

THE ADVERTISER, ADELAIDE, FRIDAY, JUNE 18, 1915.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

"HAPPY AS LARRY."

Mrs. J. McKay, College-street, Portland, Port Adelaide, has received a letter from Private A. J. McKay, her son, who was wounded at the Dardanelles. He states:—"I got a hit in the neck and one in the hand, but there is no need to worry over it, as I am just on better now. We got it a bit rough when we landed. Our base down by the sea is not a bad place to be in, but I would sooner be back with the boys in the lines. It is all my eye that you get a bit nervous the first time you go under fire. It is like going to a football match. Don't worry about us, we are as happy as Larry."

A SPLENDID CHARGE.

Mr. F. J. Stevens, of Jetty-road, Glenelg, received a letter from his son, Private S. H. Stevens, who is in the 11th Australian Army Service Corps attached to the 3rd Brigade. In referring to the landing effected on the Gallipoli Peninsula, he says that those who saw the miraculous charge made by the Australians up the steep hills in face of the murderous machine gun fire will never have it effaced from their memory. The men went up two steep ridges and took up their position on a third in the trenches from which they had ousted the Turks. Prior to landing, the writer had spent 7 weeks on Lemnos Island, which he describes as a small, quiet place. The place was full of French soldiers, Zouaves, and Turks, the last-named being stalwart blacks. He says that Private Ronald Nock managed to get through the fighting without a scratch, but had been transferred to the hospital ship suffering from rheumatism. He, however, was progressing satisfactorily, and expected to return shortly to the firing line. Private L. Watkins, who is in the 11th A.S. Corps, was camped near him, and was well. The troops were at the time of writing enjoying a well-earned rest and were not much troubled with the enemy, as most of their guns had been silenced by shells from the warships. There were several mysterious hidden batteries, however, which had proved a slight hindrance to the operations. He was happy and contented and was enjoying excellent health.

FIVE BULLETS IN ONE SOLDIER.

Private Irwin H. Oates, of Gawler, writing to his father and mother from the Alexandria Hospital, May 9, says:—"I can only write a few lines, as my head is not capable of holding too much at once. I was in one of the first boats to land on April 25 at the Dardanelles. The fire from the enemy was terrible. We landed early on the Sunday morning. I kept going until 4 in the afternoon; then a shrapnel paid me a visit. I got a wound in each leg and two on the left shoulder, and one on the head. I have had three bullets taken out of me, and there are still two more to be taken out. The worst wound I got was in the head. It split the skull. I was operated on last Friday. I have God to thank that I am living, as the bullet in my forehead nearly touched the brain. Had it have done so I should have been killed."

LIVELY TIMES.

Private W. Jordan, in a letter to his sister, Mrs. H. Rule, Walkerville, states:—"I am safe so far, but one never knows when one is going to get hit. We have had lively times to-day. One of my comrades left me this morning, and was only about half a dozen yards away when a shrapnel shell burst, and a piece hit him in the side, and another piece landed between my legs—a narrow squeak for me. Can you picture me cuddled up in a dug-out, with shells flying all over the place? I have been sprayed with dirt several times while writing this short note. If you could see the place where our boys landed, you would think it an impossible feat to accomplish; but here I am in my little dug-out, the result of their brave dash. We are in the thick of it now, and are faring well. They feed us like 'turkey cooks.' You can tell all friends I am all right, and don't worry. I will be O.K., even if I do go under. I will have done my duty to the Empire."

LETTER FROM COLONEL WEIR.

Mr. J. W. Culey, of the Survey Office, has received a letter from Colonel S. Price Weir, dated Gallipoli Peninsula, May 13. Colonel Weir says:—"This morning our dear old comrade, Q.M. Sergeant J. J. Medley, was killed by a shrapnel shell which struck him in the body and killed him outright; he was not a hundred yards from me at the time. He was buried by Archdeacon Richards, of Tasmania, two hours later. I attended at his grave; his son was also present. I have just written to his widow. He was attached to the 13th Battalion, W.A., who are on our left in the firing line. Please let his old comrades Sergeant Milton, and others know. I am quite well—in fact, feeling wonderfully strong and fit, considering the terrible time we have had. I was in one of the first, if not the first boat to touch the shore on the never-to-be-forgotten morning of the 25th April. We were about 30 yards from the beach when the Turks fired the first shot. We shot out into the water about 4 ft. deep and made for the shore, and at once fixed bayonets and drove the Turks off the hill from which they were showering us with bullets. How so many of us escaped with our lives I do not know. We had desperate fighting all day long, the shrapnel shell being very deadly, but our men were game and dug in for all they were worth with their entrenching tools; of course, many were killed during this process, and hundreds were wounded, but we had orders to hold the position gained at all costs, and we did it. We were glad when darkness came at 8 p.m., for we had been fighting hard from 4 a.m. The shrapnel ceased then, but the rifles peppered away all through the night. We dug hard all night; none of us had a great coat or W.P. sheet. The night was cold, and rain fell, but we never moved from the positions taken up on Sunday afternoon until Wednesday midnight, and were under fire night and day during the whole of that time. We kept the firing line supplied with water, rations, and ammunition, &c.; then we had two days' spell on the beach and returned to the trenches where we still are, and likely to remain for a week or more. Kindly remember me to all the fellows in the Survey Department. I am glad to see that you and dear old Ted Cocker are taking an active part in the P.S. Rifle Club. I use the field-glasses every day. I lost everything else that I brought ashore with me on Sunday. I drained everything but the glasses on Sunday morning. I could not carry them any longer."

THE AUSTRALIAN SPIRIT.

Private Justin T. Hanley, writing from Turkey to his parents, says:—"We have had a big battle, in which our brigade covered themselves with glory. I can assure you the fighting is after my own heart. No danger seems to be great. My belief is that I shall die a natural death. If you could only see the danger through which we pass you would think so. I am not even wounded, though my cap and

equipment saved by life on two occasions. I would rather this than training, even if it continued for years. I only wish dad was with us last Sunday week. It was, according to those who know, the biggest battle ever fought in one day in the history of the world. The sights are unique. The knowledge that we fight on England's side and witness her wonderful power every minute of the day, repays one for all, even to life itself. I think only that the bigger the battle the more pleased I shall be. May I be ready to go, if need be, where so many of my brave comrades are going. I can die cheerfully, knowing that England must win. I should never return home if they were destined to lose. I am in splendid health and spirits, and long to be in the din again."

A GALLANT RUSH.

Private E. A. Holland, of the 10th Battalion, 3rd Brigade, and formerly of the Australian Navy, writing from the hospital at Malta to his parents at Aldgate, describes the landing on the Gallipoli Peninsula on April 25. He writes:—"We left our base in the afternoon of Saturday, April 24, all our brigade being distributed on different warships. Our orders were to land, get in about a mile on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and then entrench, and hold the enemy at all costs while the transports got their men, guns, and horses ashore. Of course, we thought we would only have to land, march a mile in, and then entrench, without them seeing us. But we were mistaken. About 1 o'clock, Sunday morning, our ships stopped about eight miles off the land, and we all got into the boats, towed by their steam pinnaces, and then dashed in toward the shore close behind the battleships. When the battleships

stopped we went on alone, and thought we had a soft thing on. When about 50 yards from the beach I said to the blue-jacket, who was coxswain of our boat, that we were as right as rain, and no sooner did I say it than from the ridge of the cliff came rifle shots and Maxims pouring lead into the boats. But they were poor shots. When the boats landed everyone was out in no time, waist deep in the water, sliding into holes over their heads, and some were drowned by tripping over barbed wire under the water. No sooner did we get on the beach than we dropped everything, packs, pick, and shovel, fixed our bayonets, and made for the ridge. The Turks didn't seem to like the look of the bayonet, and they took to their heels. We chased them in a mile, and then prepared to entrench. We were not allowed to go in further than a mile and a half. Our duty was to hold there until all the divisions were landed. We had only been about five minutes digging when up came their reinforcements with artillery, and they gave us proper hell. For hours they poured shrapnel and Maxim fire into us from both sides of us, and we could only grin and bear it. We had no artillery ashore yet, and when it did come they had to get the guns over some enormous cliffs. I was going well until about 5 in the afternoon, when snipers got the range, and chaps went down all around me, and then I stopped one. I thought I would be able to see through till nightfall, when they would get the artillery up. I was sent aboard that night. We then went to Alexandria, dropped most of the patients, and then came on to Malta. I was lucky enough to come out of it with only a bullet alongside the left cheek, which laid it open for about two inches just at the point of the jaw, and pieces of shrapnel in the left wrist, really a heabite to what some of our poor chaps have got. I hope to go back to the firing line. These Turks use explosive bullets, some of our chaps having holes in them the size of half-crowns. I think the 3rd Brigade did all that was asked of them."

TURKS RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES.

Private Stuart C. Frost (wounded), in a letter to his brother, dated May 21, writes from Cairo Hospital:—"I have been in hospital about three weeks, but expect to go out any day now. I have been back from the 'Dardoes' about two weeks. I suppose you know where that is? If you don't know you would if you could have been there on the Sunday we landed. It was awful, Turks running for their lives over the hills, with our chaps after them with fixed bayonets, digging them out, and our poor fellows rolling down the hills, some dead, some wounded (mostly the latter). The Turks don't half like the cold steel, and I guess if we could only get close enough to them for more bayonet charges we would be hoisting the old Union Jack in Constantinople within a week or so. The Turks are using hand grenades and dum-dum bullets. There are a good many Germans amongst them. On our left flank a German officer with one German private and several Turks tried to get at one of our machine guns. They got as far as the gun trench, when one of our chaps jumped out and put his bayonet right through the officer; all the rest of them ran helter-skelter, but they did not get far, because he put our gun into action. Another time we stood watching a German officer smacking the Turks with the flat of his sword to force them to charge, but as soon as he left one end of the line to go to the other end No. 1 end would run back, and so on. So we put a machine gun on to them, and that was the last we saw of officers and men. Their shrapnel at times seems very poor; it does not do us very much harm. Their guns cease fire when they hear the roar of old Queen Lizzie. She soon settles their batteries and forts."

but I cannot close my hand yet. I have not seen the casualty list, so I hardly know who is killed. I just have to go by what I hear. The 3rd Brigade made a name for themselves. We were told before we landed that about 20 per cent. only would come back, so those of us that are left are very lucky. It will not be long before we are in Constantinople. I must try to get on before then, as I want to be in it if I can. It is pretty bad in the Peninsula now; I heard from chaps just come back that the smell of the dead Turks is enough to kill you. They are none too sweet when alive. The Turks make a mess of our chaps if they take them alive. The Indians are very fine soldiers. One of them cut a Turk's head clean off, and carried it round by the hair. We do not get much news as this place is full of spies. The Red Cross work that is being sent here is much appreciated; it is surprising what an army needs in war."

THE AUSTRALIANS ARE THE BOYS."

In a letter to his family from the Heliopolis Hospital, formerly the palace of the Khedive, Corporal Edgar Oldfield, son of Mr. Edward Oldfield, baker, of Semaphore, says:—"There are 1,400 bedrooms here and about 2,500 beds. Lieutenant-Colonel Ramsay Smith is in charge. Sir Frederick Treves, surgeon to the King, says the administration is marvellous. Latta Park Hospital, with another 1,000 beds, is under the same control—a sort of overflow place. It has been considered that 500 beds is the most a military hospital should run, owing to the administration breaking down, but the Australians are the boys to show them how to do things. Great credit is due to Dr. Ramsay Smith and the staff."

THE REGISTER, ADELAIDE,

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1915.

AUSTRALIANS AT WORK.

Clearing Out the Turks.

LONDON, June 23.

Mr. Ashmead Bartlett, war correspondent for several London newspapers, relating incidents of the fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula, says that the German Gen. von Sanders, in attempting with his Turkish force to carry out his threat to drive the British into the sea, received another hiding on May 18 from the Australians and New Zealanders. The defeat resulted in Turkish losses of at least 7,000 to 8,000, compared with 500 colonial soldiers killed and wounded. The ground occupied by the Australians and New Zealanders consists of two semi-circles of hills. The outer circle is higher than the inner, rising to 600 ft. in some places. A great valley runs north-easterly up the centre of the position, dividing it into two sectors, both characterized by broken ground, and each consisting of lesser hills and deep gullies covered with thick scrubs or earth-coloured sandstone. The position facing north is called Walker's Ridge. It follows the perimeter of the defence around until the line again strikes the coast. To the south you are respectively introduced to such place nomenclature as Pope's Hill, Dead Man's Ridge, Bloody Angle, Quinn's Post, Courtemay's Post, McLaurin's Hill, Scott's Point, John's Gully, Bolton's Hill, and Point Rosenthal. Within the perimeter are positions which include Pluggers' Plateau and Monash Gully. The Turks are entrenched almost around the position except where the guns of the warships keep them off the coast. Generally the trenches to the north and north-east are higher than those of the colonial forces; those to the south and south-east are lower. The average distance between the trenches is 200 yards, though sometimes it may be a quarter of a mile, and sometimes but 20 yards. The Turks are strongly entrenched between Walker's Ridge and Pope's Hill, and can snipe every one who goes up the valley.

Positions Well Sustained.

The Australian and New Zealand position resembles a prosperous mining camp. There are good roads from the foreshore, and these are banked where they are exposed to shrapnel. Snipers are found in every section. The position is self-contained, and there are unlimited supplies of ammunition. Whenever Gen. von Sanders attempts to attack the British he is obliged to leave a high proportion of his forces facing the colonials; otherwise they would cut his communications. Accordingly on May 18 Gen. von Sanders made a determined and final effort upon Gaba Tepe. He brought up five fresh regiments,

and personally directed their operations. When the Turco-German 12-in. and 9-in. guns and howitzers were added to the bombardment of the ordinary fieldguns, it became evident that an attack was about to be hurled at the Australasians. The enemy's machine guns opened fire from a Turkish position at the head of Monash Gully and Hill 700. Their fire was chiefly directed toward Quinn's Post. Under cover of the machine guns, the Turkish snipers from Monash Gully crept forward until a thick line had been established, which offered a splendid target for the enemy. When the Ottomans made their assault at 3 p.m. a brisk fight ensued, and they were repulsed within an hour. A series of attacks were then delivered at Quinn's Post and Courtenay's Post; but

these faded under the British rifle fire, which was delivered at close range. The Turks left piles of dead in front of the trenches.

The Turks at dawn on May 19 opened a fierce bombardment on the British trenches, and between 6 and 9 a.m. delivered a series of desperate attacks against Quinn's Post and Courtenay's Post; but not a Turk set foot on the colonial trenches, although hundreds were left dead within a few yards of them. By 10 a.m. the Ottomans began to retire under a deadly fire from our fieldguns and howitzers, and they were content with sniping for the rest of the day.

At least 30,000 of the enemy were massed against the colonial position, and probably one-third were wiped out. They made their attacks bravely enough; but there were signs that they were acting on compulsion, and with no confidence of success. They made four or five efforts in some places, and all failed dismally. The ground, viewed through the trench periscopes, presents an extraordinary spectacle. Turkish dead are lying in groups of 20 to 30 corpses, as if for mutual protection. Some are hung up on our barbed wire, having been shot while endeavouring to scale the entanglements; others have been bayoneted at the parapets of our trenches. Hundreds of their wounded must have perished between the lines. The Australians and New Zealanders are delighted at the success they have achieved, as they felt that they had many scores with the enemy to wipe out. Their revenge, however, exceeded their utmost expectations. Now there are signs that the Turks intend to remain strictly on the defensive, and are weary of being driven to slaughter by their German masters.

OUR BOYS' GALLANTRY.

Smashing the Enemy.

LONDON, June 22.

Reuter's correspondent at the Dardanelles reports that on May 22 he visited the trenches of the Australian and New Zealand military corps which repelled the Turkish attack on May 18. He says:—"The opposed lines are mostly from 50 to 200 yards apart, and from the trenches only so much of the scene can be viewed at once as can be taken into the object glass of a periscope. Even then one must be prepared for the instrument to be smashed, as snipers fire directly they see it. Turkish dead lay everywhere. A few yards from the trenches in some places the corpses are too thick to count. The fighting was the hottest in two parts of the trenches, called Quinn's Post and Pope's Head. The latter is a hill 450 ft. high, forming an island in the line of trenches, and separated by a gully on each side from the rest of the line. This is a paradise for Turkish snipers.

The enemy attack began at midnight with a bombardment of unprecedented vigour, with shells of all calibres. It was literally impossible to put a head out of a dugout until the hail of shrapnel had abated, but the damage done was slight. Heavy rifle fire followed. At 3 o'clock in the morning an attack of great

force was made on the whole line. Quinn's Post as the main objective. As points the Turks reached the trenches, all were then shot down. Many of them were actually killed within the trenches. Attacks were repeated at short intervals but only with the same disastrous results for the foe. They made a last grand attack at midday on May 19. Another thundering bombardment with every type of projectile was experienced. Our casualties were singularly few. The Turks again gallantly charged at Quinn's Post, but withered away before the blast of rifle and maxim fire. Some of their prisoners said that the enemy brought up a fresh division for the onslaught and that apparently half of it was sacrificed.

After the battle a Turkish officer, with a doctor and stretcher bearers, appeared facing the Australian and New Zealand trenches. An Australian divisional commander went out to meet them. They asked for an armistice in order to have time to remove their dead and wounded. As night was approaching, however, and the enemy's trenches were seen bristling with double rows of armed men, the divisional commander wisely replied that he had no power to arrange an armistice then, but suggested that the application should be renewed the next morning, and said in the meantime they would resume hostilities in 10 minutes. Thereupon the enemy party withdrew. Apparently the Turks had intended to take advantage of the suspension of our artillery fire to mass their men in the trenches under the cover of the humanitarian activity of the doctors in the space between the lines. Later, masses of them advanced with fixed bayonets behind a screen of unarmed soldiers, who held up their hands as if in surrender. The Australians detected the ruse, and their rifles and guns spoke in response all along the line. The Turks paid dearly for their attempt to abuse the Red Cross flag.

E REGISTER, ADELAIDE.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1915.

MILITARY HONOURS.

Gen. Birdwood Knighted.

LONDON, June 23.

In a long list of military honours just published it is announced that Gen. Birdwood, commanding the Australasians on Gallipoli, has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

—Distinguished Service Cross.—

The two intrepid young British airmen, Flight-Lieuts. Mills and Wilson, who destroyed a German airship and shed in the Evere district, north of Brussels, have each been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

—C.B.—

Companionships of the Bath have been conferred upon:—

Col. Chaytor, of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

Col. N. R. Howse, V.C., of Sydney, Assistant Director of Medical Services. (Col. Howse won the Victoria Cross for conspicuous gallantry in the South African war.)

—C.M.G.—

Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George:—

Col. Hayes, a Victorian.

—Royal Red Cross.—

Miss I. Greaves, Matron of the Australian Nursing Service, who has been mentioned in despatches by Sir John French, has received the decoration of the Royal Red Cross.

The Victoria Cross.

LONDON, June 23.

The Victoria Cross has been posthumously awarded to Col. Doughty-Wylie and to Capt. Wolford. The story of how the colonel rushed to the head of the Australians at an extremely critical moment at the landing at the Dardanelles, and was slain at the height of a gallant charge, has already been recorded. Capt. Wolford organized the attack on Seddul Bahr after the

The lists also include the following V.C.'s:—

Capt. Scrimger, of the Canadian Medical Service, for having removed wounded under heavy fire from a dressing station at Ypres in April. He also sought to carry out of action a wounded officer. When unable to remove him any further the surgeon remained with the stricken officer under fire, until relieved.

Lieut. George Roupell, of the East Surrey Regiment. Though several times wounded, he led his company, and repelled a strong German assault on Hill 60. Later, when his company had been considerably weakened, he returned to headquarters, obtained reinforcements, brought them up under heavy fire, and held the position with magnificent courage.

Colour-Sgt. Hall, a Canadian. He was mortally injured in bringing in a wounded man under a heavy enfilading fire.

Lee-Sgt. Belcher, of the London Rifle Brigade. This regiment did wonders on the night of May 14. Sgt. Belcher held a trench which was blown to pieces by the heavy artillery of the foe, and his squad repulsed a German attack by means of rapid rifle fire—a heroic piece of bluff, which saved a flank of the 4th Division.

Lee-Cpl. Fisher, a Canadian, for having covered with his machine gun a retreating battery at St. Julien, when the French suffered so heavily from poison gas, north of Ypres; later, Fisher was killed while covering the advance of supports.

Pte. Mariner, of the King's Rifle Brigade. He left the trenches near Cambrin, crept up to the German entanglements, reached the emplacement of a machine gun which was hindering the British working parties, climbed to the top of the German parapet, and threw a bomb under the roof of the gun emplacement. The enemy fled, but returned. Mariner thereupon threw a second bomb, and crawled in safety back to his own trench.

AUSTRALIANS' LEADER.

A Popular Knighthood.

The knighthood of Major-Gen. Sir William Riddell Birdwood, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O., will be popular as a recognition of the feats of the Australian troops at Gallipoli. The popular Leader was appointed in November last to his present command. He was previously Secretary to the Government of India in the Army Department, and member of the Viceroy's Legislative Council. He is in his fiftieth year, and has gained the esteem of all his men, of whom he is justly proud.

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

Happy as Larry.

Mrs. J. McKay, College street, Portland, Port Adelaide, has received a letter from her son, Pte. A. J. McKay, who was wounded at the Dardanelles. He stated:—
"I got a hit in the neck and one in the hand; but I am just on better now. We got it a bit rough when we landed. Our base down by the sea is not a bad place to be in, but I would sooner be back with the boys in the lines. It is all my eye that you get a bit nervous the first time you go under fire. It is like going to a football match. Don't worry about us; we are as happy as Larry."

Col. Weir's Experiences.

The following letter, written by Col. S. Price Weir, V.D., to his brother (Mr. Harrison Weir) was dated "Gallipoli Peninsula, May 11, 1915. In my dugout. Just a few lines to let you know that I am well and in good spirits, although we have had a terrible experience, and have lost a lot of fine, brave fellows. I am thankful that I am so far spared. My baptism of fire was one I will remember as long as I live. I was in one of the first boats (if not the first) to touch the shore. It was a still and quiet Sunday morning (April 25), and just before dawn when we were within 50 yards of the beach, and I was congratulating myself that we were going to land unopposed, that a shot rang out from the sandhill which we were making for. Then the whole hill was alive with flashes from rifles and machine guns. The bullets splashed in the water all around us like a shower of heavy hailstones; but each splash contained a messenger of death which had missed its

...I slipped on some big rocks
which with which he beach is steep
fell over, and got wet up to my shoulders.
I regained my footing, and was soon
on the beach, the bullets dodging me, for
a while. We left hundreds of our men
either killed or wounded on the sands, as
many on the boats, while we ordered the
men to fix bayonets, and charged the hill
which all did in wonderfully quick time.
I had bayonets in front of me, on my
right, and behind me. Well, we scared
the Turks, and got them running, occa-
sionally stopping to fire at us. It was a
terribly anxious time for us all, and it
was dreadful to see the dead and wounded
—both ours and the enemy. We pushed
on to the high hills, and we are now
securely entrenched, but at tremendous
cost. We did our job, our brigade, the
3rd, being the covering or first landing
party. We were attacked and counter-
attacked, and shelled most violently
while we were digging in. I
was dead beat by 4 p.m., and dropped all
my gear, so that I could get about, carry-
ing a rifle instead. Was very thankful
when darkness set in. Major Hurcombe,
Capt. Lorenzo, and I dug a trench deep
enough to shelter our heads whilst sitting
down, and there we sat all night. Our
clothes had dried by 3 p.m., for the day
was warm, and we were hot—boiling hot—
climbing hills and whatnot; but when
commenced raining at about midnight, and
we had no greatcoats or waterproof sheets,
I could not help remarking, 'Well, I think
this is the limit.' Fortunately, it did not
rain much, but it was awfully cold, and
we shivered. Directly dawn came we set
to work again with entrenching tools to
improve our trenches. We had breakfast
—biscuit, figs, and chocolate pulp. And
this was my breakfast, dinner, and tea for
two days. We had to hold our trenches
for four solid days and nights. The firing
of the Turks never ceased for a moment.
In fact, it has not ceased yet, day or night,
and one is in constant danger of being
shot. Poor Lieut. Owen Smyth was killed
this morning on the beach. Lieut. Farmer
was killed in the trenches yesterday morn-
ing, just after I passed him. Major Hur-
combe, Capt. Lorenzo, Dr. Nott, and I are
in a very comfortable dugout just now.
We have our meals in the open, and
almost every evening at teatime we are
shelled. I am glad and thankful to say
that I am keeping remarkably well. We
are well fed, and are even supplied with
tobacco, cigarettes, and matches. I hear
that the hotels in Adelaide close at 6
o'clock; that the Labour Party is in
power; and that the drought has broken
up—that is the best news of all."

Four days later Col. Weir wrote to Mr.
J. W. Culley, of the Survey Office:—
"This morning our dear old comrade
Qmr.-Sgt. J. J. Medley was killed by a
shrapnel shell, which struck him in the
body and killed him outright. He was not
a hundred yards from me at the time. He
was buried by Archdeacon Richards, of
Tasmania, two hours later. I attended at
his grave, and his son was also present. I
have just written to his widow—he was
attached to the 11th Battalion, W.A., who
are on our left in the firing line. Please
let his old comrade, Sgt. Mitten, and
others know. On the landing day we were
glad when darkness came, at 8 p.m., for
we had been fighting hard from 4 a.m.
The shrapnel ceased then, but the rifles
peppered away all through the night. We
dug hard all night; none of us had a great-
coat or waterproof sheet. The night was
cold and rain fell, but we never moved
from the positions taken up on Sunday
afternoon until Wednesday midnight, and
were under fire night and day during the
whole time. We kept the firing line sup-
plied with water, rations, and ammunition.
Then we had two days' spell on the beach,
and returned to the trenches, where we
still are, and likely to remain for a week
or more. Kindly remember me to all the
fellows in the Survey Department. I am
glad to see that you and dear old Ted
Cocker are taking an active part in the
P.S. Rifle Club. I use ~~the~~ fieldglasses
every day. I lost everything else that I
brought ashore with me on Sunday. I
dumped everything but the glasses on
Sunday afternoon; could not carry them
any longer."

"Turks Won't Reap the Barley."

Following are extracts of a letter from
Capt. Kayser, 12th Battalion, to his wife,
dated from Gallipoli Peninsula, Anzac
Cove, May 15:—"We none of us knew
until we were out at sea, well away from
Egypt, whither we were bound. We em-
barked on the steamer Devanha, a P. & O.
liner, which previous to the war had her
run from Bombay to China. In conse-
quence of this all her staff, except the offi-
cers, were Portuguese, Indians, natives of
Goa in India. All the waiters, stewards,
&c. were black as the ace of spades, and
were polite and attentive boys. We soon
heard that we were bound for the Gallipoli
Peninsula. After two days' steam we
arrived at Madras Harbour, Isand of Lem-
nos, the entry into which was a sight I
shall ever remember. I was on guard
morning we arrived, and

pedo-boat destroyers coming out to meet us like veritable sleuth hounds. They were taking no risks, but as soon as they discovered our Australian ensigns flying they whipped back into harbour. Here was some of the cream of our navy at anchor, the battleships *Swiftsure*, *Inflexible*, *Irresistible*, *Triumph*, *Majestic*, *Bacchante*, *Queen*, *Ocean*, *Prince of Wales*, and numerous French battleships, any number of torpedo boats, and some submarines. Across the mouth of the harbour there was a boom stretched, made of barrels and chains, and we steamed through a narrow opening into a magnificent harbour. There we stayed for six weeks, awaiting orders. All around us were the other islands of the famous archipelago. Quite close by were the islands of Tenedos, Imbros, and Samothrace. The latter had a fine mountain on it, whose crest was a grand sight, covered with beautiful snow. Right in the distance we could discern the Balkans, also snow-covered. When we left Lemnos our big trunks were sent to the base at Alexandria, and we were equipped only with what we could carry to go to the front. We were the first troopship to anchor at Lemnos, and while there what a wonderful sight we witnessed. Day after day fresh troopships arrived, until there were hundreds of them in the harbour. Added to this were dozens and dozens of store ships, carrying food and water for our army. This concentration of vessels took weeks, and it is many a long day since I saw so many ships together. Some were great trans-Atlantic liners, some mail steamers that at one time plied to and from Australia. Of course, while all this was going on we were not idle. Day after day we practised landing in boats. The ships' boats were lowered, rope ladders were suspended over the side of the ship, and over we climbed, 30 or 40 in each boat, and away we pulled to the shore. When on shore we went for daily marches, 10 or 15 miles over the island. The inhabitants are mostly Greeks, and greeted us most cordially. Sometimes on very dark nights we would practise landing in boats. On April 24 we got this news item:—"The 3rd Brigade are detailed to land on the Gallipoli Peninsula." We were very proud of the honour. Now let me give my version of our baptism of fire. At sunset on April 24 we weighed anchor at Lemnos, and steered out of the harbour, with the gallant navy steaming on ahead. Our orders were to steam to Imbros, and wait there. It took us only a few hours to reach there, and looking out we could see in the gloom the Turkish coast. At 2.30 a.m. on April 25 we were all transferred to torpedo-boat destroyers. Thence we were to get into rowing boats, and pull for our lives to the shore, to effect a landing." After having described the landing (details of which have been given in other letters), the writer makes the following personal references:—"Poor old Gordon Munro, he died like a soldier, with his face to the foe, leading his men into action and inspiring them with courage. He was shot twice, and some of his last words were 'Go on, boys; never mind me. Stick to it; play the game.' Capt. Witham, and Lieuts. Fraser and Holland, were all wounded. Poor old Gordon; the others will soon be back, recovered from their wounds, but he has gone for ever; so has poor old Bob Hooper. I saw Bob the day before he fell, and have visited his grave since. He, too, was a hero, inspiring his men to the last. I am alive and well. I am writing on a Sunday, and went to Communion this morning at 6 a.m., with the shrapnel bursting all round. The lark sings here in the morning, the cuckoo at night. The poppies are blooming in thousands. I wear oak and holly leaves in my cap, so that the Turks may mistake me for a wee tree. There are some fine crops in front of our trenches, principally barley; but I don't think any Turks will reap them."

HERO'S SIMPLE STORY.

Wounded Adelaide Boy.

How He Tried To Save His Lieutenant.

One of the best-written stories of the Australian landing on the Peninsula of Gallipoli has come from Signaller W. Pavey (South Australia), who was wounded in the fight, but has returned to the front. Omitting details already published in other correspondence, the following deals with the close of the first day of action:—"Up till about 1 p.m. we in the centre had not done much firing, although we had an occasional shot whenever a good target offered; but the boys on each flank were going some. The enemy wasted tons of ammunition, while we carefully reserved ours; and it was owing to this that we were able to make such a stand. Early in the afternoon their artillery got going again, and the word was passed to retire—which was (to us) only common sense—so we retreated about 15

yards under cover of the scrub. One poor boy (my right hand neighbour) did not retire with us. Why, I do not know; but I think it possible he must have fallen into a sleep. Most people would laugh and say it would be impossible to sleep under such a heavy fire; but it was with the greatest difficulty that we kept awake. Not that we were worn out. Far from that; but the hot sun, pouring down upon our backs, seemed to make us terribly drowsy. Immediately after we had left our position a shrapnel shell burst over it and killed the boy, who was still there.

—Begged to be Killed.—

"No sooner had we retired than the word was passed to cancel the order for retirement. To return would mean sudden death, and was not to be thought of; so we found ourselves working around towards our left. On the way we came upon some of our wounded comrades who had been carried back by their mates. Several had been lying there for hours, and were in agony. The waterbottles were the only comfort we could offer. I came upon two of my particular pals, both mortally wounded and waiting for death. Their physical agonies could not have been more acute than the agony of mind, for we were all half expecting to be wiped out, and the thought of the wounded falling into the hands of the enemy can be better imagined than explained. Small wonder, therefore, that both my pals begged me to end their agonies with a bullet, which would indeed have been an act of mercy. However, I did all that was possible by trying to assure them that we were doing well, and that reinforcements were coming. Of all the horrors of war nothing could make a man more heartsick than this tragic request, and it was with tears in my eyes that I lingered over the final handshake. Before long we were under the command of our company O.C., and 'digging in' facing left. From our shallow trenches we were able to fire a good few rounds with a range of 500 yards at scurrying figures of the enemy.

—Water, Water.—

"All this time they maintained the same terrific fire. They must have had ammunition galore. One of our maxim guns was close to our present position, and apparently was causing the enemy great trouble. Every little spurt of the maxim was the signal for a shower of shrapnel and rifle bullets to fall upon us, doing a deal of damage. They were trying to silence our maxim, but could not get the exact range. Our platoon sergeant, Charlie Hunt (since killed), went back to the captain, saying, 'More than half our men are killed or wounded, sir.' The captain said, 'Can't help it, sergeant; we must hang on to the last man.' The sergeant saluted and crawled back to us. For some time the same condition prevailed, but about 4 p.m. there was a slight lull. Then I heard a pitiful cry of 'Water! Water!' I asked the captain (who was next to me at the time), 'Who is it?' He said, 'Lieut. Byrne (my platoon commander); will you go and give him a drink?' He was lying out in the open, so I had to crawl to him. I reached him safely, and quenched his thirst. There was a clump of thick bushes on the left of us, about 20 yards away, and if we could reach it, he might lie there in comparative safety. As he was shot in both legs and in the left side, I had no alternative but to carry him. I raised him as gently as I could and got under him; then staggered to my feet and had gone half-way when 'thud!' and down I went on top of my unfortunate officer. I felt a stinging in my thigh, and it was not until I endeavoured to get up to have another try that I realized I had got a bullet and could not use my leg. The bullet passed right through my thigh and into Lieut. Byrne's leg. After lying still for a few minutes (during which the lieutenant gave another cry, indicating that he had received another bullet), I decided that to stay where was certain death, and started to crawl to the bushes, as I could do no more for Byrne. I reached them without further mishap, and lay in close to the bush.

—Back to the Firing Line.—

"Wednesday, 6 a.m.—I shall have to break off abruptly here, as we have got orders to embark at 8 a.m., and will probably reach the firing line on Saturday, May 21."

FRIDAY, JUNE 25, 1915.

AUSTRALIA'S TOTAL TROOPS

Melbourne, June 24.

In the Senate to-day the Minister of Defence told Sir Albert Gould that the number of troops dispatched from Australia in the Expeditionary Forces was 63,522, and the number about to embark and in training was 18,978.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

BARBAROUS TURKS.

The Rev. John Pearce, of Brighton, has received a letter from his son, Sergeant Pearce, who is in hospital in Egypt, in which he says:—“Jack Virgo arrived from London last Saturday, and came here on Sunday afternoon. With a little bit of fixing I managed to play the piano for him. He started off, Alexander style, with ‘He will hold me fast.’ All the hospital is whistling it now. He also came on Wednesday and sang Harkness’ song, ‘Are we downhearted? No!’ Of course, this took on fine. His address on each occasion was listened to with rapt attention. I expect to be here another fortnight, and then I go to the Convalescent Hospital, which was the palace of the Sultan’s late father, until I can properly walk. The wound is closing rapidly now, and will soon be right. Then the bones have to settle down again; a piece of splintered bone has been removed. Did I tell you of the coincidence of our landing at Gallipoli at the same time as you were having service at Brighton? We are exactly seven hours behind Adelaide time, and when I looked at my watch it was 10 minutes past 4, so it was just 11 a.m. in Adelaide. I remembered this, and when the shots came thought, ‘Father is praying for me exactly at this minute.’ There was a time on Sunday when we had to retreat on account of the Turks’ deadly machine guns. When our men retook the ground on Monday the bodies of our wounded we had left behind were terribly mutilated and their identification discs taken, so that it was impossible to identify them.”