff tabs. One of these officers fires a revolver in Major Lee's face, killing him instantly, while the other murders Captain Reid. In their turn they were quickly bayoneted by Lee's and Reid's orderlies. The line is attacked by some two hundred Turks, who are met in the open by our men and quickly retire, getting hell from the French "75's" in doing so. The two officers dressed in our Staff uniform proved to be Germans, and their action was an attempt to break our line.

I hear also that Godfrey Faussett, Colonel of the Essex, has been killed. This upsets me far more than danger, and I have the nightmare question running in my head sometimes now, when talking to my friends or seniors whom I knew so well in England, "I wonder if I shall see you alive again."

A few snipers have been caught, and they present a weird and uncanny appearance. They wear uniforms of green cloth, to which in some cases are attached or sewn sprigs of gorse-bush and small branches of trees. Their

rifles, hands, and faces are painted green, and they can be passed unnoticed at but a few yards' distance. Most of them have been found in holes and dugouts underneath clusters of bushes, with two or three boxes of ammunition, and enough bread and water to ration them a fortnight.

This morning the Fleet and the few guns which are on shore are bombarding the Turkish positions heavily, and the slopes of Achi Baba are alive with bursting shrapnel and spouts of earth and smoke shooting skywards, but through it all Achi Baba looks calm, dignified, and formidable, like a great giant saying "Thus far and no further." Verily it looks the fortress gate of the Peninsula, and we are but on the threshold, or rather on the footpath leading to the threshold. Turkish artillery replies but feebly with shrapnel, but the shooting appears good.

I hear the crackle of rifle fire and learn that we are again attacking. Good luck to the 29th!

Afternoon.

Guns of the Fleet and shore batteries steadily boom away. Rifle fire has died down. Wounded are beginning steadily to come in, and as fast as possible are evacuated on to hospital ships. I go up to Headquarters and find site for dump for rations retired somewhat. I passed many wounded and stretcher-bearers coming back. I saw Colonel Williams, our new Brigadier, calmly walking about in the most exposed positions. A regiment of Gurkhas are on the right of our line, and those in support have dug themselves each a little dugout, just room enough for a man to lie in, rolled up. These little dugouts are in regular lines, and each one being occupied with a little Gurkha makes a most quaint scene. I take snaps of one or two, to their intense delight. They look very workmanlike in their shirts, wide hats, and shorts.

It is now dusk and we hear that we advanced, but soon after had to return to our former positions. We are now badly outnumbered. The enemy have lately received many reinforcements, and are receiving them daily. We want several more Divisions to carry this business through. We have dinner, and I go to bed rather depressed. Heavy rifle fire bursts out at night, and in the middle of the night our Adjutant has to get up and organize a convoy of pack-mules to take up ammunition.

May 3rd.

It is a perfect morning, but it is getting very hot. I ride up about 10 a.m. with the company sergeant-major to as far as the furthest of the white pillars, and there we tether our horses to a tree and walk the rest of the way up the white road. All is absolutely quiet on the front—not a shell, not a rifle shot.

All firing from the Fleet has ceased, and the gunners on shore are busy cleaning their guns and digging gun-pits and dugouts. It is quiet and peaceful. At the front line I cannot see any signs of the enemy. I chat with Major Barlow of the Essex, who was at Warwick with me. He is now O.C. Essex. It is strange being without the roar of the guns once more.

The Fleet has been treated to rather a hot reception, and finds it advisable to lie a little further down the entrance to the Straits, which it accordingly does. The mouth of the Straits looks glorious: the intense blue of the sea, with the warships and transports with their motley collection of lighters, picket boats, etc., all stand out strongly against the steely blue of the sky. Further off, the lovely Isle of Imbros shimmers like a perfect gem set in a sapphire sea. One can just make out the lovely violet tints of her glorious vales, tempered by the pearly grey mists that lightly swathe her mountain crests, as she stands out sharp against the sky. A beautiful sight and not easily forgotten. Looking landward, the trees are all bursting into leaf, the country is wrapped about in a cloak of flowers and flowering grasses, with Achi Baba as a grim and rugged sentry, its sides sloping away to the sea on either hand. Truly a grim and forbidding sentinel, but one which most certainly has to be passed if we are to do any good at all.

To-day an enterprising Greek landed in a small sailing vessel with a cargo of oranges, chocolate, and cigarettes, and in a very short time was quite sold out. We shall be having a Pierrot troupe on the beach next.

At night as the moon rises to the full the picture is perfect. The coast of Asia—that land of mystery and romance, with the plains of Troy in the background, immortalized for ever by the sweet singers of ancient Greece. One can almost picture those god-like heroes of the past halting in those titanic fights which their shades perhaps wage nightly in the old battlefields of Troy, halting to gaze in wonder and amazement on the strange spectacle unfolded before them—modern war, that is, and all its attendant horrors.

Hector, Achilles, and Agamemnon in their golden harness—their old enmities forgotten—must surely gaze in astonishment on the warlike deeds and methods of another age than theirs. The soft, shimmering sea merges into liquid silver where in the dim distance the little wavelets lap around the silent sleeping isles. There is Tenedos, standing like a sugarloaf in a silver bowl, silent as the night itself, and filled with mystery. Further off Imbros, that queen of the isles, sleeps like a goddess wrapt about in a garment of violet and silver, all unheeding apparently of war's alarms—surely on such a night as this the mythology of the ancients becomes a living thing, and it does not tax the intellect much to imagine Diana, queen and huntress, surrounded by her attendant maidens, pursuing the quarry through the violet vales of the isles. Again, one can almost hear the splashing of Leander as he swims the Hellespont to keep his tryst with the lovely Hero.

Most of those living on the beach have dugouts now, but I still live in a little house made of biscuit-boxes. The Royal Scots came into action the first time last night. The Munsters were taken by surprise and had their trench rushed, and the Royal Scots were given the job to retake it, and cleared the trench of the enemy with two platoons at the point of the bayonet in twenty minutes. Greek civilian labour has now been landed, and we use them for unloading the lighters. A Turkish spy could with ease pass himself off as a Greek labourer of one of the gangs. Personally, I think we are making a mistake in employing them.

Carver tells me that the other day he noticed one sitting half-way down the cliff in full view of Yen-i-Shehr, waving to and fro a fly-whisk with a metal band fastened round the handle which clasped the ends of the horsehair; he feels confident that by the way he was waving the whisk, with the rays of the sun reflecting from the metal band, he was signalling by code to the Turkish observation post on Asia. I think it was quite possible for him to do so, for a bright piece of metal reflecting the strong rays of the sun in the clear atmosphere of this part of the world can be seen a long way off, and I should say quite easily as far off as Yen-i-Shehr is from "W" Beach. To a casual passer-by the Greek would appear to be waving flies away from his face with the whisk. Flies are daily becoming numerous here. One of the Greek foremen, who spoke English, assured me that it was only a matter of weeks now before Greece would come in on our side, and that he looked forward to the day when he would take his place in the ranks.

It is strange how very silent everything is to-day—not a gun nor a rifle shot—and we stroll about the beach chatting with the Naval officers.

Afternoon.

I hear that there was an armistice declared for the purpose of burying the dead of both sides. It lasted about two hours, during which both Turks and our men sat on their respective parapets watching each other with interest while parties were out in front, mixing freely with each other, clearing away their own dead. It was an extraordinary situation. One of the Turks picked up two of our live bombs which had fallen short and had failed to explode, and was making back to his trench with them, when his officer, spotting him, called him back and made him hand the bombs back to our men, and apparently gave him a good cursing in strong Turkish. A short time after, both sides are back in their trenches, and if a head should appear over the parapet of either side it is in danger of being promptly blown off.

At dinner I express the thought that I wished Turkey would throw over the Germans and become our allies. Our Tommies and theirs were so near this morning, and, by God! they would fight well side by side. I say that Turkey is the most valuable asset to have on either side. If she were our ally the Dardanelles would be open to the Allies, and the Central Empires would be utterly defeated in a year. As an enemy she will cause the war to drag on Lord knows how long, providing we are unsuccessful in forcing the Straits. I am “howled down,” and am told that Achi Baba will be ours in a month’s time, and once ours, Turkey is finished. But strolling up to the top of the cliff after dinner, I take a long look at Achi. Ours in a month? I wonder. I turn, depressed and pessimistic, into my house of biscuit-boxes, and bless the man who invented sleep.

May 4th, 5th, 6th.

Nothing much to record. Have been very busy these last few days forming a Supply depot of my own for the 88th Brigade. I go up to Brigade each day, riding as far as the white pillars, but go bang across country now and not through Sed-el-Bahr. Our line is quite deep and well dug in now. Firing going on steadily at night. Quite heavy rifle fire, but it is mostly Turkish. I learn that at night he gets the “wind up” and blazes away at nothing. One or two parties have made sorties, but our machine guns have

made short work of them. The Division is like one big family party; we all know each other so well now, and one can go through the trying vicissitudes of war with greater vigour if with men who have become intimate friends. The horrible part is losing friends; much worse, I think, than having to go oneself. Good friends leave such a large gap. Tommies seem pretty cheerful at night on the beach. After dinner we sit outside our biscuit-box houses and have coffee (not a word! I got some coffee by exchanging jam with a Frenchman the other day—strictly against rules), and looking out to sea, enjoy some excellent cigars of the C.O.'s. "Any more for the *Arcadian*?" is constantly shouted out by a Naval officer on the beach, calling those who live at G.H.Q. who are billeted on the *Arcadian* to the pinnacle. I often wish I could say "Yes" one night, and go on board and have a good bath and a whisky and soda. Tommies play on mouth-organs and sing Tommy's tunes. At Lemnos, Tommy was marching round the decks of the transports singing "Who's your Lady Friend?" A few days after he goes through one of the most sanguinary fights of the war; a week after he is on the beach with a mouth-organ making a horrible execution of "A Little Grey Home in the West." A unique creation, the British Tommy. If he ever does think of death or getting wounded, he always thinks it will be his pal and not he who will get hit, and goes on with his mouth-organ, washing his shirt, or writing to his latest girl at the last town he was billeted in. Those with girls are the cheeriest.

May 7th.

To-day we are bombarding Turkish positions heavily and the village of Krithia preparatory to advancing our lines to the slopes of Achi Baba in the hope of my Brigade taking the hill. In the morning I issue at my dump, and after lunch ride with Carver and Sergeant Evans to find our respective Brigades. We ride up the west coast across grass and gorse, and arriving at a gully, encounter shell fire, which is now getting more frequent. We leave our horses with an orderly at this gully and proceed on foot, skirting the edge of the coast. Shells are bursting furiously over Krithia, which is again on fire. We reach a very deep and beautiful gully, which appears to run inland some long way, and we climb down its slopes to the shore. There we find an advanced dressing station, to which wounded are continually being brought by stretcher-bearers, or helped along by R.A.M.C. men. Several of the wounded are R.A.M.C. also.

I inquire at a tent, which is a signal station, of the Signal Officer in charge, as to the location of 88th Brigade H.Q., and learn that they are inland. We chat awhile to this officer, who appears strangely familiar to me, and at last I place him. I find that I dined with him four years ago in Edgbaston, and his name is Mowatt, a Birmingham Territorial in business on his own, which through the war has gone to the winds. He tells me he has been here for four days and is often troubled by snipers. They had caught one four days previously in a dugout which, facing the gully, allowed his head and shoulders to appear, giving sufficient room for him to take aim through a screen made by a bush growing in front. The entrance to his dugout was from the cliff side facing the sea, along a passage ten yards in length. He gave himself up, though he had food and water for some days more. As we talk, two wounded limp down the gully through the water, for the bottom of the gully is in parts a foot deep in water, and I question them as to how they were wounded. They reply, "Either spent bullets or snipers," and that they were hit about a mile further up the gully.

We go back, climbing up the cliff, and walk along the cliff's edge to where we had left our horses. A detachment of New Zealanders, I should say about a thousand, are moving slowly in several single files across the gorse to take their place on the left of our line to relieve some Gurkhas, and I have a good opportunity of studying them at close quarters. I am struck by the wonderful physique of the men, all of them in splendid condition. I am rather surprised to see them, for I thought that they were up country with the Australians. I leave Carver at this point, and Sergeant Evans and I cut across country, and trotting up the track which is now called the West Krithia road, reach Pink Farm. We go beyond there, find H.Q. in a trench, and learn that rations are to be dumped at Pink Farm. We are warned that we should not be riding about there, as we might draw shell fire. Krithia is getting it terribly hot from our shells, and is well on fire now. We learn that the French have had a check, and that we in consequence have been unable to advance. We come back and have a delightful canter all the way back to "W" Beach. I have a meal, and then, with Williams, at dusk escort rations, this time in limber-wagons as well as on pack-mules, up the West Krithia road to Pink Farm, where I find Leslie waiting, and we come back on a limber, I squatting on the rear half and Williams in front; quite an enjoyable ride. Star shells are now in use, and they go up at odd intervals, poising in the air for a second and then sailing gracefully to earth, illuminating the

immediate vicinity. It was fairly quiet all night; just an odd shell or two fired by our Fleet at intervals.

May 8th.

Before breakfast this morning I am ordered to take two hundred rations up to some Lancashire Fusiliers (Territorials) who have found themselves in our part of the line. Arriving at Pink Farm, shrapnel begins to come over, and I get the mules under cover of the farm as best I can and go on to H.Q. I continue to walk along the road, and then cut across the open country to the trench where the Brigade are. They are sitting in the trench having breakfast, and tell me that the Lancashire Fusiliers have now gone to the beach. Festin, of the Border Regiment, is now our Brigade Major, and he asks me to take a message to the Field Company of Engineers attached to the Brigade, just behind Pink Farm, off the road. As we talk, shrapnel bursts over Pink Farm and to its left, probably trying to get at a battery which is in position there. I take my leave, and on getting back to Pink Farm I find that one of the Syrian mule-drivers has been hit in the stomach by a shrapnel bullet. He is lying on the ground behind the walls of the farm groaning, and on seeing me cries piteously to me in Russian. I send over to an Indian Field Ambulance close by, and in a few minutes two native orderlies come running over noiselessly with a stretcher. They stoop down, and with the tenderness of women lift the wounded boy on to the stretcher and carry him away. We trek back, and on the way I deliver the message to the Field Company.

For transport we now have little A.T. two-wheeled carts, known in the Indian Army as ammunition transport, drawn by two little Indian mules. These are in camp near the lighthouse, between "W" Beach and "V" Beach. Delightful place this, and most interesting. The orderliness of everything is astonishing; the quaint little tents—oblong, with sloping sides—are arranged in neat rows. The inhabitants are surely the most cleanly people on earth. Here I see groups of them, stripped except for a loin-cloth, busy washing their shining, dusky bodies. After this, little brass jars are produced, from which oil is poured over them and rubbed in. Others, having finished this, are industriously combing their long black locks and bushy beards. Others, again, are making chupatty, a species of pancake, in broad, shallow metal bowls—I taste one and find it excellent. Other groups of

these dark warriors are sitting outside their little tents smoking hookahs; all the men we meet salute punctiliously. Near by are the white officers' tents, quite luxurious affairs. The whole place is delightful and looks almost like a riverside picnic, only everything is very orderly. As to the carts before mentioned, these are most ingenious. They are little two-wheeled affairs with a pole, like the old-fashioned curricule; each is drawn by two small mules, not larger than ponies. Wonderful little fellows they are, bred in Northern India—Kashmere and Thibet, I believe. Lord! how they work—they can pull almost anything, and they are so surefooted and the little carts so evenly balanced that they can go about anywhere. It is a very interesting sight to see a convoy of these carts on the move, with their dusky, turbaned drivers sitting crouched up like monkeys on them, chanting some weird Oriental ballad as they go, to the accompaniment of jingling harness. They are well looked after, too, these little mules—the drivers have had the care of them for years, perhaps—and their training is perfect. They look as fat as butter, and their coats shine like satin—very different from the hulking, ugly brutes that we have brought—American. They appear to be quite docile, and it is not necessary to have eyes in the back of your head when walking through their lines.

I hear to-day that Major Barlow, to whom I was talking a few days ago in the trenches, has been badly wounded.

One aeroplane has been very busy going out and coming back after short trips over the enemy's positions, followed by little puffs of bursting shrapnel when over their lines. The weather is perfect.

Swiftsure and *Queen Bess* are now up the coast off the gully, and are giving the left slope of Achi Baba and Krithia something to write home about. Torpedo destroyers are also joining in, and later the shore batteries take up the tune, and a bombardment similar to yesterday's starts, preparatory to another battle.

French "75's" are barking away incessantly, and the bombardment is increasing in ferocity.

New Zealanders are on the extreme left, then the 87th Brigade, next the 88th and 86th, or what is left of it, with the new Territorial Lancashire Fusiliers. Next come Australians, up on the hill by the White House; and on the extreme right down to the edge of the Straits, the French. The line forms

the shape of a  , the extremes resting on ground on either side of the Peninsula.

Through glasses at six o'clock I can see little figures running here and there on the high ground to the extreme right beyond the White House—now taking cover, now running forward, now disappearing on the other side; ugly black shells rain amongst them and make a sickening sight. Turkish artillery appears to have increased considerably. Their shells rain all along our line, but none come on the beaches. All their artillery seems concentrated on our trenches. Again and again I see shells fall right in the middle of men who seem to be running. It is difficult to discern whether they are Turks or our men.

I watch till the sight sickens me, and then I come away and arrange the rations to go up to-night, seeing the boxes roped up on to the pack-mules or loaded on to the A.T. carts. Two shells come near the beach, bursting with a black explosion in the air. Rifle fire goes on all night, but artillery dies down to fitful shelling. I hear that the net result of to-day's work is a gain of five hundred yards, but that we have had great casualties.

May 10th.

Another most perfect day. All day yesterday wounded were being evacuated as fast as possible. I now have to feed a Brigade of Australians as well as my own Brigade. I go up in the morning to their positions, and for the first time get amongst them at close quarters. They have honeycombed the land near the white pillars with dugouts and have their H.Q. at the White House on the hill. I see Captain Milne, their Supply Officer, and arrange matters with him.

Our Vet. (Hyslop) and Sergeant Evans ride to-day with me and we call at our Brigade H.Q., now moved some few hundred yards behind their former position of a week ago, dug in a dry nook surrounded by trees, in a spot similar to a park of some large house in England. Their mess is simply a table of earth dug out by digging a square trench in which they sit, the centre of the square being the table. There I find Colonel Williams, Thomson and our new Brigade Major. I find that Festin was wounded yesterday whilst standing up in the trench in which I was talking to him the day before. Troops have found little springs and an ancient well, and so

there is now a plentiful supply of water—and beautiful water too. In addition to Australians and the Punjabis in camp by the white pillars, there are now Lancashire Fusiliers and Manchesters, the whole making one large camp of dugouts and trenches in orderly rows.

It is fortunate that there is very little rain, otherwise the place would be a quagmire in five minutes.

The Punjabis have built walls of mud and stone shell-proof shelters, and are much handier at making themselves comfortable than our white troops. In the battle of the 8th the Australians showed marvellous dash and individual pluck—not a straggler among them. Many deeds of great heroism were performed, and if a man gets an honour in their ranks it will be one worth having.

It is difficult to pick up exactly our front-line trench, and the Q.M. of the Worcesters the other day, finding a trench containing Munsters, inquired as to the whereabouts of his regiment, and was told that they were on in front; he walked on, and finding nothing, came back. He was told that if he walked much further “he wouldn’t ’arf get Worcesters.” He was walking bang into the enemy’s lines.

Two aeroplanes are up to-day, circling energetically around the slopes of Achi Baba.

Our batteries are busy, steadily plugging shells into the enemy’s lines.

An aeroplane is up and the Turks are trying to pot it. Aeroplane sails up and down Turkish lines unconcerned.

The curious thing about being under shell fire is that when a shell comes near you, you duck down and take cover, and immediately after resume your conversation.

This morning at the white pillars I said to the Australian officer, “What is your strength?” He said, “Look out!” Down we bobbed. A sound like tearing linen, ending in a shriek and a bang. Up we jump, and he calmly continues the conversation.

Met Duff, my H.A.C. pal, again; so funny seeing him; both of us ride together. Last time we rode together was at Goring, side by side in B Sub., A Battery. Never thought that we should both be officers riding side by side

on the Gallipoli Peninsula. Have a delightful bathe off “W” Beach to-day; the water crowded with bathers, French and English. By far the best bathing I have ever had in my life.

May 11th.

Rather cloudy to-day, and much cooler. Rode up to Brigade H.Q. with Hyslop, to the same place as yesterday. Saw Australian Supply Officer. As I was talking to him a few shells came over our way—not singly, but by twos and threes. I have got used to the sound of them passing through the air now, and know by the sound whether they are coming my way or not. Again, as yesterday, the Australian officer gave me the warning “Look out!” and we dived for a dugout. The Australians get awfully amused when they see people doing these dives out of the way of shells, and it certainly does look humorous.

My Brigade is moving back to the reserve trenches for a rest, and they need it. The reserve trenches are those by the white pillars, occupied at present by the Lancashires and Manchesters (Territorials). I meet General D’Amade and his Staff, including the officer that I knew on the *Arcadian*. They are all riding. He stops me, asking if I have seen General Parish, the Australian General. I express regret that I have not, at which he appears annoyed. One of his Staff asks me to point out 29th D.H.Q., and I direct him to Hill 138, in rear of us. I point out the Australian camp to the General, who goes off then to inquire for General Parish.

I leave Hyslop, who has another job on, and start to ride back across country, having a few jumps over the new rest trenches. I am overtaken by an officer who is the Adjutant of one of the Lancashire Fusiliers (Territorial) Battalions, the 6th, I think. Lord Rochdale is in command. He tells me that they have been in Egypt training for a long time, and cursing their luck at being seemingly sidetracked, with not much opportunity of seeing any active service. Suddenly they were wired for, and in twenty-four hours left Egypt for here. On arrival they marched straight up to the trenches, and at 5.30 p.m. the next day went into action and lost heavily. As I was being told all this I heard a most weird noise, as if the whole of the sky were being rent in two, ending in a deafening explosion, and looking over my shoulder in surprise, I see twenty-five yards to my left, over a little mound, a spout of smoke and earth and stones flung into the air. I say to my companion, “I

think we had better trot," which we do. It is strange, but my old horse did not seem to worry much when the shell burst. It must have been a 6-inch, and is the first big one that I have had near me so far, and may it be the last. Its sound is unlike that of any shell I have heard up to now, and far noisier in its flight; I think that if they chuck these sort about on the beach I shall be jumpy in a very short time. I only hope the beaches are out of range, or will be before very long. Evidently they have a new gun. At times I feel very optimistic, looking forward confidently to our trip over Achi Baba; at other times Achi Baba looks so forbidding that I feel we shall all spend the rest of our lives hanging on to this tiny bit of land. I can canter to Brigade H.Q. from the beach in fifteen minutes, and walk from there to the front line in another fifteen, and that gives an idea of how far we are on. I ride over to the aerodrome—we are fortunate in finding such a perfect one—and over to "V" Beach, which the French have got into a much more shipshape order than ours. I count seven battleships and seven destroyers up the entrance as far as Morto Bay; the "packet of Woodbines" is still off the Asiatic coast and touches up Yen-i-Shehr and Kum Kale with 10-inch shells. From the high ground overlooking "V" Beach the Fleet at the entrance makes an imposing spectacle, waiting for the Army to open the gates of the Straits before they dash through to the Marmora. The *Goliath* and *Prince George* fire odd shots now and again at Chanak. Late in the afternoon we get a few light shells over on "W" Beach and a few men are slightly hit. In a little gully between "W" Beach and "X" Beach preparations are being made to start a field bakery, and we are promised real bread in a few days. One of our mares has given birth to a foal; my mare, much to the mother's annoyance, is much interested.

Our train is in camp now on the high ground on the left of "W" Beach looking inland, and have made very good lines. All the men have built little shelters out of wagon-covers, sail-cloths, and tarpaulins, in rows opposite their horse lines, the whole looking like a well ordered gipsy encampment. I made myself very unpopular there to-day by saying, "You won't 'arf cop it in a day or so when John Turk finds you out."

Saw General Hunter-Weston making a tour of the beaches to-day. He appeared in very good spirits. Our trenches in the front line are now getting quite deep, and sand-bagged parapets are being rapidly built. The Gurkhas do not like trench warfare at all, and cause much anxiety to their white

officers by continually popping their heads over to have a look round. The Turkish line has crept much nearer to ours since the last battle, and they are also rapidly digging in. A party of Gurkhas were ordered out to capture a machine gun in an emplacement on an advanced knoll in front of the Turkish right and our left. The gun was captured, and one little Gurkha brought back a Turk's head, and it was difficult to make him part with it. Heavy firing broke out at eleven o'clock to-night and lasted an hour or two.

May 12th.

It is raining hard this morning, and very cold as well. I visit the Senegalese camp at "V" Beach. They are physically very well built men, well up to the average of 6 feet in height. They are as black as coal, with shiny faces, like niggers on Brighton beach, and very amusing in their manners. At the last battle they charged magnificently with horrible yelling, frightening the poor Turk out of his wits. They are equipped with wide, square-bladed knives about 14 inches long.

Wireless news is now typed and published nearly every day. To-day we hear that the *Lusitania* has been sunk and that Greece and Italy are likely to come in. An extract from a Turkish paper says that we have been pushed into the sea, and almost in the same paragraph that "the foolish British will persist in attacking."

We have quite a comfortable little house now at our Supply depot on the beach, made out of boxes with a sail-cloth overhead.

Hardly any firing to-day. Shore batteries remarkably quiet, but Fleet firing intermittently.

Afternoon.

Go to Brigade H.Q. in the afternoon and find the rest camp at the white pillars an absolute quagmire of mud, many of the dugouts being half full of water. Two 60-pounder guns are now in position on the cliff to the west of "W" Beach, and this afternoon I go up to have a look at them firing. Their target is at a range of 9,600 yards, well up on the left shoulder of Achi Baba, and an aeroplane is up observing for them. The flame of the explosion shoots out some feet from the muzzle and from the breach also, and makes a terrific roar, which echoes all round the ships lying off, the

sound playing ducks and drakes from one ship to another. One can see with the naked eye the shell hitting its target on Achi Baba. Our Fleet gets busy again, and later the batteries on shore join in, and a bombardment starts. At 6.45 p.m. the Gurkhas come into action on the left, and quite a big battle develops. We can just see the men through glasses. Crowds from the beach flock up on to the high ground to have a look, getting into direct line with the 60-pounders, much to the Gunner Officer's annoyance, and police finally are posted to keep them out of the way. A shell exploding with a black burst over our heads, but very high, causes the watching crowd to scatter in a somewhat amusing fashion. Gregory and I move forward to a trench in front and look at the battle through glasses. All I can see now is a host of bursting shells on the left and intermittent shelling on the right and centre. Suddenly another of these black devils of shells bursts over our heads and covers me with small hot cinders which sting. We go back to dinner whilst the battle is still going on.

May 13th.

At two o'clock this morning I was awakened by a most curious noise. It sounded like thousands of men off "V" Beach crying and shouting loudly. Shortly after I see searchlights, about eight of them, flashing from the battleships at the entrance to the Straits. The noise goes on for about half an hour and then suddenly ceases. I stand for a few minutes puzzling what it is, and watching the searchlights still wielding their beams of light around, and then turn in again.

At 6 a.m. I am told that the *Goliath* has been torpedoed and sunk. A Turkish destroyer came down the Straits and got her clean amidships, and she sank in half an hour. I hear that half the crew is lost. The destroyer, if seen at all, disappeared in the darkness. Poor old *Goliath*! and it was only the other day that I was watching her in action.

We now move our depot upon the high land on the left of "W" Beach and further inshore, and divide it into four, one for Divisional troops and one for each Brigade. While on this job at 7 a.m. I hear the sound of bagpipes coming nearer and nearer. It is the first time that I have heard bagpipes since I was on the *Southland* with the K.O.S.B.'s. Sure enough it is the K.O.S.B.'s, "all that are left of them," some three hundred strong out of the strength of eleven hundred that they landed with from the *Southland*. They

come swinging down to the beach with one officer at their head, and to see them marching well behind the inspiring skirl of bagpipes almost brings tears to my eyes. Three hundred left out of a crack Scottish battalion, average service of each man five years. I ride up to Brigade again this morning and find all very quiet on the front. I hear that we were successful in yesterday's and in last night's battle, and that the Gurkhas have taken a large important bluff on our extreme left on the other side of the gully.

I bathe in the afternoon, and while enjoying the pleasure of doing side-strokes with the sea having a slight swell on, I hear that terrible rending noise of a 6-inch shell, similar to those that dropped near me the other morning, which "bursts with a bang at the back of the beach." My bathing is promptly brought to an end, and I go back to my "bivvy." I feel safer there, somehow, but why I should I cannot explain. But all who have been under shell fire will bear me out in the statement that even if one is in a tent one feels more confident under shell fire than if in the bare open, with the exception, of course, of when one is caught under it going to some definite place or finishing some urgent definite work. Then one's mind is concentrated on getting to that place or finishing that job. But sitting down on the beach hearing the heavens being torn asunder by an unseen hand, as it were—the noise of the tearing developing into a mighty hiss and shriek, ending in a great explosion which shakes the earth under your feet and echoes far away into the distance, followed by the whine of flying pieces of hot metal, sometimes very near your head—is a most disconcerting and unnerving position in which to find oneself.

For the benefit of those who have been so fortunate as to never have heard a shell burst in anger, a slight description of it may prove interesting. The first thing one hears is a noise like the rending of linen, or perhaps the rush of steam describes it better. This gets louder and louder, and then, as the projectile nears the end of its journey, one hears a whine, half whistle, half scream, and then the explosion. If it is very near there is an acrid smell in the air. One's feelings are difficult to describe. You duck your head instinctively—you feel absolutely helpless, wondering where the thing will burst, and as you hear the explosion a quick wave of feeling sweeps over you as you murmur, "Thank Heaven, not this time!"

Unfortunately, they have got the range of our beach accurately now, and are beginning to do real damage. The little shells that we had earlier did not

frighten us much, but these beastly things make us all jumpy.

Several men have been hit to-day, and about a dozen horses and half a dozen mules killed. All are taking cover as best they can. If one hits this bivouac where I am now writing, this Diary comes to an untimely end.

I wish our aeroplanes could find this gun; it appears so close up to us, and if it takes it into its head to fling these beastly things about all day long, this beach will be untenable. A damned fool near me has just said, "If they go on much longer they will hurt somebody." I chuck a book at his head.

In France they do get a chance of rest behind the scenes now and again, but here it is one constant "Look out!" and down we bob. After a bout of shelling one imagines shells coming. For instance, when an aeroplane sails over, people duck their heads, as it sounds just like a shell; and then also there are so many ships in harbour that one is constantly hearing the noise of escaping steam, sounding just like a shell.

One of our men has just had the side of his boot torn away; fortunately, however, only the skin of his foot was grazed and bruised.

Fifty horses have now been killed, and three men killed and a few wounded.

Had to go on duty at depot at head of beach. Shelling stopped. Finished duty 6.45. Shell immediately came, and I fell flat behind some hay. After that a few more came over and then stopped.

May 14th.

Big gun started searching the beach with large high explosive shells at four, for two hours. Every one had to take cover. Aeroplane reconnaissance cannot locate gun, which is a damned nuisance. They come with a terrific scream and burst with a deafening explosion, most upsetting to one's nerves. We all take cover behind the cliff. Not a soul can be seen on the beaches. All animals are removed to down under the cliff.

Casualties, twenty-three mules and three men wounded.

One piece of shell fell at my feet, and I picked it up, only to drop it quickly, as it was so hot.

After being under fire of such awful shells one laughs at mild shrapnel.

Getting very hot, but perfect weather.

Saw Laird for a few minutes and had a chat with him.

Not much time for writing to-day. Go up to Laird's "bivvy" and have a long talk with him over old times. He landed on that first Sunday on "S" Beach, and though in the Engineers, had the experience of taking part in three bayonet charges. He was in a neat little dugout when I went up, and was busy looking for a scorpion. I helped him look for it, and it seemed so strange that after all these years we should meet on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and before sitting down to talk of old times should be looking for a scorpion that had got into his dugout.

Scorpions and snakes about three feet long are becoming more numerous here, but I believe they are harmless, except in self-defence.

May 15th.

All was quiet on the front last night, but to-day there has been one long artillery duel.

I go up to Brigade H.Q. this afternoon, and go round by the road through Sed-el-Bahr this time, because "I don't like them shells; run as you may, you can't get away from them." On the way I passed Ashmead Bartlett riding with a Naval officer. The latter came and had tea with us later, and said he was on the *Implacable*, and Ashmead Bartlett was "bivvying" there as well. He is a correspondent for several papers.

Several battleships which were moored at the entrance move off at nightfall now, after that feat by the Turkish destroyer which sank the *Goliath*.

There is to be a general attack to-morrow night, Sunday. Some of the Tommies do not like attacking at night; they say, "Let us get them in the open, by day."

The knocking out of a sniper by some of the South Wales Borderers was described to me to-day by one of their officers. Two officers were standing up in their trench by a machine gun, one holding a periscope, when a bullet went through the sleeve of his coat, wounding the officer to whom he was talking. The first officer spotted a sniper bob down immediately after. He then got down in the trench beside the man working the machine gun, and

pointed out to him the bush behind which the sniper had crouched. The machine gun was laid on to it. Then the man on the machine gun and the officer took cover, the man holding his hand up to the machine gun ready to pop off. The officer then cautiously raised the periscope over the trench and looked carefully at the lower mirror. He saw in the mirror a head slowly appear above the bush eight hundred yards away, then a rifle lifted. He said to the machine gun man "Fire." Pop-pop, and the sniper rolled over dead on his side beside the bush.

5.30.

Two Taubes have just come overhead flying at a great height. Anti-aircraft guns are firing and there is some good shooting, but the Taubes have turned and are going back to the Turkish lines. One of our aeroplanes has gone up.

A beautiful clear day, and one can see in detail the Asiatic side and the Isle of Imbros. No heavy shells to-day so far on this beach.

Invitations to lunch and dinner, etc., go on every day here, and it is a regular custom for men in the firing-line to invite men from the base (only four miles back) to a meal and vice versa. This campaign is quite unique in many ways.

May 16th.

Perfect day again. Saw Brigade H.Q. and hear they are moving further to the left up in the firing-line, about half a mile beyond Pink Farm.

Hear that our wounded, and French and Australian, have been arriving in great numbers at Cairo and Alexandria. The British are now being sent to Malta. Hear that 20,000 Turkish wounded have arrived at Smyrna, and 12,000 at Constantinople. Put in divisional orders to cheer us up. Fancy a civilized nation sending round statistics of the result of their slaughter to cheer and exhort! Yet it cheered me. Strange how quickly one becomes bloodthirsty and savage.

Fighting proceeding on our right by French. No general attack being made to-day, idea being to strengthen line, push forward steadily by sapping, and then, when in strong position with three or four lines of supports, to make a rush. This will probably happen in a few days now.

Big gun has not been knocked out after all, for we had a dozen of the best over to-day, but I was up in front and so missed it.

Gurkhas on left have pushed forward well up to left of Krithia. Still a few snipers behind our lines on left of Krithia.

We had divine service this morning behind 88th Brigade lines. A service under such circumstances is most impressive, every soul there being within easy distance of a horrible death. It is a lovely morning, and as the soldiers sing the hymns with lusty voices, an accompaniment is provided by the screaming of shells overhead. But the singing continues unabated. Here one hears the same dear old tunes of our childhood, but under what different circumstances! At home, the breeze softly whispering in the trees outside the ancient church, with the shaded light glimmering through the stained glass and men and women mingling their voices in praise to God; and then, out here, the breeze murmurs as at home, the birds are singing and the sun is shining—but over the congregation, the bareheaded rows of khaki figures, even while they sing the same old hymns as of old, the Angel of Death hovers with naked sword. Then the benediction in level tones from the Padre and the service is ended. Surely the most impressive I have witnessed. For here in a double sense one stands face to face with one's Maker.

May 18th.

Our Brigade has now moved up about three-quarters of a mile in front of Pink Farm, and I go up this morning to find them. I ride up to, and leave my horse at, Pink Farm, and walk the rest of the way down past a ruined house, on over a small nullah, along the road past a battery up to a white house called Church Farm, where I think it is about time to halt and inquire the way. A few Tommies encamped in this house tell me Brigade H.Q. is two hundred yards further on in the trenches, and I walk on. I notice a Tommy walking in the same direction with a biscuit tin on his shoulder, which he has rubbed over with mud to prevent the sun glittering on it. I continue on in the direction indicated, and hear a few “pings” past my head, but thinking they are the usual spent bullets, take no notice. Suddenly something “zips” past my head, making a row like a huge bee flying at high speed; the noise being unlike the usual “ping” of a bullet passing harmless overhead, I conclude that I am being deliberately fired at by a sniper, and so bend

double, and steering a zigzag course, jog-trot across the remaining fifty yards to a nice deep trench. On arrival, I inquire where Brigade H.Q. is, and am directed to a communication trench, which I go along and find myself at length in a square dugout with no roof, in which are General Williams, busy at work with a spade, Thomson, Farmer, and Reave. Concluding my business, and being instructed that the little ruined house in front of Pink Farm is to be the dump for rations, I say good-bye. Thomson says, "Now, Gillam, run like a bunny," but, those bullets being a bit free at present over the trenches, I follow my own route back and walk along the hindmost trench, which I am told leads to a nullah which goes back in the direction of Pink Farm.

I pass Worcesters and Royal Scots in the trenches, and finally the trench dips down to a wide open space under cover, with a small brook running its course, out of which two nullahs run. This, I am told, has been officially named "Clapham Junction." Unfortunately, a few shrapnel then burst immediately over "Clapham Junction," and I therefore go to look for a waiting-room, refreshment-room, or booking-office in which I can take cover until the rain has stopped. I find a "refreshment-room" in the shape of an advanced dressing station, and two officers there very kindly give me breakfast. After breakfast I walk along the nullah, which I learn is now to be called Krithia Nullah, back towards the rear, and when the sound of bullets pinging away overhead ceases, I step out on to a newly made road, which is still under construction by the Engineers, and then come across the Manchesters again in a newly dug trench forming reserve lines. Walking back to Pink Farm, I mount my mare and canter back to the beach. Last night the Turks made a raid on the part of the line held by the Lancashire Fusiliers, endeavouring to capture a machine gun, but very soon gave up the idea. They lost heavily and left six prisoners behind.

Supply depot for my Brigade alone now working smoothly. We draw rations for the whole Division, men and horses, at six o'clock each morning by G.S. wagons. This takes two hours, during which the rations are carted from the Main Supply depot some three hundred yards inland from our depots at the back of "W" Beach, and sorted out to each of the three Brigade depots and the Divisional artillery depot. Breakfast at eight, and at 9.30 I go to my depot again and issue the rations to my units, meeting the Q.M.'s who have arrived with their transport. Receipts for the rations are

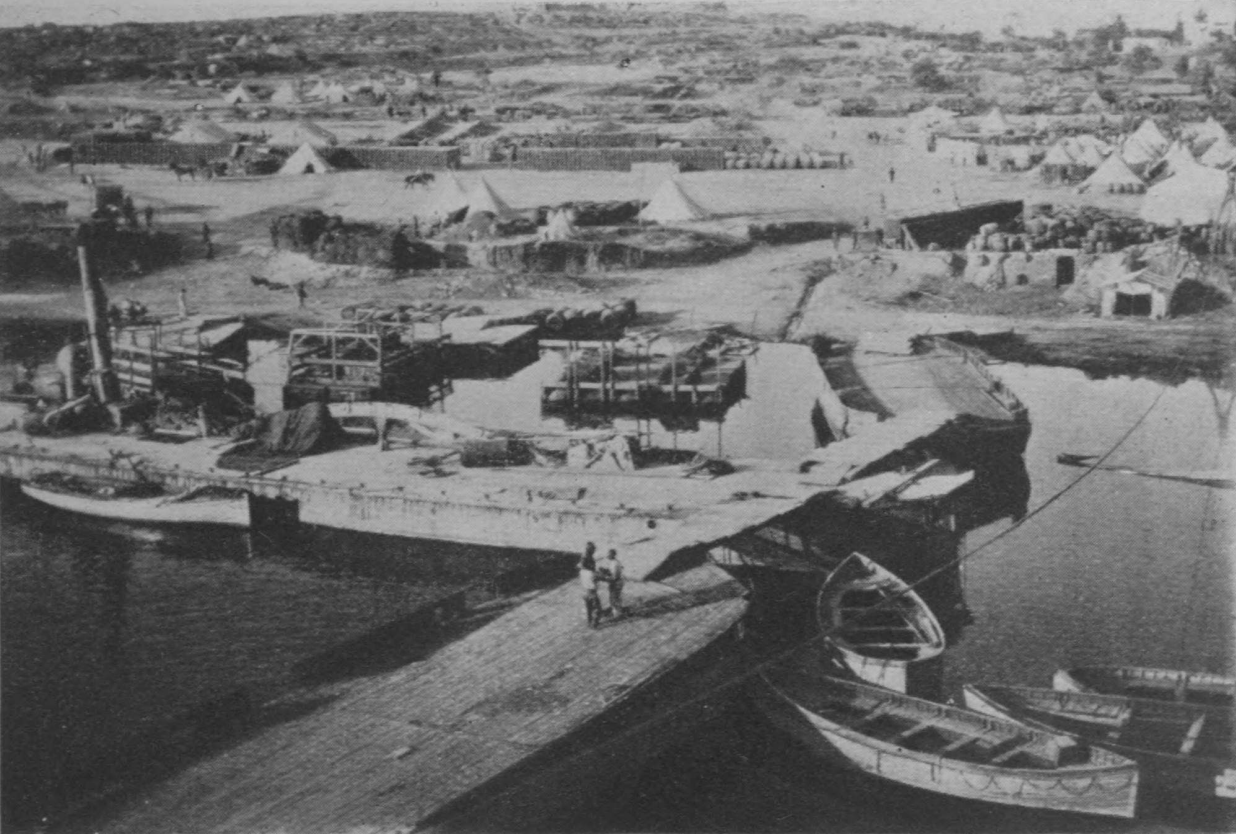
then given me by the Q.M.'s, who cart them away to their own lines, where their first-line transport is encamped only a distance of three to five hundred yards away on the other side of the beach. At night they are taken up to the various ration dumps, and from there taken the rest of the way to the trenches either by hand or on pack-mules. At the forward ration dumps the work of redistribution is carried on under a continual flight of spent and "over" bullets, and standing there one is in constant danger of stopping one. Up to now several casualties have been caused, but mostly slight wounds. After five minutes one becomes quite used to the singing of the bullets, which sound quite harmless. It is only when an extra burst of fire breaks out that it is necessary to get into a trench or behind some sheltering cover. I ride up in the afternoon to Brigade H.Q., who have now dug themselves into a dry watercourse just in front of Pink Farm. I see General Williams and Thomson. Afterwards I walk up to the trenches where the Worcesters are, up beyond Church Farm, and across that open space. At Church Farm I am told that at this side of the building I am out of aiming distance from a rifle, and can only be hit by an "over," but that at the other side of the building I come under range, and that it is not wise to loiter in that neighbourhood.

I therefore get across the three hundred yards of open space as quickly as possible, and vaulting into the safety of the trench, I inquire where Battalion H.Q. is, and following the direction given, pass along nice deep trenches with sand-bagged parapets. Trench warfare in dead earnest has now begun, and for the first time I realize what it is like: an underground world, yet not an underground, for one can see grass, flowers, and trees growing, but only close to. Walking from Church Farm to the trenches, I see nothing but lovely country leading up to frowning Achi Baba, and near by, in front, rows and rows of thrown-up earth. No sign of animal life of any kind. Yet once in the trenches I found myself in a world alive with energy—men cleaning rifles, writing letters, washing clothes, making dugouts, laying cables. I pass dugouts, little rooms of earth dug out of the side of the trench; some are cookhouses, some officers' bedrooms, some messes, and some orderly-rooms, with tables and chairs. All this world has been created underground, and unseen by the enemy, only a few hundred yards away, in the space of a few weeks; and this is trench warfare, materialized by spade and shovel, by hundreds of strong arms, night and day. I come at last to H.Q. Worcester Battalion, and am directed to the mess—a nice dugout

roofed in by timber. Major Lang is sitting at a table reading letters from home. I ask for letters for Captain Bush; am told they have been sent down to the beach by an orderly; am offered a drink, talk about the heat, which is getting tiresome now, and hear that soon we are to be served out with pith helmets. I say good-bye and start back. I am in a maze, and have to be directed back to the trench that I jumped into. I vault out and, zigzagging, jog-trot, for I am told to go quickly back to Church Farm, and hear two bullets singing their faint song far away over my head. I come to a nullah, where I find horses and mules in dug-in stables in charge of Roberts, Brigade Transport Officer, just in front of the little ruined house in front of our Brigade H.Q., and arriving there, hear that Thomson has gone back to Hill 138 with the Brigadier. I go back to Pink Farm, mount my mare, and cantering along the West Krithia road, catch them up. On either side of the road are now dug rest trenches, organized as camps—the trenches not as deep as the front trenches, but sufficiently so to keep the men under cover. I trot along the road through one of these camps, and am soon pulled up by an M.P. with the sharp order, “No trotting, please.”



29TH DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS, GULLY BEACH, AT THE FOOT OF THE GULLY, HELLES.



VIEW OF "V" BEACH, CAPE HELLES, TAKEN FROM THE *RIVER CLYDE*.
Sed-el-Bahr is to the immediate right of the beach, not in the photograph.

I ride with Thomson to “V” Beach and the *River Clyde* comes in sight, seen from the high ground near the lighthouse, which was the Turkish position on April 25th. I hear from him the events of that awful day. How, when the General and Costaker were hit, he was ordered to go back to the *Clyde* and to take Reave. How he was on one end of the hopper, lying down, and Reave the other, and had to attract his attention and call to him to follow. Then they had to get back over dead bodies and the wounded under a hail of bullets, which zipped overhead or crashed against the hopper and sides of the *Clyde* with a loud bang. He described the scenes on board the *Clyde*, and the cries of wounded; the arrival of messages on steam pinnaces, signallers at work semaphoring to battleships and transports. And there lay the *River Clyde*, now a haven of rest, with a solid pier built out from shore and alongside it, using its hulk as a harbour. “V” Beach, now a model of an orderly advanced base, under the organizing talent of the French, looked a different place to the “V” Beach that I saw last. We search for Costaker’s grave without success. Two huge graves are on the right of the beach looking seawards—the graves of those soldiers and sailors whose bodies I saw laid out for burial on April 27th, wired round, and with fine crosses erected on each. I ride back with him through the village, past the camp of the amusing Senegalese, and along the new road that leads to “Clapham Junction.” On either side rest camps have developed, composed of lines of trenches and dugouts, sheltered in trees and bushes.

I see several batteries of “75’s,” and one is in action.

Down a slope through trees, and over little nullahs covered with growing gorse-bush, over meadowland past the site of our old Brigade H.Q., till when within sight of our new H.Q. we come into uninterrupted view of Achi Baba, and Thomson then says we had better trot. On arrival, tea is ready, and a new cake has arrived. It had taken three weeks to come out, and yet tasted quite fresh. We have tea in the open, at the bottom of the dry brook, and afterwards I take my departure. On return to “W” Beach, over comes a big shell, and immediately all work is stopped, and one and all, General and private, make for cover. Drivers rush to their lines and untie their mules and horses, and trot, canter, and gallop to the safety of the shore at the foot of the cliffs right and left of the beach. We wait beneath the friendly, sheltering cliffs, and hear the swishing shrieks as the shells hurtle through the air, bursting on the beach and on the higher ground. Then, as

one shriek does not end with the crash of an explosion and its noise continues, we look at each other with a certain amount of apprehension, until with a fearful rending it sweeps down on to us, helplessly taking cover on the steep sides of the cliff, and crashes with a deafening roar almost at our feet, as it seems, but really fifty yards away. Immediately there is a rush to more sheltered ground half-way up the cliff, and three forms are seen lying helplessly in the road. One is my staff-sergeant, with a scalp wound and badly shaken, and two are dead, mangled beyond description. Thank the Lord, my staff's wound is not serious. Well, he is for Blighty now, and good luck to him!

We find the animals—mules and horses—have been strafed rather badly. The lines that they are on are in very exposed positions as far as shell fire is concerned, and it was not possible to get many away, and in consequence the casualties among the poor helpless creatures were serious. Hyslop, our Vet., dispatched all that he could on their last journey with one pull on his revolver, pressed to their foreheads. As a pause came in the shelling, so he rushed out from his dugout and finished off those which were wounded beyond cure, going about the horrid task coolly and methodically, at intervals, being forced to rush for cover to save his own skin, but ever ready, when chance offered, to go back to his merciful task. Though we have been on this Peninsula but a few weeks, the Veterinary Services are efficient beyond praise, and the cases of all animal patients, suffering from the smallest ailments to the most serious of wounds, are dealt with by the Veterinary Officers with the same care as the Medical Corps bestows on human patients.

Looking back on the episodes that occur when the beach is subjected to shell fire, with the fear of getting hit oneself removed temporarily, the humour of them enters into our thoughts and conversation. What So-and-so looked like when he slid down the cliffs. “Did you see Colonel —— dive behind those boxes, or the R.E. General competing in a fifty yards' sprint with his batman?” If it were possible to record on a cinema film these scenes that are instantaneously caused by the arrival of big shells, without recording the bursting of a shell or the occurrence of casualties, then a film could be produced which would rival in knockabout comedy any film of Charlie Chaplin's. The French have been fighting this afternoon, and the

“75’s” banging away for all they are worth. A very big battle has been going on on the right. Perhaps this is why we have been given a taste of shelling.

May 19th.

I hear that General D’Amade has gone home, which we all regret. He was very gallant and brave, and was continually with his troops in the trenches. Big gun not very active to-day, thank Heaven. A couple came over, however, while Gregory and I were walking down to the beach. We both dived flat on the ground behind an S.A. ammunition-box—really no protection at all, but any cover is better than none. I got behind Gregory when we fell flat, as his “tummy,” being nice and large, made extra cover for me. I admit I considered only myself at the moment and not Gregory, and the temptation of taking shelter behind his massive form was one that on the instant I could not resist. I told him this, and he got very annoyed with me.

“W” Beach has now been officially named Lancashire Landing, after the Lancashire Fusiliers, who took the beach on the 25th of last month.

The Gurkhas in their last scrap of a few days ago took an important bluff on the left of Krithia, overlooking the sea, and this bluff has now been called Gurkha Bluff.

Just heard that one of our submarines has been up the Sea of Marmora. Not coming back for twenty-one days, it was given up for lost, but reported back safe and sound to-day, having sunk two Turkish destroyers and three Turkish transports. Commander awarded the V.C.

Aeroplanes very active now; tried to get a flight to-day, but failed. They go back to Tenedos each night, and come sailing over the sea back here after breakfast. It is too dangerous for the machines to remain on at the aerodrome here, on account of shell fire.

May 20th.

Brilliant weather once more. It gets frightfully hot now in the middle of the day. After lunch, had a delightful bathe, and then went to Brigade H.Q. in centre of position. All quiet there, but French made ground to-day on right. French now doing excellent work. At Gaba Tepe, Australians heavily attacked last night by Turks in great force, supported by artillery, including

92 gun. Attack under personal command of Von Sanders. Australians hold their own, the enemy losing heavily, leaving heaps of dead on the field. They come on in the German massed formation, yelling "Allah!" and are literally mown down. I prophesy that Dardanelles will be open by June 30th, if not before.

Hear that they now have a Coalition Government at home.

We now have issued to us regularly in print one sheet containing "wireless news" and local news. The sheet is called the *Peninsula Press*. At times it endeavours to become amusing at the expense of the Turk, but it falls rather flat.

May 23rd.

This afternoon I walk over with Jennings, Phillips, Williams, and Way to find Major Costaker's grave, as there is some doubt as to where he has been buried. We had difficulty in passing through Sed-el-Bahr, as the French are very strict about others than French passing through, but an Australian military policeman came to our rescue and passed us through. The French have the advantage in having Sed-el-Bahr, for amongst the ruined houses are several untouched by shell fire, in which they are enabled to make very comfortable quarters. But the best quarters of all are in the large fort which looks over the Straits. The other fort that I have referred to stands back from the beach, on the right-hand side looking seawards. We have our photographs taken, sitting on the muzzle of one of the big Turkish guns at this latter fort; also, to the huge delight of the Senegalese, we take some photographs of their camp, and one of them insists on my being in the group. We meet with no success in finding Major Costaker's grave, and I can only conclude that he is buried in one of the two large graves down on the beach marked "Gallant dead of the Dublins and Munsters and others."

On the way back we sit for a while in front of Hill 138 and have a long look at the beautiful country lying between us and Achi Baba. Through glasses we notice some precipitous slopes in front of Achi Baba, and wonder how long the day will be before our troops will be storming them. Not a sign of the enemy can be seen: just now and then little white puffs of shrapnel, now from our guns over their lines, and now from theirs over ours. Now and again the French "75's" bark out, bang-bang-bang-bang-

bang-bang—bang-bang. About as rapid as a machine gun. The F.O.O. (Forward Observation Officer) watches the enemy as a cat does a mouse. Any sign of life in an enemy trench, such as the sight of shovels appearing over the parapet and earth being thrown up, a body of Turks moving across the open behind their lines, or a new communication trench that appears in course of construction, is immediately telephoned to the battery commander at the guns, and before it is possible to count sixty seconds, half a dozen shells burst near or on the target. No target appears too small or too insignificant for them, and ammunition is plentiful. A great pile of shells in boxes is tidily stacked against the walls of Sed-el-Bahr fort, and the stack steadily grows. We are not in the same fortunate position with our ammunition.

On April 27th, when I was at “V” Beach, I saw a “75” battery being hauled up from the shore. I was standing amongst some French soldiers, and one standing next to me turned to me and pointed to the guns, saying “Soixante-quinze, bon—eh?” He looked upon them with pleasure and almost awe. Then I did not appreciate their immense worth, but now I do. We strolled back in the evening, had a peaceful dinner, and at night, but for fitful bursts of rifle fire, all was quiet. Mowatt, my friend of Birmingham days, looks in to have a chat, but his conversation is rather depressing to us all.

If his theories are right, then we are stuck here in front of Achi till the end of the war—or driven into the sea. A listener to one of his arguments puts forward the theory that if we had effected a landing at the Bulair Lines, the Peninsula, being cut off from Turkey in Europe, would automatically have fallen into our hands; but that theory is immediately exploded by the knowledge of the fact that at present Chanak, on the Asiatic side, is the main source of supply, via Maidos on the Peninsula separated as they are from each other by under a mile of the water of the Straits, easily crossed by regular ferries. From Chanak we believe that the enemy receives nearly all his ammunition, stores, supplies, and reinforcements, which are ferried to Maidos and transported from there by pack-mules to their army on the Hill. We have seen convoys of pack-mules now and again on the slopes of Achi Baba, but they seldom show themselves, for fear of the heavy shells from the guns of the Fleet. But they must swarm over each night.

Mowatt says that if an army of ours landed at the Lines of Bulair, it would be flanked on either side by Turkish armies, one on the Peninsula and one on the mainland. Both these armies would be kept in the field by plentiful and safe sources of supply, and our army would quickly find itself in an ever-tightening vice, rendering it in a short time impotent. He argues that once it had been decided to land on the Peninsula we landed at the right place, but that the success of taking the hill might have fallen to our armies if the Australians had landed where the 29th landed, namely at Helles, on the tip of the Peninsula, and if the 29th had landed up the coast behind Achi, where the Australians had landed. The 29th, being a more tried and disciplined machine, would have conquered its way to Maidos, forming a line of steel behind the small Turkish Army (we are told its strength was about 30,000 men on April 25th), and this Turkish Army, being cut off in rear, would have fallen a victim to the oncoming gallant and all-conquering Australians and New Zealanders. The fall of Constantinople would not have been far off, the Straits would have been opened to the Allied Fleets. Another theory is that a landing could then have been effected at Alexandretta, north of Syria, and a march from there could have been made by a strong and overwhelming army of French and British to the gates of Bagdad, and that after the fall of Bagdad we should have been able to link up with the Russian Army. Then there would follow a sweep through Asia Minor to the coast of the Marmora and shores of the Dardanelles, the Fleet would dash up the Narrows to the Golden Horn, and, as the Arabs say, "Turkey mafisch."

Mowatt appears to have studied the question logically, but it is the Staff's job to think these things out and ours to do our job in our humble way.

However, he depresses us, and I shall have to go and have a chat to those Naval optimists again.

Sed-el-Bahr is a mass of ruins now, but, however ruined a village may be, one can always picture to a certain extent what it was like in its lifetime. Sed-el-Bahr must have been a very charming place before the bombardment, with its ancient fifteenth-century houses, orchards, and gardens. The fort, evidently fifteenth or sixteenth century, is a very picturesque and massive building, having spacious chambers with the roofs going up in a dome shape—more egg shape though, than dome—made of

solid masonry, four or five feet thick. The walls also are just as thick, but the guns of the *Queen Elizabeth* simply smashed through them like butter.

It is wonderful how the country in our possession to date has changed. Roads are being made everywhere. Pipes lead from wells to troughs. Piers run out from beaches. Sides of cliffs have little dugouts and little houses and terraces, with names given them, such as "Sea View" and "Lancaster Terrace," such names being officially recognized. Also camps and horse lines are everywhere. Big gun has been shelling "V" Beach to-day; "Y" Beach is now known as Gurkha Beach.

May 24th.

Perfect day after ten; very heavy rain earlier. My job to draw supplies from Main Supply depot for Division. Rotten job, which starts at six. Brigade not moved.

Hear that Italy has definitely come in. This closes a channel of supplies into Austria and Germany, and is bound to tell in a few months.

Japanese bomb shells experimented with in Australian trenches at Gaba Tepe. They are fired by a trench mortar and have a range of four hundred yards. They have a small propeller to keep them straight, and explode with great violence, blowing trench to bits.

The first one tried fell beautifully in a Turkish trench at two hundred yards' range, and exploded with great violence. Turks started kicking up a fearful row, and about fifty rushed out like a lot of hornets. Machine gun turned on them and scotched the lot. Great request now on our part for Japanese bomb shells.

News now arrives that two submarines from Germany have got into the Mediterranean through the Straits of Gibraltar, and that they are making for this part of the world as hard as they can go. Most of the Fleet and transports in consequence move off at nightfall for Lemnos Harbour, off the village of Mudros, where our transports concentrated before the landing. Looking out to sea from the beach, the feeling of loneliness engendered by the departure of the shipping is curious—yesterday I looked seawards and the ocean was dotted with warships, transports, etc., pinnacles darted to and fro, all was hurry and bustle, during which one had a comfortable feeling that at our backs were our Naval comrades, ready to help at a moment's

notice; now, less than half the shipping lies off the coast than did a week ago, and a feeling of loneliness, almost of fear, comes over me.

Hindu as well as Sudanese labourers now working on the beach. All the time that they are carrying anything on a cart, with six pushing, one of them, evidently in authority, walks alongside laughing and gesticulating, singing something in a Gregorian chant, to which the others answer by singing three words in a monotone. This goes on all the time and causes much amusement to the Tommies, who of course imitate, whereupon the coolies laugh and sing all the louder.

We have now built a bivouac of boxes on the cliff edge, the right side of the beach looking towards the sea, and from there we obtain a fine view of the scenes on the beach and the road below at the foot of the cliff, which is gradually being widened, built up, and extended round to "X" Beach.

May 25th.

Woke up in our new "bivvy" this morning. It is very nice up here now, overlooking Imbros. From my bed I see the *Swiftsure* fire a shot into the water. I get up at once, and looking through my glasses, see her fire another, this time between the *Agamemnon*, which is moored close by, and herself. Torpedo destroyer comes dashing up, and immediately makes big circles round the two ships. A tiny little pinnace slips out with only four sailors on it, and rushes round and round the *Swiftsure* like a little pup defending its mother. A bugle sounds several times, and men in white swarm out from all kinds of places and stand to stations on the decks.

A submarine has been sighted right among our shipping; it had darted like an evil fish between the *Swiftsure* and the *Agamemnon*, and the *Swiftsure* had kept it off.

At one o'clock news arrives that H.M.S. *Triumph* has been torpedoed off the Australian landing at Gabe Tepe, and it is a terrible shock to us all, coming as it has so soon after the sinking of the *Goliath*. A good many lives were saved—nearly all the crew. No doubt it was hit by the same submarine that attempted to finish off the *Swiftsure* and *Agamemnon* this morning. We are all naturally anxious at further developments.

A Turkish battery is shelling the aerodrome on the east side of "W" Beach. Some very good practice is made and one machine is damaged.

This afternoon the same thing starts, and one shell pitches into the sea. If they move their gun five degrees right, they have the range of our "bivvy" nicely.

May 26th.

It is another perfect day, and it is absolutely ideal at our "bivvy" on the cliffs overlooking the south-west tip of the Peninsula. The sea is perfect, yet while admiring the view we hear the old familiar whistle of a shell, and one comes right over us, "plonk" into the sea. Another soon follows, and we have to go beneath the cliffs, and our aspect of the peaceful view is immediately changed. Shelling lasts half an hour, and after lunch we can come back.

Go up to Brigade H.Q. this morning, and find that South Lancashire Division have been merged with the 29th Division. Laird, quite fit and chirpy as usual, in a topping little dugout near by. Reinforcements arrive today, and I show them the way up. One chap asks if there is a chance of his getting into the firing-line. I answer that he will be in the firing-line in half an hour, and, poor chap! he looks queerly at me. He will get used to it, though, in a day. He asked the question as if to show that he was longing, after months of training and waiting, to get there, but had rather a shock when he found it was so near.

Flies, ordinary houseflies, are beginning to be awful pests here, simply myriads of them. People in England do not know what a fly pest is. They make a continual hum as they fly round, there are so many of them. One of our officers named Jennings gets very annoyed with them, and when trying to get a sleep in his dugout of an afternoon, has a few minutes' indulgence in Hate, not against Germany, but against the flies, murmuring to himself "Gott strafe the flies!" over and over again.

Ritchie, my old H.A.C. pal of the Goring days, who was on the *Arcadian*, turns up at Supply depot and invites me to dinner in the near future. It does not seem so very long ago that we were having a pigeon-pie dinner in our barn at Stoke-on-Thames, when we were both gunners in the H.A.C.

Late in the afternoon shells come whistling over our bivouac once more, well overhead, and burst in the sea near to Supply ships. About fifteen come over, and the transports weigh anchor and clear out of the way, taking up

moorings again behind the *Majestic*, which is lying about a thousand yards off the centre of "W" Beach. Evidently the Turks are being "spotted" for at Yen-i-Shehr, where no doubt they have many observation posts which are in telephonic communication with Chanak, further up the Straits, which in turn is in telephonic communication with Turkish H.Q. on Achi. What more ideal conditions for laying their guns could be wished for? It is fortunate for us that their artillery and ammunition are scarce. Were the full complement of artillery against us that the Germans would provide to an army of the same strength as that of the Turks, I think that we should, as things have developed now, pack up and be off within one week, and not even the dear little "75's" could save us.

The field bakery is in working order now, in a little gully further up the coast, and we are having most excellent bread each day—not a full ration, about 40 per cent. being made up by the biscuits.

It consists of three Bakery Detachments of six Bakery Sections each, a total of twenty-four ovens, and is capable of making bread for sixty thousand men. The ovens are made of curved metal; the troughs are in a large marquee, where all the mixing of the flour and ferments is done. The bread supplied on the whole is good, but of course, under the conditions in which the men are working it is difficult to turn out bread of the quality that one expects in London. Baking goes on practically the whole of the twenty-four hours. The whole bakery is under cover, and cannot be seen in any way by the Turk, though the gully in which it has been placed can be shelled, should the Turk become aware of its presence.

I dine with Ritchie at 7.30 p.m. in his dugout under our cliff, between our position and the bakery. Five other officers are there; amongst them is Major Huskisson a charming "Gypsy" Army A.S.C. man, who is in charge of the Main Supply depot here, and also a man who was in the *River Clyde* at the landing and who saw Colonel Carrington-Smith killed. Ritchie is O.C. a Labour Corps, camped on the side of the cliff around his dugout. We play bridge after dinner, and I actually have a whisky. First game of bridge I have had since we landed, and it is weird playing in such surroundings. Outside, a perfect moonlight night.

Elsewhere I have mentioned the Isle of Imbros by night. But really it is next to impossible to describe the beauty of these Greek islands, unless one

is a poet or a painter. To my mind, Imbros is the most beautiful of any of the isles in reach of the Peninsula. But to-night, as it seemed, she surpassed herself in beauty. The sea lies like a sheet of liquid silver under the rays of the moon. There, like a precious gem, lies Imbros, sleeping on the face of the waters; her deep valleys and gorges, running down to the sea, are aswim with purple shadows, and her rugged mountain crests stand out violet and clear-cut against the star-spangled velvet of the skies. Her feet are wrapt about as with a snowy drapery, woven of the little foaming crests of lazy wavelets lapping around her. From behind her the feathery night clouds appear to swathe themselves about her, and her mountain peaks seem like a coronet set upon the dusky brow of some beautiful goddess of the night. All is silent, and she sleeps peacefully upon the waters, awaiting the coming of the fiery god of the morning, who, dashing across the sky in his chariot of flame, will awaken her with a burning kiss—driving the purple shadows from her valleys and filling them with a swimming golden glory which shall make her seem even more lovely by day than by night. Truly is she a goddess upon the waters, a rival almost of Aphrodite herself.

As I go back to bed, walking back along the foot of the cliff, rifle fire is rattling away on our left. I climb up to our “bivvy,” being challenged several times, and turn into bed.

May 27th.

Woke at 6.30 this morning, feeling very refreshed, and find it is a beautiful morning. The view is perfect from our biscuit-box “bivvy.”

I am just drowsily thinking about getting up, when a gun from H.M.S. *Majestic* fires. This is followed immediately by the report of an explosion, and Carver says, “Good Lord, she is torpedoed!” We rush out, and see the green smooth wake of a torpedo in a straight line horizontal with our “bivvy,” starting from a point immediately in front of us. H.M.S. *Majestic* is about eight hundred yards to our left, immediately in front of “W” Beach, and I see her, massive and strong, bristling with guns, and crowded with men in white, slowly tilting over with a list to her port side. Men are doubling on deck to their places in perfect order, with no shouting or panic. Then, evidently, the order “Every man for himself!” is given, for I see a figure leap into the water, making a big splash; then another and another—it is like jumping off the side of a house—until the sea around is dotted by

bobbing heads of men swimming. Slowly she tilts over, and men clamber on to the side above the torpedo nets, which are out. As many as possible get away from the nets, for they make a trap. By this time, after only four minutes, she is surrounded by destroyers, trawlers, pinnaces, and small boats, and with perfectly wonderful and amazing efficiency they systematically pick up the struggling figures in the water.

One after the other men continue to leap, while the big ship lists; yet there are some, amongst whom are several officers, who stand on the side calmly waiting, and some still on the platform above the torpedo-nets. My glasses are glued on these men. I see them plainly in every detail, and almost the expression on their faces, as they stand on this platform with their hands behind them, holding on to the side of the ship. I see an officer in the centre looking anxiously to the right and the left, shouting directions. A man at the end manages to clamber to his left and slides painfully over pipe-stays and the usual fittings on the side of a battleship, falling with an awkward thud in the water, and another and another follow him. Then, after six minutes she begins to list quicker and quicker, and the remaining men on the torpedo-net platform still hang on. The nets curl up into themselves. These men are now horizontal to the ship, for she is now well on her side. The nets fling themselves into the air with a horrid curl, and disappear from view with these brave officers and men underneath. Can they dive and get free? The emerald green of the keel-plates appears, and in two minutes she turns turtle, her bows remaining highest and her stern beneath water. As she turns, men run, slip, and slide into the water, and at the finish, eight minutes after, her bows are showing and about fifty feet of the bottom of the ship above water at an angle.

Finally, one man is left on the green, slippery keel, and he, evidently not being able to swim, calmly takes his jacket off, sits down, and, if you please, takes off his boots, and walking slowly into the water, plunges in, having the good fortune to grab a lifebuoy, and is hauled to a tug.

The submarine has been spotted, and torpedo destroyers give chase, circling round and round, but all signs of her have disappeared. The destroyers, six in all, make bigger and bigger sweeps, when the sound of firing is heard out at sea, and about four miles to the east of Imbros I can see a big French battleship going hell for leather towards the island. She is firing astern, and immediately all six destroyers put out to sea as fast as they

can steam; the French ship then fires an extra big shell astern, which explodes with great violence in the water; the destroyers coming up, she gives up firing and makes off to safety. Later: No news as yet of the submarine, and we await with a little anxiety further developments.

The survivors coming ashore were looked after by the Tommies, given new clothes, breakfast, and rum, and seemed none the worse for their adventure. One said, "This is the third —— time I have been sunk, and I'm getting a bit fed-up." One quickly becomes a philosopher and fatalist on this Peninsula, and the fact that we are all a tonic to each other keeps our spirits up.

I hear that most of the crew are saved, including the Admiral and the Captain. About forty have lost their lives, and I feel sure amongst this number are those unfortunate brave men who stood calmly waiting for almost certain and immediate death, or the bare chance of continuing to live longer, on that trap of a torpedo-net platform.

I stroll down on the beach and talk to Naval officers about the loss, but they appear as optimistic as ever—tell me she was an old boat, of not much value nowadays, built as long ago as 1894, and that when once Achi Baba is taken the Fleet will get to work and make a dash up the Straits.

The scene is just the same this beautiful evening, but instead of a dignified, strong battleship in our midst, there remains her green bows, like the head of an enormous whale, peeping out of the water.

7 a.m.

Taube flies over, drops bomb; two men killed.

May 28th.

Go up to Brigade H.Q. this morning. Delightful canter along West Krithia road. I pass many camps, or rather lines of trenches on either side of the road serving as camps. Just at this time of the year crickets are very numerous. It is difficult to spot them, but they make a sound with their chirping not unlike the concerted song of a host of sparrows. I notice it more particularly at Pink Farm in the early morning, and sometimes at night on the cliffs by the sea. I find that Brigade H.Q. have moved forward a little to the left, and have dug nice quarters into the side of a small hill. They

were flooded out of their previous Headquarters by a cloud burst—a curious phenomenon. We did not feel it at all on the beaches, and yet a few miles inland they experienced a veritable flood.

5 p.m.

I ride to Morto Bay across country through the white pillars, and have a ripping bathe. It is a beautiful spot, just up the Straits, three miles from the shores of Asia, flanked on its left by high ground, on which is De Tott's Battery, and on its right by the high wooded ground behind Sed-el-Bahr. Perfect bathing, all sand, and gently sloping until one wades out of one's depth. Plenty of French troops bathing as well. All this side of the Peninsula is in the hands of the French. As we are bathing, one shell comes over from Achi and bursts near the white pillars.

7 p.m.

Arriving back at "W" Beach, I can see about half a dozen destroyers bombarding a few villages on Imbros for all they are worth. Lord! are we at war with Greece now?

May 29th.

A beautiful day, but there are no battleships lying off, and but one or two Supply ships. The absence of shipping makes a great contrast to the busy scenes amongst the Fleet and transports of a week ago, and their absence has a depressing effect on us all.

Several destroyers are patrolling up and down the coast, and from Asia to Imbros. All is quiet on the front. But reinforcements steadily arrive, and a continued steady stream of ordnance stores and supplies is unloaded from the Supply ships into lighters, which are then towed by small tugs to the piers, alongside which they are made fast. There the stores are taken over by R.E., Ordnance, or Supply Officers, who with groups of labourers unload them from the lighters on to the piers. Greek labour then handles the stores along the piers to the beach, where they are dumped on the sand. Then officers with clerks check the stores with the figures stated on their vouchers, and Greeks load on to wagons and mule-carts, which then drive off up the newly made steep roads of the beach to the R.E. park, just half-way up the beach, to the Ordnance depot on the cliff to the right of the

beach looking inland, or to the rapidly growing Main Supply depot, which will soon make a splendid target for the Turkish gunners, on the high ground at the back of the beach. At times we find that the Main Supply depot is unable to satisfy all our indents, and in consequence we have to go down on to the beach and draw from the piles of supplies which have accumulated there faster than it has been found possible to cart them away. But never on any occasion do we find that our indents have to be refused from both the Main Supply depot and the beach. For the A.S.C. out here, where there are difficulties that have never been experienced before in previous campaigns—such as transporting by sea from Southampton or Alexandria, over a sea rapidly becoming infested with submarines; unloading into lighters off shore in a rough sea, with the lighters bumping and tossing roughly against the ships' sides; towing the lighters alongside flimsy piers, always under a constant work of construction or repair; and finally the arduous work of man-handling from the lighters to the beach, carting from the beach to the Main depot and thence to trenches, guns, and camps, with a daily ration of Turkish shells to dodge—are organizing the feeding of the men in the trenches, the man at the gun, and we behind, punctiliously as our troops are fed in France. Whatever unforeseen difficulty arises, breakfast and the succeeding daily meals are always ready at the scheduled hours for General and private, officers' chargers and mules. One hitch, and our Army here may have to go on half rations or no food at all.

“An army moves on its stomach.” True, we are not moving; but if our stomachs are not regularly and wisely fed, we shall rapidly have to move, and then in the opposite way to our objective.

The A.S.C. officer who was at dinner at Ritchie's the other night is with me on the beach, and, as I walk with him to the Main Supply depot, he contrasts the circumstances here with those in France under which the A.S.C. works. Pointing to the pier and the stacks of supplies on the beach, he says, “There you have your Havre and base.” The wagons, limbers, and mule-carts are, he tells me, the equivalent of the railway Supply pack-trains running every day from Havre to the various railheads behind the lines. We arrive at the Main Supply depot, and he says: “We are now at one of these railheads, but hardly ever does a railhead in France get shelled, and never one of them regularly and continually, as this one will be when these stacks

of biscuits grow a bit higher.” Pointing to our Divisional depot of four little dumps, one for each of our groups, just three hundred yards away from us, he says: “There is your refilling point, usually two miles or more from railhead, and then seldom under shell fire.” In our case we are actually behind railhead. An officer on duty at the Main Supply depot who has been up to Anzac, as the landing of the Australians up the coast is now called, joins in our conversation, and tells us that actually on the beach at Anzac spent bullets continually fly over from the enemy trenches, adding, “Fancy spent bullets flying round the depot at Havre!”

I ride up to Brigade H.Q. in the afternoon and have tea, and am called on to supply them with the latest beach rumours, which I glean each morning from our dump and from our Naval officers on shore.

Coming back, just in front of Pink Farm I stop at the mess of the Royal Scots, who are in a trench camp. Their mess is very well dug in, and I am surprised how comfortable it has been made. They are very hospitable, and have an overflowing larder of unheard-of luxuries in this land of bare necessity. Old Steel, the Q.M., is there, and presses “Turkish delight” on to me. As we sit talking, shrapnel whizzes over and bursts behind us fifty yards to our left, trying to get “L” Battery. I hear the account of the part the Royal Scots had taken in the last little scrap, and am told that one of their sergeants, who was a man of good position in Edinburgh in civil life, was found dead, lying with a semicircle of five dead Turks around him, their heads smashed in with the butt-end of his rifle. He must have come of a fighting stock, yet never anticipated he would end his life on the battlefield.

May 30th.

I am on duty at 6 a.m. at the Main Supply depot drawing the day’s supplies to our Divisional dump. Each of the four Supply Officers takes it in turn, so that the duty falls to me once in four days. It is a lovely fresh morning, and after signing for the supplies I light a cigarette and stroll back to my “bivvy” feeling ready for breakfast.

I meet Milward on the way, who now lives in a tent near the depot. He was our Naval Landing Officer on the *Dongola* on April 25th, and is now one of the Naval Landing Officers on the beach. He tells me that he is about to go back to join his original ship, somewhere in the North Sea; that he

does not want to go a bit, and this side of the war is far more interesting. He also says that the piers are going to be constructed so as to be proof against the bad weather that will come in the winter. Ships will be sunk to form breakwaters. "The winter?" I exclaim. "Heavens! we shall be in Constantinople long before then; Achi will be ours by June 30th, and then we have them at our mercy."

Milward says that it is wise, however, to be ready for a winter. Winter? Lord! what a long time ahead it seems!

This afternoon I ride with Carver, Woodbridge, Foley, and Tull, with orderlies, to Morto Bay, and on the way have a delightful cross-country canter. I have difficulty, though, in making my mare jump trenches. She jumped hurdles at Warwick race-course like a bird. Had a delightful bathe while the French Senegalese were doing likewise. Absolutely coal-black figures, laughing and playing like children. No firing from Asiatic side; their guns evidently silenced by us. Only three miles across; most beautiful view, with mountains and plains of Troy in the background. This place will make a fine watering-place after the war for some enterprising capitalist.

In the background beautiful wooded country, with the stately white pillars standing up, the whole place this side of the pillars a large French camp. I like the French. They are charming. What a difference this place is now to what it was in those first few days, when we had to toil up at night through the Turkish cemetery, past the croaking frogs, with fears of snipers.

May 31st.

A perfect day. I ride up with Foley to my Brigade in the morning, and there meet Captain Wood, the Adjutant of the Essex, and dear old Ruby Revel, of the same regiment. The messroom at Brigade H.Q., though dug in the side of a small hill, is like a country summer-house, and this morning it is very hard to realize that we are at war. Crickets are chirping in the bushes, and pretty little chaffinches with bright-coloured feathers hop about amongst the trees.

I look through a powerful telescope at the Turkish trenches, and it seems almost as though I could throw a stone at them. The precipitous slopes of Achi Baba appear in vivid detail. As for the Turkish first line, I feel that if I put my foot out I shall tread on its parapet. Yet I see not a sign of life. And

all is perfectly quiet. I think that a big attack is coming off in a few days now, and great preparations appear to be going on. Many reinforcements have arrived, and we are almost up to full strength again. In fact, several of those who were slightly wounded on the first day have actually returned fit and sound to the firing-line.

Riding back, Foley and I call at his Brigade H.Q. and see Major Lucas, the Brigade Major, and later Brigadier-General Marshall comes in. Their H.Q., situated some three hundred yards behind Pink Farm, but to the right, looking towards Achi, is built in an even more beautiful spot than the H.Q. of the 88th. In fact, it can only be described as a most beautiful natural garden, and the quarters are composed simply of summer-houses nestling under trees, with flowers and meadow grass growing in beautiful confusion all around. Bullets just fall short of this spot, and shells do not drop near, for it is away from any target.

I call at the R.N.D. armoured car camp afterwards, just half-way back between Pink Farm and the beach, off the West Krithia road, to look up a friend that I hear is with them, but learn that he has not yet landed. Four armoured cars are dug in to what look like deep horse stalls of earth—beautiful Rolls-Royce cars, and I hear that they are to go into action in the battle which is thought to be coming off in a few days.

2 p.m.

This afternoon it is so hot that I strip to the waist and write on the cliff. A few transports are in. Mine-sweepers in pairs, with little sails aft, are on duty at the entrance, cruising slowly and methodically to and fro, joined to each other by a sunken torpedo-net; and woe unto a submarine that should run into that net! It will quickly meet with an untimely end; its base will hear no more news of it, and its destruction will be kept secret by the Navy. Destroyers are on patrol right out to sea. One battleship can just be seen far away towards Lemnos. Work on the beach goes on steadily. Engineers are hard at work constructing a new pier, which will serve as a breakwater as well. Stones for this purpose are being quarried from the side of the cliff. A light railway is in course of construction round the beach and along the road at the foot of this cliff and up to the depot.

JUNE

June 1st, 11.30.

RODE to H.Q., leaving my mare at Pink Farm, where I met General Doran, our new Brigadier, with whom I walked to H.Q. Coming back along West Krithia road, met Mathias, Brigade Vet. Two shells whistle over us. Mathias says, "Here comes a shell," to which I reply, "It's come and gone, dear boy," as they burst "plonk" in the middle of the road that we have to pass along. We make a detour and ride back over country.

Four officers, just come from England, arrive and have lunch with us.

3 p.m.

Ride with Foley to Morto Bay for a bathe. Bay full of French and Senegalese bathing. As we sat undressing, one big, burly fellow came up to Foley and said, "Speak English, how do you do?" and held out his hands. Foley was so taken aback that he shook hands. He then turned to me, and showing his teeth, said, "Tobacco." Being rather afraid that he was going to bite me, I quickly took out my pouch and gave him a handful. Then a sergeant, also a nigger, came running up, and ordered him off, using most fearful language apparently, and away he went, running like mad. They are fine-looking men. Morto Bay looking very beautiful. I can imagine this a fine watering-place, after the war, with promenade, gardens, hotels, golf-links, etc.

Achi Baba looked a beautiful bronze colour, with patches of green. The Dardanelles show a deep blue colour, gradually blending into the purple of the Asiatic side, with its background of mountains. At the entrance, little mine-sweepers are on duty. The beach is full of naked black and white figures bathing, and the country in the background is dotted with French camps. The firing-line in the distance, and our guns popping off at intervals, and enemy shells now and again whistling overhead—such is the environment in which we have our bathe.

Foley suggests riding back through Sed-el-Bahr, which we do, and we were fortunate in doing so, as eight shells, beautifully placed, exploded just over the road that we otherwise should have taken, and at about the time that we should have been passing along it.

10.30 p.m.

Bit of the Turkish attack going on. Heavy rifle fire. “75’s” very angry, and beating all known records of rapid fire. Their song sings me to sleep. I am not afraid of shells when I am sleeping.

June 2nd.

After issue, go down on beach to our Train office, which is now dug in the side of the cliff. It has twice been moved, each time farther and farther round the cliff on the right of the beach looking seawards. When shelling is on, our Train office soon becomes full of passing officers, reminding me of a crowded pavilion at a cricket match when rain stops the play. Just as the pavilion empties as the rain stops, so does our Train office when the shelling stops. Then all the morning there calls a continual stream of officers—R.E., Ordnance, Supply, Artillery, and regimental—presenting their respective indents for transport, which the Adjutant has difficulty with, in mathematically fitting in the detailing of transport to satisfy their demands with available wagons. It is a job that requires tact and organization. Officers also call who come just to pass the time of day and exchange rumours, or beach gossip as we call it. The circulation of rumours is the best entertainment that we have, and though 95 per cent. of them are estranged from truth by a large margin, yet life would be doubly as dull as it is without them. They are always listened to with great interest, though, before they are heard, listeners know they are going to be miles off the target of truth. And if a man who has achieved a reputation for carrying with him the latest and most interesting “beach gossip” fails any morning in producing any, he causes really keen disappointment.

This morning we hear that the Turks are starved, have no clothes, are almost at the last gasp for ammunition, and only require one more hard knock before they retreat precipitously to lines which they have prepared well beyond the slopes on the other side of Achi Baba. The Navy then tell us that once Achi is in our hands we command the Narrows; Chanak Fort

will be shelled to a pile of bricks and stones, the Fleet will make a dash up the Straits into the Marmora, and will arrive before Constantinople in three days. After a heavy bombardment of this city, the goal of our ambitions, we will attack the Turkish Army, now starved and demoralized beyond recovery. They will be beaten and will make unconditional surrender; the Peninsula will be ours, the Dardanelles will be open, Russia and the Allies will link hands, and the war will end six months after in glorious victory for our cause and confusion to our enemies.

We drink in minor rumours day by day that are given as irrefutable evidence in support of these prophecies; we are buoyed up in hope and spirits thereby, and ourselves spread the rumours to those of our friends who still remain pessimistic.

I go up to the Main Supply depot, and there, having by now been given a reputation for carrying good and juicy rumours, I cheer them up by the news that Achi will be ours by June 30th. Smart, one of the officers there, who was in the retreat from Mons, makes me a bet, and the stake is a nice ruler that he has on his desk. I promptly book the bet. I go up to Brigade and have tea, and supply them with the latest rumours.

June 3rd.

It is very windy to-day, and is blowing nearly a gale, and wind on the tip of this peninsula is an unpleasant element to be up against. In consequence, the beach is smothered with dust, and clouds of it fly in all directions, covering everybody and everything.

While issuing, shells burst on the crest of the high ground at the back of the beach steadily all the time, and nearer inland puffs of shrapnel are visible. They cannot reach us here with shrapnel, thank goodness! Shrapnel is so comprehensive. A lucky shell comes to within ten yards of our depot, kills a man, a passer-by, outright, wounds a sailor, and slightly wounds my butcher in the knee.

I ride up to Brigade with Phillips. General Doran shows us map of our objective, and carefully marks thereon where rations are to be dumped to-morrow night, for to-morrow is to be the day of an attack upon our part to take Achi. If successful, then the beginning of the end of the show will be in

sight. No news from outside world, and a great scarcity of papers. Reading a paper about a month old is now a great luxury.

In the evening, Williams and Phillips and myself borrow a boat from an M.L.O. and have a short row round. It makes splendid exercise, and the scenes on shore are very interesting. Why did not we think of it before? When they shell the beach, all we have to do is to get into a boat and row out to sea, and then watch the fun. Surely a submarine would not trouble to torpedo us, and it would be a shell with our name and address on that would hit us. We pass a submarine—British—marked B9, a very small one. An officer is in the conning tower and says “Good evening” to us. We chat, and he invites us on board. Two sailors hold our little boat while we clumsily climb on to the submarine’s slippery back. We climb down a perpendicular iron ladder through a hole not much larger than a coal-shoot to a cellar under a street. Inside we find only one chamber, awfully cramped and small. At one end of this sleep the men, and at the other two officers. The chamber provides quarters for men and officers alike, and engine-room, ward-room, and ante-room, all in one, like Dan Leno’s one-roomed house. In Dan Leno’s words, “If you want to go into the drawing-room—you stay where you are!” I am shown the working of the engines, and try to look wisely at the intricate host of levers and brass things, but really can understand nothing at all of what the officer is talking about. I am shown how a torpedo is fired. You pull a thing out and she shoots. Phillips appears to know all about it though, but he doesn’t really. I look through the periscope, turn the lens round, and suddenly before my eyes I see “V” Beach and Sed-el-Bahr in vivid detail. What joy it must be to spot a Hun battleship and see her effectively hit!

The officer then invites us to sit down and call for drinks. I gasp; we never heard of such things on shore. An attentive A.B., smiling benevolently, brings along about half a dozen bottles and glasses. The officer apologizes for not having much choice. Is he pulling our legs? What perfectly charming beings these Naval fellows are! I choose sherry. Williams gets chatty about the Middlesex Yeomanry. The Middlesex Yeomanry always comes into Williams’s conversation when he gets chatty, but I can’t connect this regiment with submarines at the moment. I have two glasses, and we rise to go. Our perfectly delightful host expresses regret that we must go, and invites us again in the near future. Up the perpendicular

iron steps we climb. Phillips, leading, puts his heavy boot in my face. It seems a long way up those steps. Up in the cool air, with the breeze blowing in my face, the deck of the submarine seems much narrower than when we first came on board. I look at the little boat gently heaving in the water alongside, and take one cautious step on to one of its seats, and with one foot in the boat and one on the submarine I turn to thank my host again. The little boat falls with the swell of the sea, and I promptly sit down very hard into her. All aboard, we row back merrily. Hear that two shells have arrived on the beach during our absence. Shells! Pugh! that's nothing. We don't worry about shells, now!

I swear that I had only two sherries; but I am very empty inside, and the cool air, after a stuffy atmosphere—— Yes! even a Padre might feel like that.

June 4th.

I awake and rise early. To-day is the battle, and to-night we shall be probably feeding our troops in or beyond Krithia. To-day will probably be a great day for our arms.

I get my issuing over early, and ride up to Brigade H.Q. and see Usher, asking him if he has any further instructions. All the arrangements are complete, and I hope that I shall have to take the rations up to or beyond Krithia, for then we shall have tasted complete victory. I see General Doran, who is hard at work. Two officers of the Egyptian Army arrive and talk awhile with me. I learn that they have landed only this morning. They are dressed very smartly; polished Sam Brown, revolver, smart tunic and breeches and boots, but I think they are making a mistake. They look like the pictures of a military tailor's advertisement. Most officers of the infantry dress like the men, to lessen the chances of an enemy sniper getting them. I get back to "W" Beach at 10.30 a.m. and see the *Implacable* and *Albion* coming slowly in, with destroyers and submarines all around each ship, jealously guarding them from submarines' attacks. A French battleship, I think the *Saint-Louis*, is off "V" Beach. Destroyers are on the patrol, as usual, searching for the dreaded submarine enemy. Three hospital ships are now in.

11 a.m.

The French “75’s” start the music, bursting out into a roar of anger. Shortly after, all our shore batteries join in, and the 60-pounders make our ears feel as if they would burst until we get used to it. The bombardment increases; the battleships and destroyers now join in with all their guns. The noise is infernal, after the quiet that we have been used to. I go up to the high ground at the back of “W” Beach, lie down in a trench, and watch the show through strong glasses. Only a few are with me in the trench. Next to me is Beetleheimer, our *liaison* officer. He speaks Turkish like a native, and is a very charming and decent old boy. Tremendous shelling now going on, and it seems to grow more and more intense—hundreds of shells bursting along the Turkish positions. Turkish artillery replies furiously, mostly with shrapnel, all along our trenches. No shells come on the beaches. Hundreds of white puffs of shrapnel burst all along the line, and fountain-like spurts of black and yellow smoke, followed by columns of earth, are thrown into the air, ending in a fog of drifting smoke and dust.

12 noon.

The bombardment slackens and almost dies away suddenly, and I hear a faint cheer, but searching the line carefully with my glasses, can see no signs of life.

After a short pause the bombardment bursts again, even more intensely, and then slackens, and our guns increase the range. I can see three armoured cars on the right of our centre, which before I had not noticed, one behind the other, each one a short distance to the right of the one in front, moving slowly along the flat ground on either side of the Sed-el-Bahr road, and they actually pass over our front line and creep up to the Turkish front, driving backwards. They halt, and I see the spurts of flame coming from their armoured turrets as their machine-guns open fire. After about ten minutes I see the car furthest behind move back to our line, now driving forwards, and after a while the remaining two follow. Our shells burst thickly, smothering the Turkish first and second lines and all the way up the slopes of Achi Baba. I see our men in the centre leap from the trenches, and the sun glistens on their bayonets. I see them run on in wave after wave, some falling, and remaining lying on the grass like sacks of potatoes. I can see nothing on the left. Now I see the French on the hill on the right of our line,

and the hill is covered with dark figures rushing forward. The din and roar continues, and I am called away to my dump.

2 p.m.

Rumour hath it that we have taken the first two lines of trenches. The armoured cars return to their dugout garage, one with one man wounded inside.

4.30 p.m.

Prisoners come marching down the beach under escort. Big, hardy chaps, in ill-fitting khaki clothes, and many with cloth helmets on their heads, looking rather like the paper hats I used to make when a kid.

6 p.m.

I go up to see the Quartermasters, to pass on instructions that rations tonight will be dumped at the same place as last, namely at the ruined house in front of Pink Farm—and so we cannot have advanced much. I meet a wounded R.N.D. officer, and he tells me that the French have been forced to give way on the right, and that his Division, immediately on their left, having advanced, are in consequence rather hung between the Devil and the deep sea. I stop and look through Butler's strong telescope, and see in front of Krithia, before a green patch, which we on the beach call the cricket pitch, little figures digging in hard at a new line.

9 p.m.

Rifle fire still intense, and shore batteries going at it—all out. The battleships have gone home to bed.

Achi Baba looks more formidable than ever.

11 p.m.

Steady rifle fire going on. We have advanced some five hundred yards in centre, and are holding the ground won. The French have not advanced.

I learn that when our bombardment suddenly stopped, shortly after noon, and when our infantry raised a cheer, the enemy stood right up on the fire-steps of their parapets, preparing to meet their charge. Our infantry did not

leave their trenches. Instead, our machine-guns got on to the Turks, waiting exposed, and bagged many by their fire.

June 5th, 6 a.m.

Steady rifle firing still continues, having gone on all night.

Noon.

Row to French submarine with Phillips, Williamson and Foley, and after pulling round, looking interested, are invited on board.

Phillips has one foot on the slippery back of the submarine and one foot on the boat, rocking in the sea, when a dog comes rushing along the deck of the submarine barking furiously. Pained expression on Phillips's face a study. Dog held back by a French sailor.

Most interesting on board the submarine. Engines and mechanical gear a marvellous piece of work. Very interesting looking through the periscope. Two charming officers, having lunch in a dear little cabin, talk to us. Submarine four times as big as the British one that we went aboard two days ago.

Hear that Prosser and Wyman, friends of mine in the Hampshires, have been hit and are on hospital ships. Damned fine chaps! Hear later that Bush, of Worcesters, another friend and a splendid fellow, has gone, blown to bits by a shell while leading a charge yesterday. Fine man; he had been wounded, and had been awarded the Military Cross, at the landing.

Also the two Gypy officers, who reported at Brigade H.Q. when I was there yesterday, have gone, killed while leading their new companies.

This happens after every battle. One makes friends—such fine friends!—and one is always suddenly losing them, leaving such gaps as sometimes make one wish that one could follow them.

But it is against the tradition of the service to be morbid about it, and so we “carry on,” knowing that those who have gone West would, if they were still with us, be cheery, brave, cool, and efficient at their respective jobs.

4 p.m.

Go up to Brigade H.Q. with O'Hara—leave the horses at Pink Farm and walk to H.Q. Find them all up at an observation post, just behind the firing-line, which has moved forward after yesterday's battle.

The C.R.E. 29th Division joins us. A most unconcerned individual. He goes on up across country. O'Hara waits a bit to give some instructions and then goes on, and I follow. After a bit across the country, with a few "overs" flying about ("overs" are bullets which have missed their target, but which are still travelling at a high velocity), we dip down into a gully and follow its winding path for about ten minutes to the observation post, where C.R.E. and the rest of the Staff have already arrived. Bullets fairly whizzing overhead. Usher tells me to step closer to the side, which I promptly do, on account of a few bullets which are on the descent. Very interesting there. Telephone and signallers busy, and orderlies arriving and departing. A few shells scream overhead. We all have tea, and chat. Thompson looks rather ill and worried. All the time we are having tea there is a constant "ping" of bullets over the dugout. Look through observation hole and have a perfect view of yesterday's battlefield. The Worcesters advanced and are holding their position. They are exposed to enfilading fire as well as frontal fire from the Turks, but are digging in to protect themselves. They are very near Krithia, digging on that green patch of land which we call the cricket pitch. Krithia looks very formidable the closer one gets to it. Turkish trenches are very deep, with good dugouts for sleeping and very deep, wide communication trenches. Hence we hardly ever see a Turk. Their firing-line and the sleeping dugouts are actually boarded.

11.30 p.m.

As I turn into bed there is firing all along the line. Turkish counter-attack going on. Our casualties yesterday very heavy, but Turks' colossal. The *Goeben* fired over to us to-day with not much damage; shells did not reach the beach.

I hear that Colonel Williams, or General, as I have up to now been calling him on account of his having acted as Brigadier of the 88th, up to the arrival of General Doran, was wounded in yesterday's battle. On General Doran's arrival he went to the 2nd Hampshires, his regiment, and took command. When the moment for the infantry attack arrived, they leapt over, and in an incredibly short space of time had taken their first objective.

Colonel Williams, with his Adjutant, then followed over to make his H.Q. in the newly won trench.

On inspecting it and making arrangements for the attack on the second objective, he came back to his old H.Q. to telephone the result, an orderly accompanying him. Half-way back a Turk leapt up from behind a bush, ten yards away from him, and fired his rifle, the bullet instantly killing Colonel Williams's orderly. Colonel Williams drew his revolver, took deliberate aim, and the Turk, also taking deliberate aim, levelled his rifle at the same time. For a second an old-time duel might have been taking place, in the middle of an historic battleground, which was lately No-man's-land. Both fire; the Turk falls dead, and Colonel Williams is wounded in the left arm. That Turk was a brave man, but I think Colonel Williams is a braver.

June 6th, 7 a.m.

Shells come over on east side of the beach from a four-gun Turkish battery, and big stuff too, about 6-inch.

7.30 a.m.

More arrive in middle of our camp on the west side of the battery. We take cover under a cliff. I, wanting to get down to Train office, go up a cliff and am just about to descend the steps when the shriek of one is heard, by which I could tell it is close to me. I fall flat into a hole on one side of the cliff, and it passes over the cliff and bursts on the beach, killing gunner sergeant-major. Ugh! how they shriek.

Heavy firing continued on left all night. We lost a trench, but regained it. A Turkish Padre is a prisoner on the beach to-day. He looks rather a dear old chap, with quite a benevolent expression.

6 p.m.

I go up to Brigade with Carver in the afternoon, leaving our horses at Pink Farm. My old mare knows Pink Farm well now. When I dismounted to-day and let go the reins, she walked over to the tree that I always tie her to, under cover of the farm, quite on her own.

At H.Q. bullets are zipping over more frequently than I have ever known them to do before. Waiting to see General Doran, who should I see strolling

calmly across the country but my friend Dent, of the Inniskillings. The last time we had met was at a gramophone dance at some common friends' home in Edgbaston. We have a chat about those days, and ask each other for news of the partners we used to dance with. All the time, "ping-ping," bullets fly about, but as he does not seem to mind, I take my cue from him and try not to mind either. Besides, it would be rather nice to get a cushy one in the arm.

11 p.m.

We are being shelled by a battery from Kum Kale. This is the first time we have been shelled at night. They do not reach our side of the beach, and, as Phillips says he "can read the mind of the Turkish gunner" (he is always saying this, and I have great confidence in him), and that we are off the target, I go to sleep without anxiety.

June 7th.

Heavy gun with high explosive kicking up a devil of a row all day, but not reaching the beach, bursting in the valley on the way to Brigade H.Q. Plenty of artillery duelling all day. Asiatic battery fires on transports and hits one several times, setting her alight, and she now has a heavy list on. French crew rush to boats and clear off quick. British torpedo destroyer goes alongside, puts crew on board the transport, and they put out the fire. All transports move further out to sea, and Turkish battery shuts up.

I have to feed the prisoners, and a party of them come up to our depot under a guard to draw rations. Transport is provided by two G.S. wagons. There are ten of them in the party, and one of their N.C.O.'s. They fall in in two ranks, and wherever I move they follow me with their eyes. I then motion to their N.C.O. to load up a certain number of boxes. He gives an order in Turkish, and they load up in remarkably quick time. They are then fallen in by their N.C.O., and one of them who is rather dilatory is pushed into his place by the others. Marching in front of their G.S. wagons, they go back to their barbed wire enclosure. They appeared most anxious to do the right thing. Many of them were raggedly clothed, with their boots almost out at heel. No shelling during night.

June 8th.

Hardly any Turkish shelling this morning. Went up to Brigade H.Q. While there, Usher, the Brigade Major, shows me the wires that were received and sent to and from the Brigade H.Q. during the battle of June 4th, and they make interesting reading, telling a grim story in short, pithy, matter-of-fact sentences. Troops now consolidating line and making it firm. The Lancashire Fusiliers successfully took a trench last night, and straightened the line somewhat. *Askold* popping off on the Asiatic side to silence Turkish batteries.

My friend Dent, of the Inniskillings, hit last night by a spent bullet in the gully, but I think not seriously. Grogan, of the K.O.S.B.'s., a delightful chap, was killed by a shell on June 4th. Such a splendid fellow!

My mare, looking very fit now, gets quite frisky when I ride out to the front every morning, and is getting better at jumping across trenches.

June 9th.

Blowing a great gale down the Peninsula, and the dust is perfectly awful. I have never experienced such a wind, and yet an aeroplane goes up, but for a bit is absolutely stationary, and soon has to land.

Turks in a very strong position on the left. Country lends itself naturally to defences. Ride up to line with Phillips and Way. Coming back, Way's horse lashed out at my mare, kicking me in the shin, making a nasty place. My leg is now bandaged, and I limp rather badly.

Very little firing to-day. Asiatic battery woke us up at 5.30 a.m. and tried to bombard transports, all shells falling into the sea.

Rowed out to sea and went on board submarine B10 with Phillips, and saw North. Actually had a drink. Also they have a gramophone, and it was absolutely gorgeous listening to familiar music, carrying us back to our past peaceful existence once more.

As we go up on deck to take our leave, a torpedo boat circles round us, a signaller wagging to us. The signal is taken by one of the crew of the submarine, transmitted to the commander, and reads, "Anything we can do for you?" He replies, "No, thanks. Any news?" and the torpedo-boat destroyer signals back some news that has just come through of progress made by our force in Mesopotamia on the road to Bagdad. We are told that

daily torpedo-boat destroyers come along and offer to do little jobs for the officers on board the submarine, and sometimes send over delicacies, such as roast fowl hot, etc.

June 10th, 5.30 a.m.

Shells popping off at shipping again, and one hits the beach. Also the Turks in front get very busy, for four hours bombarding our position. I believe that they really think that they are going to push us into the sea.

5.30 p.m.

I walk along the road at the foot of the cliff towards "X" Beach. The road is now a good one, and the transport is making continual traffic up and down. It is very convenient, for transport can move not only under cover from the enemy, but in safety to a certain extent, for up to now but few shells drop over the cliff on to this road. I know a place, however, from which they can shell this road and the slope of the cliff, and that is on their extreme right overlooking the sea. From there they can look along parts of the road and side of the cliff, which is in view of their trenches; though other parts, by the coast, jutting out a little for small distances, are under perfect cover, and, in fact, quite safe.

Passing the Greek Labour Camp, I continue my walk to "X" Beach, which is about half as wide as "W" and a quarter as deep. Instead of the ground sloping up gently at the back, as is the case at "W" Beach, it rises at a steep angle to the top of the cliffs. Unlike "W" Beach, it comes constantly under shrapnel shell fire, but receives very few heavy shells, and is far more under cover than is "W."

The road to Gully Beach, at the foot of the cliffs of "X" Beach, is not finished yet, and is in a very rough state. Just before I reach Gully Beach I come upon Brigade H.Q. dug in at the side and foot of the cliff. The battalions are "dug in" in as much regimental order as possible along the sides of the cliff, which are higher here than further down the Peninsula, and more under cover. Shells now and again burst, shrapnel chiefly, on the top of the cliff, and a few come over and fall with a big splash into the sea, but none burst on the slopes of the cliff. I hear, though, that one man yesterday was cut in half by a shell while bathing. A horrid sight!

This camp on the slopes of the cliff is now the Rest Camp of the Division, and while two Brigades are in the line, one Brigade is at rest. At rest, that is, from bullets, and, if they keep under the cliff, from shells, but not at rest from digging fatigues. The road has to be made, and so have the dugouts on the side of the cliff. They get good bathing though, and bathing out here beats any that I have ever struck.

I talk to the only two officers left of those who were with the Worcesters in England. They appear very breezy and bright.

We are hard at work building our men's bivouac, which is in the form of a funk-hole. We are digging it in the side of the cliff, from the top, and it will be entered by about ten steps leading down on to a terrace, which will run on the outside of the house, dug into the cliff's side, under a sloping roof made with a sailcloth. It will be so situated that, should shells come our way, they will either burst on top, where our old bivouac still is, or fly over the cliff and burst in the road below or in the sea.

We are modelling ours on a bivouac of some R.N.D. officers about fifty yards further up the cliff-side. On their terrace they have all their meals, including dinner at night, which is a luxury, with the sound of the waves washing against the road below and the view of Imbros in the distance. In their dugout house at night they go to sleep with more feeling of security than I have at present.

I share a tent with Phillips. Just as I am turning in, Way comes in to say that Asia has just started sending over high explosives. None reach us, but they make a devil of a row, and I fall asleep feeling rather uncomfortable.

June 12th.

Woke up at 5.30 a.m. by shelling, shells from Asia nearly reaching a big transport that had come in overnight, on the opposite of our "bivvy." Wind and flies as bad as ever, and it is getting very hot. Dust smothering everything. Turks reported to be sick of the war, and rumoured to be individually seeking a chance to give themselves up. But it is still a long, long way to Achi Baba. That must be taken first.

Cliff on the west side up to Gully Beach covered with troops, looking like a lot of khaki ants from a distance; all back resting. They have to keep well under cover of cliffs, as they would soon be shelled. Major Lang,

Worcesters, killed in the last battle. He was the officer I saw in the trenches when I went up for Bush's letters. Bush also killed. This side of the war is the most difficult to bear.

Just heard that Brigade are moving back to trenches after three days' rest.

June 13th.

Perfect day; wind dropped, but still a slight breeze. Have got into our new "bivvy" on side of cliff. Went up to Brigade H.Q. in front of Pink Farm. All well. Hear they are moving forward to-morrow three hundred yards. Creeping nearer to our goal. General Doran gone back to England, ill after last battle. Lieutenant-Colonel Cayley, late O.C. of the Worcesters, now Acting Brigadier-General. "Asiatic Annie" popped off and dropped shells nicely on Krithia road, on spot that I and my mare had passed five minutes before, and she sends some nasty ones.

Also she is dropping high explosives in French camp in Morto Bay. I don't think I shall bathe there for a bit.

5.30 a.m.

French aeroplane falls into sea. Pilot and observer can be seen sitting on top of wing. Destroyers come to the rescue, and also several motor-boats. Officer picked up and aeroplane taken in tow.

June 15th.

Many reinforcements have arrived, and troops are everywhere now, covering the Helles plateau up to Pink Farm with their camps, dug-in in trenches called rest camps. There is not much rest for them to-day, for Asia as well as Achi is making them their target. As I assay to go up to Brigade H.Q. I find the West Krithia being shelled. It is almost impossible to ride across country on account of the camps, and one has to keep to the roads, so I postpone my journey to later on in the day. I get laughed at for this. But it is the first time that I have started to go to Brigade H.Q. and funked it. I reply that if they would like a nice fat shell in their tummies they can ride up the West Krithia road now. However, they are only ragging, and any man who looks for shells is a fool.

We are being shelled very badly from Asia to-day. They appear to have six big guns over there, somewhere opposite Morto Bay, and, no doubt, they have observation posts at Kum Kale or Yen-i-Shehr, and can see all that we are doing. We must make perfect targets. Their shells are reaching all over the Peninsula now, and one fell right over our "bivvy," exploding in the shallow water of the sea, killing a quantity of fish. These shells from Asia are doing a lot of damage; every time they come, men lose their lives or get wounded, while the casualties among the animals are keeping the hands of the Veterinary Services full.

A 6-inch shell came right in the Supply depot this afternoon, but did not explode, yet it caused a sad casualty. It struck the leg of an A.S.C. driver, a boy of twenty, and severed it clean from his body. He evidently did not realize it, for he made an attempt to stand up and hold back his mule, which was bolting with fright, but, of course, he immediately fell back. Shortly after, he died.

They shelled us at intervals until dusk, just two or three at a time, and at intervals of half an hour or so, keeping us on tenterhooks. Phew! give me the nice deep trenches when this goes on, where one walks about in comparative safety. There is no cover on "W" Beach. You hear the distant boom, and then fall and grip the bosom of Mother Earth as a frightened child does its mother. Then—get up and go on with your job. But not so the A.S.C. driver. His order is to stand by his mule on "W" Beach, that bull's-eye of a target, and I hope that many of these drivers are not forgotten when names are called to be sent in for honourable mention. Riding and driving their mules at the same time, they are prevented from hearing the horrid shriek of the on-rushing shell by the loud sound that the wheels of their G.S. wagons make, and only when they see and hear a nerve-racking explosion, or hear metal whizzing past their heads, making a sound like a propeller of an aeroplane, do they realize that they are under fire and in instant danger of being blown to bits. Yet they must not leave their mules. They must get the animals, wagons, and themselves under cover as soon as possible. As soon as possible! and that may mean ten minutes, and ten minutes of Hell.

I have not yet seen a driver leave his mules, but I have seen several wounded and one or two lads killed. But *c'est la guerre*—it is only the A.S.C. quietly doing its job. No glory and honour. But ask an infantry man

in the line here if he would change places with an A.S.C. driver on the beach, and he will say that he prefers to stay in his trench and take his chance when the moment for the leap over the parapet comes. But the A.S.C. never talk much; they just do their job, and when cursed for this, that, and the other trivial matter, say, "Sorry; we will see if the matter can be improved." "Improved!" We are the finest fed army in the world. Where is the room for improvement?

At dusk I go up to Brigade H.Q. with my staff-sergeant, and overtake a draft for the Hampshires on the way to join their battalions. I meet Usher, and he conducts them to their new trenches, and asks me to take Major Beckwith, who is just back, having now recovered from a wound in his leg, received on April 28th, after he had earned the D.S.O., up to Brigade; which I do, and I wait and have a drink with General Cayley. There are not many bullets about. Star lights go up continually from our and the enemy's front line.

It is a weary walk back, and I wish that I had ridden.

Milward, Naval Landing Officer, came to dinner last night. He was the Landing Officer on the *Dongola*, and had the job of sending us off to our doom on April 25th. Also Warburton, off a submarine. He was with Holbrook when he got the V.C.

June 16th.

Not very heavy shelling this morning. A few rounds near our depot at issuing time. No shells from Asia. The French have been touching them up a bit over there, and probably they are shifting their position. The French are hot stuff in getting on to the enemy's positions.

No letters, no rumours, and life very monotonous. Large numbers of men going off sick with dysentery.

In the afternoon they start shelling again up the Krithia road, and again I postpone my visit to Brigade H.Q. until nightfall, and ride up this time. First time my mare has been to Pink Farm by night, and she does not like it at all. There are plenty of bullets by night, and but few by day. They continually flatten themselves against the ruined walls of Pink Farm. The Turk appears to enjoy sitting in his trench, cocking his rifle up, and spraying with bullets the road up which he knows transport will come.

Riding back, just half-way to “W” Beach from Pink Farm I see a bright flash to my left on the shores of Asia, and a few seconds after hear the deep boom of “Asiatic Annie,” a shriek, and a dull thud on “W” Beach. This is the first shell from “Asiatic Annie” sent over by night, and if we are going to get them by night our life will be pretty poisonous. No place on this little tip of land is safe from shells now, and this afternoon the ships lying off have to clear away. To see a battleship now is a rare event, on account of the constant fear of submarines.

June 17th.

Coming back from issuing this morning to my “bivvy” on the cliff, I hear ship’s horns tooting continuously, and running to the edge of the cliff I see a supply ship, which is lying immediately opposite, hoist a red flag, being the signal that submarines are about. Destroyers, mine-sweepers, and small pinnaces from shore put out to the transport and cruise round and round her. I see distinctly a shadow glide along on the water on the side of the ship farthest from us, looking like the shadow from a cloud in the sky, and then it disappears. Men on board are all around the ship, peering over the side. Then suddenly I see bobbing about in the water, like a big fisherman’s float, the red tip of a torpedo. Some one on a trawler shouts through a megaphone to the other craft, “Look out for that torpedo!” A small row-boat from the trawler puts out, rows up to the bobbing object in the water, fastens a rope round its nose and rows away, towing it after them. On nearing No. 1 Pier, the pier nearest to us, an M.L.O. standing at the pierhead shouts, “Is the pistol head on?” A reply from the boat says “Yes,” and the M.L.O. shouts back, “Well, take the damn thing away and sink it.” The oarsmen then head their boat out to sea, and, after some arrangement which I cannot see through my glasses, sink the torpedo.

Ordnance get to hear of this and are annoyed, for they would prize such a find as one of the latest German torpedoes. It was quite 15 feet long, with a red-painted nose and a long, shining, bronze-coloured body.

Later, we hear that the submarine had fired two torpedoes, and by being too close to her quarry, missed. By being too close, also, she was missed by the destroyers, for they, at the time, were making circles around the transport at about the distance of the usual effective range of a torpedo. Shortly after, the supply ships were driven off out to sea by the Asiatic

guns. Our 60-pounder guns are firing hard over to Asia. I hope they have got the range of their guns. Our bivouac, unfortunately, is in the direct line of their fire, and as each shot is fired we can't help jumping, and our "bivvy" shakes its flimsy walls.

Three shells from Asia pitched right into our hospital on the edge of the cliff on the left of "W" Beach looking seawards, killing two orderlies and wounding six, yet the doctors calmly went on with their work of bandaging and dressing. The hospital is on a bad site, for it is only divided by a road from the little village of marquees forming the Ordnance depot.

At 8.30 p.m. I go up to Brigade H.Q. with an orderly, and leave the horses at Pink Farm, and walk across that two hundred and fifty yards with bullets whistling more than usual, for to-night the Turks appear more energetic with rifle fire. It is an eerie sensation, walking across there in the dark when many bullets are about—walking very fast, almost counting one's steps, and getting nearer and nearer to the little light on the side of the hill. Had a chat there for twenty minutes in the dugout with General Cayley and his Staff, and had a drink. Rather a nice picture, with the candles and the cheery officers sitting round; outside, the sound of bullets whistling continuously. I say good-night and go out, and find my orderly crouching pretty well down in a dugout, and he says he thinks we had better hurry out, as it is a bit hot, and as he says so, "ping" goes a bullet between us. But the bullets do not give me the fear that those horrible high explosive shells from Asia do. A moon is getting up, and so we are able to trot back smartly. The scene on the Krithia road at night is just what I imagined, in past life, war to be. The wagons trekking up to the trenches, with, of course, no lights, and troops of all kinds moving up and down. In the distance, star shells shooting up and sailing gently down, illuminating the country as light as day, and as one gets nearer to the firing-line the crackle of musketry gets louder and louder, and during the final walk of three hundred yards from Pink Farm to H.Q., the song of bullets flying past one makes one very much alive. Overhead, a perfect sky and myriads of stars looking down on a great tragedy with a certain amount of comic relief. These days we wish for more comic relief than we are getting.

June 18th.

This morning Asia's guns have not worried us so far, but the batteries in front of Achi Baba are very active, and are worrying the troops in the valley very much. The sound of bursting shrapnel reminds me of the spit and snarls of angry cats. Our artillery is quiet. Rumour says that another enemy submarine has been accounted for, but the one that came in yesterday morning is still at large, and consequently our Fleet is unable to come and help us. At two o'clock H.M.S. *Prince George* is sighted off Imbros, surrounded by twelve destroyers and preceded by seventeen mine-sweepers. It was a very impressive sight to see—all these destroyers and sweepers jealously guarding the great ship from submarine attack.

She takes up a position opposite the Asiatic coast, well out from the mouth, and then opens fire with all big guns on the Turkish batteries on Asia in position opposite Morto Bay. We enjoy seeing the pasting that she gives them, her big guns rapidly roaring away and belching forth spurts of flame and buff-coloured smoke. Everybody imagines that every Turkish gun must be knocked out. After four hours, she leaves with her retinue of smaller ships. Half an hour after, one big gun on the Asiatic side opens fire on to "V" Beach, and simultaneously a heavy Turkish attack on our left starts, supported by a tremendous bombardment from Turkish artillery. The fight lasted all night, and ended about six in the morning. Their infantry left their trenches very half-heartedly, and our machine-guns accounted for a heavy toll of enemy casualties.

June 19th.

We gave way at a part of our line last night, but regained the ground later in the early morning, and our line is still intact, and as we were. We lost heavily, but Turkish losses were enormous.

Captain Usher, my Staff Captain, was killed this early morning in the trenches by shrapnel, and I feel his loss awfully. He was always so charming to me. It's the "good-uns" that go, as Wilkie Bard says. I am sure this war is too terrible to last long; it is simply wholesale butchery, and humanity will cry out against it soon.

At 11.30 an exceptionally heavy shell came over from Asia (a high explosive) and fairly shook the earth. Two minutes after, two more came, and every living soul rushed for cover. Then for three hours they pasted us:

over they came, one after the other, with terrific shrieks and deafening explosions, throwing chunks of hot jagged-edged metal whizzing in all directions. All the mules and horses, as far as possible, were got under cover, and men rushed to their dugouts. Carver, Way, Davy, Foley, Phillips, and I were under cover of the cliff in our “bivvy,” which cannot be called a dugout, as it is simply a wide platform cut in and built up on the side of the cliff and in the line of fire, between the 60-pounder battery, twenty-five yards to our west, and the Asiatic battery. The 60-pounders soon opened fire, and then a duel began; and after one or two have pitched first over our “bivvy” into the sea, and one or two just short, we get nervy and decide to quit. Phillips and Davy made the first dash down the cliff, and the others said they would wait for the next shell. It came shrieking along, burst, and I got up and made a dart down the slope. I was down to the bottom of that cliff in thirty seconds, and found myself with the Divisional Ammunition Column people, and all amongst boxes of high explosive. Ammunition Column Officers are there, but I begin to think it would have been safer up in the “bivvy,” where the others still were, for they did not follow me. After a lull in the firing, I went up to the cliff, and half-way up they popped off again, and I was fortunate in finding a very safe dugout belonging to Major Horton, and he invited me in with Major Huskisson, Major Shorto, Poole, and Weatherall. And while shells still come over, first bursting on the beach, then in the sea, then on the top of our cliff, and then on the high ground on the back of the beach, we have lunch.

7.30 p.m.

I am writing this in our “bivvy” once more, and aeroplanes are up spotting for the 60-pounders. They have just pooped off. One almost shakes the cliff when she fires. Asia has answered, but the shell has pitched on the east side of “W” Beach. The suspense of waiting for these shells is getting on the nerves of us all. What gets on my nerves more than shells is the losing of the “pukka” regular officers of this splendid Division, who are so cheery and manly, so reassuring to one and to each other. When they are killed, the stuffing and grit are almost knocked out of you. We four Supply Officers have now been under fire almost every day since April 25th, night and day, and a rest away from it all would be awfully welcome. Yet we pull ourselves together when we realize what the infantry have gone through and are still going through; I hate talking like this, it makes me think I am

getting “wind up.” Fish is plentiful to-day, killed by Asia’s shells, brought in by enterprising Greeks and sold to Tommies. Excellent eating.

June 20th.

Last night one Asiatic gun fired over to our camp one high explosive shell every half an hour, but everybody was well dug in, and no harm was done. I was sound asleep.

This morning Turkish artillery is very active, but Asia’s guns are not doing much. We are improving our “bivvy,” making it possible to do our work without much interruption. It is almost impossible to keep books and organize the feeding of an army with high explosive and other shells dropping around, Lord knows where next. At the Supply depot, however, we are very exposed, and it is very trying to stand there issuing day’s food and loading up the wagons with shells flying overhead, and therefore I am having a proper dugout made. We have had many casualties there now, and the Supply and Transport men have absolutely no chance to save themselves when standing in the open, with high explosives bursting near. We try and treat it humorously, but it is always a relief when the job is done.

This morning my staff-sergeant came to me and said, “The R.A. —— have taken ——” (shriek of a shell and a bang, during which we both looked over our shoulders) “them supplies to the gully, sir.” I reply, “All right,” and then we both duck behind a biscuit-box as another shell comes nearer. Not much use really getting behind a box, but it looks safer than nothing at all.

As Hyslop, our Canadian Vet., said, “Any hole looks good when Asia gets busy.”

This afternoon I walked along under the cliff to Gully Beach to see my Brigade, who have now gone into reserve for a rest. On the way we pass a Padre holding evening prayer and preaching a sermon. As I come back I learn that several shrapnel had burst over the cliff, two officers, one man, and a horse being wounded. A piece had hit the heel of the boot of the Padre as he was conducting the service.

I spoke to several officers of the Royal Scots who had been in the fighting two nights ago, during which the Manchester Territorials retired, evacuating two trenches, which the Royal Scots and one company of the

Worcesters took back twenty minutes after. Colonel Wilson, O.C. Royal Scots, has been awarded the D.S.O. for this piece of work.

Bombs were used freely, and when the Royal Scots had got to the foremost trench, at one time Turks and British both occupied the same trench, the Turks hastily erecting a barricade in the trench itself to protect them from the Royal Scots, who, however, quickly drove them out by bombs. Steel assured me that the Turks were using explosive bullets, but I doubt this; but I do think that they reverse their bullets now and again. I notice that his face is pitted with little cuts, and I learn that he has suffered this through being in the front line with his regiment in the battle of June 4th, and on reaching their objective—the Turkish trench in front—while hastily helping in the work of building a parapet with sand-bags, was struck full in the face by a sand-bag bursting through being struck by machine gun fire. He is acting Adjutant to the regiment.

I hear that there is to be a French bombardment to-night, followed by an infantry attack.

June 21st, 6 a.m.

There is a fearful bombardment going on; every battery on shore is concentrating its gunfire on a Turkish redoubt on the Turkish left, called the Haricot Redoubt, and also on the trenches. The Turkish batteries are replying furiously, but without effect, though “Asiatic Annie” is rather nasty, her shells falling around the French batteries. One cannot see the effect, because of the dust that the shells are kicking up, which is blowing right down to the beach. The 60-pounders on our right, twenty-five yards away, are joining in with a deafening report; only one is in this action. The echo of her voice plays ducks and drakes around the coast and the few transports about, getting fainter as the sound dies away. French battleship at mouth of Straits firing heavily. Destroyers continually patrolling around her.

11 a.m.

The infantry attack by the French has started, and there is a report of heavy musketry all along their line.

12 noon.

I can see the French advancing under a perfect hail of shrapnel over the ridge behind De Tott's Battery. They are lost to view, and now I can only see hundreds of shells bursting and hear an undertone of musketry. I can see nothing now but dust and smoke.

4 p.m.

On duty at depot. Fighting died down. Howitzer from Asia firing our way, but cannot reach us. Shells bursting about Hill 138.

News that the French have done well and advanced quite a good way.

6 p.m.

Asia fires on submarines off "W" Beach and nearly hits one. They clear off for half an hour and then come back.

Perfect weather, and fine day for flying. Aeroplanes doing good work, whirring about over Achi Baba and Asia.

7.45 p.m.

The Turks are counter-attacking our right in force, but the French, with the support of the "75's," are holding the ground which they have won today. Roar of guns growing louder and louder.

If the French manage to hold their own, it will considerably lessen the morale of the enemy, and the hill should be taken in the near future, and our own job will be half over.

8.30 p.m.

Battle still going on. On beach Tommies singing "There's a Little Grey Home in the West." Sun just going down behind Imbros, making most lovely colouring. Sea dead calm: most peaceful scene, looking out to sea, but when one turns one's back one sees a great battle raging three miles inland. Extraordinary contrast.

June 22nd.

Very hot, but perfect day. French attack successful yesterday. They took two lines of trenches, and so have shortened and strengthened our front.

Walked with Phillips and Birch (second in command of another submarine that has just arrived) to Gully Beach, overland. All quiet on front. Turkish artillery dead quiet, but French “75’s” now and again popping off. See Brigade H.Q., now in rest on the side of cliffs, and also Essex Regiment. Hear that Revel, of the Essex, has died of wounds. Ripping young chap. Had a cheery chat with him up at Brigade H.Q. two weeks ago. The 29th Division officers are falling fast now, and we feel their loss terribly. A Taube came over this morning and dropped three bombs, but only hit one man, wounding him slightly, but killed nine horses. I thought I saw the bombs drop quite clearly, as I was watching through glasses, and it was surprising the time that they took to drop. I may have been mistaken—the Taube was about over me—but I thought I saw a pencil line, as it were, drawn against the sky. Nasty suspense waiting for the things to reach the ground.

O.C. of the West Lowland Territorial Engineers killed by shell at gully yesterday. Very fine chap.

8 p.m.

A quiet day. Rumour that we are to expect asphyxiating gas dodge, and that we are going to have respirators served out. Unfortunately, the prevailing wind is down the Peninsula and in our faces, and we are barely four miles from the Turkish trenches. Beautiful evening, and the sun setting behind Imbros is making most exquisite colouring.

June 23rd, 10.30 a.m.

Turks very quiet. French “75’s” now and again firing. Very hot, fine day. Rode last night to Gully Beach with Carver, round by road on cliffs on “W” coast. Beautiful moonlight night. Wagons trekking up and down, and now and again a sentry challenges with his bayonet pointed to the breasts of our horses, which we rein in, at the same time shouting “Friend,” answered by “Pass, friend; all’s well.” I should like to feel that it really was “all well.”

Enemy aircraft brought down yesterday, falling in Turkish lines.

French losses in recent battle, 2,000.

To-night I ride again with Carver to Gully Beach, which is now the home of the 29th Division H.Q.

The steep cliffs on either side of the gully are honeycombed with dugouts, each with a little light shining, and in the declining light, with the moon hanging overhead, shining on the sea, it is a very beautiful sight. We had a topping ride back along the road on the edge of the cliff overlooking the calm sea, lit up by silver moonlight. We could see quite plainly enough to canter, and cantering by moonlight in such beautiful surroundings is a unique pleasure.

June 24th.

To-day has been very hot and arid, very fine, and the sea dead calm, but artillery duels have been going on all day.

As the French were so successful in their last battle, having captured those trenches and the Haricot Redoubt on their left, thereby straightening and shortening our line, I think there is going to be another general attack for the hill to-morrow, preceded by an exceptionally heavy bombardment. If successful, then the danger of asphyxiating gas attack for the present is over.

Went up to Brigade H.Q. with Phillips. Beautiful moonlight, and all quiet on front. Had a nice gallop back on West Krithia road, but my mare nearly ran away with me; a bit dangerous going, as there were so many shell-holes about. Pink Farm and West Krithia road get so badly dusted with shrapnel all day and every day now, that I usually go up by night or early morning to H.Q.

June 25th.

It is now exactly two months since we landed. Turkish artillery has been fairly active to-day. It has been very hot, but a beautiful day, and is now a most beautiful night, with the sea dead calm. We are having some nice bathing. The fly pest is worse than ever, and is frightfully worrying. The attack is not to come off to-morrow, after all, but Sunday.

To-day the *Lord Nelson*, escorted by destroyers, went up the West Coast and bombarded some target behind Achi Baba. Shortly after, a column of smoke arose behind the hill, and evidently the *Lord Nelson* has made good practice. She was shelled by a Turkish field battery, but only two shells burst immediately over her, and hardly did any damage.

June 26th.

I rose at 5.30 a.m. and, getting my mare saddled, rode over to the other side of the beach and woke up Butler, the Quartermaster of the Worcesters, who had promised to give me what he called “a personally conducted Cook’s Tour to the first-line trenches.” We had some hot tea and biscuits and a tot of rum, and then we mounted and started off. My mare was full of the joy of life and very fresh.

As we went over the crest on to the West Coast road, mist was hanging low on the cliffs and at the foot of Achi Baba. Above, the sky was cloudless. The words of Omar came to mind—

Awake, for Morning in the bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to flight.

I wish the stone would put the Turks to flight.

We rode to the gully, and then down on to the beach; there a priest was preparing an altar on biscuit-boxes, and about four hundred troops were waiting to take Holy Communion. We rode up the bed of the gully, and it was the first time that I had been right up. The Engineers had made a good road up, winding in and out between high, irregular cliffs, covered with gorse, and passing little gullies running out of the main one, to right and left. All up, for about a mile and a half, the sides are honeycombed with dugouts for troops to rest after a spell in the trenches, for Battery H.Q., and signal posts, etc. We passed the H.Q. of the 86th Brigade, the latter being dug-in in a charming spot a mile up from the beach. Thompson, my late Staff Captain, was seated on a terrace high up the cliff, shaving, and shouted “Good-morning” to me. Arriving at the head of the gully, we dismount and hand over horses to a groom, with instructions to him to take them across country to Pink Farm. We meet Harding, the Q.M. of the Royal Fusiliers.

We climb up the right side of the gully—a most beautiful spot, which would delight artists—and enter into a trench, over which bullets whiz, and now and again shrapnel. Passing along the trench for some way, we turn to the left, and go for quite a hundred yards along the communication trench, leading into a maze of trenches, but we are enabled to find our way by directing sign-boards, such as “To Reserve Trenches,” “To Support Trenches,” “To Fire Trench,” and names of units marked on as well.

We at last find ourselves in the Reserve, and have a chat with the Essex. Then we wend our way and pass along an uninhabited trench, an evidently disused communication trench, and come on what is literally the emblem of death grinning at us. We see a grinning skull, with almost all the flesh rotted off it, a bundle of rags, a hand, and two lower parts of legs with boots and puttees intact. Such a sight in earlier life would have filled me with horror. But I look upon such sights now as one would look upon a ruined house.

We come to a dugout in the support trenches, and are asked to wait, as two men have just been hit by shrapnel. Two R.H.A. men tell us that at the end of the next communication trench there is a Naval 12-pounder gun that had opened fire that morning on what was thought to be a poisonous-gas factory in a nullah in the Turkish lines, and that a Turkish battery had found our gun out and was shelling it. The two men who happened to be here had been hit. Shelling seems to have ceased, and one R.H.A. man said to the other, "Come on, Bill; if we are going to get 'it, we are going to get 'it!" This sounded good philosophy, and so we followed them. One of them shouldered a sack of food, and the other two jars of rum. Round the corner we passed the two wounded men—one wounded in the arm and the other badly in the shoulder; but both seemed quite cheerful about it.

We went along the communication trench, on and on, until I really thought that the damn trench would lead into the Turkish lines, and then it gradually got shallower and shallower, until we found ourselves in the open, but under cover of a rise, which was more or less protected from Turkish fire. Then, suddenly, we came on this 12-pounder gun and saw three gunners crouching in a dugout. The two gunners who were leading the way went off down another trench hastily, pointing the way for us to follow to the fire-trenches, and we nipped over that open space in double-quick time, I taking a heap of used cartridges in my stride, and at last we found ourselves in the well dug-out front-line fire-trenches, where we found the Worcesters. We had a chat with the officers.

Shortly after our arrival, shelling began again with that 12-pounder for a target; they put salvo after salvo over at the place we had passed. It was rather interesting watching the shelling from our part of the trench, and the sergeant-major seemed to be thoroughly enjoying it.

We have a look at the front trenches, which are very well made, with high parapets of sand-bags, iron loopholes, and periscopes, and nice little dugouts for officers' messes and for men to sleep in, and kitchens, larders, stores, etc. All the time bullets whiz over or thud against the sand-bags, but one feels quite safe there, although only a hundred yards away from the Turks. It is a bit dangerous going along the communication trenches by day, as in places one can be seen, and from there can see the enemy, they being so shallow. We soon got back along the beastly long communicating trench to the Reserve, another one farther along to the one we came. Then to the support line, and up out into a nullah, and following that along we came to the open place into which several nullahs ran, known as "Clapham Junction," which often gets shelled pretty badly, and always under fire from "overs." Thence on to the main Krithia road, and across country to the Pink Farm, where we found our horses waiting. They were shelling the West Krithia road, and so we cut across country to the West Coast road, and cantered home in fine style, arriving back to breakfast at 9.30 a.m.

Not much artillery fire came from the Turks during the day, but the "75's" were steadily plugging them in.

June 27th.

The attack is to take place to-morrow. I rode up to Brigade H.Q. this morning. They were shelling a bit, but not much.

To-day is very quiet, but we are steadily sending shells over. Asiatic battery seems to have been withdrawn, but there is a very big gun somewhere that sends a 6-inch over now and again to the neighbourhood of Pink Farm, but it does not reach the beaches.

In coming back from H.Q. this morning, shrapnel began to burst over Pink Farm and behind, and I made my mare do her best gallop away, and, in order to keep off the road, cut to the right across country. We got amongst a maze of disused trenches, which she absolutely refused to jump; and to top it all, she kept getting her legs entangled in telephone wires laid along the ground, causing me to continually get off to disentangle her. She is an awful fool over these things, and those damned shells seemed to come nearer and nearer every minute. When I *did* get on the road, I made her gallop as she has never galloped before.

June 28th.

A beautiful summer morning. This morning is the morning of a battle. We are going to try to take a Turkish redoubt on our extreme left, and to push our line forward on the left, so as to curl somewhat round Krithia. We call the redoubt "The Boomerang Fort."

H.M.S. *Talbot* comes in with destroyers and mine-sweepers, and a Monitor—the *Abercrombie*, I think—and they take up positions off Gully and "Y" Beaches on the West Coast.

A bombardment begins at 9 a.m., as I am issuing rations, the *Talbot* and two or three destroyers hurling over their large shells in an enfilading fire on to the Turkish trenches and the redoubt, while all our guns on shore, with the help of the French heavies and the now invaluable little "75's," join in the concert.

At 10 a.m., issuing finished, I take my glasses and walk along the cliff, taking up a position on the side of an extra piece of high ground, and sit comfortably there with my back to it. Two 60-pounders behind me are

firing away at the same target, at which all the guns on land and sea are concentrating their awful fire, a target of not more than fifteen hundred yards of the Turkish line, with the little redoubt at the back. Shells—large, small, black, yellow, and white—burst in hellish confusion and awful chaos, while Turkish batteries, raised to fury, reply, first on to one battery, then another. But their fire seems controlled by a flurried brain, for the shells burst harmlessly, high in the air, or, except over our first line, of which they have the range, accurately on no targets at all.

Destroyers pour in broadsides, then swoop round, making a circle, and take up a new position, letting forth viperous rounds of broadside once more. A captive sausage-balloon on a tramp ship sails high in the air, well out to sea, spotting for the *Talbot* and the destroyers. It is by far the most terrific and mighty bombardment that I have seen, and, I think, appears to be so because of the large amount of artillery concentrated on to so small a target.

11 a.m.

The bombardment in no way seems to slacken, but I clearly see the range increased, and hear the officer behind me commanding the two 60-pounders, which are in action just near, to increase the range. I watch carefully, and as the smoke and dust quickly clear away from the redoubt and Turkish front line, which had been subjected to this terrible ordeal for two solid hours, I hear a roar of musketry, mingled with the excited, rapid reports of machine-guns. I actually see, in one part, a line of blue spurts of flame, a curious effect, caused by the dark background of gorse and trees. And then the sun reflects on hundreds of small metal discs, and I see leap as one man from our trenches rows and rows of khaki figures, each equipped with a small shining disc fastened on to his back. On they run, and swarm up the redoubt like packs of hounds, and strangely—though perhaps I am too far away—I see none fall.

The scene has passed: I have seen a gallant charge, made in the old style. In five minutes it is over and become glorious history. The bombardment continues, and the scene goes back to one of bursting flame, yellow, green, white, and black smoke drifting away in the strong breeze to the sea. The 60-pounders behind me steadily plunge and recover as their charges are hurled forth on their destructive journeys, with an ear-splitting roar.

Suddenly over the din I hear a familiar and fear-striking sound: it is the deep boom-*s-h-r-i-e-k* of “Asiatic Annie,” and her sister follows quickly after, and they are endeavouring to get at the 60-pounders just behind and silence their efforts. The 60-pounders take no heed, but go steadily on. They are hard to hit, and are well dug in. I am directly in the line of fire, and what missed them might get me, and so, after one shell bursts damnably close, I abruptly slither down the slopes of the cliff into the arms of two smelly Greeks, who have been sitting below me, shouting now and again gleefully, “Turkey finished!”

Our camp gets a bad shelling. Two passers-by are killed, and one of our transport men is buried in his dugout, and when dug out is found dead.

4.30 p.m.

Have been at work on supplies; the firing has died down somewhat. Wounded are arriving, and the stretcher-bearers are nearly dropping with fatigue and heat as they carry their heavy burdens along to the dressing stations on the beach. Prisoners are arriving. I count a hundred, all looking frightened out of their lives; I heard we had captured four hundred prisoners, three lines of trenches, the Boomerang Fort, one four-gun battery, and twelve Maxim guns.

6 p.m.

We are again bombarding heavily, and I hear my Brigade is attacking, but cannot see anything but smoke and dust.

8 p.m.

It has now quietened down somewhat, but Asia is sending shells over to the 60-pounder battery once more.

June 29th.

Early I ride up to Brigade H.Q. I find they have moved forward. I ride on past Pink Farm, to the little nullah beyond, and there find a trench has been dug leading out from the end of the nullah which I am told leads to Brigade H.Q. The trench, recently dug, is quite 8 feet deep, and roomy enough for pack-mules to pass along and men in single file to pass back in the opposite

direction. All the time bullets were pinging and hissing overhead. The trench finally ended in a junction of several trenches leading in various directions to the firing-line. Dug in the sides of this junction was our new Brigade H.Q., on the level of the bottom of the trench, and taking advantage of a rise in the ground in front, affording perfect cover, except from a direct hit; on the left was Twelve Tree Wood, the scene of a bloody fight in the early days, but now used for artillery forward observation posts. Farmer, our Brigade Major, was very busy, looking ill and tired. Orderlies and telegrams were constantly arriving. The Signal Office was working at full steam—dot-dash, dot-dash, incessantly being rapped out on the buzzers. When I see the signallers at work, the scene in a London telegraph office always comes to my mind, and I contrast the circumstances under which the respective operators work. Farmer is continually being called to the telephone. Officers on similar errands to mine are waiting. It is like being in a City office waiting for an interview with one of the directors.

Not very bright news came from the Royal Scots; they were badly cut up yesterday, losing all officers, except Colonel Wilson and a subaltern. Steel is dying; he was a great pal of mine, was very decent to me before the landing, landing at the same time as myself. Captain Tressider, who arrived a month ago, is dead. On our left, however, complete victory for British arms.

On coming back, part of the communication trench is rather exposed and a sniper was busy after me, using all his five cartridges, but the bullets sailed harmlessly overhead. But the risk we Supply Officers take is not 100 per cent. of what infantry go through. A battery is sending high explosive shells over from Achi now, but they are bursting on the east side of this beach, and after firing a dozen shells they only slightly wounded a goat.

11.45 a.m.

I was sarcastic too soon. Asia has just fired over an 8-inch, and it has passed over our “bivvy” with a horrible shriek and exploded in the sea. They would not be able to do this if our Fleet were here, and so we say “Strafe the submarines!”

7 p.m.

All has been quiet on the front to-day, but two big guns from Asia and one 18-pounder battery have been worrying the French, and our 4.7 on the hill by De Tott's Battery and the big French guns have been replying. The effect of the Asiatic big gun, when it hits anybody, is terrible. I picked up a jagged, flat piece of metal to-day, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick, 9 inches long, and 3 inches wide. When these shells burst on our beach, these pieces of metal fly in all directions, some reaching a hundred and fifty yards away.

The remainder of the Lowland Division is landing to-day. Just two more Divisions, and I believe we should very soon take Achi Baba, providing we had better supplies of big-gun ammunition. We put in two bathes to-day. We are most fortunate in getting sea bathing, as it keeps sickness down. We issue eggs now and again to the troops to endeavour to keep down dysentery. All ranks get a chance of plenty of bathing, sooner or later. Asia is very busy firing on the French batteries; later, at dusk, they fire on hospital ships, but finding out their mistake, desist. Evidently they are Turkish gunners, and not German.

9.30 p.m.

A great gale has sprung up, and our canvas-sheet roof looks like coming off. The dust is awful. Lightning is playing over the sky and makes a very fine sight; curiously, there is no thunder.

10 p.m.

The gale is terrific now, and I call out to our servants to come and hang on to our canvas roof, which is anxious to sail away. After strenuous effort, with dust choking us, and all of us swearing and then laughing, we secure the roof and turn in.

June 30th, 1 a.m.

A shriek and a loud explosion awaken us, and Carver says it is a high explosive howitzer from Asia. It has passed over our "bivvy" and exploded on the beach. The ordinary long-range shell seems to miss our "bivvy" on account of the angle of trajectory.

But when a howitzer fires the trajectory is such that it could easily get our "bivvy."

2.30 a.m.

We are awakened by our roof blowing off, and up we have to get again and fix it. The gale fortunately is dying down, although the wind is pretty strong.

When we awoke this morning we were told that they had put several shells over in the night, and one in the Main Supply depot has unfortunately killed a man.

The result of the battle two days ago was good, the 29th Division pushing forward about three-quarters of a mile, and Krithia should soon be ours. The Turks counter-attacked last night in mass, but very half-heartedly, and lost heavily. This morning four hundred Turks were seen coming up in front of the French on our right, but the French "75's" got amongst them, and they ran and ran for quite a mile, with the French shells bursting all amongst them, two a second. I should say very few of those Turks were left. The 60-pounder on the cliff got in a few as well. Three 60-pounders are out of action, waiting for new springs from England, and they have been waiting a devil of a time. The Turks are wonderful fighters on the defensive, with the geographical advantage all in their favour, but absolutely lack dash in the attack.

12 noon.

A French battleship is coming in with the usual escort of destroyers and mine-sweepers, looking like a duck with her ducklings. Evidently she is going to punish Asia.

The smell of dead bodies and horses is attracting the unwelcome attentions of vultures from Asia. They are evil-looking birds, with ugly heads and enormous wings, and circle round and round overhead. Sometimes Tommies pot at them with their rifles, but get into trouble for doing so.

The smell of dead bodies is at times almost unbearable in the trenches, and chloride of lime is thrown over them. I know of no more sickly smell than chloride of lime with the smell of a dead body blended in.

In the fire-trenches the Turks will not allow our men to bury the dead unless a special armistice is arranged. In consequence, in the dead of night

our men volunteer to creep out, tie a rope round a body which may be too near them to make the atmosphere bearable, and then rush back, haul the body in, and bury it in the trench, or they will soak the body in petrol, go back to their trenches, then fire into the body—the white-hot bullets soon setting the petrol on fire, and the bodies in this dry climate quickly get cremated.

Several barges were sunk by last night's gale, and one pinnacle set on fire by last night's shelling.

3 p.m.

The French battleship is now firing on Asiatic batteries very heavily, and it seems impossible that any one could live under her fire.

5 p.m.

Asia starts firing light shrapnel over, which we don't mind at all. As long as they do not fire that heavy stuff, which is on you before you can duck, they can pop away all night.

5.30 p.m.

Asia firing heavy stuff on French lines. Now they have pitched one bang into the hospital. I—thinking every minute one will pitch in our depot—hurry up everybody, and they work with a will, taking cover when the shriek comes. Now they fall on the beach and splinters fly around us—it's damnable! The corporal at 5.45 reports forage finished, which is a relief, as we can get to our dugouts.

On the way across to my dugout I hear the shriek coming, and there is no place to take cover, and the suspense is a bit nerve-trying. With a terrific bang it falls in the hospital, but the hospital is now clear of men.

6 p.m.

Safe in our dugout now, and one passes over us into the sea. Now they are falling on the beach. Nearly everybody is under cover.

7 p.m.

Shelling stopped, and we are allowed to have some rest.

As Williams has to go to Brigade H.Q., I offer to show him the way, the H.Q. having moved forwards.

We start off at 8.30 p.m. and ride at a good smart trot, as we are a bit nervy of Asia sending one of those horrible big shells over. But all is quiet, and we arrive at our Brigade dumping-ground, about three-quarters of a mile in front of Pink Farm. (Pink Farm is practically razed to the ground now by shell fire.)

We leave our horses with an orderly, who ties them up under cover and takes cover himself. Stray bullets are flying over now and again, and we get down into the nullah and go along it up the communication trench. After about half a mile of it, we pass an R.A.M.C. orderly, who says, "Keep your heads low, sir, as you pass that point," pointing a little farther along, "as there is a sniper watching there." Of course he is wrong, suffering from "wind up," and what he thinks are snipers' bullets are "overs" passing through a gap in the side of the trench. We hurry along, heads well down, as bullets are pretty free overhead. After another half-mile we come to Headquarters. The Staff are just finishing dinner in their dugout—beautifully made by the Engineers. The Brigade Major is at the telephone, and later the General gets up and talks over it. D.H.Q. are speaking at the other end, discussing some G.S. point, just as if two business men were discussing the price of some contract.

After the General resumes his place at the head of the table, the Brigade Major on his left-hand side, next the Signal Officer, on his right hand, the Staff Captain, the Brigade Machine Gun Officer and a Major of the R.N.D., who had recently arrived. Williams and I are seated at the other end. The dugout is lit by an acetylene lamp, and Miller, the Staff waiter and chef combined, is standing, acting butler.

Outside the "ping-ping" of bullets goes on incessantly.

Sitting there round the table, smoking and chatting, I could not but compare the scene with that of the after-dinner coffee and cigars at a dinner-party, when the ladies have gone to the drawing-room. The conversation is also witty and bright, with no mention of war.

Miller is a character of his own. He is as dignified as a real butler would be, and yet a Tommy of the old school, through and through. But instead of

black cut-away coat and side whiskers, he wears khaki trousers rather hanging over his ankles, and a grey shirt open in the front—for the heat is excessive—and sleeves rolled up. He always embarrasses me, for every time I happen to look his way he catches my eye and beams benevolently on me. I suppose it is because I look after the Tommies' tummies. Lightning now begins to play about the sky, which gets rather cloudy, and then "L" Battery, just to our right, barks out suddenly. That arrests my thoughts and brings me back to reality. "Y" Battery starts, and then the darling little Soixante-quinze, and bullets begin to fairly hiss over. A hell of a shindy! Our mission over, we rise to go. We salute the General, who says good-night, and off down the trench, keeping our heads very low instinctively, though really it is unnecessary.

Lightning is now flashing all over the sky, and what with the flashes and roar of the batteries near by and the pitch darkness that comes immediately after a lightning flash, the walk back along that trench, one whole mile of it, was most weird and Dante-esque. Now and again bullets hit the bank on our left, but most of them are going over. We pass troops coming up, and later see a man sitting down at the side of the trench, and finding that he had been hit in the wrist (lucky devil!), we take him along with us. Arriving at the nullah, we find another man who has been hit at the dump, in the leg, and we send them to the dressing station behind Pink Farm.

We see the transport is all right at the Brigade dump, mount our horses, which have been tied up in an awful tangle, making us use some "orrid language," and then "farrard away." Off we go back, with "overs" pretty free around, and Turkish shells screaming over, well on our right.

The lightning frightens our horses somewhat, and blinds us after each flash. It is incessant, and lights up the Peninsula in detail, but no thunder follows. We hope that Asia will let us go home in safety. She does, but half an hour after we arrive home, and when everybody except night-workers and guards and pickets have turned in, heavy shells come over, and at the rate of two an hour they continue all night, and so our night's rest is not as good as it might be.

JULY

July 1st.

ON duty at depot at 6 a.m. I find one shell has pitched in my Supply dump during the night, leaving a jagged splinter a foot long, and 4 inches in its widest part. Ugh! those naval shells. At eleven o'clock shelling starts again, and we have it hot and strong for an hour and a half. The transports get it as well from the hill, and one ship nearly gets holed. Moon, one of the Signal Officers, riding up the beach has his horse killed under him, and he himself is wounded in chest and leg. Not seriously, but he looks pale and frightened. Very few casualties, as people keep under cover pretty well. During the shelling, this morning, one of the hospital marquees catches fire, but not through the shelling, and is burnt to the ground. A Turkish prisoner had dropped a smoking cigarette on some muslin. The marquee contained Turkish wounded, but I think that they were all saved. Joy of joy! Allah be praised! and glory be to God! a real plum cake and chocolate just arrived from home. What joy to get your teeth into a slice!

Evening.

Since noon the day has been quiet, and Asia has left us alone. Over Imbros the golden sun is slowly setting, and above, the clouds are a lovely orange red. A strong wind is blowing in from the sea, which is very rough, necessitating the suspension of the landing of supplies and ammunition. Casualties in Monday's battle were 2,500, Australians and New Zealanders included. These, at Anzac, engaged enemy while the 29th Division attacked, in order to keep some of them away from us. They, however, made no progress their side, and were not expected to. Their casualties were 500. A Turkish officer who was captured said that if we had pressed forward all along the line we should have taken the hill, as reinforcements of one division that the Turks were expecting did not arrive. They have since arrived. However, this may have been a yarn. Last night was very quiet.

July 2nd.

I go up to Brigade H.Q. before breakfast, leaving my mare in the nullah in front of Pink Farm, where the Brigade Staff's horses are stabled. The General's groom, now knowing my mare well, gives her breakfast, good cool water from a well which has just been found there, oats from the Argentine, and hay from Ireland. As I walk up the trench I feel very limp and weak. Something is wrong with me. Half-way up the trench, I see part of the parapet which has been knocked down by a shell recently, and from there obtain a good view of our trenches and Sphinx-like Achi Baba. She is almost human, and in my imagination appears to be smiling at the vain efforts of our little, though never contemptible, Army to conquer and subdue her. I shake such thoughts off. I am run down, and in consequence imagine things worse than they are. Arriving at Brigade H.Q., I find the General and Staff up in the trenches, and talk to Brock, of the Gypsy Army, the Staff Captain. He tells me all about the Sudan—how he has two months' leave and is spending it on Gallipoli. What a place to spend a holiday! He reads my thoughts, and says, "People in Egypt do not realize what things are really like out here." He then tells me that lately orderlies and others have been disappearing in a curious way. A driver last night was sent up the gully with two mules to fetch a watercart. Neither driver nor mules returned.

On the way back from Pink Farm I call on the R.N.D. armoured cars and see a friend. Then to the beach. While issuing, shells burst on the top of the high ground and back of the beach. Feel rotten, and so turn in for a rest. Sea very rough, and we are unable to land stores, etc. Rather cloudy day, cold and windy.

7 p.m.

Sixty-pounders on our right start firing again on to the hill, and Asia answers back with that 7.5-inch. Shells come screaming over to our cliff, and we have to take cover again.

Doctor has given me medicine, and I feel a bit better, but horribly nervy and jumpy.

Brigade coming back to-morrow.

My complaint is only bilious attack, and when one is like that, shells make one jump. Nearly everybody is getting jumpy, however, as we are so exposed and get no peace day or night. Several men and officers are being sent away for a rest. There is rumour that when the hill is taken the 29th Division is going to be withdrawn for a complete rest. Things will be much easier here when the hill is taken. At present it is *awful*. Oh! for tons and tons of ammunition. Buck up! you workmen at home. The army with the most guns and unlimited shells wins in modern war. You should see the damage the dear little French “75’s” make, and they pop off day and night. God knows what we should have done without them.

July 3rd.

Turks shell transport this morning, but no damage done. Feeling very run down and seedy, and doctor orders me away to Alexandria for a rest, but I do not think I shall go, as I should be fit in a day or so, if only they would stop shelling on the beach; we could then get exercise. Men fall ill day by day through having to continually lie in their dugouts and then go out in hourly fear of “Asiatic Annie’s” shells. It is much worse over in the French camp by Morto Bay.

The doctor says I have to catch the 2.30 boat for Lemnos. I tell him that I have decided not to go. He replies that in the Army you are under two forms of discipline—one when on the Active List, and one when on the Sick List; that I am on the Sick List, and that until an M.O. certifies that I am fit for active service my O.C. will be an M.O., whose orders I am bound to obey; that he has certified me as sick, for the Army cannot have men on the Peninsula who feel faint when they walk ten yards. This eases my conscience; I was beginning to feel like a man who was getting “cold feet,” and I tell him so. He tells me that a sick man always gets “cold feet” from shelling, and that it is due to his being a sick man more than to the shells.

So I proceed to catch the 2.30 boat. What are my honest feelings? I do want to stay and stick it out, and yet I want to go. There, I am quite honest about it—the two thoughts are equally blended. I go down to the beach along the Red Cross Pier, on to a lighter bobbing about in a rough sea, and then I wait. Sick officers and men dribble down steadily, each with a label attached to his tunic; my label has written on it “Syncopal attacks.” I look enviously at the labels on which are inscribed different kinds of wounds. By

comparison with their inscriptions, mine reads like another title for “cold feet,” and I long to get up and walk back up to the beach.

We are towed away out to a little steamer called the *Whitby Abbey*, in charge of a good fellow, a “pukkah” Naval Lieutenant. I sit on deck and watch the land gradually get further and further away. Krithia looks but a short walk from “W” Beach, yet it is well within the Turkish lines. Never before did I realize what a little insignificant bight of land do we hold on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and Achi Baba looks impregnable. Tommies on board are telling each other how they came by their respective wounds. A few Punjabis, wounded, sit apart philosophically and say nothing. Officers in wardroom, mostly wounded, have tea and chat shop. I, not wounded, and A.S.C., sit in a corner by myself.

We arrive at Lemnos about 8 p.m. and enter the harbour that I was in last April. What a lot has happened since those days, and what ages it seems ago! We go alongside a hospital ship, the *Sicilia*, and our stretcher cases are taken off on to the ship. Have a look through the port-hole and see a very big saloon full of beds and doctors, orderlies and very smart and efficient nurses busily in attendance. Then we go nearer into the shore and get on to a pinnace, and go to a pier. Here three of us—namely Weatherall, Williams, of the Royal Scots, and myself—get into an ambulance motor and are driven inland, and arrive at the Australian hospital. Then we go into the orderly tent, and a sergeant takes down our names, etc., and religion. Religion! Let us talk of religion when all Huns are exterminated. Then a pleasant-looking Australian Captain comes in, diagnoses my case, and says “Milk diet,” which is entered in a book.

We are then taken to another group of three marquees joined together, full of wounded Tommies in bed. Then a Major Newlands, one of the leading surgeons of Australia, comes in and sees me, and after a cup of tea we go to sleep—at least, we are supposed to. Several of the Australians are chatting, and it is interesting listening to them. Suddenly one of the wounded stirs in his sleep and says “One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four,” several times, and finishing by “One, two, three, four,” and then a pause, and then “Five,” said with a sigh of relief. He sits up in bed, and making the row that one makes with one’s mouth when urging on a horse, he says, “Go on.” One of the orderlies goes over and gently puts his head

back on to the pillow. He was fast asleep, and was going over in his dreams the taking up of ammunition to the trenches.

July 4th.

I and three other officers are in a ward with Tommies, for the hospital is overflowing. Orderlies bring around basins of water to wash, and then breakfast of bread and milk. Then the Major comes round and sounds me pretty thoroughly, and orders me to stay in bed until further orders.

Lunch: rice and milk. Very hot; nothing to smoke. Flies damnable, and I find myself actually longing to get back to work on the Peninsula. But I do certainly enjoy at present the relief of being away from shells and bullets and the horrors of war.

July 5th.

Awakened early by one of the wounded crying loudly for a doctor. The poor chap had been hit in the leg by an explosive bullet and had a pretty bad wound. He was in great agony, and amongst other things cried out, "What a war; and this is what they do to me!" and then he made a continual cluck with his mouth that one makes by putting one's tongue to the roof of one's mouth and drawing it away when annoyed.

During the morning he was pretty bad, and crying and groaning, but became quite quiet, cheerful, and confident when the doctor arrived. However, gangrene had set in, as he had been four days lying on the battlefield before he was found, and he died suddenly at twelve o'clock. A Tommy breaks the silence by saying, "Poor Alf 'as snuffed it." We were all very quiet for a bit, after they came in and neatly rolled the body in a sheet, and, placing it on a stretcher, carried it away. But after a bit a cheerful atmosphere comes over us, and we four officers "ragged" round, the Tommies enjoying the fun. Why be morbid about death? We've all got to go through it. I am allowed to get up at two o'clock, and went and had tea on board the *Aragon*. This was the ship that my original Brigade Staff came out on, with the Worcesters and Hants.

The old associations that I had with the *Aragon*, through so many officers that I had become friendly with and who have now gone West, depressed me somewhat, and I was glad to leave. At every turn I am reminded of those

days in April, and while walking along the upper deck I could almost see the ghosts of those cheery men who marched round and round of a morning to the music of popular airs played on a piano by a gifted Tommy.

I hear that “W” Beach was bombarded this morning. About five hundred shells came over, the heaviest bombardment the beach had ever had. The harbour and island have changed completely since I was here last; great camps, French and English, have sprung up on shore, and the harbour is full of French and English warships and transports and their attendant small craft.

July 6th.

It is funny hearing the bugles again, and looking round the camps, one might be on one’s fourteen days’ annual training. I am very rheumaticky, but getting fit fast, but am going to be sent to Alexandria for a few days’ change. I hope to get back to the Peninsula before the 29th Division go, for I hear they are going to be relieved shortly, and I want to be with them at the end.

The 38th Brigade of the 13th Division has arrived here, and the rest of the Division is following. I think that is the Division which is going to relieve us. It is curious, because I was in that Division as Second-Lieutenant.

At five o’clock the motor ambulance comes for us, and we go down to the British Pier. They have made two piers, one for the French and one for the British, and they are the centre and hum of life all day and all night. Troops arriving, troops leaving for the Peninsula, wounded arriving back from the Peninsula and wounded being sent off, after a brief stay in the Mudros hospitals, back to the bases, either Cairo, Alexandria, Malta, or England.

And then, of course, stores and ammunition are continually being unloaded and reloaded, and all nations seem to be engaged in the work—black, brown, and white. It looks utter confusion, and yet I suppose it is not. The French seem to be much better at system than the British.

I think the Australian Hospitals are better than the British. They have first-class surgeons, and the orderlies are splendid.

The Australians are a wonderful race, and the physique of the men is splendid. Everything they do is done thoroughly. They lack discipline as we know it, yet have a discipline that is not so common with us, namely, a rotter and waster is not allowed to comfortably exist. They are an exceptionally formidable weapon, for when they fight they go on like wild men, never showing fear or attempting to go back. They perform the most extraordinary and hair-raising deeds that history can record, all the time to a flow of very sanguinary and strong language. What a superb Army! Admirable spirit; pride in their race and country and Mother Country. Cheery and merry all the time, having a very keen sense of humour.

As we came off in a pinnace, with lighters lashed on either side conveying wounded, the 38th Brigade of the 13th Division, part of the first of Kitchener's New Army, were embarking on pinnaces and boats towed behind to go on board destroyers to be taken to the Peninsula. They were dressed in light drill khaki, with short knickers, putties, and helmets, and their packs, blankets, and ground sheet strapped to their backs, looking exceptionally smart and business-like. They are very fine men, above the average of the British Regular Tommy, and brigaded together appear to be troops of the high standard of our first line. One of course could only judge by personal appearance and the ordinary parade drill, which is as perfect as could be, but the near future will prove whether they have the fighting power of troops like the 29th Division. If so, then Britain has become the leading Military Power in the world, as well as the leading Naval Power.

We came alongside the hospital ship, the S.S. *Neuralia*, a fine boat of the British India Line. Arriving on board, we were welcomed by a nurse, and Wetherall, a Royal Scots officer, and myself were given a cabin, and after a wash we go down to dinner. Imagine our feelings when we were shown to a fine table daintily laid for dinner, waited on by Singalese dressed in white, long-skirted coats, white trousers, and curious wide-brimmed hats decorated with blue. Go to bed very early, but cannot sleep much.

July 7th.

Got up just before 6 a.m. and found that the ship had weighed anchor. It is a beautiful morning, and the sea and green hills of Lemnos look very fresh. We pass slowly through the Fleet, which looks very formidable, yet

which at present is unable to help us on our way. So out of the harbour to sea.

The past seems now like a horrid dream, as one lives idly on board in every luxury that one could have.

At times I feel a shirker, yet when a medical officer sends one off the Peninsula his orders take precedence of an order of one's superior officer on the Active List, and once you have left you are passed on from doctor to doctor and clearing station to hospital, and one's future remains in the Medical Authorities' hands.

Personally I am feeling much better, the fainting feeling having left, and the rheumatism nearly so. But war is so horrible that I wish it was all over. I've seen more of the horrible side than some of those in the fire-trenches, who sit comparatively safely there until the attack (this only applies to the unique situation in Gallipoli), and then with one objective in mind, namely to get another trench in front, they leap out and charge.

Most of them say the feeling is exhilarating and glorious, and those of the slightly wounded say they felt, when wounded while running on cheering, as if some one suddenly hit them with a hot stick. However, the risk I have run is not nearly so great as infantry run; but in future give me gunnery every time, they having the most thrilling and interesting work to do of any branch of the Service. However, let us hope our future will not hold war and its horrors in store for us.

July 8th.

This is an ideal ship for a hospital ship, luxuriously fitted with cabins and saloons. The ship is painted white, with a red band running all round and a large red cross in the centre on either side. At night a large red cross of electric globes is illuminated, and the great ship, lit up, makes a pretty sight. We had a burial yesterday, stopping, and a great hush falling over the vessel as the body was shot over the side and fell with a big thump and splash into the sea, resting on the surface a few seconds and then slowly sinking. I thought of the words of Prince Henry in "Henry IV," Part I: "Food for worms, brave Percy," but the word "fishes" should be substituted for "worms."

A great number of wounded men sleep on deck, and, by Jove! they do look glad that they are out of it for a bit, although they want to get back after a change—some of them.

All the nurses are dears, dead keen on their job. I am not wounded, so I don't like talking to them.

The badly wounded officers are in beds in a large saloon, and one can look over a balustrade and see them. They are patient, and they stick the monotony admirably.

One fine chap, a Captain, has a lump of flesh torn from his back by a bomb, and has to lie in one position. As I pass along the gallery overlooking the ward at all hours of the day I can see him, either calmly looking at the roof, reading or dozing, and always in the same position, in which he will have to lie for weeks. Bombs make terrible wounds. My friend Cox, of the *Essex*, is on board. He was the officer that I saw limping back after the battle on the Wednesday after we had landed, and we have some chats together about those thrilling days. He and his officers were on the *Dongola*, from which boat we landed, and I have mentioned how they played "The Priest of the Parish." I never want to play that game again. A good percentage of those chaps have gone now. There are only two officers in the *Essex* who have not been hit.

Cox has been back to the Peninsula once, but is now going to Alexandria, sick. I am nearly fit, but bored stiff, and want to get back to my job. The sea is calm and it is a lovely day, and awfully peaceful and quiet on the ship.

The stewards are very attentive; they are natives, as are also most of the crew. I always think that the nigger makes a better servant than the white man. Colonel Bruce, of the Gurkhas, is on board wounded, and has his servant with him. A ravine up the gully that he captured is now called Bruce's Ravine. This servant at the hospital in Lemnos was allowed to sleep on the floor beside his master's bed, and if his master stirred in his sleep, he sat up watching him intently.

We all had to go before the Medical Board this morning, a R.A.M.C. General at the head.

We had another burial to-day.

July 9th.

We arrive at Alexandria at 6 a.m. and berth alongside about twelve. It is strange seeing the old familiar scenes again. At one o'clock a hospital train comes alongside, with all the carriages painted white with a Red Crescent on, not the Red Cross. Curious that our R.A.M.C. should use both the Red Cross and the Red Crescent! The Australian sick and wounded are taken off and sent on board this train, which leaves at three o'clock for Cairo.

At eight o'clock we go off in ambulance motor-wagons and are taken off to the German Hospital. It is a very fine hospital, now of course British, and we are put to bed and given cocoa.

One of the officers of our party is suffering from a nervous breakdown, and a brother-officer of his, an awfully decent chap, who had been wounded in the arm, takes charge of him just as one would a frightened child. In the motor-ambulance the nervous broken officer put out his hand quickly and made as if to rise, and the wounded officer with his unwounded arm linked the other arm in his with a reassuring look. I think little touches like that are very fine. In the hospital one officer is completely off his head, and has to have an orderly in attendance all day and all night. Last night he shouted out in great fear once or twice, imagining shells and Turks.

July 10th.

It is now 9.30, and I have bathed and shaved and had breakfast, and am in bed awaiting the doctor.

They are wheeling bad cases to the dressing-rooms. A hospital is most depressing.

Went out in the afternoon and did some shopping.

July 11th.

Very nice day. An Arab procession passes outside our hospital, headed by a band making a most infernal din. All blowing brass instruments as loudly as they can and beating drums, and all marching anyhow. Difficult at first to make out what the tune is, as it is such a discord, but on listening intently we made it out to be Sousa's "Stars and Stripes."

Procession consists of a whole convoy of wagons loaded with what looks like "Manchester goods." What it is all about no one but the Arabs appears to know.

Found out afterwards they were going to a fair and they were taking goods along to sell. Went out in afternoon and called at Club. Saw Chief Padre of the Forces, Horden, and had a long chat with him.

Later saw Shuter, Captain of the H.A.C. "A" Battery. Curious running across him.

Called on Mrs. Carver at Ramleh for tea, and found several convalescent officers there and a few other people.

Lovely house and garden and hard tennis court. But give me an English garden every time.

Ramleh is very pretty, and is a very big suburb of Alexandria, stretching along by the sea. Very fine white mansions standing in lovely grounds. Also several lovely public gardens, beautifully laid out. Much more picturesque than the English public gardens. They have no railings or walls around, and consequently no entrance by gates; they simply join on and run into the neighbouring suburbs.

Passed a very fine Arab cemetery, full of magnificent mausoleums of marble which must have cost thousands.

July 12th.

Went out in afternoon into town. Plenty of troops about. Feel fit, and so applied to go back to Peninsula, as the atmosphere in Alexandria is not unlike the feeling of being in khaki in London with all your pals at the front.

July 14th.

Went before Registrar at twelve, and sent into convalescence. To report to-morrow morning.

July 15th.

Left hospital.

Go down to the docks. Alexandria is a wonderful place now. Always one of the most cosmopolitan cities of the East, she has now added the responsibilities of a military base. Here, from her teeming docks, are fed the troops in Gallipoli and Mesopotamia—and here may be seen at all hours of the day and night great ships being loaded by chattering and chanting natives with food and munitions. Troopships also, swallowing up men or moving slowly out into the harbour; tugs, lighters, colliers, and the like, throng her watergates, and the quays present a vivid picture of bright colours, as the gaily dressed natives go about their work. Fussy trains puff alongside the ships and disgorge men, mules, and horses, in never-ending streams. Mountains of hay, bully beef, and biscuits are stacked along the quays, and the rattle of gear and the groaning of the great cranes fill the air with strange sounds. And above it all, the fierce sun glares down on the hot stones, and the pitiless, steely-blue Egyptian sky, inscrutable and cloudless, spreads overhead like a vast dome.

Leaving this hive of industry, I turn my steps to the Regina Palace Hotel, where I am introduced to an Italian family by Cox. Awfully jolly girls. Have some dancing. Meet Neville, of South Wales Borderers, a friend of mine in Birmingham.

Go for motor drive into the desert with Gregory.

July 20th.

Went out in the evening with Prince Adil in his yacht, Henderson and our French friend. The Prince provided food, consisting of cold dishes, cocktails in a Thermos flask, and whiskies and sodas.

It was delightful cruising about the harbour in moonlight and skimming along the water, heeling right over when we ran before the wind.

July 21st.

Ordered to join *Seeang-Bee*, a filthy little tramp, packed with troops. Fortunately for us, they are full up, and so I am told to go on board the *Anglo-Egyptian*, a cleaner boat. Find a draft of Gurkhas on board and a draft of Sikhs. English officers; fine lot of men. About a dozen officers all told on board. Sikhs a weird lot; now and again a mysterious chant, sung by them, comes up from the lower decks.

In the morning had quite a touching farewell at the hotel with all the Italian girls, the French children, and my little friend the Russian Cossack, aged five years, and their pretty French governess. I am getting to speak French quite well now.

July 22nd.

We were to start last night, but owing to submarine scare we have not yet sailed.

5 p.m.

The hospital ship *Sudan* has just come in, and the hospital train, ambulance-lorries, and motor-cars are drawn up waiting the wounded. I have been on board and have spoken to one of the wounded officers, who tells me that there have been two battles since I left, and that we have made further advance, in the centre of our line, therefore straightening it a little, but have lost very heavily. Also he told me that the 29th Division are leaving Gallipoli, and that one Brigade is at Lemnos or Tenedos.

6.30 p.m.

We sail, the Gurkhas and Sikhs giving their respective war-cries, something like that of the Maoris which the New Zealanders sing.

Two other boats leave at the same time, the *Alaunia* having 6,000 troops on board. We all steer different courses on account of submarines.

9.30 p.m.

The last post sounds, played excellently by a Gurkha, and I turn in, sleeping on deck on account of the heat. They are neat little men, these Gurkhas, something like the Japanese, dressed in wide hats, shirts overhanging the short breech, putties and black bandoliers; bayonets in black cases, and their native weapon, the kukri, in a black case.

Curiously enough, they are not British subjects at all. They are natives of Nepal, governed by the Maharajah of Nepal, and he is quite independent, except for having to pay a salt tax to China. I believe, though, that this payment has now stopped, or is about to stop. The Maharajah lends his

male subjects who enlist to the British Government, and they train them as soldiers, in return having them to fight our battles when necessary.

Altogether there are about twenty battalions of 20,000 men, and since the outbreak of war the Maharajah has practically forced every able-bodied man to enlist. They are good soldiers, but absolutely lost without their white officers, for they are just like children.

July 23rd, 9.30 a.m.

Sea rough and ship rolling. Ugh! I do feel ill.

10.30 a.m.

Four blasts on the hooter call us all to boat drill, with life-belts.

July 24th, 8 a.m.

We are passing Rhodes on our starboard, and are, therefore, entering the danger zone for submarines. It is reported that there are two about. No destroyer to escort us, so I suppose we are safe.

Feel much better now.

Captain Koebel, of the Queen's, on board; friend of Parnell. Since outbreak of war he has been with Egyptian Army, now going unattached to Gallipoli for his two months' leave. Taking his holiday by going into battle.

7.30 p.m.

Had boat drill to-day. Gurkhas thoroughly enjoying it. Gurkha guards posted all round the ship on lookout for submarines, with orders to fire when one comes in sight. They are watching intently, and I really believe would rather appreciate the fun if one came along, so that they could show off their marksmanship. We do not arrive at Lemnos till five to-morrow afternoon, so we have still plenty of time to be torpedoed. Passing plenty of islands, but not a sign of a ship anywhere. Beautiful moonlight evening. Skipper playing chess with Captain Simpson of the Gurkhas. Other officers sitting about reading. Only fifteen officers all told—white officers of the Gurkhas and Sikhs, and a few unattached.

July 25th.

Three months ago to-day the landing, and Achi Baba is not taken yet.

2 p.m.

Entering Lemnos Harbour.

It is very hot now, and the water dead calm. The harbour is full of transports and warships, and on shore there are large camps in all directions.

July 26th.

We are now moored alongside the *Seeang-Bee*, which arrived almost simultaneously with us. She has 950 troops on board, drafts, and others returning to duty. No news from Gallipoli, except that things there are much as usual. After August, I hear, the weather breaks up, so that if something is not done in August, we shall have great difficulty in landing supplies and ammunition. The outlook is far from bright. Up to date the points are with the Turk.

An officious M.L.O. comes on board, and tells each of us in as imperious a way as possible our respective destinations.

I get on to the *Seeang-Bee*, and hang about waiting. I find Morris on board, who was at the Regina Palace Hotel with me.

At six o'clock the M.L.O. comes on board again, and after arranging for our departure, casually mentions that he had heard that "W" Beach was heavily shelled last night. He almost licked his lips as he spoke. He had never even heard a gun fired himself. An R.N.D. officer tells me that he has a great desire to chuck the M.L.O. overboard. This officer is quite an interesting person; went to France in the early part of the war in the R.F.C., had a spill which laid him up for six months, and now is in charge of a Machine Gun Section in the R.N.D.

We get on board a small steamer, *Whitby Abbey*, and sail over to the *Aragon*, the L. of C. Headquarters boat. A very nice boat, the *Aragon*, fitted out with every luxury.

At eight we push off, loaded to the boat's limit with troops, mailbags, watercarts, sand-bags, and ammunition.

We pass through the host of transports and warships that now crowd the harbour of Mudros. As we pass each warship the sailors come running to the sides and cheer and cheer. Shouts of "Are we downhearted?" etc., freely pass between us, and this inspiring demonstration is repeated enthusiastically as we pass each great ship of war. It is very nice of them. I think they feel it a bit, being bottled up at Mudros. But it is all right; we shall win, even if the war lasts ten years. Stick at your training, you British Boy Scouts!

We leave the hills of Lemnos, as we did on that memorable evening of April 24th, three months ago, just as it is getting dusk, the sun quickly setting in the sea. A full moon rises, and on a calm sea we steam north.

They provide some food for us on board, bully beef and bread, and later we lie about and try to sleep.

A very nice R.N.R. officer on board stands me a drink.

Curiously enough, I came away from the Peninsula on this boat on July 3rd, and the same man stood me a drink, though he had forgotten. I suppose he regularly stands a drink to all officers coming and going.

At twelve midnight he is called up on deck, and I go too and find that land is showing dimly in front. Dark, depressing, mysterious land of adventure, heroism, and death, and a chill feeling runs through me. It is the reaction after having a good time in Alexandria, playing soldiers with the little Italian boys and my little cropped-haired Russian Cossack and their pretty French governess. Oh, that little French governess!

The officers and men crowd to the upper deck and bows, and strain their eyes to the black outline in front. The starlights are sailing up and down in the dark background, from the Ægean to the Straits. A distant shriek is heard, followed immediately by another, and two quick flashes burst over the beach in front, followed by two sharp reports, "c-r-r-u-m-p," and the young R.N.A.S. officers, who have been training for months, at last are within short measurement of the real game of modern warfare.

Then the land in front resumes its still mysterious outline, until, as we get close, quiet figures can be seen moving about on shore working at the unloading of lighters.

We drop anchor and are informed that we shall disembark in the early morning, and so lie down again and sleep soundly till morning.

July 27th.

We wake at five and go on deck, and the old familiar sight of “W” Beach greets me, and I point out, to several officers who ask me, the various points of interest. At 6.20 the R.N.A.S. people are informed that they have to go back to Mudros, as they have come to the wrong place, and at seven o’clock, with Captains Nye and Koebel and Wilson, we go ashore in a wobbly lighter, which seems about to turn over in a rather rough sea, and we come alongside one of the piers.

“W” Beach had altered somewhat. Large cemented water reservoirs had been made by the Gypy Works Department on the high land near our “bivvy,” and it seems more congested and crowded than ever.

I take the officers up to our “bivvy” and surprise the others, who did not expect me, and I feel quite pleased to get back—the same feeling one has when one gets home to the family after a few weeks’ holiday. We have breakfast, and I hear that the 13th Division are on the shore, and that several of the officers of the 13th Divisional Train are just along the cliff, and so go along to see them. I found Frank Edey there, a friend of many years’ standing, and this was the third time during the war that we had run across each other unexpectedly. I was three months with the 13th Division at Bulford, so it was nice seeing them again. They are leaving soon for some unknown destination, further up the coast.

I find that “W” Beach has been heavily shelled on the 5th July, seven hundred coming over in four hours. They are mostly high explosive shells, and make a nasty mess of any victim which they find. To people working in the various administrative departments, where they are continually walking about in the open, the continual exposure to high explosive shell fire is wearing on the nerves, and cases of nervous breakdown here are becoming more and more frequent. In spite of the most heavy shelling, the administrative work has to go on, and at high speed too.

I hear bad news about my old mare. She was killed by a shell while I was away, on July 5th. She had been an awfully good pal to me, and we had

some good times together, and I think that her name should be put in the Roll of Honour.

Warham, the servant of Storey, of the 13th Division Train, was blown up by a shell yesterday in his dugout along the cliff. He was a good chap, and for a short time had been my servant at Bulford.

There has been but little shelling our way to-day—in fact, everything seems extraordinarily quiet.

At 6 p.m. we go down to the breakwater to bathe, and I find Frank Edey there, and other Bulford pals. And then, wonder of wonders, whom should I run into but my friend of many years, the versatile Gordon Findlay-Smith. The last time that I saw him was in Piccadilly Circus on December 22nd, while motoring. We looked at each other in amazement, and then burst out laughing. He has been here ten days, and is in a beastly place which is shelled every day, namely the Ordnance depot.

8 p.m.

The night falls quicker now, but with the same lovely colouring, and a full moon is shining.

July 28th.

See my friends of the 13th Division this morning. At twelve noon high explosive shells come over our camp and kill six fine horses.

4 p.m.

On duty at Main Supply depot, and ugh! beastly high explosive shells come over. One bursts in Ordnance depot and blows two men to bits. Very glad when I am off duty, but I would rather be here than in Alexandria.

My Brigade has been away at Lemnos resting, but comes back to-night. Nothing much has been done since the battle of June 29th, which I saw, except the French have straightened their line in accordance with our move.

Everything is very quiet; even the French “75’s” hardly fire a shot; but something big is afoot. Three of our companies have their horse lines dug in at the foot of the cliff in the lower road, half-way between “W” Beach and the bakery, past the Greek camp; and the cliff, which is higher than in most

places, affords almost perfect protection for the animals. Officers and men live there, but it is not a very sanitary spot to live in, what with the manure and the flies and the heat. Occasionally, to make the atmosphere more savoury, a dead horse or mule is washed ashore, after having floated about for several days.

Most of the animals which die or are killed are towed out to sea and there sunk, either by the firing of bullets into the carcass or by stones fastened to their legs. Many carcasses are, however, in spite of all precautions, washed ashore, causing great unpleasantness to all near who are living dug into the cliff-side. One such decaying carcass this morning, lying on the water's edge half submerged, aroused the ire of a Staff Officer, who immediately strafed the officer living in the cliff-side nearest to the place where it lay. He was politely told that "The Navy are responsible for everything up to high-water mark," and of course could strafe no more. But the poor old Navy have their hands pretty full, keeping the seas open for we on shore, and it is rather hard lines on them to add to their heavy responsibilities the keeping of the shores and beaches clear of washed-up carcasses of poor old mules and horses who have died for their country.

Now and again a dead mule or horse is buried on land, but we still, after over three months' effort, are holding such a small bit of land that room is very scarce and a burial-ground for animals is out of the question.

July 29th.

A hot day, rather gusty and dusty, and of course not a cloud in the sky.

My Brigade is back from Lemnos, and is along the cliffs of the West Coast with H.Q. at the mouth of the gully or the now famous nullah. West Coast cliffs now absolutely honeycombed with dugouts, arranged in terraces as far as possible. The whole tip of the Peninsula is alive and teeming with troops and followers of all nationalities—British, French, Senegalese, Greeks, Arabs, Sudanese, Hindus, Gurkhas, Punjabis, and Sikhs.

13th Division now moving off the Peninsula.

Poor old Findlay up to his eyes in ordnance; fortunately he was away when shell burst in his compound yesterday. He says, "Gott strafe the Kaiser!" from morning to night.

Only half a dozen high explosive shells come over our way to-day, but inland Turkish artillery has been fairly active, but nothing much doing on the front. Aeroplanes busily humming overhead. Beaches very busy, with all kinds and manner of work day and night.

Meet Fulford, pal of Birmingham hockey days, a few years ago, and again of Salisbury Plain days of 1914, now a chaplain in the 40th Brigade, 13th Division. Having tea with him to-morrow. He tapped me on the shoulder on "W" Beach, saying, "Thanks very much for the gloves, Gillam." I borrowed a pair of gloves from him on November 14th, had lost them, had sent him another pair, and he had forgotten to write and thank me. I had not seen or heard from him until to-day.

Observation balloon up, captive to a steamer off the Gully Beach, but little or no artillery firing on our part.

13th Division of Kitchener's Army have had their baptism, but in defence, not attack; Turks had a taste of what Kitchener's Army is like.

I believe in after-years the name of Kitchener will be wreathed in a blaze of glory that will dim the lustre of all other famous names in our history. Not only will we beat the enemy with the splendid troops his genius has created, but if his spirit still endures in the nation after the war, we shall defy the world for all time, and in that way form an impregnable barrier to the mad ambitions of other States.

July 30th.

Ride my new horse to-day along to the gully (nullah) and see Brigadier-General Cayley. Awfully pretty at the gully, with cliffs honeycombed with H.Q. and terraces leading to them. Brigade now almost up to full strength again, and Tommies enjoying bathing and domestic duties. Tommy is a most lovable animal sometimes. Met Panton, who is now D.A.D.M.S. to Division. He was wounded in the leg in May, but is now quite fit. Talked of those early days. Also see Fulford again. Come along top road on cliff with Major O'Hara and Major Collier as far as "X" Beach, when we ride down and finish the ride back to "W" Beach walking along the lower road, for much traffic was passing and going. Heavy shelling on "W" Beach from high explosive gun on Achi, but most burst into the sea. Plenty of fire to-day.





COAST LINE, CAPE HELLES.



A VIEW OF THE GULLY, CAPE HELLES, LOOKING TOWARDS THE ENEMY LINES.

I think the 13th Division are going to attempt a landing up the coast soon, but news is very scarce. Whatever is on is being kept very secret. Hear that about five enemy submarines have been caught out here in nets stretched between two drifters, and blown up on contact. Only a rumour though. The Navy keep very “mum” about these things. I think one submarine has actually been brought into Malta.

Aeroplane falls into the sea; pilot and observer safe, and both picked up. It glided down beautifully.

I learn that a French ship was torpedoed while I was away, but none of the crew was drowned, and ship was empty of supplies.

Findlay-Smith came to dinner. Awfully amusing hearing him grouching about the shelling, just as he used to grouse in the old days about such a thing as a train being held up between Clapham Junction and Waterloo. It is topping dining in our “bivvy” listening to the gentle wash of the waves, and after dinner enjoying the view of the sun setting behind Imbros, while we smoke and have coffee. Guns from Asia seem to have been silenced. Cannot see any signs of life on the plain of Troy, which looks pretty peaceful meadow land! Can see it in detail from here. They must have observing stations there, and see all that we are doing, and hence the shelling of “W” Beach.

Farmer, Neave, and Balfour, of the 88th Brigade Staff, have been sent home invalided. Hear that there is to be a new landing further up, but when, I don't quite know, and that this time we shall land quite six Divisions. I predicted in the early days that 250,000 men would be found necessary to make this job a success; and troops which have come and gone, and are coming, nearly reach this figure. It is surprising what a little bit of land we are on, just as if it was a small corner of the Isle of Wight.

Fancy being able to take in at a glance our front lines and the Turkish lines, Krithia, the West Coast, the Dardanelles, and Asia's mountains, and the formidable position of Achi Baba, with its supporting ridges on either side. That is what we can do with the naked eye from the edge of the cliffs on either side of “W” Beach. And over three months have now passed since we landed.

July 31st.

While issuing this morning at depot, high explosive shells come over from Achi. They burst in different places, searching the beach. One bursts near Way's depot, and one man and two mules are hit, the man badly. Next one on aerodrome. An interval of two or three minutes passes between the arrival of each shell.

Shortly after the one had burst near Way's depot, I, standing with issuers, drivers, G.S. wagons, A.T. carts, N.C.O.'s and ration parties all around me, hear the shriek of one coming straight at me, for it shrieks too long. Those who say that, if killed by a shell, one never hears the shriek of the shell that hits one, are quite mistaken—that is to say, when being shelled by one, two, or three guns at a time. In a bombardment, of course, the din is so deafening that you can't tell which shell is addressed to you and which is not—and after a bit you don't much care. A deafening explosion and dense smoke, dust, and stones, and I find myself locked in the arms of a transport driver with my face buried in the stomach of a fat sergeant, and mules kicking all round. Not a man hit, and the shell five yards away. The nearest I have ever had. It had burst in a mound of soft earth and right deep in the ground, and that saved us. I look up, and all the others get sheepishly to their feet, and I get out another cigarette and smoke. I smoked six of them hard, and tried to be facetious and to pretend that I did not care, but not one man there could have been in a more miserable cowardly funk than I was, while waiting for the next, which, however, gave us a long miss.

Later in the morning we got a few high explosive shells from Achi. One pitched clean on the roof of our signal offices, which is a timbered erection, sand-bagged, and proof against splinter only. There the clerks work, tap-tap-tap and buz-buz-buz to and from all over the Peninsula, messages being sent and received every minute, almost all the day and night, like a central telegraph office in London. Down came the shrieking thing: a deafening report; splinters of timber, torn sand-bags, dust, stones, and smoke fly into the air, and then silence. A pause, and men rush, not away, but to the ruined office. Nine men and one Signal Officer have been killed outright. Several wounded are carried up the cliff to the hospital. Operators immediately get to work connecting up the severed wires to new instruments. Improvised tables are put in position. In half an hour a wire is sent off to G.H.Q. that all is "O.K.," and tap-tap, buz-buz is heard once more, tapping and buzzing

busily away, not for a weekly wage, but—for the King. It was a near thing for old Findlay in his office, twenty yards away.

I rowed to a submarine this afternoon and went aboard. Delightful sitting on deck and chatting to the Captain. He has just heard good news from Persia, and we are all cheery. Go up to Brigade H.Q., Gully Beach, and have tea, and chat to battalions in rest on cliff-sides. While away, hear shells from Achi screeching overhead for “W” Beach, and feel therefore quite safe. The Ordnance had it this afternoon.

AUGUST

August 1st.

ARTILLERY duels go on again to-day, and several high explosive shells come over while I am on duty at the Main Supply depot. This afternoon I am drawing forage for to-morrow's issue to the Division. We draw men's rations for the same day's issue at six o'clock in the morning, and forage at four in the afternoon before.

Greek labour loads the wagons with the oats, maize, and hay, which carry the forage three hundred yards away to our depot of four dumps. When shelling is on the gang of thirty to forty Greeks melts away, and often, when at work checking each wagon, one finds when one looks round but ten Greeks left. Then it is necessary to hunt round behind and in amongst the large high and wide stacks of grain and hay, where the missing Greeks are to be found quietly hiding here and there in twos and threes. Some are very good at sticking to the work, more so the boys (as young as fifteen) and the elderly men, some of whom are quite benevolent-looking.

This afternoon, one or two shells coming close to us, it was necessary for me to stop work for fifteen minutes to make sure that no more were coming, and to place the mules with their wagons behind the stacks of hay, which afford perfect protection. I have never yet seen a shell penetrate a wide stack of trusses of compressed hay. A pause—no shells—and out we pop from our hiding-places like rabbits, and load busily away once more. It is really funny. Like a game of hide and seek.

Panton dines with us to-night, but I have to leave immediately after dinner, for I am again on duty at the depot drawing extra supplies. These are now being drawn nightly, to form a reserve depot in the gully, but a little way up from Gully Beach, to be ready for us in case we advance.

As I walk across the high ground on the left of "W" Beach looking towards Achi, I hear the booming of a Turkish gun, and instinctively I know that the shell is addressed either to me or in my direction, and accordingly

fling myself to the ground in a manner to rival the best stage fall. The usual sound of the sky being rent in two is followed by a deafening explosion, and dust and stones fall on top of me. The smoke blown my way makes me cough.

I arrive at my depot; a man runs up and reports that the shell has hit a dugout in which three of our supply loaders live. I send a man back for Panton, and start to run across to the dugout. I hear the heavens torn asunder again. I fall flat behind boxes. The beastly thing bursts in the hay. I wonder if the farmers at home ever realized how we would bless their compressed trusses of hay, as protection from shell fire. I run to the dugout. Two men are lying dead. One man, wounded, is being carried away by his comrades. Panton, who has arrived, takes their identity discs. One cannot be recognized but for his identity disc. I go over to depot and continue my job of seeing the wagons loaded. I go to mount my horse. As I am about to put my foot in the stirrup I hear again the boom of a gun. I feel jumpy and duck. I hear a laugh. It is from a driver. It is dark and he can't see who I am—or my blushes—for the boom I heard was from a friendly heavy French gun over by Morto Bay. I ride round the top road with Cooke, who is waiting for me behind the dugout a little way up the West Coast.

We speculate upon the reason why the advanced depot is being formed in the gully. If the landing further up is successful, then the Turks are bound to retire from before Achi, and the hill will at last be ours. At last! We must therefore be prepared for an immediate advance. Hence the advanced depot.

We arrive at the gully, riding on to the beach down the winding road. It is a beautiful starlight night. The gully and its slopes are illuminated by a host of little lights from the dugouts of various H.Q. signal stations, dressing stations, etc., all unseen by the enemy; but from the sea they look like the lights of a small fishing town nestling in the shelter of gorse-covered irregular cliffs. I call at Brigade H.Q. and then at a dressing station, where some cheery R.A.M.C. fellows give me a whisky and soda. Afterwards I accompany Cooke, who is in charge of a convoy to fetch ammunition, up to Pink Farm. We ride up the high road on to the high land, and after being stopped now and again by the “‘Alt, ’oo are you?” of a sentry, arrive at the ammunition depot near Pink Farm, in Trafalgar Square. There we load up with ammunition, which we cart along Artillery Road, meeting the gully half-way, dip down, and, our loads disposed of, we ride back home, arriving

there at 2 a.m. Cooke persuades me to stop at his dugout and have a “nightcap,” which I do.

He has built for himself a nice cosy room, dug in on the cliff-side. Sitting there in the early hours of the morning, I am reminded of that whisky and soda most men enjoy at 2 o'clock in the morning when arriving home from a dance. He has made a dug-out stable for his horse, and invites me to leave mine there for the night, to save me the fag of taking him back to his lines, and to enable me to take the shortcut back to the dugout, which is but a little way along the cliff towards “W” Beach. I therefore tie up my horse, water him, and give him a little hay, and go back along the cliff to bed.

August 2nd.

I am up at 6 a.m. on duty at the depot, drawing men's rations from the main supply for to-day's issue. I pass our lines and find my horse, which I had left at Cooke's stable last night, standing in his proper place again. He had disagreed with my leaving him in a strange stable and had found his way back to his own lines and into his proper place by some means only known to horses. A horse is not such a fool as some people imagine.

On account of shelling, I have lately managed to get my issuing of rations to units all finished by 9.30 a.m., and to-day, no sooner had I finished than over the brutes came. There is a lot of artillery work about to-day, and we have pushed a little in a very small part of our centre, just to straighten a bulge in our line. Three cruisers have been in action up off the coast above “Y” Beach, bombarding the Turkish right part of line, and right over the Peninsula on to Asia. It is nice to hear the sound of the guns of battleships again, but I do not think that their guns do the damage against positions on land that I imagined they would do before this campaign. The trajectory of their shells is too low, especially considering the geographical formations on this Peninsula, which provides good cover everywhere for the enemy. There is great anticipation in the air about this coming landing, but nobody knows when and where it is to take place.

August 3rd.

Aviatik aeroplane comes over this morning and drops a few bombs. Later in the day high explosive howitzer shells come over from Asia. Heavy

artillery duels now going on. Everything the same, but shelling a bit heavier on “W” Beach.

We hope each day that the great fight will come soon and end this show, but each day seems the same as yesterday, and we can only anticipate that to-morrow will be the same as to-day.

Two officers buried in dugout at Supply depot by shell this morning. Both rescued and carried off to hospital. Shells over all the time we are issuing, and it is terribly trying, as there is absolutely no cover for us, and we, of course, have to stick it.

Our S.S.O., Major Shorto, just managed to get behind stack of hay in time, out of the way of an “Asiatic Annie.” Two cruisers come up in the afternoon and heavily shell left of Achi Baba with broadside after broadside, and it is encouraging to hear their welcome boom.

After dinner I ride over to Gully Beach with Cooke and Petro, via top road. Not much fun riding by day now.

Very quiet in front, but at 10 p.m. firing begins, and we can distinctly hear the explosions of those terrible weapons—bombs. It dies down after a while.

August 4th.

Perfect, calm sea; hot day. The big gun at Achi Baba left us alone while issuing this morning, but in its place a howitzer on Asiatic side kept us alive and steadily dropped shells around us. Phew! I am glad when that morning issuing is over, for every morning regularly now we are shelled.

Later in morning, she tried dropping them on edge of cliff, and reached once or twice. Not much damage, and a howitzer gives plenty of warning. But one cannot so easily gauge where their shells are going to drop as with the other guns.

2 o'clock.

Shelling by big guns from Achi has now started, and they are dropping on the beach, and everybody is taking cover for dear life. Now howitzer from Asia is joining in. Nothing much happened to-day, except heavy

artillery duels, and with the anniversary of the war we find ourselves not much further forward than we were two months ago.

August 5th.

Another hot, depressing, monotonous and nervy day. Was officer of the day at the Supply depot, and, as usual, shells came over. A fuse whizzed near our heads with a most weird singing noise. French battleship at entrance bombarded Asia, and two British cruisers on West Coast bombarded Achi.

Something big is going to happen soon. I may add that this sentence has been passed from mouth to mouth for the last week, and if that something does not happen soon we shall all be in a devil of a fix on this tiny little tip of the Peninsula.

So dangerous has it now become to walk about in the open that a communication trench has been dug from "X" Beach right to the firing-line, and so troops landing on "W" Beach can walk round the road at the foot of cliffs and straight up this trench to fire-trenches. Most of the transport by day goes by this road, only venturing in the open on high land by night.

Our depot, however, still remains in the same place, exposed to and ranged on by enemy's guns, with the result that we get shelled regularly every day, and the sigh of relief that will go up to heaven when we have orders to move will echo from Asia to the Ægean.

Ride up to Gully Beach with Cooke and Farquhar and see Brigade, and after, ride up the gully and across to Pink Farm. Nothing doing on front. We enjoy the ride and exercise. Devilish difficult getting a decent ride nowadays. At Pink Farm, bullets as usual chanting their pinging song.

On the way back a Monitor up the coast starts firing heavily, making a huge flash, lighting up for a big distance the sky and land, a roar like a crash of thunder immediately following.

August 6th.

On duty at 6 a.m. at Supply depot. Several shells come over at the shipping, but none into our depot, shrieking overhead like lost spirits.

Distant sounds of heavy bombardment going on up north, and one man said that he saw through glasses shrapnel bursting up the coast ten miles away. If so, a landing probably is being attempted at Suvla Bay.

Ammunition ship with an evidently damned fool of a captain comes in at two o'clock in broad daylight, and of course gets shelled. Pretty good shooting on part of Mr. Turk, and ship gets several narrow shaves. The vessel then backs out towards two hospital ships, and these of course get nearly hit, one shell going right over one of them. The ship finally gets away after being clumsily handled; but it is bad form to back near a hospital ship. The hospital ships lie off here night and day, well within range of the Turkish batteries, which never fire on them unless a supply or ammunition ship goes near.

2 o'clock.

A heavy bombardment on our part has started. We have again begun to hammer at the doors of the Dardanelles. The sound is not unlike thousands of men beating big drums, with thousands of trains running through tunnels. The bombardment is heavier than anything previous, and is concentrated on our left centre in front of Krithia. A few French batteries are joining in, and all the British and two Monitors, the *Raglan* and the *Abercrombie*, and a light cruiser, with several destroyers, open fire as well.

The 14-inch guns of the Monitors make an ear-splitting row when they fire, and the bursting shell throws up a column of smoke and dust quite 300 feet into the air. One was plumping them in and about Krithia, and the other on the west ridge of Achi Baba.

A field battery of the Turks opens fire on one of the Monitors just off where we are sitting, and we are rather amused at their efforts; yet imagine our surprise when one of their shells actually hits the Monitor, the *Raglan*, without doing any more damage than denting her a little, at least as far as we can see. We hear the sound of the shell hitting her armour.

An accident which might have proved serious occurs shortly after. The Monitor fired one of her guns, and almost simultaneously the other gun, which is depressed, fires, and the shell strikes the water, then ricochets off on to Gully Beach, exploding, killing one man and wounding six.

The bombardment died down somewhat at four, and increased its range, and then there burst out the undertone of rifle fire, sounding like hundreds of carts rolling over cobbled stones, with the spasmodic pop-pops of the machine guns. Later we catch glimpses of little khaki figures charging towards Turkish trenches in front of Krithia. All this time Krithia is getting fair hell from our guns. At six, firing dies down to spasmodic gun and rifle fire.

At the time of writing I hear that my Brigade, the 88th, have distinguished themselves, especially the Essex, and that two lines of trenches have been captured.

At dusk the destroyers, Monitors and the cruisers have gone home, and the aeroplanes to roost.

During the fight I notice lots of shrapnel shells bursting behind Anzac, so no doubt the Australians and New Zealanders are fighting as well. And in the distance, though it is difficult to see, I saw several white puffs of shrapnel bursting.

It is now a cool evening, with a bit of a wind, and spasmodic firing is going on inland.

Saw Finlay in evening and then turned in.

August 7th.

Up at six a.m. and ride out towards Brigade H.Q., but the Turks have started to heavily bombard our lines, and we are replying, so I postpone my visit, for Pink Farm and the Krithia road are getting it badly.

At 9 a.m., Monitors, destroyers, and cruisers come and join in the bombardment, which continues all the morning.

At 2 p.m. I ride up with Phillips to Pink Farm, and leaving our horses, we walk up the communication trench to Brigade H.Q. Bullets very free overhead, and we keep our heads low. R.M.L.I. going up to the trenches. Some of them look quite young boys, and all look hot and tired and serious.

I find the Brigade have gone back to Gully Beach. We were badly cut up in yesterday's battle. Day and Black have gone, good pals of mine, both

killed. This is the most horrible side of war. They were so merry and bright along the beach a few days ago. It seems that all the best go.

Come back to Pink Farm, passing Jennings going up. Turkish attack starts, and our artillery gets on to them, but they still come on determinedly, and seem very cocksure of themselves.

Ride over to Gully Beach and see remnants of the Brigade along cliffs again. What a change to two days ago! Tommies cooking their meals, talking over yesterday's battle and pals that have been killed. I look for Day and Black instinctively, but of course in vain. The beach looks blank and depressing. Algy Wood is still there, however; wonderful man, been through everything and not been hit, and thank God for it. Poor old 88th!

Come back to "W" Beach and find them shelling us, just to show us they are still very much alive.

Hear that another landing has taken place, and was successful, at Suvla Bay.

Artillery duels and rifle fire still continue. Destroyers make a dash up Straits as far as just above De Tott's Battery, and have a bit of a duel with land batteries. Shrapnel playing all over them.

I think fighting will go on steadily here now with no more delay, for it is vital to the Allies that the Dardanelles be forced, and when they are forced, good-bye to Turk, and Germany look out! We have got to get all our own back—and more.

8 p.m.

Very heavy rifle fire opens, and Turkish attack takes place. Just what we want; they might just as well run their heads against a brick wall, but no doubt they think that they will eventually break through our line and round us up, or drive us into the sea.

August 8th.

Rather a stormy day. Not much shelling on "W" Beach.

One can see plainly through glasses where the new landing has taken place; hospital ships, transports, destroyers, and three battleships are off

there. Rumour hath it that the landing was successful, and that they are advancing across the Peninsula. Heavy firing goes on all day from batteries on shore and warships on sea, answered but feebly by Turkish batteries, which, however, do not fail to pay their usual unwelcome attention to "W" Beach.

A Turkish battleship, on the way down here to support land forces, was sunk to-day by one of our submarines, which is a great event.

Heavy artillery fire goes on to-night on our left.

August 9th.

Usual shelling, and some nasty ones amongst them.

Ride up the gully and have a good gallop on a new little horse with Williams.

Afternoon.

Can see new landing through glasses. Gorse there seems on fire. Transports very busy going to and fro on horizon.

Ride up the gully along the top road at night with Cooke, and have a chat with a few Irish R.A.M.C. pals.

Artillery duels on our front all day. Hear that in addition to Turkish battleship being sunk, also Turkish gunboat and empty transport. Submarine also opened fire on Turkish battalions marching on shore. Our submarine commanders are "some" lads.

Heavy firing from battleships goes on all night up north. Good rumours come in from time to time that the new landing forces have captured the hills in front of them and Anafarta, and are overlooking the Straits the other side. If this is so, then this show will be over in a few weeks.

August 10th.

Very quiet on this front, but a little shelling as usual on to "W" Beach. Went up the gully in the afternoon. Brigade still in rest there. Shells come over to Gully Beach.

Cruiser firing up coast again. Turks attack at 8 p.m., and again at 11.30 p.m.

August 11th.

Slight intermittent shelling on beaches and roads from Turks all day.

Afternoon.

French battleship *Saint-Louis* takes up position off our part of the coast, but before she fires, Turkish batteries open fire on her and one shell hits her, and through glasses I see something catching fire and men running. Fire extinguished. Battleship manœuvres for fresh position, and having taken it up, fires with all her 6-inch guns on west of Achi Baba. All the while heavy fighting is going on, on our right, by French.

New landing has now linked hands with Anzac, and is three and a half miles inland.

Our troops at the new landing are not moving as fast as was at first expected, but reports are that Kitchener's Army are fighting magnificently.

The Indian Brigade unfortunately had to give ground last night, but not of much consequence.

I semaphore a message from the beach to McArthur on a submarine, and submarine smartly picks it up and acknowledges. It is from a lady friend, from whom I have just received a letter, to a friend of McArthur's.

On the way back a shell comes near; goes right through the roof of D.A.Q.M.G.'s office as I was passing, and penetrates the earth wall on far side while D.A.Q.M.G. is writing at his desk. It did not explode, and he was most fortunately unhurt. Afterwards, he said that he dropped his pencil with surprise.

August 12th.

A fairly quiet day. Rode with Hyslop to the gully. Hardly any shelling on "W" Beach, and what shells did come over were only "poop-squeaks," the majority not bursting. I suppose the Turks are taking the artillery away from here to positions against our men at Suvla. Aeroplanes buzzing about as usual this end, and one of the "E" type submarines comes down from the

Straits. But the Navy keeps things dark, and since the last submarine stunt we have heard nothing.

Destroyers off "W" coast find a target on west ridge of the hill. Findlay-Smith comes to dinner.

August 13th.

Very hot, and a calm sea. Not much shelling, but a few "poop-squeaks" fall in Supply depot; one man wounded. Shelling seems to be dying away.

Rode to the gully to Cregan. On duty at depot in the afternoon.

Fighting last night in centre and again this morning. Noticed very big explosions in Turkish trenches on their right, throwing earth and smoke quite 300 feet. On inquiry found that they were our trench mortars at work, throwing 100 lb. shells. That will shake things up a bit.

Very quiet night.

August 14th.

On duty at depot at 6 a.m. Very quiet, no shelling. Wonderfully quiet altogether now: hardly a rifleshot.

Rode up to the Gully Beach, and then rode out with Mathias to Pink Farm and walked up the trench to Brigade H.Q. Hardly a shell, and only a few bullets. What is happening? Anyway, it is nice for us, and it is a relief to be able to ride about in safety.

Found Way at H.Q., and also saw Thomson once more. Was very glad to see him. Rode with Way back to the gully, passing old Butler asleep under a tree. Told him that a shell would soon pitch on his "tummy"; to which he replied, "It is all right: the Turks think I'm a mule."

Call on Munster Fusiliers beyond Gully Beach in dugouts on cliff, half way to Shrapnel Point, and have tea with Geddes and Nightingale. We passed General de Lisle superintending the building of a new pier off Gully Beach.

Have a nice canter home. After dinner a Turkish four-gun battery on Asiatic side fires over a salvo of high explosives, followed by another and another in quick succession. It was a surprise to us, but did not last long, as

our friends the Monitors got on to them, on which I suppose they limbered up and bolted. I hope they will not do it in the middle of the night. The shells burst in the Arabs' camp beyond the aerodrome, causing them to clear, making a row like a panic-stricken poultry yard.

No news from the north.

10.30 p.m.

Turkish battery at Yen-i-Shehr again starts firing salvos, very rapidly, and shells, four at a time, come over in succession. Shells almost reach "W" Beach, and, anticipating their arrival near us, Phillips and I curse, and have to get up and leave our tent and go to dugout. Suddenly a great flash over the sky behind Rabbit Island is noticed, and shortly afterwards a great bursting flame behind Yen-i-Shehr. A very awe-inspiring sight. After quite a pause, there follows a great peal of thunder—rumbling on—which ends with a great crash. This happens once or twice, when the Turkish battery shuts up.

It is the Monitor behind Rabbit Island firing its great gun. The whole incident was like a few naughty boys throwing stones at a house, the owner of which telephones to the police (the Monitor behind Rabbit Island), who without delay take effective measures to stop the nuisance. It was really nothing more than a nuisance, and gained no military advantage for the Turk.

August 15th.

A very windy day, almost a Gallipoli gale blowing down land, and in consequence dust-storms start as usual.

Two guns on Achi start firing towards our tents. Why? Lord knows, for there is nothing here to fire at but our tents, and those can't be seen by them. They do no harm, but are a beastly nuisance, as we keep on having to duck. The wind is so strong that we do not hear them coming till they are right on to us.

After lunch I ride along the top road with Carver, and dipping down on to Gully Beach, ride up the gully a little way, and turn off to the left into a ravine, where we leave our horses. Climbing up the cliffs, we call at the mess of Major Gibbon's battery, where tea is awaiting in a delightful

summer-house surrounded with rocks and shrubbery. Duff is there, and Monro too. The battery is in position a few yards away in an artfully hidden spot, never as yet having been discovered by the enemy. Out to sea a small cruiser is in action, firing on a target on the left of Achi Baba. A Turkish battery on the extreme right is in action against her, recording a few hits, without causing much damage, but making it necessary for the cruiser to manœuvre constantly for a fresh position.

Heavy firing occurs in the night, and the enemy strongly attack the Anzacs, with no success.

August 16th.

Having been invited to breakfast with the Hampshires, who are up the line, I ride up to the nullah in front of Pink Farm and leave my horse there, where he is given his breakfast. On arrival at the Brigade H.Q. at the end of the long trench—or the mule-track, as we now call it—I am given a guide of the Royal Scots, who, however, has difficulty in finding the battalion H.Q. We wander about awhile before we reach our destination, reminding me of an endeavour to thread a way through Hampton Court maze. Up one long winding trench my guide puzzles me somewhat by the remark, “‘B’ trench, sir, but not a bee-line.” At first I am puzzled as to what he is driving at, but gradually it dawns on me that he is cracking with difficulty an obtuse Scottish joke, occasioned by the long winding walk up the trench, which I notice is called “B” Communication Trench.

Battalion H.Q. found at last. I have an excellent breakfast of hot cocoa, sardines, bread and jam, and at the end of the meal I am taken up to do a tour of the line. First we make a visit to the battalion H.Q. of the Essex, where I see Algy Wood and Colonel Rice; then I am shown the cookhouse of the Hampshires. Owing to a curiously small and deep ravine, it has not been found necessary to dig trenches here. Instead, communication trenches lead off from the small nullah, only a hundred and fifty yards away from our front line, in five different directions, like streets leading off from a circus. We pass up that part of the communication trench leading to the line which the Hampshires are holding. On arrival here I am greeted with a wave of sickening odour, a blend of decaying bodies and chloride of lime. The scene in the first-line trench is alive with interest; there officers and men are on the alert. Every four yards men are standing on the fire-steps

looking out through periscopes, held in their hands or fixed to rifles. Others are cleaning up the floors or sides of the trench, as the parlour-maid would the room of a house. Others are improving parapets, levelling the sides and floors of the trench. A few are still at breakfast—one I noticed consisting of two fried eggs, a piece of steak, bread and honey, and hot tea.

I am taken up a sap by one of the officers on duty in the front line, a cheery young man named Moore, who has recently won the V.C. At the sap-head, looking through a periscope, I see not fifty yards away in front a sap-head jutting out from a Turkish trench. Turning the periscope round from left to right, I see a sight which fills me with sorrow. I see lying in all postures—some alone, some in groups of three to six—the dead bodies of brave British Tommies, who a fortnight ago were alive and well, merry and bright, enjoying the bathing off Gully Beach. They had lost their lives in the battle of August 6th, and had never even had the satisfaction of reaching Turkish territory. After the battle our positions in the “H” trenches (as this part of the line is termed) remained unchanged from what they were before; but hundreds of brave men had gone forth from there never to return, and I am afraid few became prisoners.

The end of the sap in which I am standing is protected from enemy bombs by a roof of wire-netting. A drain pipe penetrates the earth at the end of the sap, with its mouth filled by a rolled up empty sand-bag. For my benefit this is taken out, and looking through, I see quite close to me the corpse of one of our brave fellows, blackened by exposure. Efforts will be made to recover some of these bodies as soon as opportunity allows. Looking further ahead through the pipe, I have a good view of the Turkish front line. A sentry is sitting beside the pipe, and at intervals he removes the sand-bag from the mouth, carefully looking out for any activity on the part of the Turk. I prefer to look through a periscope, and take it up once more. Not being used to them, I raise it too high, my arms appearing above the parapet. A thoughtful Tommy alongside of me gently pulls my arms down behind the cover of the sand-bags. The Turkish sniper is always on the lookout for the careless, who expose themselves even a few inches, and is often clever in getting a bull’s-eye at the first shot. However, one through the arm would be luck. What could be better than the pleasure of lurching at Ciro’s with an arm in a sling from a wound? I take a careful survey of the Turkish line, running along a gentle rise in front of me, and after a while, I

notice a shovel lifted over the parapet and a spray of earth thrown over, and this happens several times. A Turk at work, probably improving his fire-step.

As I go back into the front line, I notice that at intervals we have fixed into the sand-bagged parapet iron plates, with little holes punctured in them, protected by a small shield hanging on a hinge like the shield to a keyhole. Through these holes, when necessary, our men place their rifles, firing with good protection to themselves. I am shown our catapults for throwing bombs, almost the same as the ancient weapons of Rome. Also trench mortars, funny squat cannons with short, wide, gaping mouths. Occasionally during the tour bullets come over. They “zip” over up here, and “ping” with a long ring further back over the roads behind our line. Now and again they strike our parapet, sounding like the blow of a great brick thrown with a great force. The trenches are full of flies, hot and stuffy, with ever that sickly smell of the dead and chloride of lime, but fortunately quite dry and very clean. And the men are merry and keen, and delighted to show round one who seldom enters a trench and is ignorant of the life spent there.

Evening.

It has been very quiet during the day, but a few shells came over to “W” Beach; most of them did not explode.

August 17th.

It is a wonderfully clear day and we can see the Asiatic side and the plains of Troy in vivid detail. Some 6-inch shells come over from Asia to “W” Beach this morning, and after lunch we receive a few more, one, very close to our bivouac, falling into the sea and throwing up a large waterspout.

August 18th.

So far it has been a very quiet morning, not a single shell on the beach. The other day one of our machines dropped bombs on a Turkish transport in the Sea of Marmora, sinking her. One of our transports on the way to Suvla has been sunk, and nearly a thousand lives lost. Rumour now whispers that the Suvla Bay landing has not been as successful as was at first thought. But

we learn that many more troops are being landed. We are still hoping for victory, which so far we have not tasted. Dismal news reaches us from Suvla. A Naval officer just returning from there informs us that we are digging in hard a line at the foot of the hills, and that the Turks are also doing likewise. Also, we must now face a winter campaign. No comment is necessary as to our feelings. We are shelled a little at night, but are too tired and bored to bother, and so go to sleep. I am still sleeping in a tent with Phillips, and if a shell does hit us clean while we are asleep it is of no consequence, for then we shan't wake up the next morning with another awful day before us to live.

August 19th.

Before breakfast this morning I ride up the West Coast road, my mount being fresh and lively, enjoying to the full the canter I give him up to Artillery Road. The ride along that road beats so far any ride I have ever had for enjoyment. The soft going, though it may be rather dusty; the view—the sea on the left, Imbros shrouded at her feet by blue-grey mist, the sound of the waves gently lapping the shore on the road below; the view in front, of stately and formidable Achi Baba and of the mountains of Asia, with now and again a glimpse of the blue waters of the Dardanelles on the right. All is quiet; I might be miles from war, and yet I am in the centre of war on a large scale, concentrated in an area that would be lost on Salisbury Plain. To obtain an idea of on how large a scale the war on this little tip of land is, as far as fighting is concerned, one has only to compare our casualties here up to now with those of the South African War. And now we have Suvla Bay, where six Divisions are on shore.

Passing the road leading down to Gully Beach, my horse shies badly as two 60-pounders in action on the cliff overlooking the beach fire over our heads. These 60-pounders have moved forward from their original position on the cliff by the beach, much to our satisfaction, for they were too near our bivouac, and a 60-pounder is a noisy toy.

I ride down from Artillery Road, and turning to the right, ride up the foot of the beautiful gully, now more honeycombed than ever with dugouts and terraces and flights of steps. Leaving my horse at a small camp near Bruce's Ravine—named after the gallant Colonel of the Gurkhas, who sailed on the same hospital ship in which I went to Alexandria in July, because of the

gallant and victorious fight the Gurkhas made for the capture of Gurkha Bluff, in the early days—I walk up this ravine, used as a mule-track, to the trenches up on the high ground on the left of the gully, forming the extreme left of our line. And after a short walk through a series of trenches forming our support line, I turn down a communication trench, which after a while brings me out on to a long and wide terrace overlooking “Y” Beach. “Y” Beach was the scene of a terrible fight between the K.O.S.B.’s and the enemy on April 25th, in which the K.O.S.B.’s were successful in effecting a landing, only to evacuate a day after. But how they landed there at all is a feat to be marvelled at, for the beach can hardly be called a beach. It is a narrow ravine, widening slightly at the water’s edge to a width of not more than a hundred yards, and flanked by steep, almost precipitous gorse-covered slopes to a height of 150 feet. Troops attempting to land on such a beach from small open boats could not be expected to even reach the shore; yet by the night these Scotsmen had conquered the heights and penetrated inshore. But their position was too precarious, and it was a wise move to order them to evacuate.

At the end of the terrace on the north side of the top of the ravine, my Brigade H.Q. is comfortably dug in, and it is a pleasure sitting there talking, with such a picturesque view to enjoy from the position. It is far the prettiest site our Brigade has had up to now for their Headquarters, and also convenient, for they are situated but a few hundred yards behind the front line.

As I am about to take my leave, four shrapnel shells come over from a Turkish battery on our extreme left, which burst low on the opposite slopes of the ravine, with the trenches of two regiments in reserve for a target. They are followed steadily by several salvos, one or two of the shells bursting in the air near our H.Q., and one in particular throwing a few bullets onto the ground at my feet, as I stand at the door of the General’s mess. The General invites me to step inside, saying, “Unless you want to get shot,” and gives me a topping breakfast of scrambled eggs on toast.

After breakfast I go back with Mathias and Arnold to Gully Beach and see 86th Brigade H.Q. and Sinclair Thomson, and then ride with Arnold to “W” Beach. Mathias and Arnold came to lunch, as a parcel had arrived, and we enjoyed the luxuries thereof.

After lunch I receive orders to go with 88th Brigade and 86th Brigade to the new landing. Way also under orders to go. So after nearly four months of hanging on to this tip of the Peninsula the poor old 29th Division is to leave and try its luck at the new landing, and Achi Baba still remains impregnable.

I look forward to the move with mixed feelings—relief at getting away from this end, and new feelings at the prospect of being more heavily shelled than we ever were here.

However, perhaps the move may be a successful one, and the end of the campaign in this area nearer than we think.

At 9 p.m. I go down to “W” Beach and make inquiries. As usual, nobody knows anything, and all is confusion. The piers are very congested with the baggage being shipped on to lighters, which are then towed out to trawlers. All such work, of course, has to be done after dark. At twelve, after making exhaustive inquiries and with no result, Way and I walk over to “V” Beach.

At the fort on the left of “V” Beach, looking shorewards, we find that a lot of Lancashire and Munster Fusiliers are taking shelter, as the Turks had been shelling the beach. We lie down just outside the fort on the stone floor and try to get some sleep. A perfect night, and as I look up at the stars I wonder what it was like here a year ago, when war had not devastated this land.

August 20th.

At 1.30 a.m. we get up and go down to the *River Clyde*. The *River Clyde* is now supporting a very fine pier that the French have constructed. The French are excellent people at organization. After waiting some time, an M.L.O. tells me that the 88th are not going till the following night, and so I say good-night to Way, who is going off with the 86th, and proceed to walk back the mile and a half to “W” Beach.

I take the wrong turning, inquire the way of a French soldier, who puts me wrong again, and I find myself in a perfect maze of French dugouts. Once in the maze, I have an awful job to get out, and after stumbling and falling about for some time, manage to find the road. Feeling very tired, I stumble along in and out of the shell holes, it being very dark, and at last I arrive at “W” Beach.

I find Major Blackburn, Camp Commandant, still at work in his office in a dugout on the side of the cliff, and he very kindly revives me with a whisky. It is now 3.30 a.m., and after chatting with him, he giving a most dismal and chilling outlook of Suvla Bay (20,000 casualties and only just hanging on to the low land), I go back to the tent. Have no bed, my kit having gone on. I lie down like a dog and sleep soundly till five o'clock, when I am awakened by the cold. I go out to try to get warm, and see the sun rise. The breath of the coming winter seems to be in the air. Phew! In winter we shall be washed off by rain, not driven off by the Turks.

I sleep again, and then have breakfast with Phillips. Heavy artillery duels all day and the Gully people get it badly—twelve men wounded.

I rest during the day, as I shall be up all night again to-night.

I wonder how many other people are keeping diaries on Gallipoli besides me. It would be interesting for me to read them, for they must all be told from far different points of view.

The impression the Gallipoli campaign has on the minds of the men in the trenches, by far the most important men in the machine of the Dardanelles Army, must be widely foreign to the impression made on the mind, for instance, of a lighterman. The man in the trenches, probably, if he has been to France, and many here have, sees no great difference from life in the trenches in the Ypres salient.

The A.S.C. baker views life here through quite differently coloured spectacles from the A.S.C. driver, the A.S.C. driver from the signal operator, the officer in the observation balloon from the M.O. of a regiment, the platoon commander from the M.L.O., the aviator to the gunner officer, the commander of a submarine from the veterinary officer; and yet each respective outlook on life, to each officer or man, is one of far more vital and of greater importance than all the views, opinions, thoughts, and actions of any of his comrades or neighbours, of any newspaper, or public opinion. It is for him his destiny. The carrying out of orders given to his particular self, though of seemingly little importance in comparison to the working of the large Army machine, is to him perhaps a matter of life or death. Death or grievous wounds may prevent him carrying out an order; in that event he will be excused, but while alive and effective, he must carry out that order to the letter.

The position that Destiny has placed him in, as part of the huge machine, controls his thoughts, actions, character and outlook on life. His daily work may bring him in a constant danger of sudden death, and he naturally views his life from the point of view of the probability of leaving it suddenly, and possibly in an awful manner. That constant thought usually makes a man braver than we would expect, for his will forces him to carry out to the letter his orders and rules his mind, which is fully aware of the danger he incurs in doing so. As well as making him braver, the thought decides his will to make the most of the pleasures of life that may pass his way, and as a result he is usually to be found of a cheery, optimistic nature, easily pleased and hard to depress. For optimists, go to the front-line trenches—or the Navy—and for pessimists, go to overworked administrative officers.



A VIEW OF THE PROMONTORY, SUVLA BAY, TAKEN FROM 29TH DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS.

The animals are just hidden from the enemy by the dip in the ground, while the high ground on the right of the picture is in full view of the enemy.

If it were possible for all ranks, from O.C. to private, in an army fighting in any certain campaign to keep an accurate diary of all they do and see, then there could be published a perfectly true record of the development and history of that campaign, so it is not possible, and never will be, for the truth of all happenings in that campaign to be known. And it never will be in any campaign. Hundreds of deeds, gallant, tragic, cowardly, and foolish, occur which are never, and can never be, recorded. When the daily Press, arm-chair critics in clubs, etc., criticize any statesman or Army Staff, they are simply talking hot air, for how is it possible for them to judge, when their source of information is as unreliable as a “W” Beach rumour? So why waste words? Much better go and do something useful, or shut up and go and hide. War is like a big game. This war we must win—or we shall lose.

If we lose, it is on too huge a scale to be through any man’s fault—it will be Destiny.

At 9.30 p.m. I walk over to “V” Beach again and find much more order there than last night. Our Brigade is moving off systematically from the pier alongside the *River Clyde*. I embark with the Essex on to a small trawler. Algy Wood is with me. We are a merry party. We cast off and steam out to a paddle-boat, which we come alongside, and make fast to tranship. We are packed very closely together. The skipper makes all the Tommies laugh by shouting through a megaphone, in a deep Naval drawl, to a small tug in the offing, “Finished with you, Jessie!” and off we steam north, for our unknown fate at Suvla Bay.

A Tommy expresses his feelings by the remark, “I don’t know where I am going to, but I shall be glad when I get there.”

So shall I. I take a farewell glance at the *River Clyde* and Sed-el-Bahr, and express the prayer that I shall not see either again during this war, and lie down on deck to sleep.

August 21st.

I awake at 2 a.m. and find a blaze of lights on our starboard, and so sleepy am I that for the life of me I cannot make out what is happening or where I am. There seem to be thousands of little fairy lamps, and at first I think that we are entering an English watering-place alongside an illuminated pier. Coming to my senses, I find that we are passing close to

three hospital ships, which are always illuminated at night, and entering a small bay. After a lot of manœuvring, we get off into lighters and are towed for a mile, coming finally alongside an improvised pier, where we disembark, thence on to a sandy beach, where inquiries are made as to our future. I go off in search of a Supply depot, but can only find one belonging to the 11th Division. The Brigade move off inland to a place called Chocolate Hill, the other side of a salt lake, and I lie down for an hour behind some hay.

I awake at 5 a.m., get up and shake myself and wander about, endeavouring to gain some information. I find Panton, with whom I go up on to the high ground behind the beach.

I learn that this is called "C" Beach. It is a small beach, flanked on its north side by a high rocky promontory called Lala Baba, the other side of which is Suvla Bay. Suvla Bay is in turn flanked on its north side by a high rocky promontory, jutting nearly two miles from the mainland into the sea. Where the bay washes the mainland, there starts a salt lake, looking like a large flat, sandy plain, evidently under water in the winter. In the background are high rocky hills, covered with gorse, looking beautiful in the early morning sun. At the foot, on the left and right of the Salt Lake, lies meadow land, with occasional clusters of olive groves. The hills on the promontory to the north of Suvla Bay continue in a range inland, curving round the low land immediately in front of us, when to the right of where I am standing they join and rise to a high peak called Sari Bair. Sari Bair, which commands the right of our line—for I learn we are on the low land—sweeps down to the Australians' position at Anzac or Gaba Tepe.

One or two smaller hills, from fifty to a hundred feet high, stand near to us, rising out of the low meadow and wooded land. Some are in our hands, and some are still Turkish. One hill in particular, lying at the other end of the Salt Lake, inland from its centre, is called Chocolate Hill, and I learn D.H.Q. are to be there to-night. I hear also that there is to be a battle to-day. Many troops are landing, including a whole Division of Yeomanry, amongst them the Warwicks, Worcesters, and Gloucesters.

I meet one of our D.H.Q. Staff, and he, with Panton, proceeds to Chocolate Hill, while I continue to make inquiries as to where I am to go. Nobody appears to know or to care, and so I go on to the top of Lala Baba

and have another look round. On the opposite side of the bay I see the promontory alive with troops. In the centre of the bend of the bay I see hospital tents pitched. Four battleships are at anchor in the bay, together with a few transports and Supply ships. They are shut in and protected from submarine attack from the outer sea by a boom of submerged nets stretching between the ends of two flanking promontories. Over the wooded low land now and again there begins to burst Turkish shrapnel. Half-way up the promontory on the opposite side of the bay I see stacks of Supply boxes. I go back to "C" Beach and call at the depot to make further inquiries, and learn that the Supply depot that I have seen on the other side of the bay is on "A" Beach, and, as no orders have been received to feed the 29th from "C" Beach depot, the "A" Beach depot must be my destination.

As I stroll across "C" Beach I notice a damaged aeroplane, around which men are clustering, inspecting it with curiosity. A Naval Lieutenant comes up and clears them away, saying to me that if only a few men collect together in a bunch they are very soon shelled by a Turkish 6-inch gun on Sari Bair, which commands the beach.

I walk up to the back of the beach once more, and start for a tramp round the bay to the Supply depot that I see in the distance. It is to be a long tramp, and I feel a bit tired and devilish hungry. On the other side of Lala Baba I pass 18-pounder batteries in position, hidden from the enemy by little rises of the ground and screened from aeroplane observation by gorse-bushes. Their position tells me that our front line cannot be very far inland. Presumably the same thing has happened that happened at Helles on April 25th. We have got on shore all right, but that is all. The Turks hold all the prominent positions, and appear to have us in the hollow of their hands. I walk along on the sandy beach, very tiring for my feet, until I reach "B" Beach, which is in the centre of the beach running between the two promontories of the bay; there I come to a casualty clearing station of the Welsh Division. I am dog-tired and almost faint from hunger, and call in, begging some breakfast. They tell me breakfast is at eight, and make me lie down to get an hour's sleep, for it is seven o'clock. At eight I wake up and join the officers at breakfast. Hot cocoa, without milk, for milk is reserved for the patients; bacon, biscuits, and jam. No bread has been issued at Suvla up to now. I then learn some news. We had actually taken the high hills on the left of Anafarta Village, which lies just behind the lower hills in front of

us. The Gurkhas and Australians had actually been on top of Sari Bair—had been treated to the joy of looking down on to the Dardanelles on the other side.

Something went amiss. Our troops had to retire, and now our line ran from the hills on the left of the bay, but about a mile and a half inland on the mainland, dropping down to the low lands in front, continuing in front of Chocolate Hill, which was ours, across the low land on the right of Chocolate Hill, then running gently a short way up the slope of Sari Bair, finally joining hands with the Anzacs in position some distance up the slope of the hills in front of Gaba Tepe.

Burnt Hill, a small eminence in front of Chocolate Hill, is to be attacked to-day. This is so named because of the gorse which had been burnt by the shelling at the landing. We saw this burning gorse from Helles on the 7th and 8th.

Once Burnt Hill was ours, the Turks would be forced to retire to Anafarta. A further attack on our part would capture Anafarta and the high hills on our left, enabling the Anzacs to capture Sari Bair. Thence to Maidos, Achi Baba cut off, and the Dardanelles forced.

I am just about to leave, thanking them for their hospitality, when shrapnel burst outside overhead. I say to them, “Surely this hospital does not get shelled?” And they tell me that now and again a stray shrapnel does burst here, but that they are shelling a small column of carts passing along the beach, a small cluster of horsemen riding in Salt Lake, or a few men passing over the flat wooded country. No target appears too small for their shrapnel, even people bathing. The shore in the centre of the bay is within easy reach of their field-gun shrapnel, but as a rule they respect this Welsh hospital, though it is within full view and easy range of their guns.

I continue my walk and keep close to the water’s edge, for shrapnel now and again bursts not more than a hundred yards inland. I reach the Supply depot that I had seen from Lala Baba, and learn that we are now IXth Corps, that I have arrived at the Corps Reserve Supply depot on “A” Beach, that they get shelled regularly every day, also that Foley and Way are further up the road, towards the end of the promontory.

I walk up there and find them sitting in a small depot that they have formed, with a little camp of wagon-covers and ground-sheets, supported by logs obtained from a broken lighter. I feel glad to see them. O'Hara comes up soon after with Badcock, who is over from G.H.Q. to get transport in order, having been here since the landing. We make ourselves a little more comfortable during the morning; a bivouac for Way and myself is made of a tarpaulin stretched over bunks of timber, forming a little house open at the sides. We are out of range of shrapnel, but I learn that high explosive and howitzer shells often come our way.

In the morning I see Cox, who has returned from Alexandria, and learn that the 88th Brigade are not to be in action to-day, for which I am thankful. We get ready to send up rations by A.T. carts and pack-mules to-night.

At 1 o'clock Way goes up to see his Brigade H.Q.—the 86th—on Chocolate Hill. The 87th and 88th are there as well, and D.H.Q. and other H.Q. of other Brigades, and the side of the hill must be very congested. I can see hundreds of troops sheltering on the low ground by Lala Baba across the bay.

2.30.

The four battleships and all our guns on shore open a heavy bombardment on the Turkish position on the hills in front, and especially on Burnt Hill, and an hour later the gorse on that hill and on the low ground to the right of Chocolate Hill catches alight, and is soon burning like a roaring furnace, spreading like the fire on a prairie. At 3.30 I hear rifle fire and learn that our attack on Burnt Hill has started. The artillery simultaneously increases its range. The bombardment, however, does not ring so confidently as did our bombardment in the victorious battle of June 28th, nor does it appear to be so powerful.

I see the Yeomanry now marching steadily in open order across the Salt Lake. It is the first time that they have been in action. Several years ago I was a trooper in the Warwickshire Yeomanry, who are now with the rest marching into battle. The Worcesters, Gloucesters, Middlesex, Sharpshooters, Sherwood Foresters, Notts and Derby are there, and I think several other regiments, all troopers and troop leaders on foot, their horses left in Egypt. Little did they think, when they trained on Salisbury Plain for

cavalry work, that when the hour came for them to go into battle they would go in on foot as infantry. When they did their regular fourteen days' annual training, some of their friends used to laugh at them, saying that they were playing at soldiers. What I see before my eyes now is no play. Yet they look the same as they did on Salisbury Plain. Ah! the real thing for them has come at last, though many of them only landed this morning, for I see a white puff of shrapnel burst over their heads. It is quickly followed by another and another, developing to a rapid concentrated fire. They run the gauntlet without losing their Salisbury Plain steadiness, except for an occasional bunching together here and there. Soon casualties occur and prostrate khaki figures can be seen lying on the sandy salt of the lake for the stretcher-bearers and ambulance-wagons to pick up—the harvest of war. At last they are at Chocolate Hill, where they nestle under its slopes for protection till further orders.

At 6 p.m. Way returns, and tells us that Chocolate Hill was “Red Hell” while he was there, smothered in shrapnel and flying bullets; that an officer in D.H.Q. has been killed quite near him, but O'Hara is safe. It was not safe for Way to leave until five o'clock.

Dusk arrives, and the moon is rising. Major Badcock is going up with kit for D.H.Q. to Chocolate Hill on four little box cars, and I ask if I can go with him to see my Brigade H.Q. He gives me a lift, and off we go along the bumpy track from the promontory to the mainland, when, bending to the right, through clusters of trees and in and out of gorse-bushes and boulders, we arrive at last on the flat, growthless plain of the Salt Lake. Instead of being heavy going over soft sand, as I thought it would be, it is very good going over a hard, binding surface, and we get along at a fine pace, which in the moonlight, on such an occasion, is very exciting and enjoyable. Soon I see the shadow of trees and cultivation, and know that we are nearing Chocolate Hill, and almost at the same time I hear and almost feel the unpleasant whiz of many bullets overhead, about, and around. We stop, but the noise of the pulsating engines of the car drowns all other sounds, and we walk a little way in front and hear the regular rattle of heavy rifle fire. The spot where we are standing is receiving the benefit of the “overs,” many of which kick up the dust around us. Now and again shells scream over, but not many. We drive on to the trees in front, and dump our kit. At this point the bullets are flying fairly high, and we feel safer, though I expect all the

time that blow of a sledge-hammer which comes with the hit of a bullet. We unload the kit by some trees, and some men near by are instructed to go on to the Division and tell them that the first batch of their kit had arrived, and one man is left in charge. We turn to go back, and I notice a wounded man on a stretcher being carried away, and I ask them to put him in the car. I offer him water, but he refuses, saying that he has been hit by a shrapnel bullet in the stomach, and water makes him vomit. His voice sounds familiar to me. I look at his face—I ask him if he is Howell of the Warwickshire Yeomanry—he replies “Yes.” We rode next to each other, years ago, as troopers. Many wounded are lying here, there, and everywhere, and we load up our empty cars with as many as we can, and steadily and gently go back. Firing dies down. It was only “wind up” on the part of the Turks. I leave Howell at the Welsh Casualty Clearing Station on the “B” Beach. He is quite cheerful. His experience of actual war started when he had landed this morning, and ends now as he lies wounded, waiting to be properly attended to, and he had trained and given up his spare time for years past for these few hours! He shakes me by the hand. After this war I do not think that people will be amused at the “playing at soldiers” of Yeomanry and Territorials.

Back at the beach I load the four cars once more with D.H.Q. kit, and off we proceed on a second journey. I am alone in charge this time, for Badcock has to go up to Corps H.Q. The full moon brilliantly lighting up everything helps us to get along at a good pace. On arrival at the trees on the other side of the Salt Lake, where we had dumped the first loads, I find no signs of this first batch, and a few men about appear to know nothing whatever about it. We go steadily along, feeling our way carefully, for there is no road, towards Chocolate Hill. I leave the cars two hundred yards from Chocolate Hill and walk the rest of the way. I pass men hard at work digging a trench. I arrive at the foot of the hill and find it congested with all manner and kinds of parts of units of an army. There are some infantry of our Brigade awaiting orders—mule-carts with Drabis sitting cross-legged unconcernedly thereon. Bullets do not appear to worry them. I believe they think that they are butterflies. A first-line dressing station is chock full of wounded, and the M.O.’s are hard at work attending to the cases. Signal stations are tap-tapping and buzzers buz-buzzing. I walk up the slopes of the hill, wending my way past dugouts all around, to my right and left and above, in which are H.Q. of various Brigades. I step over poor, broken dead

men, lying nestling in the gorse, and curse from the bottom of my heart the rulers of the German Empire; and seeing an officer standing outside a dugout, I inquire for Major O'Hara, of the 29th Division. Am told that he will be back shortly. I then ask for 88th H.Q., and he comes along with me to help me look for them. We find them eventually, and I learn that rations have been received. I also learn that the day has not gone well with us, but that we will probably attack at dawn, and that the 88th will this time be in action. The Yeomanry, shortly after arriving at Chocolate Hill, had gone up beyond to our front line under a terrible fire, but in perfect order, quietly and orderly as if on parade. We had not advanced our position, which was the same as before the battle. The gorse is burning fiercely on my right, lighting up the immediate neighbouring country. Several wounded were caught in it and burnt to death before they could be rescued, but many were saved, and some gallant deeds were done in their rescue.

Sir John Milbanke, V.C., has been killed. Practically his last words were, "Great Scott! this is a bloody business." We go back to the dugout of D.H.Q., where we find O'Hara and also Bray, the A.P.M. I had often heard of Bray several years before the war, for my brother-in-law was his pupil. He asks me if I am any relation to his pupil's wife, and so we meet and are introduced.

I hand the kit over to Bray. I am instructed to go back and fetch up two of the cars loaded with tins of water from "A" trench. As I leave, a rattle of musketry again bursts out from the jumpy enemy, and bullets zip past, seeming to come from all directions. Parties which have been standing about in the open move for cover. I again load up my four cars with wounded, one case being that of a man who has just been hit in the leg while digging in the trench that I had just passed. Back at "A" Beach I apply for water at the water dump, and am told that it cannot be issued without a chit from the officer. "Where is the officer?" "In his dugout." "Where is his dugout?" "Two hundred yards up the beach." Arrive at officer's dugout. Officer asleep; wakened up. "Can't have water without chit from Corps." I reply, "I shall get my water, and at once, please." He replies, "What's that?" I repeat. I am refused a chit. I politely explain that the reason he is peacefully enjoying his slumber undisturbed by Turkish bayonets is because our Tommies are in the front busy seeing that the Turks

do not come over our line and rush the trenches, also that some of those Tommies want water, and that I have been instructed to take it to them.

The water loaded on two cars, the other two holding kit, off we proceed once more on our third trip, but, alas! the moon dips down into the sea. A shout from behind, and a car full of kit overturns in a trench. It is left with the driver till morning. On we go, first bumping into large stone boulders, then into large clusters of thick gorse, and two more cars are finally out of action in deep holes. On I go with the third car, groping our way across the Salt Lake, for it is now pitch dark, and at last, when near the advanced dressing station, flames spurt out from the bonnet of the car, and halting, we find something afire in the almost red-hot engine. We stop. I walk over to the dressing station. There is not much firing, only an occasional sing of a bullet and no shells.

I learn that they are getting water now from a well, but want receptacles. I off-load my tins from the car into an ambulance-wagon, which proceeds up to Chocolate Hill, two hundred yards away. We wait until the engine is quite cool, and then grope our way back; dawn is breaking, and it becomes gradually lighter. Arriving at my "bivvy," I fling myself on my camp-bed and am fast asleep in two seconds.

August 22nd.

We did not attack at dawn, and so the 88th have not been in action. We are as we were—yesterday's battle is not to be recorded as a victory for us. Machine guns again from right, left, and centre fired from behind great boulders of stone and hidden hillocks covered with gorse, and wave after wave of our men were mown down as with a scythe. Twice we captured the Burnt Hill, but twice were driven off, and Burnt Hill remains Turkish. The Yeomanry were unable to get to grips with the enemy: but for gallantry in that march from Chocolate Hill to our front line, four hundred yards in front across the open in the daylight, under a hail of shrapnel and machine gun bullets, their behaviour could not have been excelled.

Their officers represent the best blood of England, and their men good old country blood of the hunting and farmer class of Old England, with many a man of good birth in the ranks. How could such men behave otherwise than gallantly? To-night I take up the remainder of D.H.Q. kit to

their new quarters, not so far forward as Chocolate Hill, to a rocky hillock covered by gorse, inland from the mainland, a distance of about a mile in a line with our promontory. The place, if found out by John Turk, will prove to be a perfect shell-trap, and shells bursting on solid rock will burst “some.” They will be foolish to stay there.

August 24th.

To-day we had a terrific thunderstorm; forked lightning all over the sky and heavy rain, but it lasted only an hour.

We chose a new site further up the side of the slope of the promontory, yet under cover of a slight rise of ground. The formation of the land here is full of dips and rises, not noticeable from a distance, and thereby affording excellent cover, for which we thank Providence. We have to move, for the Corps Reserve depot is getting such an unhealthy spot on “A” Beach that it is shortly moving to where we are now.

All day long the battleships pop off at the Turks on shore, the row from the guns echoing and rebounding with deafening reverberation from the hills and sides of the promontory.

I go up with rations to our Brigade to-night—a beautiful night—with a convoy of mule-carts driven by the imperturbable Drabis, who merrily chant Indian songs. The moon at night simplifies our work considerably. By day it is dangerous for transport to go far afield.

August 25th.

It is now four long, terrible months since we landed, and we are still on the low lands at the three landings. The positions in front of us are formidable, almost impregnable, and unless the Balkan States are drawn in on our side, never shall we open the Dardanelles. The task is now impossible for us, and we have lost our opportunity at the start by only landing with one Division. Our effort has failed, though we have made good our landing. The shipping here gets shelled as at Helles, and this morning a battleship was hit twice.

We can hear heavy firing down at Helles.

August 26th.

Everywhere everybody is hard at work making dugouts. In the line our infantry are feverishly making a line of defence, digging night and day without cessation. "A" Beach gets shelled, but no shells reach our end of the promontory. Our battleships' guns roar out continually all day, as if in sullen anger at the recent failure—at what I am afraid will be our last effort. My Brigade has moved over from Chocolate Hill, and is in the line on the low part of the slope of the high hills which form the left flank, next to the sea, of our position, and Brigade H.Q. is dug in behind a hillock in a gully which has been called Lone Tree Gully.

August 27th.

A violent gale blowing to-day. Carver, Petro, and Phillips are now here as transport officers.

Work on the beaches now goes on feverishly, night and day. Each day a new sand-bagged dugout appears. Additions are made to the piers. Two off West Beach are complete. One further up, towards the end of the promontory, is being built rapidly and skilfully by a bridging party of regular Australian Army Engineers. I am told by their warrant officer that there is a regular Australian Army, but that it is being jealously guarded in Australia, and that really it is only a framework of an army. The bridging section, however, at Suvla is part of this. The fighting army of Australia and New Zealand is voluntary since the war, yet is superior in fighting qualities to the Prussian Guard.

Further up, towards the end of the promontory, two small beaches or coves are rapidly being turned into fitting order to receive the steady requirements of food, ammunition, S.A.A. stores, ordnance, etc., and piers there are rapidly being thrown out. At night, long convoys of A.T. carts and pack-mules form up loaded with rations, A.S.C. and Ordnance stores and ammunition, and proceed along the promontory towards the mainland. On arrival there they branch off in various directions to their respective destinations, just behind the line. Early on their journey they encounter the song of bullets flying from the Turkish line continually all night. I think that the Turks in the front line must be given so many rounds of ammunition and told to loose off in the air in our direction, not aiming at anybody, but firing blindly in the hope of a victim. Now and again a bullet does find a victim, but on going up regularly each night one gets so accustomed to the sound of

their flight, that one walks on, taking no notice; although, if by any chance a rifle is pointing directly your way, even at a thousand yards' range, it sounds as if it is fired close to your head, and almost simultaneously, "whizz-ping," goes past you very near, and then unconsciously you duck.

The drivers on the A.T. carts, however, worry about the bullets less than anybody, remaining sitting on their carts and chanting away contentedly.

To-night, trouble with water occurs, and I am up with O'Hara and Hadow, our Staff Captain, at Brigade H.Q. on the job. Our H.Q. now are at Lone Tree Gully, about four hundred yards behind our front line. One is quite safe there unless they choose to shrapnel it, but a gully in front was badly shrapnelled the other day, and the Royal Scots, being caught in it, were severely mauled. Further back on the road, though, for some distance one has to walk along through a zone of "overs," and two found a target to-night in a sergeant and corporal on transport duty. As I walk along that road, I am always ready waiting for the sledge-hammer blow from the unseen hand, always hoping that it will be a Blighty one, through the soft part of the arm or leg.

A large proportion of our water has to be brought ashore by water-lighters, pipes leading from them to the shore. Tanks are filled from the pipes, and all kinds of receptacles filled from the tanks, such as petrol-cans, milkcans, fantasies, and goat-skins. The cans can be loaded on to the A.T. carts, while the fantasies and goat-skins are loaded on to mules, in each case two on a mule, one hanging on either side. The A.T. cart form of transport is much preferable to the pack-mule, for the latter is fond of bucking and throwing off his load, which on a dark night on convoy means great trouble.

The Engineers are hard at work finding wells, but such wells as we have cannot by any means supply even half of the requirements of water.

After we have turned in to-night we hear a heavy roar of musketry from Anzac, and soon the battleships and shore batteries join in. It is a clear night, and the roar of the musketry echoes over the bay remarkably loudly. I have never heard such concentrated rifle fire so loudly before.

It lasts for about two hours, and then dies suddenly away to the incessant crack-crack-crack of the regular nightly rifle fire.

August 28th.

Gale still high.

To-day, I, with Foley, pay my first visit to a battleship, the *Swiftsure*. She is easily distinguishable from other ships by two large cranes in position amidships on either side. I had previously signalled to Fleet-Surgeon Jeans on board, sending an introduction to him given me by General Cayley, our Brigadier. A pinnace arrives for me; we skim over the calm water of the bay, smartly pulling up alongside the great ship. My quest was a case of whisky for Brigade H.Q., stuck up in dugouts in Lone Tree Gully, with no chance of getting any. This is the first time that I have been on a battleship, and as I climb up the rope ladder, I remember that I had read somewhere that in the days of Nelson one saluted the quarter-deck when one steps thereon. As I was first up I did not know whether it was correct, but I did so, and noticing some Naval officers following me behind also saluting, saw that I was correct.

They entertained us royally on board. I nearly had a nervous breakdown when they offered me a whisky and soda. Naval officers cannot be beaten as hosts.

A howitzer has been potting at us to-day, a good many of the shells going right over the cliff into the sea on the other side.

Convoy work again at night to Lone Tree Gully, and a chat with the General in his dugout. A lovely moonlight night, and calm again after a three days' beastly gale.

August 29th.

Go to D.H.Q. in the morning, who have now moved back to a gully alongside Corps H.Q., nicely dug in the side of a hill near us. Their quarters, as well as those of Corps, are built amongst the green gorse, which, with paths running in and out and terraces about, makes a lovely garden. Very nice conditions under which to work. I am writing this on the heights of the shale cliffs of the northern promontory of Suvla Bay. The sea is calm and a deep, lovely blue, suddenly changing to green at the foot of the rocks. Suvla Bay, with Salt Lake and the wooded and gorsed low land and the hills and the mountains in the background, are laid out in beautiful panorama. Achi Baba can be seen in the distance south, and I have been so used to seeing it from Cape Helles that the view is quite a novelty.

Off the bay are three battleships, supply ships, and trawlers, lighters, etc. An aeroplane is humming overhead, and our guns on shore are continually barking away, while little puffs of shrapnel from the Turkish batteries burst over and about the wooded low lands, Salt Lake and Chocolate Hill, where our front line runs, denoted by the crackle of musketry.

The view is most interesting, the brownish-green gorges—leading to the sea—with their clouds of dust denoting the industry within. Behind me, purple Turkish hills, every point of which is held by the enemy. Then in between our line and the hills the scrubby low-lying country, all buff and green, the cultivated land, and the olive groves. I look at it hopelessly—for I know now, as we all do, that the conquest of the Peninsula is more than we can hope for. All that is left to us is to hang on day by day. It is anything but a cheery prospect. Death in various forms walks with us always; the sad processions of sick and wounded—chiefly the former—move down to the hospital ships every day; we see all our best friends taken, one after the other—and to what end? The golden chances have been allowed to slip by; we can never win through now—so we have to “cling on” to the bitter end.

August 30th.

A beautiful day again! Turkish batteries very busy all day. Shrapnel and high explosive shell, and also duelling between Fleet and land batteries. Otherwise all quiet, nothing doing. Brigade moves down from trenches to “A” Beach West, and news that we are to go to Imbros for a rest is circulated. Enemy aeroplane swoops over like an evil-looking vulture and tries to drop bombs on Fleet, but has no direct hit to record.

At nightfall Brigade starts to embark, ready to sail at daylight. Officers have cabins, and so I am enabled to have a sleep. Am suffering from one of my beastly colds, however.

Nice to get away, after the disappointments of that worst of all months, August, when we had expected so much.



A CAPTURED TURKISH TRENCH, SUVLA BAY.



A VIEW OF SUVLA BAY.

Sari Bair (well behind the Turkish lines) can be seen in the background to the left of the picture.

August 31st.

Arrive at Imbros at 8 a.m., and Brigade proceeds to camp on the low land by the sea. I mess with the General and Staff, and again parcels arrive opportunely with masterpieces of cakes and sweets, which are seized by the mess waiter and daintily served up at table.

Oh! the relief to get away from shell fire and the chill atmosphere of death in its crudest form.

SEPTEMBER

September 1st.

START off with my man Lewington on donkeys and a pack pony across the hills, over a stony, narrow path, with three little boys in charge of the animals. The way is sometimes over and sometimes round a line of irregular, conical-shaped hills, some almost mountains, covered with thick green gorse, large boulders, rocks, and small stones. The few valleys are beautifully wooded and dotted with vineyards growing luscious dark grapes, and also groves of fig-trees.

One gets glimpses of the blue Ægean now and again, and the distant Isthmus of Gallipoli and the Island of Samothrace, with the coast of Bulgaria still further off. After two hours' trek, during which I felt as if I was a character in the Scriptures, we sighted the village of Panaghia, and we had a sporting trot down a narrow, sandy, steep path.

One little boy on a donkey, who joined us, raced me and beat me by a short neck. Poor old Lewington was hanging on to his moke with a pained but polite expression on his face, and heaved a sigh of relief when we arrived at the village.

We pulled up at the Grand Britannia Hotel, recently so named by a Greek. It is a little broken-down house, having on the ground floor a boot shop, and on the first and top floor two small bare rooms.

After a meal of partridge, omelettes, and honey, with German beer to drink, I am taken out to an empty house, and shown to a room furnished only with a bench.

My man slept on the landing and I in the room, and I soon fell fast asleep. At midnight I am awakened by certain creepy insects. I light candles and awake my man, and we conduct a massacre. Our landlord arrives on the scene much disturbed, and places my bed in the centre of the room, whereupon I turn in again and sleep peacefully for the rest of the night.

September 2nd.

Awake in the morning with the sun streaming in and with the sounds of cocks crowing and chickens clucking. Looking out, the view of the conical beautiful hills makes me almost catch my breath, and, God bless my soul! a Greek peasant maiden, beautiful to look upon and fair of complexion, is feeding her pigs and chickens.

After breakfast at the Grand Britannia Hotel (sounds like the Ritz, London, doesn't it?), Duff, of all people, rolls up with Munro. We all lunch together, and then roam round the village, buy a few things, and take photographs.

After tea, Duff goes on to Castra, by the sea on the other side of the island, and Munro and I go back to camp. It is beautiful riding back through the hills in the late afternoon. Perfect day and colouring gorgeous. Nearing camp we get a fine view of Gallipoli. All is so peaceful where we are, but just over that narrow strip of sea, war rules in its most horrible form.

Have dinner with Cox, of the Essex, who turns in at 8.30, and I go back to Headquarters and have an after-dinner smoke with the General and Staff, sitting round a little table in the marquee lit by candle-light.

September 3rd.

Start off with Phillips on a donkey and pony respectively over the hills again. A gorgeous morning, and it is good to be alive. Peasants give us delightful grapes as we ride along. Sheep are grazing, their bells tinkling, with a few cows and bullocks, and now and again a covey of partridges rises.

Arriving at Panaghia, we have a bottle of beer, and then go on along the road to Castra, by the sea. Castra is situated on a high hill overlooking the sea, with a few fishermen's huts on the beach.

The Isle of Samothrace, which is a cluster of mountains rising sheer from the sea, lies opposite. The sea is dead calm, and of a gorgeous blue. A few fishing boats lie in a tiny little harbour on the right of the little bay, which is flanked by hills. In the background are more hills and low wooded valleys, and we feel as if we had stepped into the Garden of Eden.

Duff is here, and we have lunch, after which Duff returns to camp. Phillips and I go up on the cliff and have a delightful sleep. Everything is dead quiet, and there is not a cloud in the sky. We are right away from the world, and the scene before us—that of the blue Ægean with Samothrace a few miles away—has not changed for thousands of years.

After tea, we have a bathe in beautifully clear, warm water, and no rocks. The evening closes in, and the colouring thrown by the declining sun on Samothrace is beautiful. A boat with a square sail comes sailing home, looking like “the return of Ulysses.”

After dinner we turn in and sleep on the floor of the veranda.

September 4th.

Wake up early. A perfect morning, but a high wind. Scene beautiful. Talk to an old Greek, who has been all over the world, and in all the ports of England, and who has come home to his native island for the rest of his days. Try fishing, but catch nothing. After lunch, start back to camp on ponies, stopping at Panaghia for tea, arriving home at 6.30.

September 5th.

Start off again for Panaghia with Duff and Elliott, and have lunch there. After lunch we go off to another village, where an annual holiday is being held. Bands are playing and the inhabitants are dancing weird native dances, appearing very solemn about it. Parties are going round from house to house, visiting and partaking of refreshment, such as grapes, figs, wine and liqueurs. An old Greek invites us in, and his wife forces us to have grapes, melon, jelly, and liqueurs. I took a bite of cake and was nearly violently ill.

We came back another way through vineyards, where grapes can be had for the asking, olive groves, and fig-tree orchards.

September 6th.

A fine day again, but windy. No news, but a rumour that Bulgaria is against us now, and that we shall be in Gallipoli for the winter. We go back to-morrow night.

We get up a concert, which takes place in the evening. We rig up a platform, borrow a piano from the Y.M.C.A., and make up a programme. I snaffle some champagne for Headquarters, and after a cheery dinner we go to the concert. We have some excellent talent, and everybody thoroughly enjoys it. It is a sight worth seeing—the platform lit by candles, and the Brigade seated around on the sand: some of those who took part in the landing, some recently in the fighting at Suvla, and new drafts who had not yet tasted war.

“The Defence of Lucknow” was recited by Lieutenant Butler, of the Worcesters, an actor by profession and a good fellow, and it went splendidly and gripped us all. New Brigade Major arrives, Wilson, of the Royal Fusiliers.

September 7th.

Awake at five, and on becoming conscious of the fact that to-day I have to go back to that Peninsula, to remain there for Lord knows how long, I have the same depressed feeling, only more so, that one has in the days of school on the last day of the holiday.

At 6 a.m. Phillips and I and the Supply Section embark, and on a tossing trawler, bucking about like a wild horse, we undergo the misery of a four hours' crossing in a very rough sea to Suvla Bay, where we arrive at 10 a.m. We lie off the *Swiftsure* for an hour, and then two pinnaces come alongside, to take us on shore. Shrapnel is bursting steadily over the low lands, and one or two high explosives are now and again bursting on “A” Beach and “W” Beach. We land soon after 11 a.m., and on arrival back at our part of the promontory we find that our camp has been moved to the end of the long gully, where on the side of a hill D.H.Q. are dug in.

The contours of the country are curious. Great natural scars run down to a flat plateau washed by the waves. In these gullies hundreds of men and animals are getting what protection they can. The Engineers are building a road, on one side of which is a row of dugouts, artfully hidden by a row of great boulders. This is our advanced Horse Transport depot, and a pretty hot shop, as the Turks have the exact range. In front of the dugouts are the horse-lines, where rows and rows of mules and horses are packed into the throat of the gorge for shelter. A dry watercourse winds down the gorge, so

the place will be impossible in winter; as it is, Death takes his daily toll of men and animals, while down the path comes a never-ending procession of sick and wounded from the front line, and very occasionally a prisoner or two. Up the same path, at night, the reinforcements march to rest in dugouts just behind the line until their turn to take over arrives. To the left of the gorge a huge rocky point runs out to the sea—this point also is a thick mass of men and animals, practically in the open, so limited is space. Truly an unfriendly and uninviting country. The hot dust is over everything—the flies torment, and shells take their toll of us, while we are powerless to hit back. The mouth of the gorge widens to the beach, where there are three tiny bays, which with the plateau form “A” Beach: Kangaroo Beach, with its lighter and pontoon quays, its sand-bagged dugouts, and the like; West Beach—the main landing-place, with rather better piers and offices; and Little West Beach, a sort of overflow to West Beach proper, embellished with a tram line for horse-drawn trucks, the Ordnance depot, etc.—all these places are swarming with men, and over all hangs the eternal dust!

Further along on the plateau from West Beach, and looking towards Lala Baba, is the Supply depot and the watering-places for the animals, all in the open, with no protection at all: a wonderful spectacle, if you like to think of it, and only possible because John Turk is short of ammunition. Here in the bare open the troops live from day to day, a few sand-bags only between them and death, and very few of the dugouts boast a real roof; blankets and waterproof sheets answer that purpose, and so it is not difficult to imagine the havoc wrought when shrapnel is about. To the north lies the bold, forbidding point, before mentioned, with the waves flinging their white manes in anger against its sides. Such, roughly, is Suvla Bay as I see it now, and I cannot say that it impresses me as a practical proposition.

Dug in on the side of a slope the others have built a house, or, as far as dugouts in Gallipoli go, a summer residence. The door faces the rise leading up to the rugged point, from the craggy back of which one sees the cliff-side dropping sheer to the sea.

The roof of corrugated iron slopes at the same angle as the slope of the ground in which we have dug. For walls, the dugout earth forms the back wall, and the side walls are built of biscuit boxes. We spend the day improving on this. Immediately in front is our Supply depot, divided into three dumps, one each for the 86th, 87th, and 88th Brigades. At dusk the

pack-mules and A.T. carts form up, and we load on to the set of mules or carts allotted to each unit the rations and fuel. The transport then moves off by Brigades to the front, the mules led by Drabis, the carts driven also by Drabis, and the whole escorted by Indian N.C.O.'s under a white N.C.O. Q.M.S.'s Transport N.C.O.'s, guides of the units, and the A.S.C. Transport Officer accompany them to the respective battalion and dumps, situated a distance of two hundred to three hundred yards behind the front line. In some cases convoys proceed direct to the regimental cookhouses. The transport dares not show itself by day. To-night our Brigade arrives from Imbros, and is to spend the night in De Lisle's Gully, some short distance to the left of the road that leads to Lone Tree Gully, but up the hill rather, and so our rations go there. Water has been put there for them by Carver last night. We watch this water question closely. It needs careful handling and foresight. A man can go hungry much longer than he can go thirsty, and water is far more difficult to transport by sea than food. Imbros is the source of our supply, and water-tank lighters are filled there and towed over each day.

The water dump is on "A" Beach, and all the Divisions that are being supplied from this promontory draw from this dump. An able man, one Private Jones, is in charge. Though before the war an L.C.C. school-teacher, he appears to be the one man in the world who could be chosen to be the most efficient and tactful organizer of the difficult task of satisfying an army of 30,000 men with their daily requirements of water, from a limited source, and by means of a limited supply of receptacles, steadily diminishing in number.

At seven I go up with Carver to the H.Q. of the 86th Brigade. Instead of walking up the road that leads to Pine Tree Gully, we bear off to the right, and pass along a lower road through the wooded, gorse-covered low lands for a distance of about a mile and a half inland, until bullets are merrily singing their song of war overhead. "Zi-i-ip" goes one between us. A pause in the conversation, and Carver says, "That was not pleasant," to which I agree, but adding, "If hit, it means Blighty, my boy, the Savoy, and theatres, or 'Finish,' as we say in Egypt."

We come to a wide space in front of us, and to our left is high ground, rising in one place to about 30 feet. Carver tells me that we are at Brigade dumping-ground. A.T. carts are packed here in readiness to bring the

baggage back to the beach for the 86th Brigade, as it is their turn now to go to Imbros.



GENERAL DE LISLE'S HEADQUARTERS, SUVLA BAY.

He searches for his Staff Captain in the dark, and I go up to the bushes in front and talk to Baxter, the Quartermaster of the Munsters, and a few other officers who are sitting down on a rock. As I stand there I hear close to my ear “zi-i-ip”—an unseen hand appears to strike a bush with a big stick on my left. Baxter says, “You are standing in a place where bullets keep dropping. You should sit down. One just passed your head.” I am always sensitive as to how to behave on these occasions, with men whose lives are always passed in the trenches, and so I reply “Did it?” I heard the thing plain enough, and sat down promptly. I have learned to take my cue as to what to do from such men, and they are always right. Many a man has been hit by totally disregarding the necessity of taking cover, believing that others may think he has “cold feet,” and he wishes to prove that he is brave by bravado. He forgets he is more useful to his country alive. There are many times when he must take risk, so it is wiser for him to reserve his bravado for those times.

I sit down, and a minute after, “zi-i-ip” again, and thud into the bush. Baxter tells me that it is only this corner which is dangerous, but that they are sitting there because it is a nice seat and the only one handy for waiting. If you walk about the rest of the space, the bullets are flying high and one is safe. This happens all over the Peninsula, owing to the curious formation of the land. At one area of a certain spot, bullets may hit the ground regularly on or near that part, while a few yards away they fly high. Soon one becomes familiar with this peculiarity and acts accordingly. It is because some Turks may be on a rise, others on the ground. They generally fire at nothing in particular, but straight in front of them. All night they fire away—crack, crack, crack, crack—and must waste a lot of ammunition.

Carver, having finished his arrangements, calls me, and we walk back a short distance over a small rise, threading our way along a path no doubt used not long since by Turkish farmers; descending a slope, we pass to the right by a little hill not more than 30 feet high, and make towards a light, which is 86th Brigade H.Q. We are walking up to the door, and can see General Percival and Thomson sitting in the mess-room dugout. When we are four yards away from them the General says, “Good evening, Carver,” when Carver, to my astonishment, using a fearful oath, disappears into the earth. The light from H.Q. mess dazzles my eyes somewhat, and I stop dead, still looking at the place where Carver had performed his pantomimic

vanishing trick, when he again appears, looking foolish. He had neatly stepped into a dugout, which, I found out after, was waiting to be filled in, and we had not noticed it on account of the light in our eyes. We go in and chat, and I tell them of the joys and beauty which they are to taste and see on Imbros.

Back to the beach, where I find our Staff Captain, Hadow, arrived. The Brigade is arriving, hundreds of dark, shadowy figures quietly falling in in platoons and marching off inland. I talk to Mould awhile about the eternal topic—water—and then turn in.

September 8th.

To-night I go up to Brigade, this time a different way across country, following a guide who has been down for rations and tells me he knows a quick way. We pass in and out of boulders and clumps of gorse, down the rocky gully where D.H.Q. were for a few nights, past clumps of trees, over grass, over an open space with more pinging bullets than ever, at last to H.Q., and find them all sitting in darkness, and the General rather anxious about the non-arrival of two of his battalions, who have missed their way and are having a country night ramble all over the place, groping about in the dark.

Coming back, I pass the Hampshires, and an officer asking me the way, I direct him to H.Q.

September 14th.

The past days, since I last entered up my Diary, have been so monotonous that in a fit of sulkiness I threw it on one side, saying I would not record another day's events, for nothing happens. The monotony knocks Helles sideways. I go up every morning to D.H.Q. at the top of our gully to take instructions. I see the Main Supply depot to arrange drawing the day's supplies. I wire the strength of the Division to G.H.Q. I read papers three to four weeks old; I answer letters of the same age. Some days I go up the slope opposite our bivouac, and, climbing down the cliff on the other side, have a topping bathe. I strafe flies by the thousand—they are a damnable pest. I watch the battleships pooping away, and at odd times have to duck from a Turkish shell. At dusk I superintend the loading up of rations and

water, and go up to Brigade H.Q. for a chat. The atmosphere of their company, however, always bucks me up.

Our guns poop off at odd intervals each day, and ammunition appears to be becoming more plentiful. The Turks are continually busy with shrapnel over Chocolate Hill and the low land, especially at Hill 10, where we have several batteries, and now and again the beaches.

“C” Beach, on the other side of Lala Baba, over the bay, however, gets it far worse than we do. However, generally speaking, I do not think that the Turk fires as much as we do.

Well, I will continue the Diary: things cannot go on like this for ever, and the best thing to do is to accept the life as it comes and treat everything as a matter of course—even shells. All of us who have been on here any length of time feel that our time to get hit will eventually arrive. Personally, I prefer the sledge-hammer blow from the unseen hand—namely, a bullet from a rifle.

I have been feeling very seedy the last few days, with the common complaint that men are going sick fast with now.

I went up to the Brigade to-night, but felt very ill when there, and was glad to swallow a strong brandy which the General offered to me. Coming back over the gorse, bullets seemed freer than usual, thudding into the bushes on my right and left. I felt sick and faint, and sat down waiting for an empty mule-cart returning on its way to the beach. One soon came, with two men of the Essex, and I was thankful for the lift home. “Pukka” original 29th men of the Essex, and good fellows.

About a dozen motor-lorries have landed, and I have managed to snaffle four of them to draw supplies from the Main Supply depot to our divisional depot, both now at this end of the promontory. Transport at this end of the promontory, if not too congested, only gets shelled at very rare intervals during the day—not sufficient to stop its work. Motor-lorries make the time that we take in drawing much shorter, and I wonder that they were not at Helles. Before, we used A.T. carts for this drawing here, and it took up practically the whole morning.

We do not have such good targets as the Turks have. To them we are laid out as a panorama, and to us they are dug in out of sight on the slopes of

rocky, almost impregnable fastnesses.

To-day we have heard the boom of guns from the south, and there must be a heavy bombardment going on there.

The weather has broken, and we get a strong wind blowing each day now, frequently developing into a gale. A cold wind is now and again thrown in, and at nights we get a little rain. It is very rough, and difficulty is being experienced in landing stuff.

Told that good news will be published to-night.

September 15th.

Heavy rain before breakfast this morning. Clears off later.

Everybody busy digging in. Can see new airship going up at Imbros. It has not yet made an active trip. *Prince George* is firing with a heavy list in order to get long range. Probably firing at Chanak.

September 16th and 17th.

Each day the battleships, at odd intervals, fire at various targets on shore—first, a small hill rising from the high ground on the Turkish right, which we have named the Pimple, and on which Turkish batteries are in position; next on Anafarta and Burnt Hill, behind Chocolate Hill; next on to the slopes of Sari Bair. Our batteries on shore occasionally fire off a few rounds. Owing, I suppose, to the fact that there are hills in front of us, the sound of guns firing is louder than it was at Helles. When our 18-pounder batteries on shore fire, the noise of the report is very much like a door upstairs banging loudly on a windy day.

I am getting much fitter, and think it is because I manage to get a bathe now and again.

There is a good place where I bathe and often visit, not so very far from our dugout. It is a little cove, plentifully besprinkled with huge boulders and protected on all sides. We walk up the rugged slope opposite our dugout to the top of the cliff. Then there is a difficult descent down the sheer face of the cliff to the water's edge. It seems so odd, to be on this little patch of rock where we seem to leave the war miles behind us. Then we hear it muttering and grumbling in the hills above and behind us—sometimes,

when least expected, a battleship looses off with a roar that shakes the crags above us—but we are safe, quite safe, as no shells can reach this spot; and so, in the midst almost of this welter of blood, disease, and death, quite light-heartedly we proceed to the most peaceful of pastimes—bathing.

I go up to H.Q. after dinner and enjoy the walk, feeling ready for bed when I return.

September 18th.

It has been very quiet this morning. The work of getting supplies on shore, carting them up to the Main Supply depot, and from there to the several divisional depots, goes on now day and night like a well-managed business. The Main Supply depot is rapidly accumulating a reserve of supplies for us to fall back on should bad weather set in and prevent us landing on some days. I learn that we now have sufficient preserved food in the Main depot to feed 60,000 men and 5,000 animals on shore for a month, and soon there will be stores for six weeks.

At five o'clock the Turks sprang a surprise bombardment on to the left of our line, and simultaneously, just as I was walking the few yards from our Supply depot to our men, four 18-pounder shrapnel burst overhead. All about the depot dive for cover, and many of them rush into our dugout, it being the most handy. A minute only and four more come, burst overhead, the bullets rattling on the shrapnel-proof roof. Foley is with me; Way and Carver are up on the cliff in a safe spot. Petro is up on the high ground behind our dugout, having gone there to watch a battleship firing on to Burnt Hill, while Phillips is down on the beach, looking after a water-cart. Never before have we had 18-pounder shrapnel burst as far up the promontory as this, and we are naturally surprised how the Turks could have pushed one of their batteries so close up to get the range. As fast as we put our heads out to see if Phillips or Petro is about, a salvo of four shells arrives over, most of them bursting in the neighbourhood of our depot and a few on the beach further over to the left. No one is about; all have gone to ground like rabbits. They give it us hot and strong for fifteen minutes, and then stop. All the time the battleships have been firing, and I think must have got on to this particular battery. We cautiously come out of our dugout and look about. Gradually men all over the beaches appear from all directions and go about their respective jobs. Petro turns up from a dugout

close by, beaming all over his face, and says that he had done a hundred yards' sprint over boulders and rocks in record time, at the finish making a beautiful head-dive into the nearest dugout that he could see, on to a half-dozen Tommies crouching inside. We then see Phillips limping up from the beach, being helped by two Tommies. I run down to him, and we go to the 11th Division Casualty Clearing Station. We unwind the puttee of his left leg, which had been hit, when a shrapnel bullet rolls out and runs along the floor like a marble. I pick it up and put it in his pocket. It had drilled a hole clean through his leg, just above the ankle, through which blood is pouring freely. He is bound up and, though in great pain, perspiration pouring off his face, keeps smiling and cheerful. One of the most painful parts of the body to be hit is just above the ankle. When the first four shells burst he fell flat behind a big boulder, which protected all of him but his long legs, and after the third or fourth salvo he felt the sledge-hammer blow of a bullet and knew he was hit. Lying there wounded while other shells burst overhead was a beastly experience for him, and he thanked his stars when it was all over. With one arm around my shoulder he leans on me and slowly limps back to our dugout, I hoping that they won't burst out again. I lay him on my bed; the swarms of flies that are with us always now buzz round the wound, which I cover up with muslin. I go up to O'Hara to tell him, and find there some of our D.H.Q. Staff, just back from the line, having had to clear quickly when the attack opened.

When O'Hara gets back with me we find Phillips has gone off, assuring the others that he will be back in a month.

The Turkish gunners were too quick for old Phillips this time, giving him no chance to read their minds. But thank the Lord he is wounded and not gone West! I miss him to-night, and feel depressed, and wonder how long I shall remain on this God-forsaken place or how long it will be before my turn comes to get hit.

It is now a beautiful moonlight night, quiet, calm, and still, and an enemy aeroplane sails over, making a circle of the bay.

I have got an idea that the old Turk is laughing at us now.

September 19th.

A fairly quiet day. Beautiful calm moonlight night. Have to get water up from "A" Beach to De Lisle's Gully ready for the 86th, who arrive tomorrow. Thank Heaven it is moonlight. Go up first to H.Q. of Brigade by car. Country smells lovely. We have not been here long enough yet to spoil the land. Hardly a rifle shot in front. Go over to De Lisle's Gully and back to D.H.Q., up to Brigade again, and once more; then to the gully, arriving home at midnight. Actually enjoyed the trip, but looking at the calm sea and moon, and the landscape of mountain and gorse, with the continual chirping of the crickets, how I longed, craved, and yearned for the day when Peace will be declared.

September 20th.

Turks shell us unceasingly all morning, several shells coming near our depot, but they are only light shells, and many of them do not explode. A Newfoundland regiment joins our Brigade. They get shelled while on the beach, just an hour after landing, and suffer casualties. They appear to look upon it as a huge joke.

Way and Carver come back. 86th Brigade due from Imbros to-morrow. Hear that Captain Koebel, who came over with me from Alexandria at the end of July, has died of wounds. We became great friends on board the *Anglo-Egyptian* in July.

Go up to Brigade by night. Beautiful moonlight night again. Go up by car. Nothing doing. Lachard joins us now in place of Phillips.

September 21st.

Fairly quiet to-day so far. Though just as I go over to depot this morning several shells fly overhead. Horrid feeling when you are in the open. Very fine day, but flies terrible. All quiet on front. Exactly a month now since last battle.

September 22nd.

All quiet up to 3.30 p.m., when we had a very bad shelling, and there were several casualties in the valley. Fortunately it only lasted half an hour. Our men are busy making shrapnel-proof head cover. One gun somewhere by Sari Bair is very fond of chucking over, to our camps on this

promontory, 5·9 shrapnel. One does not hear the boom of the gun, which I think must be a howitzer. The first warning one has of the thing coming is a sound like some one blowing with his lips very softly. This gets louder and louder, until with a cat-like shriek and bang it explodes over one's head. Having to depend on being warned by such a common sound is of course the cause of many false alarms. In fact, a man blowing with his lips is sufficient to make another man cock his ears and listen.

September 23rd.

A quiet day, but for the usual cannonading on both sides, a few 5·9 shrapnel shells coming our way at four in the afternoon. Reinforcements arriving daily. A cold gale blowing all day. At six we have another bout of shelling, while we are loading up A.T. carts, one shell pitching right in our depot, and one of our poor chaps being badly hit, from which he is not expected to recover. (He has since died. A nice boy, only nineteen.)

September 24th.

A quiet morning. News reaches us that Bulgaria is in, but whether for us or against us is uncertain. Naturally, therefore, there is a feeling of great anxiety prevalent. We hope to have more definite news to-night. Heavy gale blowing this morning, calming down later. A very quiet day, no shells coming our way. At Anzac, at eight to-night, a bit of a severe battle took place, probably a Turkish attack. There was a continual roar of musketry and shells bursting on the side of Sari Bair. It was a surprise attack on the part of the New Zealanders, and so far has proved successful. Firing developed along our front from Chocolate Hill, and a feeble Turkish attack started in front of our Brigade, the Worcesters taking the blow. It was with ease beaten off, and died away after half an hour. We lost about twelve men.

September 25th.

A quiet day; just the usual artillery duels, no shells coming our way. Walked up to Brigade H.Q. in the evening. Battalion of the London Regiment joins Brigade. Lovely moonlight night. Rather a lot of firing on our front, and bullets a bit free. Meet Stewart and Lachard at Brigade, Stewart having come to relieve Lachard, who is going back to Helles. Walked back together. A bright flash from the *Swiftsure* in the bay denotes

that she has fired one of her big guns, and a few seconds after a loud report is heard, and the rumble of a shell as it passed over Sari Bair on to “somewhere” goes on for a long time before one hears the distant report of its burst. I hear the sound of propellers overhead, and think I can see the airship from Imbros sailing over towards Anafarta. The *Swiftsure* fires once more, and then all is quiet for an hour. Then a Turkish battery puts a shell over to us, and follows this up with one every ten minutes, continuing for an hour!

September 26th.

Awakened in the morning by the 5·9 shrapnel coming over and bursting overhead, and we are subjected to an hour of it. None of our men hit, but about four mules hit. A beautiful day and sea calm; work of unloading stores proceeds apace. Artillery duels, but no shells come our way till four, when one shell bursts uncomfortably near. One feels a bit shaky for an hour after such an event, but we have got to stick it.

September 27th.

A very fine day, but a trifle hot; the flies seem to be swarming more than ever, and they are a great plague. Usual artillery duel from the batteries on shore and the Fleet in the bay. Seeing a lot of Arthur McDougall now, an awfully nice boy in Middlesex Yeomanry. Hear that O’Hara, our D.A.Q.M.G., is leaving the Division. All of us very sorry to lose him. Has got a lieutenant-colonelcy at G.H.Q., and deserves the push up. At 7.30 p.m. a burst of rifle fire started at Chocolate Hill. All the batteries on shore took it up; the warships in the bay joined in—battleships and Monitors and the like—and such an infernal din is now heard that the whole Peninsula seems to shake, and the evening sky is studded with innumerable flashes, right away to Anzac and beyond. It is very impressive, and lasts for an hour and a half. It turned out to be all panic. There has been good news of the French in Champagne; somebody in the trenches cheered—everybody else let his rifle off—and then the whole pandemonium started! The Turk never replied at all, and there was no attack; the moon shining peacefully above must have smiled at the folly of man this night!

Go up to Brigade with Carver and Stewart. Moonlight night, the bay looking beautiful and quite enjoyable, except over the bullet-swept area.

Called at 86th H.Q. on the way back, and picked up Way, and had a chat with Thomson, who had just come back from staying at Athens for a few days.

September 28th.

Wood, of the Essex Regiment, comes in early, and I give him a bed and breakfast and have a long chat about life here. Has just come back from a month's leave. Now has his majority. Get up to see O'Hara off. Peaceful morning; beaches represent hives of industry. Engineers busy making a pier out of a sunken ship, their hammers reminding one of the happy days of civilian life in the work towns of the North and Centre of England. An Indian shepherd is guarding his flock of sheep (destined to be slaughtered for the Indian troops) in front of our dugout on the slopes of the hill, while the distant roar of guns can be heard further south. Cooke arrives from Helles to join us. Hear that Collier is leaving us, so that we are now without a major or a colonel. Go up to H.Q. in car at nine, with a London Regiment officer and Arthur McDougall. Very bumpy ride. Find Stewart there. A bullet has knocked Stewart's hat off, but he does not seem to be upset much, and when he gets back just calmly sews up the two burnt holes. Getting water up to troops still entailing a lot of worry and work. The water is pumped from lighters through a pipe which dips into the sea. Yesterday water was very salt, as sea-water had got in. Was very ill in the night through this. Called up in night as water-carts had gone to wrong place and a further supply had to be sent up. This water business is the worst of all. All the animals have to be taken down to water at the usual times. A Transport Officer from the depot here, who has been down to see me once or twice on business, has told me that in his opinion the most trying duty of all is seeing the animals watered. The troughs are in full sight of the Turkish gunners, and the long lines of dust emerging from the transport gully give the clue. He tells me that this is when he gets jumpy. Absolutely in the open—water trickling into the troughs slowly—and he has to stand and see that every beast has enough. Then the shelling starts—mules fall, but still the others must have their fill and not be *hurried*, and it seems like hours, and some of the beasts all unconscious—appearing as if they will never finish. It must be a merry job—and it has to be done three times a day. An officer has to be present, or the overwhelming temptation to hurry up and get off becomes too much for the men, and no wonder!

September 29th.

Camp Commandant comes to inform us that we have to clear out of our place, which is comparatively safe, and move to an exposed position further inland, in full view of the Turks. We shall be absolutely shelled out if we have a Supply depot there, with A.T. carts and motor-lorries coming to and fro from Main Supply depot all day, and it will cripple our work. Hope to get this order cancelled.

Have told D.H.Q., who have promised to see Camp Commandant. Usual artillery firing all day, and ship's guns joining in. Submarines have been busy. One French transport sunk and two British—one empty and one containing Gurkhas and Punjabis. *Swiftsure* had a narrow escape the other day, two torpedoes just missing her.

September 30th.

A very fine day, not a cloud in the sky; very hot, and flies, now in myriads, perfectly appalling. See Camp Commandant as to moving our Supply depot to the exposed part of the Peninsula. Finally he gives way, and finds another and safer place for us at the foot of IX Corps Gully. Hardly any shelling from Turks, but our guns busy and battleships as well. Go up to Brigade in evening. Quiet night, and so ends September, a deadly month. No movement on our part all the month: no action, except little mirror stunts such as straightening our line, digging saps, bombing expeditions, and artillery duels. All the time we steadily lose killed and wounded and a seriously large percentage of sick, and we drift and drift on.

To where?

OCTOBER

October 1st.

A VERY misty morning, everything hidden in the valleys, also the ships in the harbour. At one o'clock we are shelled by high explosives and 5·9 shrapnel, and it lasts an hour; very unpleasant. I hate the shelling more and more as time goes on.

Some mysterious move is going on. The 87th, now at Imbros, have wired for their machine guns, and rumours that troops have left here during the last two nights are about. Has Bulgaria come in against us?

October 2nd.

A beautiful cool summer day, but flies still swarming about. Artillery very busy on our side. In afternoon walk up with Stewart to Brigade H.Q. Beautiful country walk through gorse, little hills and dales, trees and olive groves. On arrival at Brigade H.Q. and looking back, the scene is beautiful, with the bay shimmering in the sun and the Fleet and transports lying at anchor. The formidable hills in front look beautiful also, and hardly a rifle shot comes from the Turkish lines. But all the time our shore batteries and the ships are booming away, but feebly replied to by the Turks. On the way up we just miss coming under the beastly 5·9 shrapnel. We stay to tea with Hadow, the Staff Captain, now Major, and after have a nice walk back. Arriving on the promontory, we see them shelling the road that we have passed along. We find on our return that the beaches had been "strafed" again by high explosives, killing and wounding a few.

October 3rd.

A quiet, beautiful Sunday morning, the sea like glass. I have lunch with McDougall half-way up the high ground of the promontory, outside his dugout, right behind large boulders of stone. He provides us an excellent lunch, and we might be on holiday together. No firing of any kind. After

lunch, however, shore batteries and ships get active, while the distant rumble of guns is heard from Helles. At four we have our daily ration of the 5·9 shrapnel or “Whistling Rufus.”

We move our Supply depot up to the foot of the gully at the head of which is IX Corps H.Q.

October 4th.

Heavy Turkish bombardment takes place at nine o'clock this morning over Anzac, developing towards Chocolate Hill. At ten, rifle fire starts, denoting a Turkish attack, but in half an hour it dies away, the Turks having been beaten off. During this time we are shelled by high explosives, and remaining in our dugouts, as we hear each shell coming over our way we cannot help gently ducking our heads. It is instinct, but yet very funny. We must look like nodding Chinese idols.

In the afternoon we have 9-inch shells thrown over to us, but it only lasts half an hour. Go up to Brigade H.Q.; not much firing in front.

October 5th.

A beautiful summer day again. Turks shell us from 8 a.m. till 10 a.m., but all duds. No news, and no prospect of any progress in this campaign. Our aeroplanes up.

At 9.30 a.m. the Turks begin and are very busy all day with their shells. Our batteries do not reply much, and the battleships are practically silent all day. We have no shrapnel, though, but at four o'clock about a dozen 9-inch high explosives come over, and rather too near us to be pleasant. One shell pitched right in one of my battalion dumps, the 1st London, just arrived from Malta, and attached to our Brigade. We are therefore moving them to a safer place.

In our camp now we have the two Supply Sections of the 86th and 88th Brigades and representatives of each regiment in the Brigades, consisting of a Quartermaster or his sergeant, and a corporal and three privates. They look after the interests of their respective regiments on the beach, drawing supplies, ordnance, R.E. stores, letters, and baggage, which they escort up to the regiment each night by the mule-carts. New officers arriving and officers returning from hospital use our camp as a half-way house to the

trenches. All drafts arriving are met by these battalions' representatives and "looked after" generally by day and guided to their units by night.

Had a lovely bathe this morning with McDougall, Tooth, Carver, and Way at the foot of the cliffs. Very peaceful and beautiful, and it was hard to realize that there was a war on. In the far distance, across the Gulf of Saros could just be discerned the coast of Bulgaria, the country on which the eyes of all the world are turned at the moment. In a day or two we shall know whether she has joined our enemies or not.

October 6th.

Woke up at seven by a shell whistling over our dugout, but no more follow. Curious how, when one is sleepy, shells do not strike fear in one. A perfect summer morning. Artillery on our side very active. Go on board *Swiftsure* for lunch with Carver. Guest of Fleet-Surgeon Jeans, a charming little man. Had a glass of beer! And the lunch! Nice white tablecloth, attentive stewards, excellent food, and cheery society. Topping fellows. Half an hour after lunch have a "pukka" hot bath. The luxury thereof! And then take snapshots of the ship and of a group of officers. We get a good view of Suvla from the deck: the sandy beach, and to the left the three landing-places, crowded with lighters, launches, etc., and with khaki figures. Further to the left, the rocky part with its fringe of surf, and the frowning crags above towering away in masses into the blue distance. Behind the landing-places the ground slopes abruptly up to the gorges, crowded with dugouts and transport lines. To the right, Lala Baba with its sandy cliffs and the low plateau beyond, with the Salt Lake, stand out clearly. Further to the right one catches a glimpse of "C" Beach, with its white hospital tents along the sea's rim, and in the offing, silent and slim, loom the three hospital ships taking in their freight of broken humanity. There are never less than three such ships of mercy here, which gives one some idea of the daily human wastage, when one remembers that they are big P. & O. and B. I. liners. We are told by one of the Gunnery Lieutenants that at 4 p.m. ship is going to fire on a blockhouse just by the Pimple, on the left of our line. While on board, the ship's guns "loose" off. It is a curious sensation. We watch their shells bursting inland, and realize for the first time the difference between shelling and being shelled. Get back on smart pinnace at 2.30. Get shelled a bit at 3.30. Go up to British H.Q. to watch the Pimple bombardment. At

four precisely *Swiftsure* poops off with 12-inch and 6-inch guns. Also *Prince George* and a Monitor, and the shore batteries. Up the Gulf of Saros a torpedo-boat destroyer and Monitor are firing in flank. Poor old Pimple! Can't see it for dust and smoke. *Prince George* has a premature burst, splinters doing ducks and drakes across the bay. Hear machine guns at five. Cease fire at six, and we go back home. The little coves at end of point are now absolutely altered from their original geographical formation by the Engineers during the past months. Breakwaters, piers, dugout offices, stores depots, landing-stages, etc., have come into being, and they are now hives of industry, never slacking night and day. As at Helles, star shells sail up and down gently all night along our line. In the darkness of the sky over Sari Bair, the reflection of the rays of Chanak searchlight plays, but not so brightly as seen from Helles.

October 7th.

Ships firing very early this morning. *Swiftsure* left last night. Soon after ten this morning Turkish 8·2 gun opens fire on the *Prince George*, and at the third shot hit her. *Prince George* and the other ship open fire. Later the *Prince George* is hit again, this time just beneath the funnels, causing wreckage among boats. She alters her position, the duel still continuing. She is hit twice again, and then moves further out. Turkish gun then shuts up. Soon after 11 a.m. the 5·9 shrapnel comes whistling over to us, and nine of them, one after the other, at short intervals of two or three minutes, burst over our camp and the beaches, causing casualties. A beautiful summer day again, but flies as bad as ever.

I walk with Way to Brigade, his Brigade H.Q. having moved just in front of ours. As we go up we hear a whopping big shell go over to the beach, and looking back, we see it burst, kicking up a great deal of dust. Have tea with Thomson and General Percival. Afterwards call in at 88th, and walk back at dark. A bullet hits a bush at Way's feet just as we are walking over the little bit of hillock after leaving 88th H.Q. A few others drop near by. Way tells me that when bullets are about his head always feels ten times as big as it really is. Yet he never worries at all when shells are about. It is curious, but shells make me feel very uneasy and limp, while bullets don't bother me at all now. The ways of nerves are difficult to understand. When

we arrive back we find that the beaches have been strafed a lot in our absence.

9 p.m.

A bit of a strafe is taking place at Anzac, heavy rifle fire and shells bursting. Very fine sight, seeing the white flashes of flame bursting out of the black night.

October 8th.

All to-day there have been ceaseless artillery duels, warships and shore batteries taking part. Never before have we had such shelling from the Turks at Suvla. It has been one continual roar of guns from early morning till dusk. At last, dusk arrives, which is welcomed with general thanksgiving by the majority on the beach. News has just come in that Bulgaria and Russia are practically at war, and this means that in a few days Bulgaria will be an active enemy of ourselves as well. The Bulgars no doubt will join the Turks at once, and life on the beaches will become a hell in the true sense of the word. I hope that we shall keep our end up and not be ignominiously defeated on this Peninsula. There have been about sixty casualties to-day, killed and wounded. Yet the work on the beach has to go steadily on all the time. It has been much colder to-day, and some rain has fallen. At night we have very heavy rain.

October 9th.

A cool summer day. Shelled at 9.30 p.m. Troops arrive in large numbers. They should have arrived last night at dark, but it was too rough to land. Lord Howard de Walden comes down with news that drafts have arrived unexpectedly for us as well, and we have to prepare for them. Cannot reconcile the arrival of all these troops with the opinion that we are here for the winter. Looks as if we are going to have another battle. Turks very quiet this morning, yet they must see all these troops arriving. We wonder that they do not shell them.

Go up to 86th and 88th Brigades with Way in the afternoon, and it makes a very pleasant walk. Delightful country, and up at the Brigades it seems quite restful after the shelled beaches. Pass General de Lisle on the way up. Have tea at 86th, and call at 88th on the way back. General Cayley had a

narrow squeak, a splinter of the case of shrapnel coming right through the roof of his dugout, just missing his head by inches. He won't have his roof sand-bagged. Water question for our Division now settled, as we have found wells all over the place.

Just as it is getting dusk 8·2 Turkish gun opens fire on H.M.S. *Glory*, but does not hit her, and *Prince George* replies. Walker arrives from Helles. I am now O.C. the 29th Division A.S.C. at Suvla, as Carver has gone back to Helles. Large coveys of birds—I think they are duck and crane—keep on swooping about over the Peninsula, and our Tommies pot at them now and again.

October 10th.

Colder this morning—but flies still damnable. Usual artillery duels, but not so heavy as usual. Several officers leaving to join Allied troops at Salonica. But later we hear that they have not been allowed to land, as it is uncertain whether Greece is coming in against us. Not much shelling all day. Colonel Ekin, 1st London, arrives at night and we put him up, giving him dinner and a bed in our dugout. Very decent old boy. He comes along with the most wonderful rumours, which we drink in.

October 11th.

Very cloudy. Mule Corps at end of promontory get shelled at ten o'clock for half an hour. Starts to rain at 11.30, and looks as if it is going to set in in earnest. Salt Lake already under water in some parts, and if we have a season of rain, it will be a lake in the full sense of the word, and it will be difficult getting supplies, etc., to the lines immediately in front of Chocolate Hill. Walked up with Way again to Brigade H.Q. Beautiful cool, sunny afternoon after the rain. Had tea with the General at 88th, meeting there our friend of last night, Colonel Ekin. Morris, Machine Gun Officer, also there in great form, telling us all about his indirect gun-fire stunts. Hides his little batteries in a very clever way with gorse, the men wearing green masks. Colonel Fuller, going round the trenches the other day, could not make out where the sound of a machine gun popping off quite close to him was coming from. He was ten yards away only; it was one of Morris's efforts. After the bit of a bombardment the other day on the Pimple, during which the Turks were driven out of a redoubt, Morris's men bagged fifty Turks by

indirect fire. He makes your flesh creep by the cold-blooded way in which he describes his stunts, but if one thinks of Turks as partridges it is not so bad. However, we can do with dozens more Morrises.

After, go on to see 86th and have a rag with little Reid, Signal Officer to 86th, aged nineteen, but looks only sixteen.

Trenches dug through most beautiful country—olive groves, fig-trees, and vineyards. Grape season over now, but often Tommy climbed out of his trench and helped himself, risking Turkish bullets fired at only a hundred yards away. The blackberry season is now on, and they are so tempting that venturesome spirits—little Reid himself proving guilty—climb out after these also.

Looking back from the 86th Brigade H.Q., one can see the gorse-covered hills, the beautiful, thickly wooded valleys, while through the trees are peeps of Suvla Bay with the grey warships at anchor there. Further out, beautiful Imbros stands out sharp against the setting sun, backed by a sky of golden-bronze, with feathery purple clouds trailing across the firmament; the new moon—a delicate crystal crescent—swings above, dimly reflected in the dimpling waters.

A battleship flashes out, followed by a loud report, and looking towards Anafarta, just over the hills, one sees a monster flash of fire followed by a muffled report.

October 12th.

Very busy with shelling this morning. Quite a lot of 5·9 shrapnel coming over to our valley, and almost every shell accounts for a casualty. About twenty casualties in half an hour, Sir Randolph Baker being amongst the number, but he was only wounded slightly; and a rather nice Naval Landing Officer had a piece taken out of his arm. Also we had a few 4·7 shells over, and at noon they started with their 8·2—a terrifying shell.

Every one this morning very depressed at the news of the advance of Germans on Serbia and Bulgaria's attitude. Greece and Roumania are disappointing factors. I hope for the sake of this Gallipoli campaign that they come in on our side.

After lunch I go up to the Barrier on the rise of ground on the west road leading to Lone Tree Gully, just two hundred yards this side, to see about some bombs which have to be removed. On the way back, the 18-pounder battery which is in position on the right of the road looking seaward is in action, and the report of the guns, being so near, is ear-splitting. I turn round to watch the shrapnel, beautifully placed on and about the Turkish second line. Evidently the officer in the O.P. has spotted some movement of the troops up communication trench. Probably a relief party.



4.5 HOWITZER IN ACTION, SUVLA BAY.



29TH DIVISIONAL HEADQUARTERS, SUVLA BAY, HIDDEN FROM THE ENEMY BY THE SLOPE OF THE HILL.

I turn to my left and trip down the rocky hillock leading to the C.R.E. camp, in the place where D.H.Q. was to be after the Chocolate Hill battle, and where the bombs from the Barrier have to go.

I come back along the lower road which leads to our D.H.Q., and which is now called the Gibraltar road, as it leads to the small hill we have called Gibraltar, which lies between our first line and 86th H.Q. On the way I meet the 88th Chaplain, and we walk back together. Behind us we hear three tremendous explosions over to the left of Chocolate Hill, and looking back, see columns of smoke and dust. They are caused by Turkish aerial torpedoes bursting in our front line, equivalent to a hundred-pound shell, and terribly effective. Fortunately, they appear to have very few of them, but we have none at all. There have been sixty-three casualties on the beach to-day through Turkish gun fire and shrapnel. At night a great gale springs up, and we have heavy rain, many men being washed out of their dugouts, having to spend the night in their wet clothes on the hills.

A navy's battalion has arrived.

October 13th.

A fine day, but a very strong, cold wind blowing down the Peninsula. Arthur McDougall has now rejoined his regiment in the trenches. We have now a black cat in our establishment. It walked in, and we do not know where it came from. Probably off one of the boats.

We were shelled with the 5·9 at eight this morning, and had about six casualties in this valley. They were, however, very quiet for the rest of the morning. Just as Way, Cox, Baxter, and I were leaving for Brigade, they started to shell, and we were glad to get off the open space of the beaches. Now they have three guns firing 5·9 shrapnel at us, and they come over in threes, usually bagging somebody. The Turks seem to be getting very cocky lately. They actually cleared away all the barbed wire that one of our battalions in the 88th had put in front of our trenches, only fifteen yards in front. Also their bombing parties are getting very daring, creeping up each night to within throwing distance of our trenches.

Barbed-wire lines and trenches are now being constructed further back towards the coast—in case!

As we are up at Brigade H.Q., we notice one of our aeroplanes swoop down on to the Salt Lake, obviously having to make a forced landing. A short pause, during which we notice the pilot and observer climb out, when suddenly shrapnel bursts over the machine and very near. It is quickly followed by another and another, and later high explosive shells, when the pilot and the observer scurry away pretty quickly. They are wise, for the Turkish artillery are now well on to the machine, which is rapidly becoming a helpless wreck. I should think they put a hundred shells on that machine before they stopped.

October 14th.

Last night they tried to disturb our rest by putting one shell over to us every hour. One seemed to come very near our dugout, but we were too sleepy to bother. What's the good?

At eight this morning they get very busy again with their shelling, and at nine three of the big deadly shrapnel come over at once, followed a few minutes after by three more, and then later still another three. It is evident that they cannot spare very many of these every day, but after each bout the cry of "Stretcher-bearers!" is shouted down the valley. Shortly after, the wounded are carried away to the hospital, and this scene has now become a painfully familiar one.

It is very cold to-day, and the gale still continues, hampering the Navy's work of landing stores.

The afternoon was quiet. A great gale sprang up at dark and blew hard all night. It is now very cold. One consolation, flies are dying off.

October 15th.

To-day has been cold and cloudy, with a strong wind. Artillery duels all day, with ships joining in. We were shelled this afternoon, but fortunately to-day had no 5·9 shrapnel. Cox and Gennison came to tea, and Walker and myself walked back with them. Called in at Brigade H.Q. Hear that now we are at war with Bulgaria.

October 16th.

At five this morning (dawn) the Turks began a general bombardment, chiefly on our right (Chocolate Hill) and at Anzac, but the subsequent attack on their part seemed to die away quickly. No news as to results.

At 11 a.m. an enemy aeroplane sails over. Our two anti-aircraft guns on shore start firing, and make such good practice that the machine quickly gets out of range and sails over towards Anzac, disappearing suddenly into the clouds. Many thought that she had been brought down, and a great cheer goes up and clapping of hands. Shortly after, however, she is seen coming back over the bay once more, flying low. H.M.S. *Glory* and *Canopus* fire with their anti-aircraft guns, but wide of the mark. She turns and sails up inland once more, perilously close to our shore anti-aircraft guns, which make excellent practice. One shell bursts dangerously near the machine, whereupon she dives, swings to the right, and climbing again, sails over Chocolate Hill. When over our trenches heavy rifle and machine gun fire break out at her, but she sails calmly on over Sari Bair to her base behind in safety. Result, honours with the enemy pilot, a damned cool customer, but a very nasty trip for him. It lasts under ten minutes, so that he has not much time for observing, but no doubt time enough for his purpose. The rest of the day we have the usual artillery duels, rather heavier than usual, and at 3.20 p.m., and again at five, we have our usual shelling by our old friend "Whistling Rufus."

October 17th.

At nine this morning the Turks very heavily bombarded our reserve lines and our batteries on our left. They were very prodigal of ammunition, showing that their supply had been replenished, probably from Bulgaria. They put in some very large stuff, 9-inch at least, and at very long range. Our batteries and ships were active in reply. It is cold and windy and raining.

Went up to Brigade with Way, and later to 86th, where the Padre was holding Sunday service. Beach shelled a little while we were away.

To-morrow is the great Mohammedan feast-day, and we expect a general attack on the part of the Turks.

October 18th.

Rainy morning. Bit of shelling in morning and early afternoon, but not very damaging shells.

At four they started dropping large shells, about 11-inch, which whistled over with a tremendous shriek and burst with a thunderous crack. They must have come a long way, as we could not hear the report of the gun. They were bursting too near for our liking, and we were glad when they stopped. Some say they came from the *Goeben*. They finished up their bout with 5·9 shrapnel. So far no attack by the Turks.

News that Sir Ian Hamilton is going and that General Munro is taking his place reaches us.

October 19th.

A quiet morning, but at four we were shelled as usual. Not much damage.

October 20th, 2 p.m.

Quiet so far to-day, except for a bit of shelling this morning. News reaches us that the 10th Division, who were here in August, are at Salonika, whether interned or not we do not know. Turkish festival still on, and I believe it ends to-morrow. They make a row in their trenches at odd times of the day by the shouting of "Allah" and the ringing of bells. Sometimes our men, for a joke, throw jam-tins full of jam into the Turkish trenches. This happening to-day, the Turks thought that we were throwing bombs, instead of four harmless tins of jam, and they promptly threw back two bombs. Whereupon we have to throw six bombs back. This quietened them. Later, however, they threw the four jam-tins back—empty—having eaten their contents.

October 21st.

A very heavy gale blowing all day from the north-west. Sky heavy with rain, but wind too high to allow rain to fall. Heavy shelling all morning for three hours without stopping, and again in afternoon. None near our patch. We get the shrapnel, however, from "Whistling Rufus," which is more comprehensive.

Enemy aeroplane, in spite of gale, is over this morning. Anti-aircraft guns fire—and miss!

October 22nd.

A great gale blew all night, and is still blowing. Cold and cloudy. Artillery duels going on as usual. Not much shelling on this beach. At four, we have three of the 5·9 shrapnel over our little corner. One could not hear them coming, because of the gale.

October 23rd.

Beaches shelled a bit this morning. Gale continues all day, and it is very cold. Soon after four we are shrapnelled once more, having about ten large ones over in a period of half an hour, causing casualties. The gale prevents anybody hearing them coming. Go up to Brigade H.Q., and it is hard work walking against the wind. Country looking bleak and miserable. Come back on motor-ambulance. At night I am up at the C.R.E. nullah forming a forward dump of reserve rations. We have to work in a cold, driving rain.

October 24th.

Gale still continues. Flights of birds, which had collected in great numbers some few days ago, now seem all to have left. Has been raining all morning. Very little shelling from Turks.

Go up to Brigade H.Q. and have tea. Gale dies down towards evening. Beautiful colouring of sky over the sea. A background of grey rain clouds, golden-buff coloured strips of sky, grey sea, against which are silhouetted sepia-coloured trees and gorse-bushes. Imbros, now grey as the sea, is always in the picture—the eternal picture in which is painted our monotonous life on Gallipoli. We are waiting, waiting, with no news, and some of us are saying with no hope. These latter, however, suffer from “tummy” troubles.

October 25th.

Six months ago to-day I landed at Helles—it seems like six years. To-day we are still an hour's walk from the sea to the front trenches, at all three landings. This morning is a cool, beautiful summer morning. Flies seem to come again from somewhere, but not so bad as before, yet sufficient to be called a pest in England. Usual artillery duels all day, and we are

shrapnelled again in the afternoon. At 6 p.m. go up to C.R.E. dump about the reserve rations we are putting there. Cloudy evening.

October 26th.

A cool, fine morning, rather cloudy. Birds again flying in large coveys overhead—wild geese and crane, etc.; men fire at them, though it is strictly against orders. Hardly any artillery duels in morning. Go up to C.R.E. dump with Major Fraser, and later, leaving him, go on to Brigade and have tea. Adjutant of Worcesters, who was wounded in the landing in April, and who has been back in England, was there. We who have been out here all the time look upon those who have been back in England with great interest.

After tea, Morris, the Machine Gun Officer, takes me out to see his machine gun emplacements on Gun Hill, which is a little hill lying some two hundred yards behind our front-line trenches, the ground on its left rising steeply to the high ridge overlooking the sea, and on its right sloping gently down to the low land.

We pass the Worcester Regiment in the reserve trenches dug in an open space on the left of Brigade H.Q. looking inshore; then we pass down a communication trench, coming out into an open space behind a small mound called Gibraltar, round which we pass down a slope leading to a rocky ravine filled with large boulders, a few trees, and patches of thick gorse-bush. There the Hampshire Regiment are dug in.

To the left of the ravine are a few graves, and now and again a bullet kicks up the dust close by them. Smith, the Hampshire Quartermaster, jokingly informs me of a certain way of getting a cushy Blighty wound. If I want one, all I have to do is to stand by these graves after dark, and wait. In under two hours, most probably in five minutes of waiting, I shall get one in the leg. The bullets come from a Turkish trench high up on the cliff-side on our left front. To the right of the ravine one is safe, protected by a rise in the ground. On the left of the ravine one is in constant danger of a smack from a bullet, and more so at night.

We continue our way, passing down another trench, and shortly after come out into the open in a lovely glade of grass and trees situated in dead ground, protected by a little hill in front called Gun Hill. On its slopes we once more enter a trench, which encircles the hill, very similar to the

ramparts of an ancient castle. It is a little fortress on its own, standing aloof from the system of trenches situated behind our front line, but in front of our support line, yet blending in with the uneven lie of the land, thereby not making a conspicuous target. At intervals are machine gun emplacements, with machine guns in position, pointing through apertures in the sand-bagged breastwork. At the first that we come to we find the sentry not looking out. I shall never forget the frightened look on his face as it meets Morris's suddenly appearing around the corner of the sand-bagged wall a few inches from him. He gets a stiff "strafing." We continue our way, and at the next emplacement come upon a sentry who presents a unique object. For his head is covered by a sand-bag, through which are holes made for his eyes and mouth. To this headgear are fixed sprigs of gorse-bush, and as he stands stock-still, with his head and shoulders filling the gap in the breastwork, it must be impossible for an enemy observer to detect his presence from the background of gorse and trees. Yet if he is detected a sniper has him for a dead certainty. It is so far safe for such sentries, however, for up to now no casualties have occurred amongst them from a sniper's rifle.

Morris asks, "Is everything O.K.?" and the sentry, without looking round, replies, "All's well, sir."

I stand beside the sentry and look at the view in front of me—a beautiful view of sloping hills up to the heights of the cliffs which overlook the sea; and on their slopes I see distinctly the irregular light-brown lines of thrown-up earth, denoting the Turks' front-line trenches and ours, running opposite each other to the summit of the cliffs, about three hundred yards apart.

We are six hundred yards from the enemy line, and can be certain victims for a Turkish sniper should he be aware of our presence.

From this position at night sometimes the Turk receives the contents of belt after belt of machine gun ammunition poured on to his second and third line and communication trenches by indirect fire, ranged by day, causing him great inconvenience and to wonder from where the bullets come.

Our front line is always warned when any such stunt is on, so that they may not arrange for their working parties or patrols to be out in front. Looking at the country in front of me, I can see that here on these rugged slopes the Turk would have but short shrift if he attacked us—as of course

would we if we attacked. Result, deadlock, like two cats spitting and sparring at each other. Morris says he is always pleased to show people round his pet hobby. I was immensely interested, and Morris might have been showing me round a farm.

We come back in the gloaming, Morris now and again stopping to order paper and litter to be picked up, for General de Lisle is around here frequently, and has the eye of a hawk.

October 27th.

A fine morning, with a very warm and strong wind, almost a gale, blowing from the sea. Smith, of Hampshires, pays us a visit, and as we sit in our dugout we hear “Whistling Rufus” coming over from Sari Bair. One corner of the roof over our dugout is only of tarpaulin, for corrugated iron is scarce. Rumour says that a ship which set out from England loaded with corrugated iron has been torpedoed and sunk. An officer, newly arrived, who is sitting with us, appears to rather scorn my advice to move from where he is sitting under the tarpaulin, which is of no protection to him from shrapnel bullets, when, “Crash” from “Whistling Rufus” is heard overhead, and the sound of bullets spattering on our roof follows immediately after, just as if an unseen hand with a bowl of pebbles had taken a handful and thrown them with violence down on to our abode. A shirt hanging outside on a line to dry receives two bullets through its tail, causing large rents. The new officer immediately gets up from where he is sitting and comes round to our side of the table, where we sit under a roof of corrugated iron with a layer of sand-bags on top, safe from everything but a direct hit.

This 5·9 shrapnel is followed by others, and in the distance we hear the roar of Turkish artillery and bursting shrapnel. “Whistling Rufus” ceases worrying us after a while, and we go up to behind our dugout and look inland at the Turkish shelling. All along our line and behind, Turkish shrapnel is bursting thickly, being more concentrated over Chocolate Hill and on Hill 10, which is situated on the left of the Salt Lake and half a mile from “B” Beach.

About half an hour after, we hear rifle fire, which dies down quickly, and all is quiet. What it was all about I do not know. Probably the end of the

Turkish festival, or probably Enver Pasha has paid a visit, and, sitting on top of Sari Bair, has asked for a show to be demonstrated to him. I must say such a show, viewed from the top of Sari Bair, must appear a wonderful sight.

October 28th.

A hot, sultry day, and the flies a pest. A very quiet morning. No news. Hardly any shelling on the part of the Turk, but our artillery and ships' guns fairly active. I go up to Brigade H.Q. to tea, and after, on the way back, call in at the 88th Field Ambulance, situated in a tent encampment on a plateau lying between Karakol Dagh and the Turkish positions. Here the situation is most interesting. The white tents and marquees are in full view of the Turks, and not a shot comes near, for John Turk plays the game. It is almost like living in a garden city, with the open country all round, and the feeling one gets is very odd—so near to war and yet so far! Patients rest quite at their ease in their walls of canvas, while over their heads, singing their dread song, the Turkish shells pass on their way to the beaches.

October 29th.

A hot day, and flies very trying. Turks busy with artillery at Chocolate Hill and Anzac. Our artillery busily replying. Nothing our way. Heard firing off coast of Bulgaria last night. Our artillery have been very active all day, and are still firing, although it is dark. We have now several new batteries ashore, and for the past few days the Turk has been very quiet. We had only two shells over our way to-day. Our artillery seems to be getting well on top. Munro has arrived, all good luck to him. Now perhaps we shall get a move on. We feel now, either move on or off. But Heaven defend us from the inaction and waste of time of the last six months! Stewart has gone off, suffering very badly with dysentery. He was stubborn about it, and would not see the doctor, until at last he had to be carried off on a stretcher. I shall miss him very much, as he was good company.

October 30th.

A hot summer day, and flies a plague. The Division has sustained a sad loss to-day. Algy Wood, of the Essex, has gone West. He had been through everything since the landing, and at noon to-day was shot in the throat

while in the support trench near his “orderly room.” He became a friend of mine, as he became a friend of all he met, and I have often referred to him in my Diary. He just had time to say to his sergeant-major, who went to him, “I’m finished, sergeant-major,” and then died. A name that will never be forgotten by the survivors of the 29th Division. Nearly all the best have gone now. Lord Howard de Walden comes into our dugout in the evening and has a chat; he is our D.A.A. and Q.M.G., and very popular. Munro is ashore to-day with Staff for a pow-wow at IX Corps H.Q. No news from Salonica.

October 31st.

Another summer day. Hardly any shelling on our part, and absolutely none on the part of the Turk. And so ends October, a monotonous, dreary month. Phew! how many more such months?

NOVEMBER

November 1st.

LAST night was very rough, and several lighters were wrecked on the beach. We also lost a destroyer, which ran on the rocks just off West Beach. No loss of life.

A cool summer day again, and no shelling from the Turks this morning. Flies not quite so bad, but still a plague. They have become persistent, fat, sleepy ones now. No shelling from the Turks at all, and our artillery hardly fire a shot.

November 2nd.

A few shells only this morning. A beautiful summer day, but flies badly worrying. A battery has been put on the road just by the rise before 80th Brigade H.Q. Destroyer which ran on the rocks yesterday still in the same position.

November 3rd.

After breakfast, having arranged for a visit round the trenches with Panton, the D.A.D.M.S., I go up to D.H.Q. at the top of our gully. We start off, accompanied by Lord Howard de Walden, pass through the 88th Field Ambulance camp, dip down on to the beach road, and after a short way along bear to the right on to Gibraltar road. Instead of walking up along the Gibraltar road, as has been the practice of most of us up to now, we bear to the right through the low wooded country between Gibraltar road and Hill 10. We cross the newly made line of trenches, with barbed wire thickly laid in front, passing a bombing school on our left. Turkish bullets fired at a high elevation just reach this point, dropping with spent velocity. As we walk through the almond-trees just beyond, the guns of the two battleships bang out suddenly. We hear the great shells shrieking over our heads, and see them burst with violence over Burnt Hill on our right front. Passing the

almond-trees, we make a detour to the left, arriving in the open space which leads to 86th Brigade H.Q. Panton stops here at an advanced dressing station, and while we wait for him a few bullets sing overhead. But there is never very much rifle fire in the daytime. We then dip down into "C.C." communication trench, and follow its windings to the line. We pass over one or two bridges crossing large drains that have been dug to drain the trenches when the wet weather comes. We are warned by the formation of the irregular hills, nullahs, and ravines, and the great boulders of stone standing out of the ground, that at some time during the year rain falls in great quantities. What will our trenches be like on the low ground when that time does come? Salt Lake on our left gradually sinking under water answers that question. We see shrapnel bursting low over that part of the line we are making for, and I have a desire to turn my coat-collar up. I always do when I am near shells. Why, I don't know. We arrive at the support trench, in which are the Munsters and Dublin Fusiliers. I see a few men clustered together in the trench at a small entrance leading to a dugout. One comes out from the dugout, and says, "By Jasus! the poor lad's gone." A man had been hit by shrapnel, and had just died, after about twenty minutes. We continue on, and on arrival at the Essex Regiment I inquire where Algy Wood had been hit. I am taken up a short trench which turns sharply to the left, coming to an abrupt end at a dugout—his dugout. I inquire how it happened, and am told that he was leaning up against the back of the trench immediately outside his dugout, with his pipe in his mouth, looking at an aeroplane which was hovering over our line. Suddenly a bullet strikes him in the throat; he takes his pipe out of his mouth, makes a gesture of extreme annoyance with his arm, and mutters the words "Damn it!" Then he sinks back in the arms of his sergeant-major, who is standing near him, and saying, "I am finished, sergeant-major," quietly goes West.

Struck by a chance bullet in a comparatively safe place! Cruel, cruel luck! At least Algy Wood, one of the most gallant officers of that pick of Divisions—the 29th—should have been spared. However, he had the satisfaction of putting up his hard-earned D.S.O. ribbon a week or so ago. We continue our way along trenches which, instead of running more or less in regular lines, zigzag in and out in sharp turns and corners, which face the high hills on our left, each corner protected by strong sand-bagged breastworks. The reason for this is that these breastworks, placed at short intervals in that part of the line where we are, screen us from view of the

enemy in his trenches high up on the ridge of hills which overlook the sea on our left. Of course, we in our trenches up there also can overlook the Turks in the trenches running through the low country in their territory, which trenches also are punctuated at frequent short intervals by breastworks. In consequence of the danger of being seen by Turks on the hill, our trenches on the low land are very narrow, and Lord Howard de Walden causes great amusement to some Tommies sitting on the fire-step by the remark, "These trenches were not built for a man with an extra large tummy."

We follow Panton, who is on his round of inspection of sumps, cesspits, cookhouses, and the general sanitation of the trenches. Myriads of flies, which precede us on our way; when we halt, they all promptly settle in black patches on the sand-bags and sides of trenches. When we continue our tour, they, rising immediately with a loud buzzing, lead the way for us.

An inspection of the cookhouse of the Newfoundland Regiment is made. It is built in a small sunken ravine at the back of the support line. Panton and Frew, their M.O., go to the end of the ravine. I wait at the end near entrance to the trench. A Newfoundlander says to me, "Excuse me, sir, but in the place in which you are standing our cook was killed yesterday by a sniper from the hill." I am rude enough to forget to thank the man. I simply turn round on my heel, practically diving into the trench. But I shouted thanks to him as we left, five minutes after. After a short walk along the front line—the usual front line, with men at short intervals on the keen lookout through periscopes—we return by "D" communication trench, half an hour's walk. We pass Gibraltar Hill, and so over the gorse to Gibraltar road, arriving at D.H.Q. on the hill, where I am given a topping lunch.

It is a beautiful summer day, and the Turks are sending over sporting shots at the shipping. The battleships answer, so the enemy turn their guns on to them instead, and actually record two hits on the *Prince George*, which then manœuvres for a fresh position. Then they get on to the supply ships again, which have to clear outside the boom, further away from the end of the promontory. Suddenly a good shot at long range gets a supply ship, which is loaded with hay, and quickly sets it on fire. Our battleships get very angry at this, but it is some time before they can silence the Turkish batteries. At sunset the hay supply ship is still smoking, but the fire is well under control. A new officer arrives, named Hunt, a good fellow

from Tipperary. Good omen, for though we are a long, long way from Tipperary, one from that immortal place has come to join us.

November 4th.

The ship that was set on fire yesterday lost practically all the hay in the forward hold. Consequently, for some time our poor little Indian mules will be on half rations. Destroyer has now broken her back and is a total wreck, waves breaking over her. Rain is beginning now. We had a few showers this morning. A little shelling in the morning, but the afternoon was quiet. Go up to Brigade H.Q. with the new Transport Officer, Hunt. Find conference on, so McLaughlin and Morris entertain us to tea. Have to make detour through flat wooded country, getting to and from H.Q., on account of this beastly new battery. Very quiet this afternoon; no shelling, and hardly any rifle fire. Hunt remarked, coming back, that it was a nice country walk, and reminded him of his homestead in Tipperary. He has been at Blackheath for the last six months at Headquarters at the Ranger's Lodge, and left there only three weeks ago, so I like getting him to talk about Blackheath, which I knew so well. I have been on this place so long now, that a new-comer has only to mention about riding on a tramcar or going into a cakeshop, when I am held thrilled with interest and pleasure.

November 5th.

A beautiful, cool summer day. Shelled at ten this morning for quite an hour. The destroyer has now completely broken her back, and her stern has disappeared. The Turks discovered the mishap, but they could not see that she is a wreck, as she is "bows on" to the Turkish position. Thinking, therefore, that the destroyer was still intact, though stuck on the ground, they attempted to finish her off, and for three hours shelled her. They only recorded two hits, however, and it was satisfactory to see old Turk wasting his ammunition. To-day another old friend has gone. He is Way, the 86th Supply Officer, who has been here since April 25th without ever going sick. He felt rather dicky two days ago, and was told to stay in his dugout, and to-day I find he has developed diphtheria badly. He tries not to go, but a doctor soon settles that. I shall now feel more lonely than ever, for we were great pals, and our walks to our respective H.Q. were among the few pleasures that I could look forward to. When casualties occurred at his

dump he was always there to attend to the wounded, and as S.O. the 86th Brigade will miss him. I wonder how many of the old 29th are left. Well, Way is for Blighty, and good luck to him. But diphtheria is a nasty illness, and I hope he pulls through.

November 6th.

Walker has gone off permanently to hospital with jaundice, and Hunt and myself are left on our own.

Beautiful summer day, to-day. Turk very quiet and hardly any shelling. *Swiftsure* back, and the *Canopus* and *Prince George* busy shelling Turkish positions this afternoon.

November 7th.

Another beautiful summer day. Turks shelled our valley at ten and again at three. No damage, though some were uncomfortably close to us. Our ships and shore batteries fairly busy. Monitors busy at night.

November 8th.

A cool, lovely day. Flies are dying rapidly—the best news to record for a long time. Two new A.S.C. officers arrive to join us, named Matthews and Elphinstone. Very few shells this morning, but they come very near our dugout this time. Cox, of the *Essex*, comes in for a chat, the only original officer now left of that regiment. I walk back with him to Brigade H.Q., and Matthews comes with me. Walking across the flat space just leading to the 86th Brigade H.Q., I point out to Matthews the lines of light-brown earth running up the slopes of the hill on our left front, and he hardly believes me when I tell him one line is Turkish. Like all who newly arrive, he is surprised at the short walk from the beach to the line. Our batteries are dusting the Turkish line with shrapnel, and their batteries are retaliating. They make very good shooting on both sides, as, of course, they have all ranges registered to a nicety. We call at both Brigades, and have tea at each. Coming away, Matthews tells me that he is of a retiring disposition, and that he does not like being thrown suddenly into new society, and that two tea-parties is more than his nerves can stand, more especially when a General is present at each.

November 9th.

Usual visit to Brigade H.Q. with Hunt, and after, inspect the forward reserve rations at C.R.E. dump. Men busy digging trenches back near beaches now. Another beautiful cool summer day, cold at night. Turks busy shelling batteries and shrapnelling trenches.

There is only one possible game for the Turk to play, and he is playing it well. That is to say, he must keep us at bay at all costs. Therein lies his only chance, for once we can get across the Peninsula to Maidos, his game is up, for we cut his main line of communications, so he shells us continually to keep us occupied. The shelling is so effective that elaborate dugouts have to be built. These are made as strong as possible, the inner walls being strengthened with sand-bags, the roof formed with strong cross-beams, on which rest, first, iron sheets or wire netting, then two layers of sand-bags, then soil. These dugouts are perfectly secure against shrapnel or high explosive splinters, but, of course, could not stand against a direct hit. But that would not worry the occupants much, as it would be all over in a few minutes. Inside such houses we have lounges cut out of the earth and covered with sacks. Our furniture is rough-and-ready, and made on the spot. It is marvellous what can be done with any ordinary wooden box, if you know how to deal with it. Out of our wooden boxes chairs and tables appear like magic—chairs with arms and adjustable backs; strong tables, and various other bits of furniture. Some of them are really quite good, and show clearly the ingenuity of their makers. We also have candlesticks, recesses for books, and toilet articles, all from the same source. Fireplaces are made out of home-made bricks—for there is a good deal of clay on the Peninsula. They are good fireplaces too, complete with mantelpiece, bars, and hob. So we sit round of an evening reading periodicals a month old with the same zest and interest as we read the latest editions at home.

By the papers, England sounds depressing.

So we would rather be here. We do know *the truth of Gallipoli* here. Man likes to know what he is up against. Seven Divisions at the start would have fixed this job, no ships would have been lost, and our little friend Bulgaria would have thought twice of coming in against us. All night outside we hear the crack-crack-crack of the rifles in the trenches. Worcesters did a good bit of work the other night, capturing a sniper's post three hundred yards in

front. Only two casualties over that little job; they expected more. Turks in front of the 29th have fairly “got the wind up.” We bomb and shell their nerves away.

General Cayley says he is quite happy and does not want to go to Salonica, as he is looking forward to sitting round his fire of a winter’s night. General Percival says bother General Cayley’s fireplace; he wants to go to Salonica and get a move on. And so they live their lives, these men—lives full of danger, yet joking about their fireplaces.

November 10th.

Another fairly quiet day. Ships firing a bit against Turkish batteries, which are sending back shrapnel. Take up Elphinstone to Brigade and have tea at the 86th. Have some excellent rock-cakes, made by their cook. General Cayley calls in. We walk round with him to the 88th. I get awfully fed up at times, but every time I see General Cayley he gives me a spurt for a few days. I had jaundice badly about two weeks ago, and they were going to send me off, and that meant England. I got a spurt, and soon felt fit again, and have never felt so well in all my life. Morris, Machine Gun Officer of the 88th, seriously ill with rheumatism, but he is trying to hang on. Destroyers and Monitors make a practice of shelling the Pimple from the Gulf of Saros now. Amusing watching destroyers. They fire, then emit a cloud of smoke, sail round behind it, then fire again, and so on. Old Turk can’t hit back. Shelling Pimple much in fashion just now. Poor old Turk! fancy trying to get to sleep on the Pimple with big guns throwing great shrieking shells at him all night.

November 11th.

Lovely summer day. Are moving camp to IX Corps Gully. Busy arranging the necessary digging. Turks very busy with shrapnel this morning around Chocolate Hill and to the left. Battleships very angry and fire back, making a fearful noise. Old Turk sticks at it, though. General de Lisle, riding with A.D.C. and orderly, nearly gets hit. He takes too much risk and seems to have no nerves.

November 12th.

Getting rather cold now. Fleet firing heavily to-day, and Turks, as usual, busy with shrapnel. "C" Beach badly shelled, and 13th Division Supply depot gets it badly; several casualties. A year ago to-day I received my commission and joined the 13th Division. If I had not joined the 29th Division I might have been on the "C" Beach to-day with the 13th Division. Go up to Brigade with Elphinstone and see new Staff Captain—Armstrong. Hadow is now with the 11th Division, and I am sorry he has gone. Stay till dusk. Turkish snipers always creep out at dusk. Bullets freely coming when we take our leave. Over the gorse outside the Brigade H.Q. I say to Elphinstone, "At this point at night I always walk fast," and he, this being his first experience, says, "I am with you." Out of range we light our pipes, then a comfortable walk back in the moonlight. Finish up work at the depot. Dinner and a smoke, and to Hell with the Kaiser!

November 13th.

It is getting very windy and cold, but day quite fine. Flies still worrying, but not nearly so badly as a few weeks back. No shelling from Turk. Ships firing on Turkish batteries, which are badly shrapnelling Chocolate Hill. Kitchener in neighbourhood. Matthews leaves to be Adjutant of train at Helles, and Hunt and I go out in his pinnace to see him off. Sea a bit choppy, and I, sitting on the top of the engine-room, nearly fall through the skylight into the engines. Horne arrives to take his place. Has seen Kitchener at Mudros with a numerous Staff. Staff-Captain 86th Brigade comes to tea. Show him over our new camp for winter, which is in course of preparation. It is going to be "some" camp. It breaks the monotony, making this camp. Guests for dinner. Beautiful moonlight night and very quiet.

November 14th.

A bit of a gale blowing. Another quiet day, absolutely no shelling. Kitchener arrives here at three o'clock with Staff. Was up Brigade with Horne at the time, and so missed the show; but my sergeant told me about it. He landed at little West Beach, walked through the Main Supply depot, and then past our depot, up IX Corps Gully to the top of the hill, and had a good look round the positions. He was only here about two hours. Tommies came running up and stood in groups at attention, while their C.O.'s and

officers saluted, and he passed along saluting gravely right and left, now and again stopping to look at some dugouts. There is now general satisfaction that Kitchener has been and seen for himself what things are really like here. No shelling of the beaches while he was on shore, but the low lands were being shrapnelled.

November 15th.

Quiet morning. In the afternoon the Turks put a dozen of the best over the beach, but did no harm. Bit of a battle on Chocolate Hill this afternoon at five, and rifle fire, and a great deal of shrapnel, for half an hour. Our battleships firing heavily and making a deafening din. Heavy thunderstorms at eight, with vivid forked lightning and rain. I suppose this is a foretaste of what is to come.

The safety of the beaches has now greatly improved. West Beach and the beach adjacent are now joined by a deep cutting. A deep trench, starting at the Main Supply depot, runs down to West Beach, in which is laid a tramway used for carrying supplies from the piers to the depot. This is under cover, entirely hidden from the enemy by day. The earth taken from this cutting or deep trench has been thrown up in great mounds at the back of the two beaches, rendering them safe from high explosive shells, though, of course, not from shrapnel. But "Whistling Rufus" has not worried us since the late days of October, devoting his attention to the unfortunately situated "C" Beach on the other side of Lala Baba. The road leading up on the higher ground to our D.H.Q. is now sunk and the dug out earth, thrown up on the side facing the enemy, hides all transport by day entirely from his view. Since this has been done this road has been almost entirely free from shrapnel.

November 16th.

Men are hard at work digging our new camp in IX Corps Gully. We move there, when IX Corps H.Q. move to the end of the promontory. IX Corps new Headquarters should be entirely winterproof, even during the severest weather. They are also practically invulnerable, by reason of their position and the vast amount of labour that has been expended upon them. I myself saw sheds in sections being put bodily into the rock excavated to receive them. There were communication trenches cut in the living rock connecting

dugout with dugout. Also, elaborate excavations in the rock formed shell-proof living quarters, and, when necessary, unlimited wood, iron, and sand-bags have been lavishly used. The whole place is a perfect engineering achievement—the most wonderful nest of safety that the mind of man could conceive. How different are the conditions at Lala Baba, but three miles away, where the wretched hovels of the troops cluster as thickly as the cells in a honeycomb. No coping of iron or beams there. A man is lucky if he has as much as a blanket or a waterproof sheet to stretch over his miserable hole in the ground—not enough shelter to keep out the raindrops, let alone shrapnel.

The system on which our camp is being modelled is the same as for all the other beach camps here. An effort is being made to house the men through the rigours of the winter storms, which no doubt will soon be upon us. Taking advantage of the sloping ground in the fold of the gully on the promontory, which increases in height as it extends inland towards the high land, deep trenches are dug parallel to the lines of our trenches inshore. They are 7 feet wide, with parapets and parados 8 feet and 6½ feet high respectively. They should be roofed in by corrugated iron; some only of them are, however. Corrugated iron is still a luxury here. Filled sand-bags are then laid on the top, which should render them shrapnel-proof. As they generally run at right angles to the line of Turkish artillery fire, a high explosive shell would explode on the mound of earth thrown up in front of the parapet, and not in the roof.

Each trench is dug on lower ground than the one in front. The whole system is being organized by an able technical engineer officer, who is hard at work from morning to night. His camp is taken as a model. Although in view of the enemy, its safety against casual shelling, such as we are daily subjected to, has been demonstrated several times. Against a heavy bombardment, of course, no trenches are proof. Shrapnel bullets have spattered harmlessly on his sand-bagged roofs. High explosive shells bursting full in the middle of his camp have been caught by the mound of earth in front of the trench. Should the shell miss one line of trenches, it is caught by the mound of earth in front of the other line behind. A direct hit on the roof, except from a howitzer, is almost impossible.

Drains are cut about and around the trenches to catch the water of the forthcoming heavy rains, and advantage is taken of the formation of the

gullies to make one main drain into which smaller drains can run. One has only to look at the great boulders of stone standing half in and half out of the earth all over the high ground of the Peninsula, and at the large, medium, and small gullies, which are of all kinds of intricate geographical formations, to realize that at some time of the year not only a series of ordinary rainfalls, but raging deluges of water, fall in all-powerful torrents, mercilessly driving all before them, even great boulders of stone. No trenches, no matter how well constructed, can withstand heavy driving floods. Let the engineers first study the formation of the land, pause and reason a little, and they will see that all this labour will be lost, and their trenches full to the brim at the first heavy downfall. In dry weather, though, the system is excellent, and the men inside are very comfortable.

The trenches are entered by steps from the road or path at either end, or from the terrace behind between each trench. At night the men sleep in one row side by side, their kits hung on the earth wall behind them. Quarters for N.C.O.'s are partitioned off by timber and sacking. By day their blankets are rolled up neatly, and the whole makes a roomy apartment. A cookhouse constructed on the same principle is built at the end of a series of trenches. Officers' dugouts are built near by, dug in the slope or behind protecting boulders. The whole, neat, orderly, and compact, affords remarkably good cover from shrapnel and high explosives—but for protection against weather, never. For protection against weather I prefer the de Lisle system of terraces, built on a steep slope in tiers, the whole practically a flight of very large steps. But, of course, a steep slope is necessary. The men's quarters are simply built on each terrace; the back wall is cut out of earth, the roof of corrugated iron, supported by timbers and made shrapnel-proof, and the sides are built up of loose stones, tarpaulins, and timber. The hill on which such a system is built affords the necessary protection against shell fire. It is, of course, weather-proof, as it is simple to drain.

“C” Beach and Lala Baba across the bay get very badly shelled this afternoon, and in consequence the battleships are hard at work endeavouring to silence the Turkish batteries. Sounds of very heavy firing are heard from Helles, probably Monitors in action.

November 17th.

Very little shelling, hardly any our way. To-day is very stormy, and as the time goes on the wind develops into a great gale. All landing of stores has to cease. Great white waves dash up against our piers, and after it is over there will be much work for the Australian Bridging Section. In the evening our flimsy summer quarters are cold and draughty. The oil-drum fire won't burn. So we turn in early, Elphinstone and Horne going to their dugout up the rise to our left. Suddenly, just as we are getting into bed, the tarpaulin half of our roof blows adrift. Hunt and I have a job to fasten it back in position once more. The wind is shrieking outside. A short while after, Horne and Elphinstone come back, asking for shelter, for their bivouac has blown down altogether, and so we crowd them in our shelter for the rest of the night.

November 18th, 19th, and 20th.

The usual daily visits to Brigade H.Q. forward reserve dumps and D.H.Q. I get exercise this way. Also to and fro on the beach, paying calls on friends among the many dugouts there. Some are excellent, especially those of Naval L.O.'s and Camp Commandant, built in the side of the high rocks. The Field Cashier has to be "stung" by me now and again on behalf of my Staff Captain to pay the men of Brigade H.Q. His dugout is not in a very safe place.

Once, outside the dugout, leaning against the wall of sand-bags talking to an Australian officer, I heard a shell coming clean for us. I had no time to get to cover. I saw men several yards away dive for cover. I watched the Australian. He did not duck, but I noticed that he gripped his pipe tightly with his teeth. I leant hard against the wall behind me, and the beastly thing passed low over our heads and burst in the sea. I said to him, "I wanted to duck, but as you didn't, I didn't," and he replied, "Same here, son." Gale has been blowing hard the last three days, the Navy having great difficulty in landing stores, etc.; but to-night—the night of the 20th—the wind is dying down. Hardly any shelling at all now, except inland.

Our flimsy bivouac very draughty and cold. It is hard work keeping our accounts and doing our office work.

November 22nd.

Gale blowing hard now and wind much colder. Hard at work building our new camp. Hunt falls ill and has to go to bed, but trying to stick it out. Turks very quiet.

We are woke up at twelve midnight by a dugout on fire, and all turn out to get the fire under and prevent it spreading in the strong wind to neighbouring dugouts. We curse heartily but manage to put the fire out in half an hour. No one is hurt.

November 23rd.

Wind quieting down, thank goodness. We pull down our “summer residence,” in which we had lived for close on three months. In a short while not a sign of it is left, and we are hard at work shifting the whole camp into our new quarters in the late IX Corps Gully. Each regiment’s Q.M.’s staff, and a few regimental transport details and our A.S.C. Supply details move with us. Also the two Brigade post-offices. Our camp is not properly finished, but we are all glad to be in it, for it is much warmer at night in our dugouts.

November 24th.

The weather is now much more settled. It was making us all very anxious, as landing stores was very difficult for the Navy. Brigade H.Q. country walk again. But life very monotonous. Battleships now and again pop off. A little shelling from the Turk, but not half a dozen all day. Hard at work on new camp.

November 25th.

Hunt very seedy, so I send him to Field Ambulance. At night hear a rumour that the evacuation of Suvla Bay has been decided on. Go down on beach in the evening to see about arrangements for getting off, but am led to believe it is only baggage for a Division which is leaving.

November 26th.

Yes, I think evacuation has been definitely decided on, so our little camp has been built for nothing. However, it keeps us employed, for life is deadly dull. This, then, is to be the end! After all these months of blood and sweat,

of feverish anticipation and dismal results; after all the toil, the hardships, and sorrows, with the little graveyards getting fuller and fuller every day as I have passed them—all this is for nothing, and we are leaving. I am glad, yet full of regrets—excited, too, at the prospect of getting back to civilization once more. Alexandria and all its delights will seem like Paradise; the cosy dinners at the club, the shops, and the meeting with old friends left behind. These are some of the emotions that I experience at the thought of evacuation.

The wind is getting up once more, and the sea becomes stormy. The Field Ambulance receive orders to evacuate all patients at once to casualty clearing stations. At the clearing station they are hard at work evacuating all cases on to the lighters for transmission to the hospital ships.

Afternoon.

The sea is very rough. A lighter full of sick and a few wounded has been washed ashore. Two cases have been drowned. All further evacuation has stopped.

The battleships are heavily bombarding Turkish positions. Over Imbros black clouds, heavy with rain, are sailing towards us. We are in for a dirty night.

We are in the middle of loading our A.T. carts when heavy spots of rain drop, and looking up, we see the sky getting blacker and blacker with storm clouds. Luckily, issuing is nearly finished. The transport of many of the battalions has moved off, when a flash of forked lightning rushes from the sky to the sea, and almost instantly a deafening crash of thunder bursts overhead. This flash is followed by another and another, and then several in different parts of the sky stab the black clouds at the same moment. The rain gently begins to hiss, the hiss getting louder and louder, developing into a noise like the sound of loudly escaping steam, until, as if the clouds have all burst together, water deluges the earth in a soaking torrent. Black night soon falls upon us, changing at short intervals momentarily into day as the forked flashes of lightning stab the earth, sky, and sea. The beach men, bending double under the downfall of water and the struggle against the wind as they walk, appear in vivid detail and disappear in the fraction of a second as the lightning plays overhead. Soon a pouring torrent of water a

foot deep is raging down the gullies, turning the ravines, large and small, down the slopes of the hill into rushing cascades, washing away dugouts as if they were paper, and filling to the brim every crevice and hollow on the lower land. The new camps of trenches into which men have rushed for shelter are half filled with water, which, in less than an hour, overflows the drains on either side that we had dug to prevent such an event happening. All the weary weeks of Engineer labour lost in a short time. I go back to our new dugout and meet a sorry sight. Our cookhouse, wherein our dinner was being prepared, washed off the face of the earth. The roof and the back part of the messroom had fallen in, covering furniture with mud and debris, and flooding the floor with water 6 inches deep.

I have to go to the Corps Transport depot about some water-carts for the trenches, so, taking my torch, I cross the gully. The rain is pouring in torrents, and as I walk the rushing water from the hills washes round my feet high above my ankles. Parts of dugouts, boxes, men's kits, etc., continually come floating down on top of the rushing stream. The thunder crashes overhead and my torch is unnecessary, for the incessant flashes of forked lightning illuminate my way. The wind beating against my face takes my breath away, and makes the climb up the high slope exhausting. I arrive at the mess dugout of the IX Corps Transport. Their dugout is intact, for it is on steeply sloping ground, but their floor is over 6 inches deep in water. They are all sitting at dinner with gum-boots on, and are a merry party. Afterwards I climb to D.H.Q., arriving breathless. Back in our dugout, the storm still raging, appearing to go round and round in circles, first dying off somewhat, then rushing back with renewed fury; it runs its wild course till about eight o'clock, when it seems to pass away over Sari Bair, leaving heavy clouds pouring their burden of rain into the flooded gullies and trenches. Towards nine the downfall slackens, and shortly after stars become visible, and the black clouds gradually roll away over the hills of Gallipoli. We have a meal of bully beef and bread, for our dinner has been washed away and no hot food is possible. The wind from the north-west still blows with great violence, and it becomes steadily colder and colder. Two of our dugouts are intact, and we turn into these and get off to sleep, wondering if the drainage system in the trenches has answered its demands.

November 27th.

We wake up to find a drizzly rain falling, blown by a strong north wind. Mud is everywhere, and the whole of the beaches a quagmire. What were once dugouts are now large puddles full of water. The system of trenches for winter quarters across the various gullies and nullahs has ceased to exist. Many of these are full to the brim with water; all have water and mud covering their floors. Twelve men taking shelter in their trench, which was roofed by corrugated iron, and which is situated in the gully in which we lived up to a week ago, have been drowned by the roof collapsing. We have orders to send up medical comforts. We send them up by A.T. carts. For the first time a convoy of A.T. carts is seen on the Gibraltar road in broad daylight.

A gale develops in the afternoon. Elphinstone and I go up to Hill 10. The road is in many parts under water, and the whole a bog of wet, tenacious clay that clings to one's boots and almost pulls their heels off as one raises each foot. What before was a pleasant country walk is now a hard, exhausting "slow treadmill" made in a gale that one has to determinedly bend one's back to, to make any headway at all. Last night the pack-mules had the greatest difficulty in getting the rations up, and one or two that fell into ravines were drowned. We call at the West Riding R.E., and in Major Bailey's dugout I find the floor a foot deep in water and Major Bailey perched up on a table, his feet resting on a ledge of the dugout, endeavouring to get warm from an oil-drum fire. He appears as cheery as ever; in fact, every time I see him he is always merry and bright, evidently a habit, and a habit worth cultivating. We arrange the position of the new ration dump, though it is difficult to find cover for it. A line of bushes is the only protection we can find. We go over to the Dublin camp in the reserve trenches by Hill 10, and, of course, it is flooded, and the men in a wretched condition. We see the officer in charge about fatigues for the unloading of rations. As we come away we meet Colonel Fuller, our G.S.O.1, who asks as to the conditions of the roads on our left, and we cannot give him anything but a bad report. We continue our way past the barbed wire and second-line trenches to the 86th and 88th Brigade H.Q. Turkish artillery is dead quiet, and hardly a rifleshot is to be heard. Both Brigade H.Q. have withstood the storm well, protected as they are by the small hills on the side of which they have been constructed, the ground sloping away in front.

At the 86th Brigade we hear that our trenches on the low land have been flooded to the brim, and in some parts are now completely under water. Sentries are lying flat in the mud and water outside, behind the trenches, watching the enemy and in full view of him. There they lie, keeping guard under such conditions as have hardly been known before, sniped at now and again, and occasionally becoming casualties. The 86th, being in the lowest trenches, suffered the worst, for suddenly, as their trenches became kneedeep in water, a torrent burst into a saphead, and in a few minutes had swallowed up the first-line, the dugouts and communication trenches. Men floundered about, swarmed here and there, and clambered out on to the open. A few less fortunate were drowned. Could it ever have been imagined that men would drown in a trench? This has now happened, and their bodies lie half floating, half resting on the bottom of the trench, waiting to be dragged out when nightfall comes.

In this terribly cold northerly wind, gradually beginning to freeze, those waiting sentries, with their clothes soaking wet through, watch for the enemy, who probably is worse off than we are. As often as possible they are relieved, the relief creeping up in the broad open, chancing the sniper's easy shot. As we talk, a man comes past, leaning on the arms of two R.A.M.C. men, who are taking him to the advanced dressing station, a little way back. His face is blue and swollen, and his teeth chattering as if with fever. We go round to the H.Q. of the 88th Brigade and ask for instructions as to what to send up in the way of food and medical comforts. In talking to General Cayley, we make the remark that we are glad that his dugout has not been washed away, but immediately feel reproved for having said this by his replying that "it is not his dugout, but the poor chaps in the trenches that he worries about, because he can do nothing for them."

It takes us about a quarter of the time to get back, for the wind literally blows us along, and it is difficult for us to keep our feet in the sticky mud. Once I slip while negotiating the side of a deep puddle, and fall backwards into it, much to the amusement of some passing gunners. At night it steadily becomes colder and colder, and the driving, misty rain turns to snow, a northerly cold blizzard setting in. I am up late arranging about the carting of the rations and blankets to the sea of mud that was once our trenches. It is freezing cold, but we shiver the more when we think of those men lying out in the open behind our front line.

November 28th.

We wake up to find it bitterly cold and a northerly blizzard driving with great force down the Hill. A Staff officer comes into our dugout early and instructs me to get as many medical comforts as possible in the way of rum, brandy, milk, Oxo, etc., up to the line. I go down to the Main Supply depot, and there find shelters made of boxes and sailcovers built as temporary hospitals. They are full of men frostbitten in legs, arms, and faces, who lie in great distress, suffering agonies as their blood warms up and circulates to the frozen parts of their bodies. A hospital ship is standing quite close inshore off West Beach, but five hundred yards from the pier, the closest a hospital ship has moved to the beaches as yet. Hodsall, the O.C., a temporary A.S.C. Major, does all he can for me, and I collar all the comforts and fuel I can lay my hands on. There is a plentiful supply, in spite of the heavy demands of yesterday. Again, as yesterday, these are conveyed up by daylight, and yet the Turks do not shell us. We are extraordinarily free from shell fire. Our line is held very thinly, only by forward parts, relieved in daylight at frequent intervals regardless of snipers. Last night the frost was severe, and the men lying out in the mud behind the soaking trenches suffered the greatest hardship that a soldier could endure—namely to lie out in the soaking clothes, which freeze stiff in a biting wind, while the temperature rapidly falls to below zero.

The enemy is more inactive than he has ever been, showing that he has suffered as badly as we have, if not worse. In front of the 86th Brigade the Turks hold slightly higher ground than we do, and I think that they must have opened one or two of their sapheads when their trenches were flooded, thus allowing the water to rush over to our side, engulfing all our first-line dugouts and communication trenches. The gale blowing from the north-east to-day is the fiercest that I have known, for, as well as being biting cold, it drives stinging sleet before it with terrific force. As I talk to an officer on the hill of IX Corps Gully, outside my dugout, I have to stand with my legs wide apart, bending my body against the wind to prevent myself from being blown backwards on the frozen ground. Many Turkish prisoners have come in, in as bad a state of collapse as our men. Last night a party of forty came over unmolested as far as the gully behind our support trenches. Seeing some of our men crowding around a coke brazier endeavouring to get warm, they walked up to them with hands up, but were “shoo’d” away like

a lot of sheep by our half-frozen Tommies, who advised them to “get to Hell out of it.” Pondering, they walked over towards the Salt Lake and were taken in by the casualty clearing station on “B” Beach. This morning a few have died. Officers in the line, if they were not on watch, were huddled together all night endeavouring to get warmth from each other’s bodies. Ration carts were unable to get to many parts of the line owing to the mud and water in places being over the axles of the wheels. Quantities of rum and rations were lost in the mud. Telephone communication broke down, and many men, cut off from the rest and having to watch the enemy, froze and died at their posts.

To-day, walking cases are streaming and staggering down the roads from the trenches to advanced dressing stations, from advanced dressing stations to the casualty clearing station, which is rapidly becoming overcrowded. Such an influx of cases has come in so unexpectedly, that the staff is unable to deal with them quickly. Frozen and frostbitten men continually stagger in, collapse on the damp floors of the tents and marquees, exhausted, to wait their turn for medical attention. The sea is rough, and it is impossible to get the cases off to the hospital ship. One lighter has been swamped and a few cases drowned. Motor-lorries are busy plying between the casualty clearing station and West Beach all day, for the casualty clearing station is crowded out. More improvised shelters have been put up in the Main Supply depot, in the Ordnance marquees, and in dugouts on the beaches. Three exhausted men staggering down the Gibraltar road to the advanced dressing station are a unique party. Linking arms, they painfully stumble along to the refuge of a dressing station, where, on arrival, they are received with surprise and interest, for two are British Tommies and the third a Turk, all allies against a common enemy.

7 p.m.

Colonel Pearson, O.C. Lancashire Fusiliers, of Lancashire Landing fame, visits us in an exhausted state, his clothes damp and sodden. We provide him with an outfit of dry clothes, gathered from our respective kits. He talks about going back to his regiment to-night, which is sheltering in the C.R.E. nullah, by our forward ration dump, but I think soon he will collapse altogether and have to be evacuated. He was all last night holding a portion of our flooded, sodden and freezing line. At night Horne and I go on to cart

some of the rations from the C.R.E. dump to Hill 10 by A.T. carts. On arrival at the camp of the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, we find a poor shivering fatigue party waiting for us. I had expected to find these men in a miserable condition, for their camp has suffered heavily in the storm, and even the best built dugouts have been washed entirely away. We have brought with us whisky-bottles filled with rum and water. As the last cart is unloaded, we hand the bottles to the sergeant, who calls the men up one at a time. They come forward eagerly as each name is called, "Private Murphy! Private O'Brien!" etc., and drink a tot from the bottle handed to them.

It is amusing to watch them standing waiting their turn, with keen anticipation, for a pull at the bottle under the superintendence of their watchful sergeant, who regulates fair play in the length of the drink by interrupting an extra long one by snatching the bottle from the man's mouth, now and again. As we go away, several of the men shout, "The blessings of Jasus be on you, sir!" in a Dublin brogue, and we leave the poor devils to shiver in the camp the rest of the night. We are delayed in our return by a chase after two mules, which we capture after much difficulty amongst gorse-bushes, trees, and boulders. Calling in at the Australians' dugout on Kangaroo Beach, we see them sitting round a welcome log fire, and as we warm ourselves, a figure covered in a blanket, his head swathed in a cloth, creeps in stealthily like a cat. He is a half-frozen Drabi, edging towards the fire to warm himself. An Australian makes him understand that he had better go back to his camp, and orders him out. He creeps out, but after a pause I see him come back stealthily once more, unnoticed by the others, and sit at the back of the stove on his haunches, his hands spread out for warmth. He is at last noticed, but some one says, "Let the poor devil be!" and we go on talking, taking no notice of him.

November 29th.

The gale is still heavy, but the blizzard has stopped. The sky is clear overhead, but it is freezing hard, and the steady stream of casualties from the storm still continues to be evacuated. The whole country-side has frozen hard. All day we are hard at work sending up comforts to the line and to the C.R.E. nullah, and nursing the casualties who have arrived in our little camp. The wind is slackening a little, and in consequence the sea is going down. Advantage is therefore being taken of this to thin down the

overcrowded casualty clearing station and the many improvised shelters, which are overflowing with cases. The hospital ship is standing close inshore, only five hundred yards off West Beach. My visits to D.H.Q. on the top of the hill above our gully are made to-day with great exertion in the teeth of the bitterly cold gale, and I arrive at the top each time absolutely exhausted. Before I go into the D.A.Q.M.G.'s little dugout, which is his office and bedroom combined, I have to sit down on a boulder to recover my breath.

Horne and I go up with the A.T. carts to take more of the forward reserve rations from the C.R.E. nullah over to the left of Hill 10, for two forward dumps have to be made of equal numbers of rations, and the one we have now is therefore being halved. Hill 10 is a position of which several of our batteries have taken advantage, and in consequence is a favourite target of the Turkish gunners. One veritably walks on a surface of shrapnel bullets around this hill, lying like pebbles on the shore. On arrival at the nullah we find that all the Supply boxes, with their tarpaulin covers, have been built up to form a large improvised dressing station. They are full of cases of frostbite and exhaustion. From all around comes the sound of men groaning. And so the carting of rations to Hill 10 is off to-night. As I walk back, I hear a groaning voice calling "Mother, mother!" and peering through the darkness of the night, I see the form of a man lying under a gorse-bush. Poor devil! His mother, to whom he calls, is probably knitting him socks at home. We carry him along to the 89th Field Ambulance Dressing Station, just to the right of the nullah, having to negotiate a muddy brook on the way. We walk back fast, to get up a circulation, and find on arrival that a nice fire has been kept up. The roads are hardening with the frost. This will aid the solution of the transport difficulties, which have been almost insuperable during these awful last few days, for the wind has been so strong as to almost prevent the use of the light motor-ambulance, and horse transport is restricted, owing, I find, to animals having already been evacuated just before the storm.

November 30th.

We awake to find the gale has died away. It is a cool, beautiful day, with not a cloud in the sky. In fact, the sun is beaming warm. It is hard to believe that we have just passed through a terrible blizzard. The beach is crowded

with cases of frostbite waiting for evacuation, which is rapidly going on now. Men lie about everywhere on the beaches, with their limbs swathed in bundles of bandages. Many cases are serious, and not a few will lose their limbs. The Main Supply depot is now a large hospital of shelters built of boxes and sailcovers. All over the beaches men are hunting about for lost property buried in the mud. Dugouts and trenches are being drained of the remaining water. The beaches are gradually becoming themselves again. The Division has suffered heavily.

On the inspection of the Royal Fusiliers to-day, one company, on being called to attention, proved to be a company consisting of Captain Gee, a sergeant-major, and a private. Captain Gee shouted, "Sergeant-major, call the company to attention." The sergeant-major then shouted, "'W' Company, 'shun!" and the one man left, who was the company cook, sprang to attention.

Gee, forty-five years of age, and who at the best of times could not be called robust-looking, stuck this storm through at his post in the trenches, which are situated on the lowest ground—trenches which in consequence suffered the worst of all—until he was relieved.

He told me after that on coming back on relief he came to a small nullah, and that he was so weak and finished that he actually cried like a child before he could summon up the will-power to get across that little brook, which at ordinary times he would have cleared at a leap.

Later.

The evacuation of Suvla, which was decided on before the storm and then cancelled, I believe has now been finally decided on. Parties are now hard at work at night improving the second line, which stretches behind our first line on the same latitude as our C.R.E. dump, across the Gibraltar road and over to Hill 10. A third line is being dug just a short way in on the mainland from "W" Beach, and over the hill of the promontory a fourth line also. Our dugout is now being rapidly repaired, and the dugouts behind on the higher ground, one story higher, are now finished. All the dugouts are built together as a whole, really forming a picturesque house. On the ground floor, up a short path bordered by little gorse-bushes and a rockery, one enters our messroom, furnished with a table, arm-chairs, and a stove made

from an oil-drum. Two smaller rooms lead out from the left, and two from the right. One is the clerk's office, in which he sleeps, and the other three are each occupied by Horne, Elphinstone, and myself.

Next to our dugouts, on the same level, are the dugouts of the Q.M.'s of a few regiments, which are built on the same scale as ours, but separated by a flight of about a dozen steps running up in a bend to a row of smaller dugouts, which house the N.C.O.'s of our Supply Section, a few quartermaster-sergeants, regimental N.C.O.'s, and the two Brigade postal staffs. Opposite, in the gully, as the trenches that we had made are now damaged beyond repair by the recent storm, the remainder of the men live in shelters made from sailcovers and tarpaulins, with shrapnel-proof roofs, built in places where boulders and mounds of earth protect them from high explosive shells. Behind us is an Egyptian encampment, situated in full view of the Turks among rocks and boulders. But as they sleep most of the day, working only at night digging on the beaches, they cause very little movement to be seen by the enemy, and in consequence have been very little shelled. If a shell does come near them, however, they make no bones about running as far away as possible, chattering like a lot of chickens.

All day cases of frozen men, now happily diminishing in number, are being shipped off. It was the most terrible storm I have ever witnessed.

DECEMBER

December 1st.

A BEAUTIFUL day, but very cold. Turks shell the beaches pretty heavily in the morning and afternoon with high explosive and cause some casualties. Quite a new kind of shell, I think, and from new guns. One shell hits our depot, smashing our clerks' office, but fortunately nobody is hurt. Poign Destre, of the Munsters, a charming boy, comes to spend a few days with us. He was out on the parapet during the night of the storm and was carried back unconscious, but is now quite fit again. Times are rather anxious just at present. Troops arrive this morning to reinforce. Evacuation of stores and equipment proceeding full steam ahead.

December 2nd.

Drafts arrive for the 29th Division. A beautiful day and not too cold. Turks busy with shrapnel. Go up to Brigade H.Q. with Horne. While up there, Turks shell beaches. Suddenly they open fire with two guns and shower of 5·9 shrapnel along the new second-line trenches which we have just passed. We have not had this 5·9 shrapnel since October 27th. About forty shells come over in rapid succession, two at a time. I hope they do not pepper the beaches with them. The ground is still damp after the flood. We are warned to expect many of these floods and blizzards. We pass General Byng and Staff while up at Brigade. General Cayley still as cheery as ever. Everybody busy repairing damaged dugouts. Work of evacuation proceeding very well. I wonder if John Turk can see. We have the advantage of the piers and beaches being under cover.

December 3rd.

We now hear a rumour that we are not evacuating at all, and that only the 29th are going, but I do not believe this. We learn this rumour from Sergeant Jones, of Jones's water dump. Every day rumours are circulated from Sergeant Jones's dugout on "A" Beach. All day officers and men who

pass call in here and say, “Good-morning [or good-evening], Jones; what is the latest rumour?” They are invited to sit down while Jones tells the latest and best that he had heard from all sources—trenches, Navy, and beaches. I have seen at one time in Jones’s dugout a Brigadier, Major, and two Captains and a corporal all sitting round the oil-stove fire while Sergeant Jones, at his table, is eating his supper. As an officer comes in, Jones stands up, saying, “Good-evening, sir; what can I do for you?” If it is water required, then that worry has to be settled; if it is an ordinary call at this half-way house, then the officer is invited to sit down by the fire, Jones adding, if he should be at supper, “You will excuse me going on with my supper, won’t you, sir?” One night he said to me, “May I press you to a plate of porridge, sir?” We do not look upon him as a soldier or an N.C.O. It is difficult to describe how we regard him.

He is popular with everybody, and all officers, after a while, fall into the same manner of dealing and talking with him. Personally, I feel my relations with him are as they would be to the landlord of a familiar roadside inn. “A” Beach now being deserted, all and sundry, with the exception of Jones, being shelled out, Jones has to remain there, for this beach is the only possible place for a water dump. Dugout and dump remind me of a lonely roadside inn where I call on my journeys between the beaches and the line. He gets shelled now and again, and has had some remarkably lucky escapes. Men have been killed right and left of him. But most of the drawing of the water is done under the cover of the night. Happily, for our Division the water question has been nearly solved by our Engineers finding wells behind our part of the line, although we still have to draw water by cart from Jones to augment the supply from the forward wells. Other Divisions, however, are not so fortunate. They continue to nightly draw water from Jones for the troops in the line and reserve nullahs by all kinds of receptacles, and cart it up on A.T. carts.

Scotch mist and drizzly rain all day. Hardly any shelling on our front or on part of Turks. More drafts for 29th Division arrive. We are now making a rest camp in one of the nullahs, where men can change their clothes in case the weather gets bad again.

December 4th.

A very calm day, cold, cloudy, and dull. All last night there was quite a lot of rifle fire and bombing. Starting at daybreak, Turks get very busy with shrapnel, of which they appear to have plenty. At midday they are bombarding our position very energetically. We reply, and the battleships join in. In the afternoon our neighbourhood is shelled with these new high explosive shells, one shell dropping in our Supply depot; but no one is hurt. Dusk, and all is quiet. A relief. Poign Destre leaves Peninsula. Lucky devil! We have shipped off to-day a lot of base kits, surplus baggage, ordnance stores, and even food supplies, by means of the A.T. carts and on the tramway running in the sunken trench. A.T. carts returning empty from the trenches have been bringing large quantity of surplus kit and stores away during the last few nights. Under the cover of the protecting mounds of earth they have been off-loaded on to lighters, which with no attempt to disguise their intentions have been towed out to supply ships, making fast on the side away from the enemy, their cargo being loaded by the ships' derricks into the various holds. Very little of this work has been done so far, but it is obvious to all that we are evacuating in the near future. I can't describe our feelings. Up to a short time ago stores were being busily unloaded day and night, and now the reverse is happening. It is as if a High Commander had suddenly shouted the order, "As you were."

December 5th.

Heavy gunning all day by both sides—very heavy and continuous. From twelve to one the Turks give us a general bombardment, and we get our share in our little camp. Men's cookhouse wrecked, but no one hurt; the cook happens to be at the depot a hundred yards down the gully drawing rations. It is evident that the Turks are now getting regular supplies of ammunition, probably direct from Germany. We are looking to Russia. If only she can come through Rumania and attack Bulgaria in the rear and cut off Turkey, Turkey is finished. We get rumours that she is through, and are rather looking towards her as a besieged city looks towards its deliverers. Snipers busy just now, on account of the exposed position of our washed-out trenches. Fresh drafts arrive for the 29th. Is it to be an evacuation for all, or is the 29th only going. If so, why do drafts arrive for the 29th?

December 6th.

A very beautiful day. Turks busy shelling us. We reply energetically. One continued roar of guns all day. Our beaches shelled midday and late afternoon. But very few casualties, the mounds of earth affording excellent cover, and all shells are high explosive, no shrapnel. Trenches are still in muddy state in low land. At night we shell their positions.

December 7th.

A very beautiful, cool day, but it is getting colder. Turks start shelling us early. Their shells are much improved and are evidently new. Horne and I start off to Brigade H.Q. after lunch, walking up our gully. We pass a boxing match in full swing. I do not think that the men know anything of the evacuation. I hear unofficially that it has been postponed indefinitely. Perhaps it is off altogether. We appear to be getting through the winter so well, that perhaps it might be as well to stick these storms and not give up this job of forcing the Dardanelles, which if successful would mean so much to the cause of the Allies. As we near the top of the gully, we hear the boom of a gun, coming from the direction in which we are walking. It is the first time that a shell for the beach has come from this direction. By its sound I know instinctively that the beastly thing is coming down very near us. I shout to Horne, "Drop flat!" and both of us fall beside a prickly gorse-bush as the thing bursts with a deafening explosion on the high ground on our right. We get to our feet and look back at the boxing match, and cannot help being amused at the way the Tommies have quickly cleared or lain down, with the instinct of "veterans of the beaches." The combatants in the ring, who have paused, resume their match. The crowd again collects, continually being added to by a stream of men coming over the skyline from the next gully. This should draw Turkey's fire; and sure enough it does, for as we reach the hill at the top of the gully we hear another coming. We duck behind a boulder as it passes over our heads and bursts twenty yards our side of the boxing ring. This clears the crowd and ends the match for the day. The Turks cannot see the gully, but know that men are collecting there by the procession of them streaming over the skyline of the promontory. As we walk on towards the 88th Field Ambulance, about four more shells scream over the hill to the gully, which by this time is deserted; and as we sit in the ambulance waiting for a friend who is walking up with us to Brigade H.Q., the Turks increase their range and send a few nice fat, juicy ones over to the beaches.

Leaving the ambulance, we walk down the slope to the Gibraltar road and meet Grant, our G.S.O.3, who has just come back from the trenches. He is in shorts, caked with mud up to his knees and thickly bespattered over the rest of his body, which gives evidence of the present state of the trenches, even though it is over ten days since the storm. He tells us that in fifteen minutes we are going to open fire with all guns on to the unfortunate Pimple. We continue our way up the Gibraltar road, when at four o'clock precisely the ships' guns—with a roar that makes me jump, for I am again walking in a direct line from which they are firing—fire, and the great shells screaming overhead can be seen bursting with great violence on the insignificant geographical formation. Almost at once all shore batteries pour shells in rapid succession on to the small target of the Pimple, which disappears from sight under a great cloud of drifting dust and smoke of all colours.

Arriving at Brigade H.Q., we find McLaughlin on the roof of his dugout looking at the show through glasses, and we join him. As is always the case when John Turk is being bombarded, the bullets become free and frequent, and "overs" begin to fly about us. We have tea with McLaughlin and sit around the nice brick open hearth, in which a log fire is burning, and chat. The General and Brigade Major are up at Gun Hill observing the show. Heavy gunning is heard in the south all the afternoon; at night the Turk sends a shell over our way at odd intervals, but in our gully we are practically safe, for his targets are usually the beaches.

December 9th.

Yes; the evacuation of Suvla is now a reality. I hear to-day that we have now begun the intermediate stage of the evacuation. It has been a reality for some days. The storm only delayed it. We have just completed the preliminary stage. We hear that it will be but a few days now when not a British subject will be left alive here unless as a prisoner. The shelling to-day is in fits and starts. High explosive shells are searching the beach, bursting well and with a louder explosion than in past days. But West Beach is well protected, and the steady shipment of vehicles and ordnance goes on all day. At night, empty ration carts go up to the line to bring back men's surplus kits, blankets, surplus ammunition, and the surplus part of the usual

accumulation of baggage that a regiment takes with it to the trenches and to dumps just behind.

Horne, Elphinstone, Hunt, and I are on the beach all night, taking shifts in superintending the unloading of the carts as they arrive back full. They come back in a steady stream. The carts that have taken up rations, stores, special ammunition, such as bombs, etc., earlier in the evening, all return loaded with kits. We have a few men to help us, but hardly enough, and we therefore work ourselves to keep warm. It is a monotonous job. The Drabis appear fed-up, and we have to watch them carefully to see that they do not slope off with their loaded carts to their lines. Kipling once said "East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." Is this correct? I wonder. For our Tommies seem to work amicably with the Drabis. The white transport corporal, who is with us marshalling the transport, on receiving an order from me, shouts out into the darkness of the beach to the Indian jemadar, "Mahommed Hussan!" A voice answers back with a drawl, "Hullo"; my corporal shouts back, "Wait 'arf a mo, will yer?" and the voice answers "A-all ri-ight." East—and West.

All night, lighters are being loaded up and towed out to the ships. Last A.T. carts unloaded at 5 a.m. We turn in at 5.30 a.m., ready for sleep.

December 10th.

A fine, cool day. Usual shelling with "hot-stuff" shells. Evacuation of stores going on apace. I think the 29th is to be the last off. Medical comforts in the way of champagne, port, brandy, and whisky are now going cheap, and I send them round to all the battalion messes, the two Brigades, and Divisional H.Q. They are not troubling to evacuate this stuff, and I am trying to get a full share for the 29th. Personally, I should like to give them champagne dinners every night, after what they have been through. No food being landed now, except a little bread and fresh meat. Instead of that, the reserve at the depot is being steadily reduced.

December 11th.

Last night work went steadily on—the loading up of lighters and the towing of these to ships, where the derricks, rattling away feverishly, emptied them. A surprisingly large quantity of all kinds of material has been evacuated, yet the beaches and the life thereon appear unchanged. All

tentage and camps are to be left standing, and up to the last day as much transport as possible will move about on the top of the promontory. Tonight the 89th Field Ambulance has left, together with some men on light duty. Also a large number of men from the 11th and 13th Divisions.

December 12th.

Nothing of much account to-day. Everybody hard at work, dismantling and getting away all impedimenta. It can readily be realized what a vast amount of all kinds and conditions of stores and equipment this impedimenta represents for an army of 60,000 men who have been stationary on a small bit of land for over four months. The work goes on, punctuated at intervals by a few shells from the enemy's batteries; but it is quite normal shelling, and I feel sure the Turks know nothing. They can see nothing. The Staff work is excellent. The beach each day appears unchanged. Many troops, beach details, etc., move off.

December 13th.

A cold south wind is blowing and makes us all very anxious. Is it going to develop into another storm which will upset all our well-laid plans and so place us at the mercy of the Turk? These are anxious days. We are now issuing rations from the forward reserve stock in the C.R.E. nullah nightly, and our dump on the beach is now clear. Medical comforts are liberal, and also milk, which the troops appreciate, but bread and meat are issued only in very small quantities. The rations at Hill 10 are untouched, remaining there to be issued should we have to hold the second line of trenches, which are now complete. Work is being carried on feverishly for completing the third line. All work on the low ground has to be done at night, but on the high ground, where nullahs and dips in the ground afford cover, work goes on by day and night. Meeting-places have been arranged, where the troops will concentrate before proceeding to the beaches on the night that they have orders to evacuate. They are termed "posts," and are lettered "W," "Y," "Z," etc., the letters showing illuminated through a dark background. Of course, all such posts are placed in positions which are under cover. Each unit is to be guided to the post allotted to it, there to await orders, which will be telephoned up to the post from the piers. An officer of the

Evacuation Staff will wait at the post telephone for the message from the beach, after marshalling and checking the troops on arrival there.

I see Brigade H.Q. each night now, when I am up at the C.R.E. dump issuing the daily rations. Their H.Q. are now in the same H.Q. as the C.R.E. had. Next door is the Brigade H.Q. of a Brigade of artillery, the guns of which are in position near by in front, just behind and round about. While there, an officer told me that if necessary his guns will be putting up a curtain of fire over the Turks should they attempt to follow on after our troops have evacuated the first line. Their guns are being left in position for this purpose, and will be rendered useless after the infantry have passed back. Two medical officers and about twenty R.A.M.C. men have been detailed to remain at the casualty clearing station after all troops have left on the last night. Their duty is to attend to any wounded who may have to be left to fall into the hands of the Turk, they of course giving themselves up as prisoners.

If it is at all possible, pinnaces from one of the battleships will be ready to take them off, provided there are no wounded. Their tents are being lined with sand-bags as protection against bullets. The Turk will not shell them.

December 14th.

The time gets nearer, yet the aspect of the beaches does not change. Shelling is about the same, but getting rather bad, at odd, but fortunately rare, intervals. The days are now lettered, but the letter of each day is secret to all but a very few. All we know is that when the last night does arrive it will be "Z" night. I have a shrewd idea that to-day is either "W" or "V" day, so that the time is near. It will be hard luck if I collide with a shell now, after dodging them all these months. What of the schemes for evacuating the first line when all those in rear are clear away? The line for the last few nights will be very thinly held by us.

The second and third lines are thickly wired with barbed wire in front, which stands in fences 8 feet high. At intervals there are passages through these fences to allow us to pass through on our way to and from the line. On the last night these passages will be closed, and the only way to get through will be by barbed wire gates across the few roads. Officers will be on duty at these gates, and they will have fixed thereon telephonic communication

to the beaches. The final evacuation of the front line will be carried out as is the present daily evacuation of troops, keeping to a strict programme. The officer in charge of the last party down a certain road will report his unit and name to the officer in charge of the gate. This will be checked by the list which the officer will have with him of the last parties down, and if correct the officer, who will then know that the last troops have passed through, will telephone this information to the beach, close and bar the gate, and proceed with the party to the next line and himself report to the officer at that gate, where the same procedure will follow. And so on to the beaches, the only way to which is by the roads. After the last parties have passed through the last line, then those on the beaches will know that all have passed safely through, and that there are three lines of trenches thickly protected by barbed wire between the beaches and the enemy. The last parties to leave will be hurried on board the waiting destroyers, trawlers, and ships; the skeleton framework of the Supply depot, the remaining stores which have been unavoidably left, will be set ablaze by the igniting of petrol-sodden hay. The remaining officers will make a bolt for the few remaining pinnaces. That is the scheme.

The British population of Suvla daily dwindles away, unbeknown to the ignorant Turk. Ammunition and ordnance and all manner and kind of stores and equipment are daily disappearing into the holds of the waiting ships. These ships are not more numerous than the ships which have lain in the bay in the safety of the boom since August 6th, so that from their presence our plot is not given away. To the enemy our daily life appears the same, and he gives us our daily ration of shells—now of good quality and effective—and no doubt is laughing at us, with the memory of the recent awful storm and the coming blizzards of a rigorous winter. If all goes well, if the well-laid schemes of our G.S. “gang not agley,” and no bloody rearguard action is forced upon us, it will be our turn to laugh in a few days. To-night the wind has changed to the north-west; we may hoodwink the Turks, but not the mighty elements, and we pray that they will be our allies in our task. If our enemies, then we must give ourselves up in unconditional surrender, hoping for no mercy.

Carver has just arrived from Helles on a mission quite apart from the scheme of evacuation. To our surprise he is unaware that we are evacuating, and tells us that all at Helles are also ignorant of the coming event. No

preparation of any kind is being made to evacuate Helles. He leaves again to-night, back for Helles. The 86th Brigade and part of D.H.Q. are now moving off. I go to "Y" forming-up post, just at the foot of our gully, and view the scenes there. The beaches have been shelled this afternoon. If they but drop a few over this evening they cannot fail to claim many victims. Shadowy figures march up in perfect order and form up. Roll-calls are made, sharp commands issued: "Stand at ease!" "Stand easy!" whereupon the figures talk, lean on their rifles, or lie down resting on the ground.

Elphinstone is going off with his Brigade, as he is their Supply Officer. I make him up a box of the plentiful medical comforts, including a few bottles of champagne for his Brigade H.Q. to feast on while on board. I say good-bye to many friends in the Brigade, as the order to move down is telephoned up from West Beach to the officer at the receiver attached to "Y" post. Troops are called to attention, and in two deep they march down towards the beach, entering the safety of the trench that has been dug there, pass in safety behind the mounds of earth and the small, rocky promontory, and file along the pier in single file up a gangway on to a small paddle-steamer, which sails out to the bay to the waiting ship. I listen to the chatter of the Dublin Fusiliers, to their philosophical comments on the situation, and feel glad for them that they are seeing the last of this damnable campaign. One of them has heard "on good authority," and tells his friend, "that they are bound for Aldershot." I leave them and walk back. No shells come over. Inland I hear the steady crack, crack, crack of the rifles. I turn into bed. Our Brigade, the old 88th, alone of the Division is left in the line.

December 15th.

The wind is cold and blowing steadily from the north-east, yet the sea is not too rough for the getting off of stores. Lord Howard de Walden and General Percival, the Brigadier of the 86th Brigade, which embarked last night, are now on the beach as part of the regulating Staff of the evacuation programme. This Staff, controlled by General Fanshawe, is almost as efficient as could be, with the result that the last stage of the evacuation is working like clockwork. Every man is accounted for. *No* man can leave before his time, *no* man should be left behind. Commander Unwin, who gained the V.C. at the landing of April 25th for gallantry on "V" Beach, is in charge of conveyance of stores, animals, and men from the beaches to the

ships, and night and day he is on duty on the piers. He stands over 6 feet and is broad in proportion, with the typical clean-shaven face of a sailor, and with a voice that roars orders through a megaphone, causing those who are ordered to jump about a good deal quicker on their jobs than they probably would do otherwise.

I go down on the beach with a Staff officer this morning after a few "Good-morning" shells have crashed on the beach roads and on the mounds of earth, and we call at the embarkation office, in a sand-bagged house, dug and built in the cover of a rock. There we find a few of the Staff hard at work. The weather has been kind, and we are up to time with the programme. We talk to two Yeomanry officers who are on the Evacuation Staff. Everything is working perfectly, and I feel confident that we shall succeed in evacuating long before the Turk discovers our absence. Ships, when loaded full with supplies and passengers, proceed to Mudros Harbour, where they are unloaded quickly, coming back the following night. No ships pass to and fro between here and Lemnos during the day, so that every morning that the Turk wakes up he notices no extra ships lying anchored or the absence of the ships departed. The view of the shipping lying in the bay inside the boom appears unchanged, as is the case of the beaches day by day.

Regularly at dusk we go up to the C.R.E. nullah and issue rations from the reserve supplies there. To-night we issue to the 88th Brigade only, and the work in consequence is quickly finished. The distance to the line is now short for the A.T. carts to take the rations up, for the best part of their journey is made empty, namely from the lines at the end of the promontory to our dump in the C.R.E. nullah. The journey back to their lines from the trenches is now made with empty carts, for all forward stores have been evacuated. There is no doubt that the Turk hears the carts approaching to the various cookhouses, for the carts rattle and the various parts of the harness clank loudly. Their sound is certain to be heard by him in his front line, for the nights here are so still. The Turk fires over towards the direction where he knows the roads lie, hoping to claim a casualty in mule or man.

The late two Brigade H.Q. are now uninhabited and closed, and whoever opens the doors of the several dugouts will be blasted immediately into eternity by bombs attached to the doors, seats, and cupboards. I see my Brigade close by our dump in the C.R.E. nullah, and the atmosphere is

cheery and full of confidence. Crack, crack, crack the rifles in front sing away. I hear one bullet pass, but the few bullets that reach this nullah are spent in force and drop harmlessly to the ground.

Major Bailey, as cheery as ever, calls in our dugout when we arrive back, and we give him a good dinner of tinned roast fowl and champagne before he embarks with his Field Company. I go down again to “Y” formation post, and the scene there is the same as last night, shadowy columns of men arriving in good order, lying down to await telephonic instructions to proceed to the beach. The beaches are full of hundreds and hundreds of men moving in single file along the piers and up the gangways and on board ship, while at little coves near by lighters are busy feverishly loading with animals, baggage, and remaining equipment.

December 16th.

Still no change on the beaches. Still the same fitful white puffs of Turkish shrapnel over the wooded lowland. Still the “ration” allowance of Turkish high explosive on to the beaches. And yet tons and tons of stores and equipment have left, and thousands of men from here are now safe in the camps at Mudros. A light north-east breeze is blowing with bright sunshine, and it is very clear. The conditions, for our scheme, are perfect. Our second line is now crowded with troops, who remain well under cover during the day. Water for these is a difficulty, as there are no wells close handy and it has to be carted up to them daily from the beach. Five 80-gallon tanks are fixed in position along this line, which are kept full of water as an emergency. Our front line is but thinly held, and all who pass between this second and front line must keep to the roads, for the country is freely strewn with all devices of trip-bombs, which await the Turk should he discover what we are up to, immediately after we evacuate the front line, and come on to give us battle. As yet I am certain that he knows nothing, so well are our Evacuation Staff working. And the last night—“Z” night—is approaching very near now. I believe to-night is “W” night. I issue as usual, and visit Brigade H.Q. Take a stroll on the beaches after dinner to view the scene of men and animals quietly disappearing off the land that we have shed so much blood in conquering, and then I go off to bed.

December 17th.

Early this morning we have showers of rain, which are followed by a southerly breeze, quickly blowing them away. Brilliant sunshine makes the day quite hot. During the night I receive orders to issue two days' rations to-night to the 88th Brigade and the rest of the Division, and afterwards to embark with all A.S.C. details along with D.H.Q. I am down on the beach in the afternoon getting our kits shipped off. At five o'clock the Turks open fire with two guns on to the beaches and beach roads, and the first few cause casualties. The shells are first-class, and burst with a deafening crash. One gun is on Sari Bair and the other is on the hills on the left of Anafarta. They continue until shortly after dusk—about 6.20 p.m. Five minutes after, the beaches are alive with men once more, and the work of evacuation proceeds energetically. This bout of shelling makes us anxious, as it would appear that our plot has been discovered. I go up to C.R.E. dump and issue two days' rations to the 88th Brigade and the few remaining odd units. We leave the balance of the reserve supplies. They are too near the line to be burnt on the last night, and we leave them as a present of thanksgiving to our enemy, the Turk, who has "played the game" throughout the campaign. I say good-bye to the Brigade and express the hope that I shall see them all safe and well in Egypt, where I believe we are going for a good rest and refitment. Nobody can deny that the 29th deserve it.

I go back and have a last meal with Horne. Our camp will be deserted tomorrow, yet if an enemy aeroplane sails over, no change will be noted. Our dugouts are left standing intact. I, with the details, go down to "Y" forming-up post, and there meet, as on previous nights, parties and companies of men arriving. I call the roll of my men, and am instructed by the Adjutant of the C.R.E. to fall my men in behind the D.H.Q. party when the order is telephoned up from West Beach. A wait of three-quarters of an hour. We hope no shells will arrive. Horne comes up to say good-bye to me. I wish him good luck, not envying him his wait of forty-eight hours.

To-night is "X" night. The order from the beach arrives. All are called to attention. We march off, through the Main Supply depot, down into the trench, over the open space of West Beach, along the pier. A short pause here, of ten minutes, and then in single file we pass up the gangway over the sunken ships which act as a breakwater to the little harbour, and so on board a paddle-steamer. In half an hour she is full. It is a lovely moonlight night. We steam out into the bay, come alongside a small steamer, and file

on board her. I go up on deck and view the scene of Suvla Bay by moonlight. I can hear the crack of the rifles from inland—and also voices from the beaches; now and again a torch is flashed as a lighter crunches upon the beach. With a soft swishing sound, a lighter glides past us to some other ship. The whole bay and foreshore is bathed in moonlight, and as I look, all those eight months of hardships, gloom, and danger pass in review before me. A feeling as of a great burden being lifted off my mind comes over me, and a sense of extreme gladness that at last the long-drawn horror is past—and what horror! “Never again!” I think to myself. “Never again!”

I look towards Anzac and notice that the whole sky is aflame—the stores are alight. Probably a stack of supplies which has caught fire by mistake. And then, as I look, a curious mist arises, low at first, off the sea—as if with an invisible hand, a cloudy cloak is slowly draped over the whole Peninsula. First Suvla, then Anzac and the coast line become blotted out, and I see now nothing but a grey mist. Suvla Bay and its horrors, its hopes, and disappointments are lost to my sight for ever—for by the time the mist has dispersed the ship has moved away.

December 18th.

After a good night spent on the floor of the wardroom, lying on my “British warm” with my cap as a pillow, I wake up about 7 a.m., wondering where on earth I have got to. I hear that now delightful sound, the pulse of ship’s engines, and know, with a happy feeling, that I am sailing on a ship to the friendly waters of the harbour of Lemnos. No breakfast is to be had, for all troops, officers and men, except myself, have embarked with rations. Stupid of me to forget myself, when it was my job to see that all troops went off with rations. I explore the ship and cadge a topping breakfast of eggs and ham off one of the crew. I go into his cabin and eat it on the Q.T. At twelve o’clock Lemnos heaves in sight, and at one o’clock we enter the harbour. It is all but five months since I was here last, and the camps have doubled and trebled their size, and doubled and trebled their number. As we pass the French and British battleships, Monitors, and destroyers, the respective crews come to the sides of their ships and gaze with interest at us. But there is no demonstration. When I last passed these ships, five months ago, the crews cheered us, and cheered again as we passed out to war. Now they look on, gaze at us, and say nothing. It seems almost a

reproval. We take up our moorings amongst other small ships which have come with troops from the Peninsula, and after a brief delay are transferred with baggage to the *Southland*. Ah! this means sailing for Egypt, probably. Egypt! It will be like sailing home. The *Southland* was the boat which was torpedoed early in September. I go and look at the damage that was done. A great hole was torn in one of her holds, and it was lucky that she was able to reach Lemnos, fifty miles away from the spot where she was hit.

We learn that the 86th have passed to Helles, and soon we are to follow. Good Lord! This is the unkindest cut of all. So we are not done with it yet. Well, I don't suppose the Turks will let us get off scot-free this time. I draw food for the men on board, and at 7.30 p.m. go down to dinner. The last time that I dined in this saloon was in those days in April, just before the original landing. The officers of the K.O.S.B.'s were dining here then, and their bagpipes played them in to dinner, many for the last time in their lives. We have a merry dinner-party with champagne. After, I enjoy the luxury of a hot bath and then turn in.

December 19th.

It is topping being on board a nice ship again and back once more to civilization. I row round with the skipper in the morning to one or two ships in harbour, and after lunch go over in a pinnace with some officers to the shore, calling on the *Aragon* on the way, where General de Lisle and Colonel O'Hara join us. Firth, O'Hara, and I, on reaching the land, walk up to a village inshore and buy eggs. It is delightful being able to stretch one's legs without having to carry one's ears at the "right engage" in expectancy of the whistle of the enemy shell. We have great fun purchasing eggs from old Greek ladies—six from one, twelve from another, and so on. When loaded up with them we get back to the pier, on to a waiting pinnace, and so out to the *Aragon*, where O'Hara entertains us to tea. We learn that we are not to be on the Peninsula long—only a matter of three weeks—and then we and the R.N.D. will be relieved and taken to Egypt. And so the sooner we are back there, to get it over, the better. We get back to the *Southland* and have a cheery dinner, which we make the most of. To-night is "Z" night, and as we sit talking after dinner we wonder how the work is proceeding. Last night everything went satisfactorily—no shelling—and news this morning shows the Turks have spotted no change.

December 20th.

Suvla is Turkish once more. All troops left without a casualty. The evacuation proceeded all day yesterday. The scenes on the beaches appeared as normal as ever. At nightfall all stores that had been intended to be evacuated had been safely shipped. All that were left were the skeleton stacks of supplies, waiting to be set alight, useless ordnance, and the supply of emergency ammunition. The beaches were shelled as usual in the day. Night fell, and those left on the beaches, except the Evacuation Staff, were hastened on to the waiting ships. At dusk a few Monitors and destroyers quietly slipped into the Bay, standing by in readiness for a Turkish attack.

The ration carts that were left were promptly shipped, not a mule being left—in fact, every hoof was safely embarked. Then began the last stage. In succeeding waves the remaining troops fell back in perfect order to the forming-up posts. In a steady stream they were hastened off on to the waiting ships, until at last the supreme moment arrived. The message was telephoned to the line that all troops behind those few men who were waiting a few yards from the unsuspecting Turk had left Suvla for good and all. Here and there a man fired his rifle as a farewell salute to our gallant enemy, but no man was permitted to fire without an order. With their boots wrapped in sand-bags they crept back, down the communication trenches, out on to the roads, past the first gate, which was immediately locked, the news of their passing being telephoned to the beaches. Past the second likewise, then the third, and then straight to the beaches; finally on board, and hurried off with great dispatch when the Evacuation Staff knew from their statistics that Suvla Bay was free of every Britisher but themselves. Hastily A.S.C. officers run round the frameworks of the Supply stacks in the depot with lighted torches, and quickly the supplies are ablaze. Then a rush is made to the waiting pinnaces, which merrily puff out to the battleships. Meanwhile the officers detailed to wait at the casualty clearing station are picked up by pinnaces, for no rearguard action has been necessary: the Turk was lying ignorant of it all in his trenches, crack-crack-cracking his rifle. If he had only known! At last not a living Britisher was left on Suvla or Anzac; every dugout, nook, and cranny was searched, and it was with great interest that the Evacuation Staff viewed the scene from the battleships as daylight broke. The fires burnt fiercely and quickly; Turkish

shells came over as if to hasten the destruction of the fire. Complete success had been the reward of the excellent work of the Staff.

Still the Turk did not know that we had left. He saw the tents of our hospitals standing, but the deserted appearance of the beaches must have made him wonder. The morning wore on. Puzzled, a few venturesome Turks peeped over the parapets of the trenches. Nothing happened. They climbed over the top, walked over No-man's-land into the deserted trenches, and the secret was discovered. We had evacuated—lock, stock, and barrel—under their very noses. Down the roads they came in small parties. A few muffled noises were heard, by which the watchers of this strange drama from the battleships knew that the bombs that we had laid cunningly were claiming victims, fighting our battles for us without our being on the field. And so they came to Lala Baba, and some German officers, with a characteristic insult to their brave ally, hoisted the German flag as a token of a German “victory,” though the honours of the day were with the Turk. He, however, had won not by beating us, but by our being beaten by Nature—the impregnable fastnesses of the mountains of Suvla Bay and the Gallipoli winter storms. How a Turk could allow a German flag to be hoisted is beyond comprehension. One day Germany will fall shamefully to the dust in the eyes of her Oriental ally, and Turkey must beware of that day, on which she can expect no mercy.

The last crowded ships arrive at Mudros Harbour. The shore becomes thronged with Australian troops, who, more fortunate than ourselves, are bound for Egypt, while we, after lunch, embark on the *Partridge*, and sail off with our General once more for the Peninsula. It is a chilling, depressing voyage to Helles, a journey made by me now for the third time. I hope it will be my luck to make it yet a fourth time, for that will be after the war. We have a meal off rations that we have brought with us. The boat is crowded with troops, and they do not seem very cheery. Night falls. At eight o'clock we see in the distance the starlights sailing up and down inland, on the Peninsula, though it is hard to discern the outline of the shore. Soon the lights of a hospital ship are discernible ahead. Suddenly, two flashes are seen, one after the other, from the Asiatic side; two booms of guns are heard, about fifteen seconds after, followed by two piercing shrieks, and the shells burst with a bright flash of flame on “W” Beach. And so we are in it once more. Shortly after, we see the dim outline of the shore.

We heave to and anchor off “V” Beach. After a wait of half an hour, lighters come alongside, on which we get and are towed to a pier running out from “V” Beach, which now, in addition to being protected from the strong currents of the Dardanelles by the *River Clyde*, is protected from the outer sea by a sunken French battleship, the *Massena*. In consequence, the water inside the pier is like a millpond, while outside a heavy swell washes against the sides of the two ships. I am on “V” Beach once more. It does not seem to have altered much since I left on August 20th last, but appears perhaps more orderly than it was then. More light railways are about.

Foley is there to meet us, and it is good to see him safe and well. Up to a fortnight ago, he tells me, it was very quiet on the Peninsula—in fact, they have been playing football matches in the aerodrome, and on shore, in a large dugout, the band of the R.N.D. have been giving concerts. But lately two guns from Asia have been throwing over at odd intervals of the day 8-inch Naval shells, and life on the beaches is becoming jumpy again. Also some new guns have been placed in position on the slopes of Achi Baba, which have been worrying the rest camps further inland. He tells me that the Turkish ammunition had improved in quality. This was what we had found at Suvla, due to Bulgaria’s entry into the war as our enemies and the opening of the road from Germany to Constantinople. The war will not end before this road is cut by the Allies. We shall never succeed now in forcing the Straits, and so this road will never be cut in this manner. We must, however, hang on to this end of the Peninsula, and I pity the troops who will be detailed for duty to do so through this winter. It will not be the 29th, for shortly we shall again be leaving, and this time for good. Three weeks, I think. Three weeks only on “W” Beach, the bull’s-eye of a target. *C’est la guerre!* As we march up on to the Helles Plateau we notice fires burning in the distance up the coast of Suvla—the Suvla Supply depot and other stacks still burning.

On arrival on the high ground on the left of “W” Beach looking inland, I turn into the same dugout which used to be our home in the early days of this “round in circles” campaign. Matthews is there to welcome me, and a new officer named Harris. As I turn in, I think of our old dugout at Suvla, now occupied in all probability by sleeping Turks. How strange! During the night I am awakened at intervals by loud explosions. Only Asia firing on

“W” Beach at intervals. One bursts on the slopes of our cliff, and large lumps of earth fall on our tarpaulin roof.

December 21st.

I am awakened by a few shells bursting on the beach. After breakfast I meet our new C.O., Colonel Huskisson. I dined with him in Ritchie’s dugout in May last, when he was O.C. Main Supply depot. I learn that the beaches get shelled now heavier than they were ever shelled before. During the morning I walk inland with Bell along the light railway system, which runs from the beaches and branches in several directions over the Helles Plateau, for a distance of about a mile. Mules pull small trucks up from the beach to the high ground behind the beach, where the mules are unhitched and the trucks, with their own momentum, run down the plateau, which is on a gentle slope. Bell’s idea is to have a Supply depot at the end of the railway on the plateau, and to issue from there to Horse Transport, which will come up one wagon at a time. Should transport collect in any spot on this plateau it immediately draws shell fire. I am struck by the way transport goes about in daylight and under observation from the enemy, certainly not in long convoys, but in single wagons or two or three together. Achi Baba looks more formidable than ever, and bleaker. In fact, the whole tip of the Peninsula looks far more cheerless than when I was here last.

A strong southerly wind is blowing this morning. This afternoon we have rain, and as night falls our “rest trenches” are sloughs of mud, for hardly any work appears to have been done on a system of drainage and the men have no roofing whatever. In fact, at Helles corrugated iron is practically nil, although at Suvla we did have a small supply. Do they honestly believe that they can hang on this tiny tip of land during the winter?

Just beyond the end of the railway, the ground is thickly lined with camps, consisting of rest trenches. These now lead right up to the system of deep trenches forming our front line. Behind where I am standing at the end of the railway, at a distance of three hundred yards, there stands a very large hospital of tents and huts. This could be destroyed utterly by Turkish shell fire in half an hour, yet it stands untouched. No large bodies of troops or transport are allowed to collect or pass near, of course, but small parties of two or three may pass by. D.H.Q. is about two hundred yards behind, dug in, in trenches. On their left is the West Coast road, overlooking the sea.

The 87th are in the line, and a part of the 86th, the remainder being in rest camp trenches. The 88th have of course not yet arrived. Our artillery are practically in the same positions that they were six months ago.

December 22nd.

It is quite calm now and a fine day; thus we are given an opportunity of digging the mud out of the trenches and to work on a system of drainage. But we want roofing badly. Unlike “V” Beach, now a perfect harbour, safe against almost any sea, “W” Beach at the first heavy swell becomes impossible for landing any supplies. Engineers are busy as usual on the piers, not on construction, but on the work of repairing the damage done by each spell of rough sea. The storm that we experienced at Suvla did not spend its fury on Helles, though they felt the outskirts of its force here—so much so that the flimsy piers off “W” Beach were almost washed away, and for the time we depended on the courtesy of our French Allies to land stores and supplies on “V” Beach. No. 1 Pier here, however, is fairly safe, for we have two small ships sunk at the end, set at an angle, forming a breakwater; but they are too small to make the harbour as secure as the one at “V” Beach. We should have sunk ships six times as large. All along the shore off “W” Beach lighters lie three deep, washed up by past spells of rough weather.

The scheme of having our divisional Supply dump inland has fallen through, as it is too near D.H.Q. and would be sure to draw shell fire, which is becoming more and more frequent and effective. We draw at dusk from Main Supply depot, and at night issue from our divisional dump in an unsafe spot on the far side of the back of “W” Beach, having to be careful not to show too many lights. Asia keeps us on the *qui vive* all day, and too much activity on the beach will always draw a spell of shelling. A cloudy evening. At 11 p.m. the 88th Brigade arrive.

December 23rd.

It is a fine, cold day. We now walk about on the beach with our ears always listening for the sound of a gun from Asia or Achi Baba, upon hearing which we get ready to fling ourselves to the ground or dive into a dugout. I go along to the H.Q. of the 86th and 88th Brigades, both built in the side of a cliff just this side of “X” Beach and almost opposite our

D.H.Q. Their dugouts are delightfully cosy little houses; they are practically safe from shell fire and form a great contrast to Divisional H.Q., dug a little way to the right in trenches which are in full view of the enemy and in danger of a shell dropping plumb on to them at any moment.

The day drags wearily away. There is nothing much to do but bookwork, making up accounts, and visits to the Main Supply depot. It is an extraordinary thing, but almost every time I stroll over to the Supply depot from our office on the cliff, over comes a shell either from a howitzer on Achi or "Quick Dick" from Asia. I prefer the howitzer. It gives you a chance to quickly look round for the nearest dugout and dive in. Whereas "Quick Dick," with its boom-whizz-bang, is on you before you can count two, and leaves you almost gasping, wondering that you are still standing alive instead of flying through the air in little bits. Each day victims are claimed. I thought my Q.M.S. had "got it proper" to-day, but I saw him do a marvellous head-dive behind a mound, protecting dug-in stables, which saved him. It makes everybody living on the beach very bad-tempered. At night they drop them over at intervals. But we are one too many for Asia by night. One can distinctly see the flash of the gun and can count twenty-three slowly before the shell arrives. The French are very clever over dodging these night shells from Asia. A man perched up on a stack of hay watches Asia intently. He sees a flash, blows loudly on a trumpet, and everybody gets to cover like rabbits. Result: remarkably few casualties. Of course, the flash of the gun does not tell whether the shell is addressed to "V" Beach or "W" Beach, and one cannot fail to at times be amused, in spite of the grimness of it all, for the lookout man on "V" Beach might see the flash and give a mighty blast on his trumpet, whereupon all rush for cover, and twenty-three seconds later the shell swishes over, not to "V" Beach at all, but to "W" Beach. The Turkish gunners appear to have their tails very much up, no doubt through the evacuation of Suvla and Anzac. And enemy airmen are very daring, swooping right over our lines and at times dropping an odd bomb or two. Men and transport move about as freely as ever, though, which is such a contrast to Suvla; though, of course, our line being further inland than it was at Suvla, the enemy have difficulty in reaching the transport with shrapnel. If not, probably our transport would not be so reckless. The roads at the foot of the cliff can no longer be used, having been made impassable by being washed right away in parts.

December 24th.

It is delightful weather and we continue our life, preparing the figures and accounts to draw the rations at night, and arranging for their issue. Usual shelling all day. In the afternoon, as I walk across the plateau to D.H.Q., an enemy aeroplane comes swooping over. I am near a party of men marching and hear the pop-pop of a machine gun. Almost immediately after, I hear the swish of bullets and see them kick up the dust round about. At first I can't make it out. Then it dawns on me that the daring aviator is actually firing on the troops near me. I notice that instead of having a cross painted on his machine he has a square, which is the sign of the Bulgarian Flying Corps.

I go back to tea with Farquhar in his lines, dug in trenches on the cliff-side over Corps H.Q., situated further round the cliff from our dugouts. As we are at tea, four enemy machines sweep over to "W" Beach, and shortly after I hear the sound of dropping bombs as they circle round and round. Our anti-aircraft guns (not plentiful) endeavour to bring them down, but they circle round unconcerned, and having discharged about thirty bombs, swing round and make back for their lines, keeping out to sea off the coast.

I get back to the beach and find that their bombs have caused many casualties. To my great sorrow I learn that Cox, of the Essex, has been hit clean with one, and also a friend of the same regiment, both being killed instantly. They had come down from the rest camp to purchase some luxuries for the canteen for Christmas Day. After sticking it all this time to be killed like this, just two weeks before the time when the Division is to be relieved for good, is really far worse luck than met Algy Wood, of the same regiment. And now there are no more of the original Essex officers left.

It has been rough to-day, especially at Imbros, which has a very exposed harbour, and in consequence it has been possible to issue only a very small percentage of fresh meat. It is bad luck, for to-morrow is Christmas Day, and I should like to have given the Division a full issue of fresh meat. However, a consignment of Christmas puddings has arrived from Lady Hamilton's Fund and will be issued. We were promised many other luxuries, such as oranges and other fruits, but these have not arrived, owing to the difficulty of transport by sea. And so, for the majority of the men of

the Division and all troops inshore, bully beef will take the place of the customary roast beef and turkey.

December 25th.

It is very beautiful weather. We do the best we can for the troops in the way of supplies, but it has to be bully beef and Christmas puddings for their dinners. The Turks are unusually quiet. I believe they know that it is our Christmas Day. We have a Christmas dinner in our dugout and a very cheery time. One of the cheeriest Christmas dinners I have ever had. Parcels from home pooled helped to make a good spread, and one can make excellent rissoles from bully beef.

December 26th, 27th, 28th, and 29th.

Visits to Brigade and to D.H.Q. and journeys to and from our dugout office and Main Supply depot are the order of the day. Usual shelling, far more trying than any we have ever experienced before. Enemy aeroplanes now and again try to come over, but are driven back by our planes. Cold but fine.

We have to send in an estimate of transport required to cart baggage back from battalions to beaches. This no doubt means we are off shortly. I hope so, as I am getting fed-up with this Diary. But it seems strange to be making plans to get off again, when we have only just arrived back.

December 30th.

To-day we hear the news secretly that we are evacuating Helles altogether. They are having a conference at Corps H.Q. this morning on the plans. I am sent for by the Engineer officer in charge of works on the beach, and he questions me closely on the plans that were followed at the last evacuation. But I can tell him little or nothing beyond what I personally observed. I am afraid that we shall not be able to get away supplies and stores so easily as we were able to at Suvla, and quantities will have to be left. For the beaches are under close observation from Yen-i-Shehr and Kum Kale, and now that we have already hoodwinked them once, the second evacuation will have to be done very carefully. Therefore our only chance of getting away stores is by night, and animals, guns, and personnel must come first. The first thing, therefore, is to get up forward supplies in

sufficient quantities to last out the remaining days, and I receive orders to get these up for the 87th and 88th Brigades, for again we are to be last off.

I expected this second evacuation. Nearly everybody expected it. We have been told that IX Corps would relieve VIII Corps, but to those of us who experienced the Suvla storm, the idea of hanging on here after Suvla and Anzac had been evacuated was impossible to consider. But this evacuation we think will be a very different matter, with the Turks expecting us to endeavour to make it. Transport will be the difficulty during these last few days, but fortunately the tramway comes in handy to-night in getting up rations to the 86th and 88th Brigades, and we manage successfully. We draw the rations from the Main Supply depot in bulk, apportion them out to units, and load them on the trucks on the line in the centre of the depot itself. Mules then pull them to the slope, down which they run of their own accord to the plateau with men acting as brakemen. Those trucks which have to be pulled further inland are pulled by mules up a line which runs still nearer to the trenches. The rations are off-loaded on arrival at their destination, and man-handled over their remaining journey. By this means much more horse transport is cut out, which can in a few days be evacuated. But before then this transport must be used solely in getting back surplus kit. We put up the first batch of the reserve supplies.

An arduous night, and we get to bed in the small hours of the morning. All day we had intervals of howitzers from Achi and Asia's shells. Not much longer now, thank God!

December 31st.

The last day of a damnable year. Honours in favour of the enemy. Luck all against us. But our turn will come before another year is out. In the morning the Turks heavily shell our front line reserve areas; and D.H.Q., of course, being only just in rear, get it badly. All day the beaches suffer. Life on the beaches is like a game of musical chairs. Instead of sitting down on a chair when the music stops, you promptly fling yourself behind cover when a shell arrives. I am a perfect tumbler now, and after the war will give exhibitions of the many different antics that one performs when dodging shells. A New Year's dinner, as cheery as the Christmas dinner, but broken by visits to the Main Supply depot to send off the rations by tram, and then to bed.

JANUARY 1916

January 1st.

TO-DAY is New Year's Day. At this time last year this Peninsula was as peaceful a part of the world as one could find in any neutral country, though its rulers were allies of our chief enemies. To-day, a year after, we are nearing the fall of the curtain on the final act of one of the greatest tragedies of history. The curtain of the first act was rung up on a scene beautiful and romantic in its setting eight months ago, which changed, as the play developed, to scenes of gallant endeavour and Death in all his nakedness. The final act, the tragic last scene of defeat without disgrace, is full of sadness, and the great audience, although held spellbound watching and waiting, will be full of relief when the curtain drops for good.

It is strange to think, as I walk about once more on "W" Beach, that Suvla and Anzac no longer harbour British ships or house British troops, and that Turks now walk about unmolested in our late trenches and shelter themselves at night in our late dugouts. In a few days now Turks will be sitting in the place in which I am writing these notes. They are welcome, for our attempts to open their gates have failed. We have lost the game, but we have not been beaten by the Turks. They are no match for our troops. We have been beaten by Nature, or the geographical fastnesses of this impregnable Peninsula and the storms of winter. The new year is heralded in on "W" Beach by the shells of a big howitzer on the left shoulder of Achi Baba bursting with a deafening crash on the high ground of the beach, throwing large jagged splinters within a radius of two hundred yards. When such a shell bursts, all within that radius drop flat to earth or dive into a dugout. I am sure that people living further inland or in the trenches, if they have not lived on the beach, do not realize the great strain on the nerves that work under steady, effective shell fire is on this beach, cooped up as we are in such a small space, which is all a target, not to say the chief target, of the Turkish gunners.

The 29th A.S.C. men are sticking it well. I think they guess that we are evacuating, and are therefore cheery. Issuing by day, as in the early days, is now out of the question. We issue at dusk, and even then in danger of a shell in our depot. But the A.S.C., or the "Army Safety Corps" as it is termed by many in France, must never cease doing its job, for a man in the front line is hungry three times a day. As S.S.O., my job now is to see that the four Supply Officers' indents are satisfied in full, namely the Supply Officers of the 86th, 87th, 88th Brigades and the Divisional Artillery. I must get the food ready at our depot for the night's issue for each group, out of which the four S.O.'s must see that their troops and animals get their full ration. Their respective jobs are far more trying than is mine now, for the difficulties of getting the supplies from the beach to the troops have increased a hundredfold.

The Main Supply depot is still in the same spot as in the days of May, and there they must see that my indents are satisfied. Now they are drawing on their reserve, and, as in the case of the evacuation of Suvla, they are issuing from the inside of the large stacks of supplies, for to the Turk these stacks must not appear to grow smaller. The outside walls must be kept standing, and when the time comes the depot officers will set them ablaze with hay and petrol, and long before the Turk can reach the beaches they should be raging furnaces. The Main Supply depot office is still in the same place as of old, built out of supply boxes. Several times it has been blown down by a Turkish shell, and why it has not been shifted I cannot think. More shells are bursting daily round this depot during these days than burst in a week of June on the whole of "W" Beach. If the Turks then had had half the artillery that they have now, I do not think that we would be here to-day. Smart, the depot Supply Officer, who was wounded in August and who is now back sitting in the same old place, holds up his ruler to me this morning, the same ruler which was the stakes of the bet I had with him in the early days, that Achi Baba would be taken by June 30th, and says with a smile, "This ruler is still mine, and Achi Baba still belongs to Turkey." Outside, Achi Baba looks more forbidding than ever, like the head of a huge vulture waiting to spring.

Howitzer shells are dropping along the road, and as I want to go up to 86th and 88th Brigade H.Q. with Horne, we go along the cliff's edge by the Greek camp, still in the same place. The two Brigade H.Q. are in a

delightful spot, dug in on the side of the cliff just this side of "X" Beach. I have a chat with General Williams and Sinclair Thompson. I enjoy going there. It is absolutely off the target, though, as things are now, one would think that there could be no spot on this tiny tip of land where one could live at all for long. Back for lunch. At three o'clock we are shelled badly in our quarter by howitzers from the hill and by Asia's "Quick Dick," which is on you before one can duck almost.

General Birdwood has been here and had a look round. As before mentioned, the 29th are to be last. It is rather a lot to ask of the 86th and 88th after that storm and the strain of one evacuation, but it shows G.H.Q. put a great value on us. Up to midnight I am at the Main Supply depot drawing the remainder of reserve supplies for six days for the Division, which are being put up in Leith Walk and Clapham Junction respectively for the 87th and 88th Brigades. As in the case of the evacuation at Suvla, the 86th Brigade leave shortly. Officers and men on "W" Beach are falling sick fast, with the continual strain of shelling, and in view of the evacuation are being sent off at once. There are one or two cases of men losing their reason.

January 2nd.

The sea was very rough last night, and in consequence the evacuation was very much delayed. We are now being subjected to very severe shelling. From three o'clock yesterday to nine o'clock this morning three howitzers, two from behind Krithia and one on the right shoulder of Achi, have been throwing big high explosive shells over to us on the beaches steadily. This is the severest spell on record, and it is evident that they are expecting us to go soon and are making it as hard as possible. Afterwards we were shelled in jerks to midday. At seven o'clock to-night Horne and I go up to Krithia Nullah or Clapham Junction. It is very dark, and the road is pockmarked with shell-holes. I miss the familiar landmark of the white pillars. I remember now that they told me while I was at Suvla that they had been demolished by our Engineers. We have a forward reserve dump at Clapham Junction, which we start eating into to-morrow. 88th Brigade H.Q. is just near by, dug-in in trenches, and on calling there we are invited to dinner. We have a Christmas pudding, which is brought in alight with

brandy. It seems strange following this old custom in a dugout, with bullets zipping over outside and within eight hundred yards of the Turks.

Coming out of the dugout on to the road, I notice bullets flying about much freer than usual, the Turks being more energetic over their practice of firing their rifles at night than they ever were before. All the time, as we walk back, we hear the Turkish howitzers sending over their consignment of high explosives to "W" Beach. After ten minutes' walk we hear a shell coming bang at us, firing at a battery close by; but it is a small dud, and it goes "fut" into the ground. As we approach nearer and nearer to "W" Beach we hear their "hows" whining away overhead. They sound so harmless, and seem to take quite a time sailing through the air, but the sound of them crashing on the beach rather inclines us to slacken our pace. On approaching the Main Supply depot, however, we quicken our pace, and passing through it, arrive at the wood-stacks, when we hear one of their whiners sailing over. Quickly we duck behind the wood as it bursts short of the Supply depot. We get up and walk briskly to our dugout, and just as we descend the steps on the cliff-side we hear another. We dive into Hyslop's dugout precipitously as it bursts with a crash forty yards behind us. Afterwards a pinnacle alongside No. 1 Pier is afire, set ablaze by a direct hit from a shell. Bed, and we go to sleep hearing the shells explode in various parts of the beach at short intervals. Fortunately these shells do not reach the water's edge and cannot impede the final stage of the evacuation. It is only Asia that upsets this.

January 3rd.

Some of the staff of the Main Supply depot have now left. Last night some animals, including the A.T. cart-mules, were evacuated. They are led, coaxed, and whipped on to the lighters from the piers. The lighters are then towed out to the waiting ships, which have come in under the cover of darkness, and the animals are slung on board. It is strenuous work for those detailed for the job, especially with a heavy swell. The personnel are sent off from "V" Beach, and they do not waste time hanging about the open spaces of the beach, but make for the cover of the *River Clyde* and the fort as soon as possible. The man with the trumpet is kept busy giving warning against Asia's shells. Weakly men are being hurried off. Surplus kit, office records, also. Forward reserves of ammunition are being placed in the Eski

Lines, which run across the Peninsula, and each man and machine gun has a reserve of small ammunition. Also a reserve is kept on the beaches. On the last day our Division will have about three thousand men left. We start eating into our seven days' forward reserves to-day. The Egyptian shepherds, who provided meat for the Drabis of the Mule Corps, with their sheep, have left to-day. The casualties from shell fire are becoming more and more frequent on the beaches now. The 86th Brigade leave to-night, and the balance of those men who were prevented from getting off by the rough sea of last night. In fact, many men had to leave by daylight this morning, risking the Turks' observation. The French try a very clever ruse by lighting a stack of hay, which, smouldering only, causes heavy columns of smoke to drift over Sed-el-Bahr and away out over the Straits, which enables them to ship quite a lot of animals under its screen in broad daylight. Enemy aeroplanes are busy trying to get over to the beaches all day, but are successfully kept at bay by our anti-aircraft guns and aeroplane patrols. A strong wind is blowing from the north-east, and it looks like a change in the weather, causing anxiety to us all. As usual, all to-day and continuing to-night, the beaches and their approaches have been heavily shelled. Our Monitors have been energetically replying.

January 4th.

This morning we have intermittent shelling, in twos and threes and in fits and starts. Just before lunch, while standing at the door of our dugout on the top of the cliff, I see a destroyer come right in shore, and swinging round quickly, she anchors. I see a group of Naval and Military officers on deck, who climb down the companion into a pinnace, which takes them to No. 1 Pier. I turn my glasses on to them and see that the party consists of General Birdwood, the Army Commander, an Admiral, two Naval and two Army officers. They slowly walk along the pier, and I cannot help feeling anxious for them, for Asia has put one of her beauties close to No. 1 Pier a short while before. They turn to the left and walk along the road at the foot of the cliffs. Just as they are passing immediately beneath our "bivvy," two howitzer shells burst with a deafening report on the beach. General Birdwood never turns his head, but I notice that the two other officers following behind look anxiously over their shoulders. They go up to VIII Corps H.Q., and after lunch a conference is held. Afterwards General Birdwood sends over to the Mule-cart Corps on the high ground between

“W” and “V” Beach for an old Native officer whom he has known for many years in India. He is a fine old man, and a splendid type of the loyal Native soldier. Of course, he was overcome with delight at meeting the General once more, who told him to assure all the Native drivers and their N.C.O.’s with the Mule Corps that our evacuation was a strategical move, made for the best, and not in any way to be interpreted as a disaster. The Native mind is so different from our own, and though they are as loyal as any of our troops, one feels anxious to prevent them from losing their confidence.

As a result of the conference, the progress of the stages of the evacuation must be speeded up. Personnel and animals must at all costs be dealt with first, and as the sands are running low, it will now be necessary to begin evacuating animals by day and risk the shelling. This morning the sea has been dead calm and perfect for our purpose, but the Navy say that they expect a southerly gale. We, of course, dread a southerly gale. It is a very trying and anxious time, and the shelling is now almost continuous. Certainly only a few guns are turned on to the beaches, but sufficient to upset and impede our work. Six shells may come over from the howitzers on Achi at ten, three from Asia at eleven, four from Achi at 11.30, then from twelve to one probably twenty from Achi and Asia, all on to the camps and depots in the confined space of “W” Beach. All the while casualties occur. As a contrast, the evacuations of Suvla and Anzac were child’s play to that of Helles. The Monitors are busily replying, and I think cause their guns to stop now and again. All the afternoon the beach gets shelled. Asia now and again puts some very nasty ones near our bivouac, and once we all had to take cover in two tunnels in the side of the cliff to our left, where they have been quarrying for stone. At 8 p.m. a gale springs up and the embarkation is greatly hampered. They found it impossible to embark the mules on the transport when the lighters arrived alongside. One lighter, loaded with mules, carts, and drivers, breaks away and quickly goes drifting out to sea towards Asia, becoming lost in the darkness of the night. All night we get shelled every quarter of an hour.

January 5th.

It is very windy and the sea rough, yet the evacuation of animals proceeds by day as well as by night, regardless of whether we are seen or not. But a large number of animals will, I am afraid, have to be left, and in

consequence be killed on the last day. I do not know which day "Z" day is, but I hear that it has been postponed in consequence of the rough sea. The shelling is as bad as ever on the beaches. Now, in addition to guns on Achi and on the Asiatic side opposite Morto Bay, a four-gun Turkish battery comes into position by Kum Kale and manages to reach the water's edge of "W" Beach and "V" Beach with shrapnel, but a Monitor, quickly getting on to it, very soon silences it. No enemy gun can ever be in position on this point for long.

Asia gives us a bad time in the afternoon and puts some nasty ones near our bivouac, and again we have to take refuge in the tunnel. Monitors are busy bombarding Achi, and a cruiser with an aeroplane up spotting for her is hard at work trying to find the Asiatic gun. Enemy aeroplanes as usual make persevering endeavours to come over "W" Beach, but each time are driven off by our airmen. Our anti-aircraft guns never hit anything. The enemy aircraft now try to fly over "W" Beach by approaching it from the sea, and many an exciting chase and duel is daily witnessed between our planes and theirs, ours always holding mastery of the air.

The sea is getting calmer, and at night an odd shell comes over at intervals of half an hour or so. The lighter loaded with the mules and their drivers which broke adrift yesterday owing to the rough sea drifted fortunately on to Rabbit Islands, and her freight was picked up by a Monitor.

January 6th.

A lovely calm morning. The shelling has quietened down considerably. I think the Monitors have been frightening the Turkish gunners somewhat. Also Asia is not worrying us, thank God! and yesterday's bombardment from the cruiser has probably done a lot of good. The sea is like glass, and the conditions are perfect for evacuation. The same policy is being followed in getting the last troops off on "Z" night as was followed at Suvla, but quantities of material, ordnance, and R.E. stores will have to be left. The reserve ammunition in the keeps on the beaches on the last night will be blown up just before we leave.

Enemy aeroplanes are over in the morning, showing great daring and keeping our airmen very busy. The beaches are crowded with mules,

wagons, and fatigue parties hard at work at loading the lighters. There is no attempt at concealing what we are doing. But the Turk does not know which night is our last, and if we can manage to keep him in ignorance, then we can get off the last night without a rearguard action being fought, for John Turk does not like leaping over the top. Our Monitors, destroyers, and two cruisers keep the Turkish artillery much quieter than they were a few days ago, though at intervals they give us a very bad time on the beaches. A large number of personnel go off, including the 29th Division Train with all their animals. Only myself, the Adjutant, and one or two other officers and a handful of men are left to stand by in case the last day is delayed and troops require food.

At present, all on shore are rationed up to next Tuesday night. All the Greeks have left.

January 7th.

It is another beautiful morning, and the wind is in the north-east. We had some rain in the night, and in consequence the ground is rather muddy. All transport is now under the control of the VIII Corps Transport Depot. The shooting of those animals which it will not be possible to get off to-night will be begun and finished off to-morrow, and all vehicles left will be destroyed. This morning I walk up with Hyslop to D.H.Q. As we pass the Stationary Hospital we see a cluster of mules wandering about, grazing on the scanty grass that is still growing in odd patches on the plateau. We hear the whistle of a shell, which proves a very small one and a dud, and which falls in the middle of them with a "fut." They jump about a bit, and then calmly go on smelling for grass. Soon after another follows, also a dud. Evidently the Turkish gunner who has fired is a sportsman, and has made a bet with another that he will get a bull's-eye first shot. Soon after we hear the whine overhead of the howitzer shells, travelling seemingly to "W" Beach, fired in grim earnest and not as a sporting shot, like the two duds at the mules.

Looking at the gunnery from the Turkish gunners' point of view, it must have been all through this campaign a sort of series of field days for them, with their guns in position on commanding heights, and with the targets nearly always open sights and on the low lands. It is fortunate for us that only lately they have been receiving regular supplies of good ammunition.

If they had had the artillery that the Germans had before Ypres, twenty-four hours on any single day throughout the eight months that we have been here would have turned the campaign in favour of Turkey, and meant utter defeat and unconditional surrender for us. As we are therefore at the end of it all, and shall soon once more hand back to Turkey the remaining insignificant few acres of ground that we had captured and held after so much gallantry, endurance, and bloodshed, we must be thankful and congratulate ourselves that we are disentangled from the quagmire with our Army intact. I may have spoken too soon, but if we are as fortunate as we were at Suvla, we can disappear in a night, although the enemy knows we are going. We expect him to attack shortly to test our strength. If we hold him and inflict losses on him, that will keep him quiet for a day or so; during these days we have our great chance to evacuate without loss, and with our Army intact.

We get very heavily shelled in the afternoon, several from Asia bursting within a few yards of our office and one actually at the mouth of the tunnel, which was crowded with men taking cover. While this is going on the enemy make a concentrated bombardment on a part of our front line held by the 13th Division and a part of the 87th Brigade. It lasted continuously from 3.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., and caused about a hundred and fifty casualties. At the end they made half-hearted attempts to leave their trenches to attack ours, but the few small parties that had the bravery to get out into No-man's-land were stopped dead by our machine-gun fire, and the show petered out. Now, therefore, is our chance, either to-night or to-morrow. This afternoon's attack was probably made to test our strength, and as they suffered as much as we did, if not more, they will pause awhile before attacking again.

After this attack finished, the shelling on the beaches almost entirely ceased, and when night fell I was able in peace to start a job which proved very tedious, namely of putting up rations, ammunition, and water in petrol-cans into a dugout on "W" Beach, where it would be useful in case of a rearguard action. The filling of the petrol-cans is the tedious part of the job, the cans having to be let down by a rope into the reservoir, which lies twenty yards from our dugout on the top of the cliff. While I am in the middle of this job, an order from VIII Corps H.Q. comes that I am to leave with all the A.S.C. details to-night. As I have already received an order from D.H.Q. to go off to-morrow night, I reply that I am sending the men with

the remaining officers and am going with D.H.Q. to-morrow. I get two gallons of water, some bully, biscuits, and cheese put in my dugout. I send all my kit off with my servant, who places some hay on the floor for my bed for this, my last night, and go back to finish the job I am on. To-morrow will be monotonous, waiting for the evening with nothing to do; but I have a good book to read and plenty of tobacco, and the day will soon pass. I am to go off at 6 p.m.

At 10 p.m. a written order comes down from VIII Corps that I am to go off to-night with the others, for to-morrow is "Z" night, and the beaches must be cleared as far as possible of non-combatant details. I go to VIII Corps Signals and telephone D.H.Q., who say I can go. I finish the job of putting the water in cans in the keep at twelve midnight and go back to my dugout. All have left except five men. Two of them landed with me on "W" Beach on the first day.

January 8th.

It is now the beginning of "Z" day, and we three stand on "W" Beach waiting orders to go on No. 1 Pier. As we stand in the heavy sand, my thoughts immediately go back to the night of April 25th, where in the same place as I am now standing we were labouring carrying boxes of supplies up the beach. I feel as if I have gone round in a complete circle. That is what has happened with the Gallipoli Campaign: it has indeed gone round in a complete circle.

The beach is alive with troops, and animals are being feverishly embarked. About two hundred have been shot to-night, though, and some men actually cried as they performed that horrid task. Fortunately there is little shelling. One now and again bursts on the high ground of the beach.

An M.L.O. comes along the pier and instructs us to file along on board. We pass up the pier, up a gangway, over one of the sunken ships, and on to a small ship moored on the further side. The five N.C.O.'s go to their quarters and I go to the wardroom, where my name and particulars of my command (strength numbering five) are taken. And then I have a whisky and soda and a cigar.

Phew! the relief. "W" Beach the last few weeks!... Let's forget about it!

2.30 a.m.

The ship is now nearly full up with troops, and an officer comes in to say we are off. I go up on deck and find that they are just weighing anchor. It is tricky work getting a ship away from improvised piers. The captain is the same Naval officer who used to command the *Whitby Abbey*, which took me to Lemnos and back in July last. To-morrow night will be his last trip to Gallipoli.

At last, after a lot of manœuvring, he shouts from the bridge “All clear aft?” and a voice answers, “Aye, aye, sir,” then “Full steam ahead,” and we swing round and head out to sea. I watch the lights on shore gradually disappear. One I notice by VIII Corps H.Q., being at the top of a post, flickers out and on as regularly as the ticking of a clock. What it meant I don’t know. I have noticed it before during the past few days. Asia fires to “V” Beach, and Achi sends a couple which burst on the high ground at the back of “W” Beach. The lights and the outskirts of the shore disappear. I still see the starlights sailing in the darkness of the night. These soon disappear. For me the adventures of Gallipoli are no longer realities, but bad memories, and I turn into the wardroom to sleep.

8 a.m.

We enter Mudros Harbour, chockfull of warships and transports, those on board leaning over the side and watching us with interest.

Eight and a half months have passed since those days in April before the landing, and the scenes are almost the same to-day. It seems eight and a half years ago.

I go ashore and meet a friend at one of the Supply depots, who makes me a guest of the mess. We have a cheery evening.

January 9th.

We hear the good news that the evacuation went off splendidly. It was a perfect day. The beaches were shelled as usual at intervals by day, but our Monitors, destroyers and two cruisers kept their fire under. The Turks apparently appeared to have expended their energies on the 7th, and kept quiet. The programme followed at Suvla was followed at Helles. At 6 p.m. the final stage of getting the men off was started, and they were rapidly

shipped immediately as they arrived at the forming-up posts. The beaches were shelled fitfully, and casualties in consequence occurred, but they can only be put down as normal casualties which have been daily occurring through the enemy artillery activity.

The last parties in the line were got away by the same procedure as was followed at Suvla, passing down the roads, their passage being telephoned to the beaches by the officers on duty at the gates. So well managed was it that it was found possible to get many troops off in advance of the scheduled time of departure.

D.H.Q. embarked by motor-launch on to H.M.S. *Prince George*. An enemy submarine was about and discharged a torpedo at the *Prince George*, but by wonderful luck it failed to explode, but shook the ship from bow to stern.

At 2.30 a.m. all men had gone; only animals were left and vehicles, and I think some animals were left to fall into the Turks' hands alive.

January 10th.

Go on board the *Scotian* with D.H.Q. 29th Division and part of the 29th Division.

January 11th.

Leave Mudros Harbour at eight. Day fine, and comfortable boat. Troops in good spirits. Boat drill at 10.30 a.m. Submarine lookout all round ship. Boat drill at 4 p.m. Three spy prisoners on board—two Greeks and one other. One Greek sitting in corner of deck telling his beads all the time. The others walk up and down looking very serious. Serious cases, and things look very black for them.

January 12th.

Beautiful day. Zigzagging a lot to avoid submarines. Doing fifteen knots. Steer east in morning towards Palestine. Afternoon, head for Alexandria with a zigzagging course.

January 13th.

Arrive Alexandria Harbour at six o'clock in the morning. Arabs come on board and sell papers. Have a curiously delightful feeling of homecoming. Alexandria seems just like home now, after all those months in Gallipoli. Harbour full of troopships. Go into the town in the afternoon. Delightful walking about the shops and civilization again. Send cable home. Back on ship again for dinner.

8.30 p.m.

Embark on troop train. Cattle trucks mostly. I sleep with Grant and Firth, Divisional Signal Officer, in luggage van. Damned uncomfortable journey.

January 14th.

We arrive at a junction at 9 a.m., and hear that an engine is off the line at the next station. Broken-down, dirty Arab village just opposite, and an oasis. Nothing else but sandy desert. Wait all day and have to wire for rations. New Zealand A.S.C. comes to our rescue with supplies. Issue same to troops on our train and also to another troop train behind us, with troops on board from Ypres. Troops amuse themselves with football in the afternoon, much to the natives' interest. Arab boys now and again join in, causing amusement. Eight o'clock in the evening we get up a smoking concert on the side of the line. I have been to some curious smoking concerts during the war, but this one (now on) will live in my memory. Desert, moonlight, troop trains lit up, a bit of a fire, and around, Tommies fresh from Gallipoli enjoying the fun to the full. What a nation! We never had a chance at Gallipoli. Let's forget about it.

10 p.m.

"God save the King" sung, and then off to bed!

January 15th.

Woke up at twelve midnight; ration train arrives with rations for tomorrow, in case we cannot get on.

2 a.m.

Train ordered to move. Get up and load rations on to the train. Arrive Suez 10 a.m., and go on to New Camp. For last hour I did a bit of stoking on

engine. Rather unique, stoking an engine in an Egyptian desert. Arrive at a large camp, the largest that I have ever been into. Tents everywhere, laid out in perfect order. Coolies, Arabs, and Hindus unloading stores from trains, which arrive at frequent intervals on the single line running through the camp.

EPILOGUE

January 20th.

FINDS me in camp with a tent to myself and things working smoothly; everything, as far as humanly possible, is ready for any eventuality, and the Turk, if he tries any tricks, will get his knuckles badly rapped. The K.O.S.B.'s go by to the wild, inspiring strains of the pipes. Everything is bustle—trains shunting, stores coming up, horsemen and guns moving into position, and there is an air of expectancy over everything. And so these random notes come to an end. I am back in camp with the horrors of the Peninsula left behind me for ever. Of those who sailed from England so lightheartedly in March, few are left, but those that remain are attached to each other by invisible fetters. Those strange months—dull and exciting, tragic and humorous, spent under the eye of the enemy on an alien shore—form a common bond between us. All of us now know the full meaning of Life, and all of us have walked, not once, but many times, with Death on the grim Peninsula. We have been beaten—not so much by the enemy as by climatic and geographical conditions; but beaten we are, and nothing remains but to accept defeat like sportsmen.

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Transcriber's Note (continued)

Errors in punctuation have been corrected. Inconsistencies in spelling, grammar, capitalisation, and hyphenation are as they appear in the original publication except where noted below:

Page 9 – “echanical” changed to “mechanical” (mechanical transport)

Page 23 – “bauled” changed to “bawled” (bawled by enthusiastic soldiers)

Page 31 – “in-shore” changed to “inshore” (hundred yards inshore)

Page 47 – “halfway” changed to “half-way” (holes half-way up her side)

Page 78 – “Colonel Williams Thomson and” changed to “Colonel Williams, Thomson and” (I find Colonel Williams, Thomson and our new Brigade Major.)

Page 97 – “two” changed to “too” (too small or too insignificant for them)

Page 126 – “landed out” changed to “lashed out” (Way's horse lashed out)

Page 140 – “moral” changed to “morale” (the morale of the enemy)

Page 154 – “goodnight” changed to “good-night” (who says good-night)

Page 176 – “honey-combed” changed to “honeycombed” (cliffs honeycombed with)

Page 215 – “break-down” changed to “breakdown” (a nervous breakdown)

Page 223 – “cook-houses” changed to “cookhouses” (regimental cookhouses)

Index – Removed “Williams-Thomson, Colonel, 78” entry and added its page number to “Williams, Colonel” entry immediately above.

The author often refers to a fellow officer named Horne. This is sometimes incorrectly rendered as Horn in the original publication. All such occurrences have been regularised to Horne in this transcription.

References to the village of “Sedul-Bahr” or “Sed-el-Bahr” appear multiple times in the original publication with the latter form being much more common. The six occurrences of “Sedul-Bahr” have been regularised to “Sed-el-Bahr”.

There is a reference to a hill above Suvla Bay that is called ‘Kara Kol Dogh’ on page 253 but ‘Kara-Kol-Dagh’ in the Index. Both references have been changed to ‘Karakol Dagh’

by which it is more commonly known.

The Index of the original publication contains many errors, most of which are left unchanged in this transcription. They include entries where some instances of terms are not listed and entries that reference terms that do not appear on the cited page. However missing punctuation and inconsistent formatting have been corrected and a small number of entries have been revised where that was required as a consequence of other changes noted above.

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