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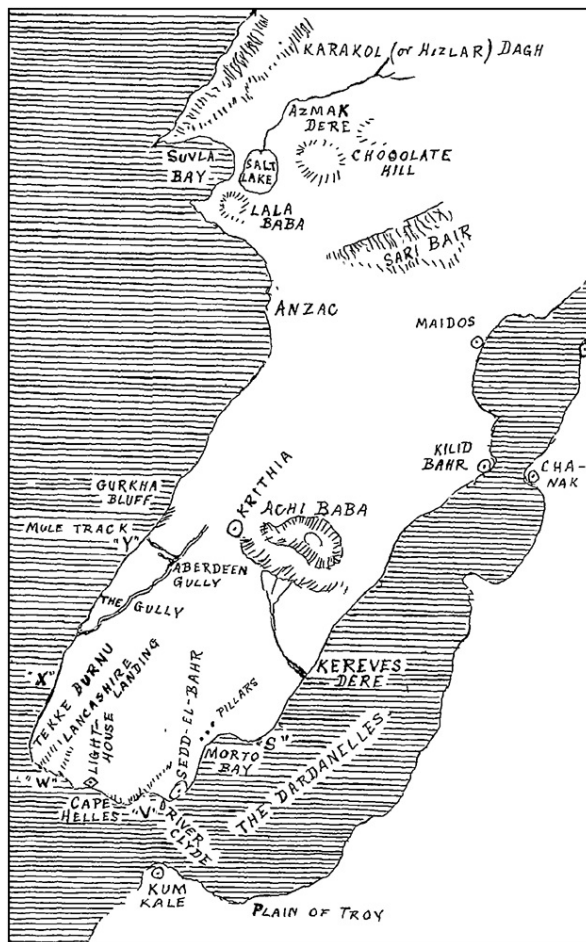
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POINT OF GALLIPOLI

THE INCOMPARABLE 29TH AND THE "RIVER CLYDE"

BY

GEORGE DAVIDSON, M.A., M.D.
MAJOR, R.A.M.C.

ABERDEEN
JAMES GORDON BISSET

Dedicated
TO THE
STRETCHER-BEARERS OF THE
89TH FIELD AMBULANCE
IN WARM ADMIRATION OF THEIR CONSTANT ZEAL AND PLUCK
AND IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE MANY EXCITING TIMES
WE HAD TOGETHER

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PREFACE.

I had not the slightest intention of ever publishing these notes in book form while jotting them down for the sole purpose of giving my wife some connected idea of how we at the Front were spending our time. I found, to my surprise, that keeping a diary was a great pleasure, and I rarely missed the opportunity of taking notes at odd times—and often in odd places.

Several of my friends read the parts as I sent them home, and it is on the valued advice of one in particular that I now offer these scraps to the public. I make practically no change on the original, but in a few places, for the sake of sequence, or more fulness, I have made additions. These are always in brackets.

Some of the remarks in the original might safely be published fifty years hence, but at present the war is too recent for these to see the light of print.

GEORGE DAVIDSON,
R.A.M.C.

TORPHINS, ABERDEENSHIRE,
June, 1919.

[1]

DIARY.

March 16th, 1915.—After serving for five months as a lieutenant in what was at first known as the 1st Highland Field Ambulance, and afterwards, as the 89th Field Ambulance, I left Coventry, our last station, to do my little bit in the great European War, our destination being unknown. We had heard well-founded rumours that we were going to the Dardanelles, or somewhere in the Levant, and our being deprived of our horses and receiving mules instead, and helmets (presumably cork) being ordered for the officers, all pointed to our being sent to a warmer climate than France or Belgium, where the war is raging on the west side of the great drama.

Leaving Coventry at 1.50 p.m. we reached Avonmouth about 5, to find that our boat was not in. The men were put up in a cold, draughty shed for the night, where they had little sleep, while the officers took train to Bristol, nine miles off, where we dined excellently at the Royal Hotel, but, there being no vacant rooms, we went to the St. Vincent's Rocks Hotel, overlooking the Clifton Suspension Bridge and the great gorge of the Avon.

March 17th.—Returned to Avonmouth and wandered about inspecting the huge transports lying in the docks, and H.M.S. "Cornwall," just returned for repairs from the fight at Falkland Islands. She had received three shell holes in her hull, one under the water line, and a large number of perforations in one of her funnels.

We then got on board our boat, the "Marquette," of the Red Star Line, built by Alexander Stephen & Sons, Glasgow, of over 8000 tons, and said to be a good sailer. We lunched with the captain, a Scotchman of course, hailing from Montrose. At 5.30 we got the men on board, and all spent the night in our new quarters. [2]

March 18th.—After getting numerous details on board during last night and to-day, amounting to about 1300 men, 60 officers, about 700 horses and mules; besides 20 tons of explosives and 50 tons of barbed wire, and wagons by the hundred, we set sail at 10 p.m. under sealed orders. No lights were allowed owing to the danger from submarines which had been busy within the last few days in the Bristol Channel and about the Scilly Islands. As escort we had two torpedo-boat destroyers, one on each side and slightly ahead. These left us after twelve hours, when we were in less danger, and 100 miles west of the usual course, sailing W.S.W. into the Atlantic.

March 19th.—Beautiful day with slight breeze, but biting cold at first; ship pitching and rolling moderately, a few officers a little sick early, and about 80 per cent of the men, the latter suffering badly from the close atmosphere in their deck, in which their hammocks are slung as close as sardines in a tin and all port holes closed. The electric light had been shut off so that no one might be able to show a light.

Dr. K—, the ship's ancient doctor, is a curious customer, full of stories and quaint remarks. Captain Findlay is very communicative but will not reveal any private orders. He is directed to steer for the Mediterranean by a certain course. About 5 p.m. to-day he altered his course from W.S.W. to S. At 5 an order was issued to have the iron shutters put over the port holes, otherwise no lights to be allowed.

Very little shipping has been seen to-day, although several ships of a small size have passed at a long distance on our port side. One of the reasons for choosing this course was to avoid ships that might carry a wireless installation and signal our movements to the enemy. [3]

The captain, when swearing at the head steward about some forgetfulness, gave what he considered proof of the superiority of the memory of the lower animals over the human in a little story. He had carried Barnum and Bailey's menagerie once from America and occasionally fed a young elephant, Ruth by name, after President Cleveland's daughter, she taking apples from his pocket. After three years he came across her again, and calling her by name, she came up and put her trunk into the same pocket as of old. On the trip over he carried 1200 animals, only two dying, one being the giraffe which fell down a hatchway and broke his neck in two places—somehow a very fitting death for a giraffe.

Saw several porpoises playing and jumping beside the boat. A wireless message to the captain tells of the appearance of a German submarine at Dover last night.

Towards 6.30 two very large steamers crossed our bows, coming out of the west, while we went slowly to avoid them. One carried no lights and was probably carrying troops from Canada.

Had an amusing talk on the boat deck with the old doctor. He was telling us about three padres who left our boat just before we started, preferring to go by another as they did not like travelling with so many animals. There being no parson for the coming Sundays they requested him to hold the services, but he replied that there was no use asking him, he could not pray worth a damn. He explained that a ship rang eight bells at 12, four at 8, and one for each half-hour after these, as one bell at 4.30, two at 5, three at 5.30, and so on. [4]

Beautiful night, stars clear, and sea very smooth for the Atlantic and the Bay of Biscay, where we now are. The equinoctial gales usually begin on March 20 (to-morrow), so the captain says. We have averaged 12½ knots since we left Avonmouth. A small bucketfull of water is taken from the sea every two hours, and its temperature taken to see if we are near ice.

March 20th.—Weather to-day typical of the Bay of Biscay, half a gale all day, and blowing furiously at 7 o'clock, bottles, glasses, etc., flying off the dinner-table. Sea-sickness very rife, almost every one suffering more or less. Saw only two passing ships to-day. The captain prophesies warmer weather to-morrow if the wind remains in the east as at present. It will then be off the land, we being opposite Finisterre about 8 a.m. to-morrow.

The orders to the captain are to remain sixty miles off land while skirting Spain and Portugal. By wireless we hear the Allies still gain ground in Flanders, and of a railway collision in Lancashire.

March 21st.—Sunday.—Good news by wireless of the progress of the war. Wind changed to S.E., showery in the morning, and pleasantly warm. Church parade at 10. "Old Hundred" by the congregation, led by Serg. Gibb, the Lord's Prayer by Serg. Gaskin—as much of it as he could remember—a chapter of Matthew by Capt. Stephen followed by some words of advice, when the attempts of the audience to look solemn were all in vain—then off to the deck with "The Innocents Abroad".

During the day the weather has been very variable, occasionally very heavy rain showers, but very mild; strong gale all day right in our teeth which must retard our progress. At dinner—7 p.m.—the captain said we were not quite opposite Lisbon, but nearly. With a few exceptions all have found their sea legs. [5]

March 22nd.—Being Orderly Officer I was up at 6.45 and inspected our unit's breakfast at 7.15, expecting a repetition of the grouching about their food which has gone on since we came on board, but to-day all are satisfied for the first time. They began with porridge which looked palatable, though sloppy for a Scotchman's taste, and was said to be without salt, which would certainly be the case were the cook an Englishman. Then each had a cup of coffee which looked fair enough and smelt good to a hungry man like myself, with two thick slices of bread with salt butter and jam. I feel as fit as a fiddle, and believe the equinoctial gales at their worst would be none too much for me. The feeling that I am to sink to the bottom of the ocean when the boat pitches has entirely gone.

Stephen and I are wondering what our folks at home are doing, and if they are always looking for letters from us by the next post. If so they will be disappointed for many days yet. A good many of our horses are sick, and two died yesterday and were thrown overboard. The poor brutes have very cramped quarters.

The sea was fairly rough during daylight and the ship rolled so badly that at lunch and dinner "fiddles" had to be put along the tables to keep the dishes in their places. In the evening the wind fell to a very gentle, balmy breeze, when a number of us spent some time on the boat deck watching the phosphorescence of the jelly fish, which we saw in many hundreds.

March 23rd.—Got up early and on going on deck at 7.30 found we were making straight for the sun. Most glorious morning, sun bright, sea, except for the eternal swell, perfectly calm. We had changed our course and were heading 8 degrees S. of E., making for the Straits of Gibraltar. At 8 the captain, wishing to be sure of his longitude, began bawling out to some unseen person, "Mark 23, 22; mark 23, 19, add another 1; mark 23, 25". He explained that he took the reading three times then struck an average. [6]

In time land hove in sight, faint at first, but gradually the rocky coast of Spain, north of Cape Trafalgar, became distinct, then this cape itself came out of the mist as white as snow—so white that the purser said he believed it actually was snow. Then higher hills beyond appeared with others of a similar nature on the African coast. All looked forbidding and barren. Swallows were flitting about, and would have meant summer at home, but I fancy they are here all winter. The heat of the sun was intense, and I observed that his altitude seemed as high as I was accustomed to see him in midsummer.

The captain soon pointed out "The Rock," and after passing the white town of Tarifa on the Spanish main it got clearer and clearer, but to our disgust our boat kept towards the south side of the Straits, and all were disappointed we were not to have a chance to post letters here as we expected. Tangier in the outer part of the Straits was invisible from mist. The Rock was not quite as impressive as I expected, nor could I with certainty make out more than one gun position, although I saw several black spots where guns may have frowned at us.

A gunboat came after us and made us turn about in a circle till she was satisfied of our identity, the ship's number being invisible through the mist to those on shore. Ceuta with its snow-white houses lay on the south coast almost opposite Gibraltar. Some large buildings could be plainly seen, and between the town and the sea, on the north-east side the fortified hill held by the Spaniards since they lost Gibraltar. [7]

Later I found we sailed directly east, our next halt being as yet unknown. All roll has entirely departed from our ship, which almost seems unnatural after the tossing we have had. What struck me most to-day was the rocky nature of both sides of the Straits—we might have been among the rugged mountains of Ross-shire. Apes Head seemed to be made of rugged and split masses of limestone. The rocks with their bright colours were a great relief to our eyes which had rested on nothing but water for five days.

March 24th.—A quiet uneventful day; colder than yesterday in the Atlantic. I find that all along we have sailed with only two lights showing, both faint, one on either end of the bridge, red to port and green to starboard. In the last twenty-four hours we covered 286 miles, and going east fast, the clock being now advanced twenty-three minutes daily. We left Avonmouth with 1500 tons of coal on board, and we use sixty-five tons daily. We carry a poultry yard and get fresh eggs for breakfast, one some one had to-day was so fresh that according to the date written on it it was laid to-morrow (25/3/15). We have a lot of Irishmen on board which explains this Irishism. We had a concert in the evening, got up by Col. O'Hagan, the O.C. the West Lancashire Field

Ambulance, when we had many amusing songs and tales. The sea was as smooth as a duck-pond all day. Towards night the wind rose, strong enough to cause a big pitch had we been still in the Atlantic, but here it is hardly noticeable. The south-east corner of Spain was seen in the morning and a peep of Africa got in the afternoon.

March 25th.—Just returned from the engine room, having made up to the chief engineer, who took me over the machinery and stokehole. The three cylinders develop 4500 horse-power. The largest is 96 inches in diameter. [8]

All day we have been in sight of the African coast, the Atlas Mountains making one continuous range. They reminded me strongly of Ross-shire, the whole outline being rough and rugged. Mount Atlas, which we did not see, is 14,740 feet high. About 9 a.m. we were said to be near the town of Algiers. Great snowfields were visible on most of the highest mountains. These were very picturesque with the sun shining on the snow. We have seen little shipping, one large oil boat passed west. All are taking the lack of news philosophically, nothing, as far as I can make out, being heard to-day. Code messages from battleships speaking to each other are received but are unreadable.

Helmets were issued to the officers to-day, but the wind is too cold to make these necessary.

As Sanitary Officer for the day I had to go over the whole of the horse decks with the Military Officer of the ship, Lt.-Col. Hingston, R.E. The alleys between the horse lines, all of which had to be traversed, must be nearly half a mile in length, all the heads of the horses projecting in double lines into the narrow passages, which makes tramping along these dark ways anything but pleasant. The close stench is very sickening, and I was glad when our journey came to an end. We have lost four horses so far. The mules are hardier and have stood the voyage well. They are besides accustomed to the sea, all having come lately from the Argentine.

March 26th.—An ideal day and the sun delightfully warm. We had the African coast in sight the whole time till early afternoon. Passed Cape Blanco, which in the distance might have been part of Deeside, hills with stretches of verdure which looked like forest with brown spaces between which were probably sand. [9]

Helmets were issued to the men to-day. These with their broad brims look very serviceable against the sun. One man coming on a friend who had just donned his, yelled: "Hello, man, come oot o' that till I see yer feet".

At the present speed we should reach Malta at 6 a.m. to-morrow where surely we'll be able to post letters, but they have a long way to go to reach home. At 5 o'clock we were opposite Pantellaria, an Italian penal settlement, and about 140 miles from Malta. On the north coast of the island the settlement is visible, big white houses at different levels on its rocky face. There are very steep rocks on the east side rising straight out of the sea.

March 27th.—My first peep at the East—although it is perhaps not the East proper. I rose at 5.30 to find Malta right ahead, and Valetta only a mile or two distant. The sight was gorgeous, the rocky land all tints of yellow, and the houses of divers colours, flat-roofed, domed, and altogether Oriental.

Two warships, which turned out to be the "Prince of Wales" and the "Paris," were steaming rapidly from the north-east, and we were ordered to lie to till they entered the harbour, then to follow. The scene on entering this harbour baffles description, with its cliffs, forts, and frowning guns and numerous warships. There were signs of war preparations everywhere. The entrance to the harbour was guarded by booms, only a small opening being left where they were folded back. A short way inside came another row of booms. Then came a French warship on our port side, coaling at its hardest, from which came shouts to our decks crowded with troops of "where are you going"? The reply had to be "We don't know". Immediately to starboard we had another French ship which turned out to be the largest in the harbour. All her crew and band were drawn up on deck, and the latter struck up "God save the King". We at once stood at attention, all in silence, but when the strains ended every man hurraed at the pitch of his voice. The band then gave us "It's a long way to Tipperary". [10]

On going a little farther we were moored to a buoy in the middle of the waterway, with all sorts of shipping round us, mostly French warships, there being at least a dozen of that nationality, the only British men-of-war being the two we saw enter. The transparency and greenness of the water are remarkable. The whole harbour is dotted over with "bum boats" which are said to be peculiar to Malta, and have high boards at their stem and stern, and are worked by one or two men standing upright. Most sell fruits and odds and ends to those on board, while others convey passengers to and from the land. The houses about the harbour are largely forts or connected with the army and navy. They rise tier upon tier to the top of the surrounding rocks which may be about 150 feet high.

After lunch permission was given to the officers and N.C.O.'s to go ashore. There was great excitement of course, and all asked for leave forthwith. Being "Officer of the day," whose duties applied to the whole ship, I decided not to remind the C.O.—Col. Hingston—of this, but our C.O. mentioning at lunch that I need not look for leave I could not sneak off as I had intended, and was to be permitted only if I found a substitute, which, of course, I failed to do. Every one has gone to stretch his legs on land except the "Captain of the day" and myself. Still I hope to get a short turn

ashore before we sail at 6 p.m. which is announced as the hour of our departure—and our destination? we wish we knew.

8.30 p.m.—Fiddes very kindly returned early to relieve me and I spent two very enjoyable hours in Valetta, wandering about its narrow and stair-like streets. There were goats everywhere, many being milked on the doorsteps as I passed. I bought some pieces of Maltese lace, which is pretty much of one pattern, generally a Maltese cross surrounded by flowers. The inhabitants are plainly of Italian descent, but if you ask if that is their nationality, they always deny it and say they are Maltese. The shops are totally different from anything I have ever seen, and except in the best streets, have no windows, merely a huge, gaping doorway. The weather was very close and many of the inhabitants and the children generally, were bare legged and well bronzed. The women's dress was very peculiar, all being in jet black with a strange lopsided head-dress. The edge has a stiff hoop and projects well in front of the face.

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The plants were all tropical—palms, cacti of many sorts, and masses of a deep purple flower that covered large expanses of wall. All trees were in full leaf, but they would be mostly evergreen. Worthy looking padres in their shovel hats were plentiful, also monks in dark brown cloaks, rope girdles and sandal shoon, and usually bareheaded, although a few wore a tiny cap, little bigger than the top of an egg, which it resembled in shape.

I was much interested on discovering the reason why all the women in Malta wear black, which seems to be commenced about the age of eleven or twelve. Napoleon and his army had exercised great liberties with their sex during a visit, and in consequence it was decreed by the Pope that all women in Malta should go into mourning for the period of a hundred years. This time is up but they seem to know that their mode of dress is very becoming, and it looks as if the decree was to hold good for all time.

It is impossible to go round the stair-like streets, which abound in Malta, with a milk cart, hence you find all over the town a man or boy with about half a dozen goats, shouting something or other, when the women appear at their doors with jugs into which the men milk the quantity required, as they sit on the doorstep. This is all very quaint and picturesque, especially when combined with the bright clothing of the men and children, the bright projecting upper windows, and the altogether foreign and tropical appearance of the whole town and island.

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All the officers thoroughly enjoyed what was a new experience to most of us, all returning to the boat laden with parcels, and being unusually lively at dinner, and the wine flowing more freely than usual among a body of men who rarely drink anything but water—and very flat and unpleasant water it is too.

We left Malta at 6 p.m. *en route* for Alexandria, as I am told by the captain, who says it is no longer a secret. This is evidently to be the place of concentration of the 29th Division. Another transport, the "Kingstonia," left half an hour before us, amidst great cheering from the warships and us. We too had a right royal send-off from all the warships we passed, their decks being packed with cheering multitudes, and our French friends of the morning played the National Anthem again in the usual silence. We half expected it this time, but its coming so unexpectedly in the morning made it most impressive. Eleven powerful searchlights were playing at the entrance of this important harbour—a harbour which must be one of Britain's greatest assets. When thrown on us even a mile off the light was absolutely dazzling.

March 28th.—Churning all day through a sea of ultra-marine hue, with a brilliant sun overhead and a fair breeze behind. We are now a long way east of the longitude of Greenwich, the clock at noon yesterday being seventy minutes before G.M.T. This means a daily loss of sleep and consequently much swearing. At one time in the Atlantic we were between fifty and sixty minutes behind G.M.T.

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There was a great fuss last night over the supposed discovery of six cases of measles in our unit. This morning a Medical Board sat and pronounced all the cases to be merely erythematous rashes following vaccination four days ago, and consequently the quarantine instituted last night has been relaxed, but only in a modified form, so as to let the guilty party down gently. As a result of all this unnecessary fuss the two field ambulances on board were nearly split into two camps.

March 29th.—Another quiet day and a calm sea.

Three interpreters joined our boat at Malta, they leaving home two days after us by a P. & O. boat. These men have a thorough knowledge of Turkish, Greek, and French.

The heat of the sun has been intense to-day, and a number of us were glad to don our helmets. These are not altogether a success, they are too heavy.

We had a short lecture on "Turkey" by one of the interpreters, when he spoke about the roads, which seem to be few, woods still fewer, water supply and some other points likely to be of practical interest to us shortly. Rains usually cease in the end of March, and, except for an occasional shower, the heat of summer lasts till the middle of September, the temperature being just under 100° F.

March 30th.—Lying in the harbour of Alexandria, where we arrived about 3 p.m. The day has been perfect, the temperature moderate till we came near land when the sun simply scorched us.

At sea there is always a breeze, but as we now lie at anchor in the middle of the harbour the air is absolutely still and oppressive. We seemed to describe the letter "S" as we approached from the sea, this course being likely due to sand bars. To one who has never been in the East before the sight of this town with its huge commercial buildings, its great palm trees which are visible not far from the water's edge, and a harbour full of great liners, and looking big enough to hold all the shipping of the world, is a great education. Three ships have entered since we came in, one being the "Kingstonia," one of our divisional transports, another full of French troops. We were, of course, surrounded by boats trying to do a little honest trade with us, but our men were strictly forbidden to purchase anything from them owing to the risk of infection.

These boats were manned principally by Arabs in their peculiar dresses of brilliant hue and many wore the fez. All were burned as dark as an old penny. Owing to our being supposed to have had measles on board, although it was proved to every one's satisfaction that there was no reason for this suspicion, we had to enter with the yellow flag flying at the foremast. We had visits from official boats, one with the police flag, very likely expecting to hear that we had cholera or smallpox among us. At any rate the objectionable flag was soon hauled down and we half expected to get permission to land, but so far no orders have come from shore.

The deep blue of the Mediterranean has been left behind for a time, which may be very short, and certainly cannot be long, and we now float on the light green waters of the Nile. The bugle has just sounded "the officer's mess," a sound that is welcome to me; the heat has not yet taken away my appetite.

March 31st.—We were towed to the wharveside at 3 p.m. Then the unloading of our great sea monster began, men trooped on shore, followed by the horses which, unused to daylight in the miserable dens they had just left, looked terrified and floundered down the gangways. It took hours for this procession of animals to end, the exit from Noah's ark must have been a poor show in comparison.

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Our men set off for their camp at Mex, three miles away, about 6 p.m., I being left with a fatigue party of twenty-seven men to finish the packing of our stores on railway trucks, and see them despatched in time to arrive at Mex before the men, so that on their arrival they could set to and pitch their tents on the piece of land allotted to them, and which is said to be composed of equal parts of sand and lice! I feel that I have scored in having one night's relief from this plague—but we are in the land of plagues, the home of the Pharaohs.

About 8 p.m. I set off on a visit to Alexandria, and from the docks passed up a street lined on both sides with our animals tied to picket ropes for the night, and at the top of the street came on a grove of many acres of towering palm trees. After a mile or a mile and a half, seeing no newspaper shops, nor anything resembling a British shop, I asked an Egyptian where a "journal" was to be had. We could not understand each other, even signs were of no use, so I tried again and the next man understood me, and directed my black Soudanese friend, who had attached himself to me as my guide, where to go, but from the deviations he took into narrow and remarkably gay by-streets, he plainly thought that this newspaper hunt was a ruse for seeing Alexandria by night. All this was very interesting all the same. I rubbed shoulders with many an Egyptian "nut" who made no pretence about his errand to this questionable part of the town. The many streets I passed through, and I must have penetrated about three miles into the town, seemed very familiar to me, they were so very like pictures one sees of this part. The cafés were crowded with Egyptian revellers, and occasionally I saw groups of our Tommies enjoying a drink among them. The former were all in their brilliant robes, and as they stood or squatted about, smoking their long pipes, they formed a most interesting picture. Their big pipes even blocked the pavement at times, the men squatted on their haunches with their pipes a couple of feet in front and a passer-by had to be careful not to upset and smash them. A fine picture was made by two old fellows squatting on a rug in the open window of a small shop, smoking and drinking coffee, and looking as if they could curse to fourteen generations any customer bold enough to disturb them in their innocent enjoyment of doing nothing. One of our officers who knows this town and its inhabitants, says if you curse a man he will only laugh in your face, but when you begin cursing to all eternity his brothers and sisters, father and mother, he begins to wax wroth, and by the time you reach the tenth to the fourteenth generation he dances about with fury and gnashes his teeth.

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April 1st.—Up early and breakfast at 6.30. By this time the engines were rattling and new ropes creaking, while stores of all kind were being landed. Some acres of quay and side streets were covered with these, the horses and mules having been mostly landed yesterday. Then began the scramble for wagon poles, crossbars, etc., any unit finding itself short just seized the first it came across. We lost odds and ends and followed the recognised custom, known as "skirmishing," and in the end were only short of our full complement by a crossbar and a bicycle. I had a very busy day up to 3 o'clock when we started for Mex camp. We marched out, reaching this at 4.45 after a very warm tramp, tempered by a gentle breeze off the Mediterranean. The country through which we passed was barren in the extreme, honey-combed all the way from quarrying the soil, which is full of salt and soda with a white chalky base. There are everywhere deep holes full of salt water with salt-loving plants about them, practically the only vegetation to be seen; between these there is a mass of hummocks, and pinnacles, with occasional sheep that look like goats, feeding on I do not know what, unless it be a tuft-headed small grass which is found sparsely on the higher grounds. In front of our tents are larger mounds on which four camels are nibbling at

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this grass, these being kept by some Bedouins for giving milk. Seeing some dark-skinned rascals having a ride on them I went up to them and was offered a mount for a penny; then the urchin, who had an early training in fleecing, thought he might double his charge and held up two fingers to designate the amount and marched off his camel till I consented. The brute nearly broke first my neck and then my back, but I greatly enjoyed my short ride.

Immediately after this an Inniskilling Fusilier raced Thomson and myself over these terrible salt pits to the sea edge where an unconscious man was lying, having been dragged out of the water after disappearing like a stone, although said to be a strong swimmer.

April 2nd.—A day of great heat, were it not for an occasional air from the Mediterranean. The whole of our camp is covered with ordinary soft sea-sand, and it gets very hot and very glaring. Immediately behind the more or less level ground on which the 29th Field Ambulance is encamped the pure white, chalky higher ground commences, peopled by camels, goats, and sheep. The last two are so much alike it is difficult to say which of the families they belong to.

About 6 p.m. I set out for Alexandria with four of our officers. After a little shopping and haircutting we had an excellent dinner at the Grand Restaurant du Nil, all considering some fried mullet to be the finest fish we had ever tasted. With a fairly liberal supply of wine the dinner for the five of us cost only about 17s. Then to the Moulin Rouge, which I should say is the counterpart of its better-known namesake in Paris. The newness of the whole show made it amusing.

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April 3rd.—Apparently it never rains here after summer has commenced. I have been studying the ornithology of these bare chalk mounds, and find the birds are practically the same as our commonest ones at home—swallows, stonechats—which have been very busy to-day—our two water wagtails, and the wretched little sparrow. I thought the flamingo was to be found along the coast but have never seen a specimen on this inhospitable shore. I have also seen a bird not unlike a thrush, and a few small things apparently of the linnnet family. Creepy animals are only too plentiful, the most objectionable at present is the common housefly which is a perfect plague. They are everywhere and are specially fond of the rope suspending my lantern. Unfortunately the place that is second favourite is one's nose. Locusts are said to be in greater abundance in Lower Egypt than was ever known before. Here I have seen but a few dozen, and at first I took them for small dragonflies. They have the same beautiful wings, but their style of flight is quite different, the locust alighting every few yards to have a look at you. Ants, great and small, are everywhere in the morning, but when the sand gets too hot most of them disappear. One big ant has a huge head, a fairly broad tail piece and small body. Lizards are very common on the chalk mounds, and yesterday I watched four huge specimens basking in the sun half-way down an old lime kiln.

April 4th.—Easter Sunday. We had a service suitable for the day from a Presbyterian Chaplain on the hillside, when there were 700 to 800 present from different units. During the sermon we all lay on the sand, while overhead a lark carolled forth in notes more mild than are uttered by our British lark, but the habits of the two are similar, but ours soars highest.

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We have improved our field mess, stores having been got privately among us. By this means we had a very good one o'clock dinner, followed by a snooze by some of us, while others slept straight on till tea-time. I set out alone for a walk into a part I had not visited before, namely, along the seashore west of Mex Camp, to Dakeilah village. I passed an old fort with three very old cast-iron guns of 9-inch bore, lying uselessly on their sides, one labelled "loaded—dangerous". Beyond that the sand is a great depth, and the natives seemed to have it divided into allotments, each piece dug into a deep, wide trench from 6 to 12 feet deep, and along the bottom they have a row of tomatoes. These grow luxuriantly, apparently in pure sand, but there is probably a liberal supply of manure below. Figs, dates, and grapes seem to be the chief fruits grown.

I passed in a corner shaded by tall palm trees a large well which formed a perfect picture—children frisked about, while women drew water, and all about were their big water jars. Just beyond that my walk took me through a native cemetery, all the tombs exactly alike, a big base about five feet long and nearly three high, and a five foot column on each end. These were the more recent ones, the old graves were merely rough hillocks of stones and clay, as the modern ones will be some day.

I was much astonished to-day at the large number of botanical specimens I came across. For such a sterile part it is most remarkable. I should say 200 species could be picked up in a forenoon's walk.

On returning we all had a talk with a very intelligent Arab boy of about twelve summers, and got a number of words and a few phrases from him. All the native children are very pretty, they have good features, splendid eyes and teeth, and look as sharp as needles. If you dare speak to one it at once gives him an opening to demand backsheesh. I omitted to mention that the only Moslem minaret I have seen so far was in Dakeilah. These may be plentiful in Alexandria, but I have never been there in daylight.

[20]

The following are some of the words taught us by the young Arab, but I found it impossible to find a satisfactory spelling for most of them:—

Gatusheira Thank you.

Daphtar	A book.
Chaima	A tent.
Muphta	A key.
Sigara	A cigar.
Salama lecho	Good morning.
Dasoyak	Good-bye.
Homar	A donkey.
Asioa	Yes.
La	No.

The following Arabic words and phrases are from a piece of paper I picked up in Cox's Bank, Alexandria:—

1. Wahed.	6. Setta.	11. Hidashar.
2. Etneen.	7. Saba'a.	12. Etnashar.
3. Talata.	8. Tamanya.	13. Talatashar.
4. Arba'a.	9. Tessa.	20. Ashrin.
5. Khamsa.	10. Ashara.	100. Miya.
Naharak said	Good morning.	
Sa'a kam	What time.	
Sa'a waked	One o'clock.	
Maragsh Arabi	I don't speak Arabic.	
Kam tamanu	What does it cost?	

April 5th.—This has been a day of exceptional heat, and curiously is the religious day of the Moslems called Shem-el-nessim, which in Arabic means "breathing the cool breeze". To-day all their shops are shut, and the whole day is spent in the country. What is celebrated is the first of the hot simoon winds which last fifty days, and apparently the day for their commencement is most accurately gauged. We were all only too glad to carry out the written instructions we received some days ago, to keep under cover and try to sleep from noon to three o'clock, and if you cannot sleep yourself you must keep quiet and allow others to sleep. No bugle calls are allowed between these hours. All round us there has been haze through which the sun could not penetrate, but if he had the result would have been truly terrible. The dust has also been worse than usual and everything in my tent is grey. This is another of the plagues of Egypt. However, if rumour is true, we will soon depart from here for more active service.

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After dark to-night we went out in search of men supposed to be wounded, six of our bearers acting as these and starting fifteen minutes before the stretcher bearers. The night was very dark and the pure white ground looked absolutely even, and some narrow escapes were made, several finding just in time that they were on the edge of a precipice. We had planned a few signals, but the principal lesson we were taught was that these were too few in number, and owing to this whole stretcher squads got lost.

We are still finding and having visits from new animals. To-day I had a dragon fly brought to me. I find I had seen several of these before but had mistaken them for locusts. The latter have much heavier bodies, but very similar wings. We have just had a visit from a huge beetle which we heard battering the tent, then it gradually got nearer, next hitting the tent pole and falling on the small table on which my candle flickers, the glare of which had attracted him. Kellas caught a moth and kept it for me. It was nothing much to look at, but it is the very first I have seen here. He also describes another moth he saw to-day as fluttering in front of a flower without alighting on it, but hovering and thrusting its proboscis into a long-tubed flower. I once saw a similar moth at Torphins (this had been the Humming bird moth which I have seen hundreds of since then).

[22]

When different units get together in a camp the amount of thieving, technically called skirmishing, is beyond belief to anyone unaccustomed to camp life. At present we have two mules that do not belong to us. One wandered into our camp and a man who claimed it as belonging to his unit was told he had to prove his statement before he would be allowed to remove it, which he failed to do. To-day another was brought in tied to the tail-board of a wagon. It was seen wandering near the road between this and Alexandria, and the men in the wagon commandeered him at once, and here he will remain. I am a fairly good skirmisher myself, and when a wagon pole, for which I was responsible when unloading at the docks, did not turn up, I had two in its place in no time. We afterwards found that neither of them would fit any of our wagons. The cook has been handicapped in his work by having no table, but to-day he has one about 12 feet long which he tells me he got "over the road" last night when it was dark. Agassiz, our transport officer, requests us to look out for a picket rope; he would like it two inches thick and about 100 feet long. Rather a big order but should not be beyond our combined efforts.

April 6th.—Two Infantry Brigades, our Ambulance (89th) and the West Lancashire Ambulance (87th) were inspected by General Sir Ian Hamilton. Like ourselves he is an Aberdonian, being a member of the Hamilton family of Skene House. We had a very dusty day, all returning to camp quite grey.

In the afternoon I visited Alexandria with Stephen and Thomson and had tea at the Hotel Majestic in the Square of Mahomet Ali, the finest part of the town, then we flattened our noses

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against shop windows and bought a few odds and ends for home. The shops along the street to the left of the Bourse (Rue Sheref Pasha) were good and interesting, especially one that sold only Egyptian goods—Tawa's—where we made most of our purchases.

Then I chanced to come across Fiddes and Morris driving down this street when they hailed me and announced that they had just come from the Excelsior Hotel, the headquarters of the 29th Division, with the news that our bearers had to set off for the front before morning, and that I was one of the three officers who were to accompany them. We finished our shopping, and I went to Cook's office and wrote two post cards, then drove out to Mex, we all meeting round the mess table to hear the latest orders.

April 7th.—Hung about all day in expectation of the promise from H.Q. that they would 'phone to us when it was decided at what hour we were to start. No message came during the day, then after 9 p.m. an officer came in from our Brigade H.Q., saying they were wondering at the boat "why the devil we were not on board". After a little 'phoning we discovered we had been overlooked, and we were ordered to march at once as our boat was to sail at 7 a.m. to-morrow. It was now past 10 p.m. and the men had to be roused from their tents and the mules yoked. We fell in, 124 men and 3 officers, and amidst loud cheers and handshakes we set off and reached the docks about 1.30. We were only allowed light equipment, the men their kitbags, waterbottles, haversacks, and coats rolled in bandolier fashion (i.e. full marching order) while the officers were supposed not to exceed the regulation 35 lbs. of baggage. Most of our equipment we left to come on with the tent subdivision and transport which are expected to sail on the 10th, in our old ship the "Marquette". Thus ended the first four miles of our journey, on this the last stage, while to-morrow we sail north, presumably for Gallipoli, but some say Smyrna, to join in what will be a most bloody affair—so we have been warned by Lord Kitchener who, in an address to our Infantry Battalions, has said that the work before us will be hard in the extreme, and that he had reserved our Infantry as the finest Battalions in the Army for this arduous job, and told them that they must be prepared to face great hardships and great sacrifices. In the 86th Brigade, to which our Ambulance is attached, we have four veteran Battalions, 2nd Royal Fusiliers, 1st Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st Royal Dublin Fusiliers, and the 1st Munster Fusiliers. This Brigade was described by Sir Ian Hamilton as the flower of the British Army. All have served nine or ten years in India and all have smelt powder. [24]

April 8th.—At 10.45 a.m. the Cunard liner, the "Ausonia" (better known at present as B4) cast off, and with the help of two tugs we were soon out on the open sea. She had sailed from Avonmouth on March 16, the night on which we were booked to sail, and in the Bristol Channel some suspicious craft suddenly appeared. She at once altered her course and the two attendant torpedo boats gave chase to what was taken to be a German submarine. We had been told that the reason for our not sailing on the same date was that our boat was not in, but our captain afterwards told us he had been lying to for a whole week, but the presence of this submarine was the real reason.

The forces for the present expedition against Turkey have concentrated in Alexandria, and are at present over 100,000 strong, mostly British but also largely French. To-day the pioneers of this huge force have set sail, and as far as I can gather our boat was the second to go out. We are doing 14 knots and in two or three days should reach our journey's end. The day is beautiful and the Mediterranean its deepest blue. [25]

I have been having a talk with the captain of the "Ausonia". He has only 64 tons of water on board, while he should have had ten times that amount. There are no pipes laid to the docks and the whole of the shipping has to depend on six water lighters which carry 60 tons each. At present these are totally unable to supply the huge number of transports in Alexandria. The half of these are flying two flags beside each other to denote a shortage of water. In both the ground is red, the upper with red diagonal stripes while the lower has a yellow cross.

I find the cooking on the Cunard line very superior to what it was on the Red Star. Here it is as good as in a first-class hotel.

April 9th.—At 10 a.m. we were opposite rocky land to port. Some say this is the island of Rhodes, others Abydos, but not having a map of the southern part of the Archipelago I am unable to give an opinion. About 11.30 we had land to starboard which a naval man assured me "was Rhodes right enough". He pointed to a camel-backed hill and said, "If there is a lighthouse opposite the middle of that, then I have no doubt about it". It was there sure enough when examined through a field glass.

A short time after leaving Alexandria I found by the compass we were steering 20° to 25° W. of N. while all this forenoon we have gone due N. I have been out on the deck watching an engineer unit preparing posts for barbed wire. At present they have poles 12 feet long; both ends are being pointed and a pencil mark is drawn round the middle of the pole. They can thus quickly make two pointed posts by means of a saw, but they expect to find the long poles useful before that happens. They will lash their shovels and other tools to these, and two men can carry them on their shoulders. [26]

After lunch I had a conversation with my new friend, the captain of the "Ausonia". He tells me the island on our port side was neither Rhodes nor Abydos. The most interesting piece of news I got out of him was that our destination was Lemnos, but that he expected that it was merely as a

rendezvous for the whole force, and was only 48 miles from Sedd-el-Bahr, on the south point of Gallipoli. His view is that we will land a short way north of that. He is against its being so far north as the Gulf of Saros and the narrow neck of land there. He thinks the preparations against our landing there would be too complete by now. He is in distress over his shortage of water as none is to be had in the small islands. This shortage of water got me into trouble with the O.C. the troops on board at general parade this morning. Many of the men had not shaved for two days, and some looked untidy and unwashed, but all put this down to their being denied water to slake their thirst, which must come before washing and shaving but the order was "see that it does not happen again". I advised one particularly hirsute chap to lower his shaving brush into the sea to-morrow at the end of a string.

It is a remarkable thing, noted and spoken about by us all, how seldom the thought of home enters our minds. I merely note this as a curious fact. There is no excitement about the "bloody errand"—as some one called it this morning—we are on, so that that is not the cause. Perhaps it is just as well for us that we have worried so little. There is far too much pity lavished on us when we go forth to war.

The officers are in a state of wild excitement to-night. Wishing to have a game of baccarat some of them asked Whyte and myself to join them, which we did willingly, feeling that it was possibly our last night in civilisation. I did not understand the game but ended 7s. to the good. [27]

April 10th.—Reached Lemnos about noon. We passed numerous islands in the Archipelago, many small, and none showed signs of life except for an occasional lighthouse, but all the larger ones are inhabited, and grow currants, figs, and grapes in abundance.

Lemnos has a huge roadstead, open to the south, and at present protected at the two southern points by big guns and searchlights. A long arm forming the inner harbour extends to the right, and here a large number of ships is lying, eight battleships being among the number. We and another transport are anchored in the middle of the roadstead, awaiting the arrival of the other members of the expedition. It is said that over 100,000 will arrive from Egypt. The greatest warship afloat, and one that figured largely in the bombardment of the Dardanelles two months ago, the "Queen Elizabeth," lies a short way off on our starboard. The whole is shut in by steep hills, rough and rugged, some of which must be over 1000 feet high. The land between these and the water looks well cultivated, the brilliant green of young crops being a relief to our eyes after our long voyage. We have seen nothing but sea, rocks, chalk and sand since March 18. I see no chance of getting ashore, but nothing would delight me more than a scramble to the top of the highest peak away to the west.

I was asking a Royal Naval Officer on board if our occupying Lemnos involved any breach of neutrality, belonging, as it does, to Greece. Although Greek, it has been leased by Turkey for years, and we have in reality seized it from the latter.

In the afternoon we entered the inner harbour and cast anchor in the middle of a number of transports. This inner harbour is more or less circular and is about three miles long and two wide. [28]

April 11th.—Several transports have arrived since we entered yesterday. When I looked through my port-hole at 6 o'clock this morning the surrounding country looked very fresh, and free from all haze, and the bright green of the crops and grass on the hill-sides would have done credit to old Ireland.

After lunch I met Lt.-Col. Rooth of the Dublins, who gave me some authentic information concerning the proposed military landing on Gallipoli. The covering party for the whole expedition is to be our 86th Brigade. The Munsters are in the S.S.T. "Caledonia," (B ii) lying alongside our ship. The Lancashires are there also. All these, along with our stretcher bearers, land together from cutters, and the date fixed is in all probability Wednesday, April 14, or the following day at latest. A very warm reception from the enemy on shore is expected, as I gather from the way the Dublin officers talk. It is also said that we will have to make a dash for it under the cover of night.

Practically due north from where we lie we can see the top of a snow-clad mountain which must be several thousand feet in height. Is this in Imbros? (Samothrace.)

A German Taube was seen over us to-day flying very high. Two hydroplanes went up from our fleet and scouted round us for several miles for over an hour. Some say another was seen very early in the morning.

April 12th.—Orders were issued yesterday that we were to practice disembarking to-day in preparation for the landing on Gallipoli. The different units had to line up in the stations allotted to them, ours luckily being on the saloon deck where we will get use of the accommodation ladder instead of the rope ladder as first proposed. Except for our rations, which had not been issued, we had on our full marching order loads—revolver, water-bottle, ammunition, haversack, field glasses, map case, Burberry and ground sheet. When we land we will have about 5 lbs. of rations in addition. [29]

Several of the officers on our ship visited the "Queen Elizabeth" yesterday and returned with very alarming reports, this boat having many times taken part in bombarding the Dardanelles

Forts has a good idea of what awaits us. They say the whole of Gallipoli swarms with Turks, and the whole coast is covered with trenches and barbed wire entanglements 6 feet high. They talk as if it meant absolute annihilation of our small covering force of about 5000. The whole remainder of the Expeditionary Force, I presume, will lie out at sea till the coast is clear—should we succeed in clearing it, but it is very evident every man I have spoken to has practically no hope of ever returning. They expect our landing cutters to be well peppered with shot and shell, and in our practice to-day we had to appear with the straps of all our equipment outside our shoulder straps, and the ends of our belts free, ready to whip open and get rid of it at a moment's notice. I noticed that all our officers were unusually quiet and serious last night, while they discussed the situation no doubt. I went to bed at my usual hour and slept like a top.

The "Queen Elizabeth" went round to the Dardanelles to-day with the C.O.'s of the regiments which are to take part in the covering operations, looking for suitable places to disembark. We saw her return to harbour about 6 p.m., and we hear she was fired on.

Whyte, Morris, and I anxiously watched a four-masted transport enter the harbour this evening thinking it was possibly the "Marquette," but it proved to be A5, so that we have no chance of hearing from home before to-morrow. We want our mail before we set off again, as the next time will be for a long and indefinite period. All the transports are named "B," "A," or "C"—British, Australian, or Colonial. Ours the "Ausonia" is B4—no fewer than ninety transports lay in the harbour of Alexandria ready to carry our troops to Lemnos.

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April 13th.—I have just returned from a trip ashore, the O.C. the troops granting me leave on request to do so with twenty-four of our men. We had three-quarters of an hour on land and had time to climb to the top of a small hill. What struck me most on the more level ground was the amount and stickiness of the mud, which was almost equal to our horse lines at Bedford. Every spot was covered with flowers, mostly of the vetch family. The corn crops were absolutely choked with a large, spiked, dark purple vetch, with a sprinkling of the common poppy (*Papaver Dubium*), and the ordinary charlock of the corn fields at home, and another species of this same family. I found two mallows, two or three thistles, one with a head like our Melancholy thistle, but the commonest was one with white lines on the leaf. There were numerous other flowers, so numerous that I thought this explained why so much of the honey used in Britain came from Greece and these islands. At the top of the hill we met a few shepherds tending sheep and cattle, many of the sheep wearing bells which kept up a constant tinkling. The men were very picturesque in their moccasin shoes, sheepskin waistcoats and heavy coats with hoods. On the way from shore with fourteen men at the six oars it was very nearly too much for us to reach our boat, the wind having risen suddenly. It must have taken us an hour to row about half a mile.

Orders have come to us to-day about our landing. We are warned to keep our equipment dry as we will be waist-deep in water on leaving the tow boats. Rumour had it yesterday that Thursday night had been definitely fixed, but this afternoon it is said that the landing is likely to take place to-morrow. The thought of this, in spite of the warm reception promised, does not frighten one in the very least: I can honestly say that it never once entered my head when on shore to-day. When it comes to the pinch one can face the inevitable with perfect coolness.

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The following I have copied from the directory of the 29th Division, there being two alterations since it was published:—

86th Infantry Brigade.

Commander	Brig.-General S.W. Hare.
Brig.-Major	Capt. T.H.C. Frankland, R. Dub. Fus.
Staff. Capt.	Capt. H.M. Farmer, Lanc. Fus.
2 Royal Fus.	Lt.-Col. H.C.B. Newenham.
Adjt.	T.D. Shafto.
1 Lanc. Fus.	Lt.-Col. H.V.S. Ormond.
Adjt.	Capt. C. Bromley.
1 Munster Fus.	Lt.-Col. H.E. Tizard.
Adjt.	Capt. H.S. Wilson.
1 W. Fus.	Lt.-Col. Rooth.
Adjt.	Major C.T.W. Grimshaw, D.S.O.

The commander of the Division is General Hunter-Weston, R.E.

The great harbour of Lemnos is gradually filling; we had about thirty troopships in the inner harbour, and before lunch seven were lying in the outer. It was a magnificent sight from the top of the hill I have mentioned.

April 14th.—Wednesday. Had a very slow day on board, feeling that I was badly in need of some hard physical exercise. No attack to be made to-day, that is evident, and I doubt if we are ready for it to-morrow. Orders are out for the usual drill to-morrow which now always consists of boating, landing, and climbing rope ladders swinging about in mid-air.

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After dinner I had a long talk with one of the ship's officers who had been in the navy for years, and is now attached to this boat to look after things naval. "The charge ashore" of the covering

party he considers a vast mistake, and his idea is that the authorities have just discovered this too, and are reconsidering its advisability. A few machine-guns could wipe us all out before we get ashore. We are to be covered by the navy, but what is the use of big guns against individuals planted everywhere in trenches. However it is not for us "to reason why". My informant had been talking yesterday to the Brigade Major, and on asking him if we were still going to Gallipoli he said, "Oh, I think so".

April 15th.—Prepared this morning to go ashore with full equipment and lifebelt, but in the end no boat was available for the R.A.M.C. Just after breakfast I met a naval man on the stair leading down to the saloon, looking for the O.C. the troops, Col. Rooth, and he sent him a message through me, introducing himself as the commander of our covering ship. Looking over the rail I found H.M.S. "Cornwallis" painted on his steam-launch.

6.15 p.m. Just returned from a five mile sail in a rowing boat, Morris and I being determined to find the "Marquette" if she was among the ships out in the offing, being anxious to get our letters, but she was not there. We sorrowfully wheeled about and returned, encircling the "Queen Elizabeth" with her eight 15-inch guns, then along to examine the German ship "Acane Herksman," which struck one of their own mines off Smyrna. A huge hole 7 or 8 feet wide had been blown in her bow which must have flooded her in a minute or so, but I forget how she was kept afloat. She was brought round here as a prize with her stern heavily loaded with sandbags which tilted her bow completely out of the water. [33]

Our row was a most enjoyable one, and the men rowed with a will, all expecting to get their home mail. The country round the bay was very beautiful with its green cultivated fields near the water, and complete circle of rugged hills, and the distant snowclad mountains away to the far North. All returned hungry, and while enjoying a cup of tea at a table of Engineer officers, we heard what is evidently the latest proposal about the invasion of Gallipoli. Instead of landing us from troopships we all go on battleships, which seems to us to be an improvement. We are also likely to land at three if not four different points at the same time. This new plan will likely take a few more days to develop, so that we may expect a few days' grace yet. We have very exact maps of Gallipoli on a large scale, with full accounts of all the possible landing places and the interior, with soundings round the whole peninsula, the nature and the amount of water to be expected at various points, etc.

April 16th.—Beautiful day; nothing stirring, even no fresh rumours afloat. Had a long sail to-day again with Whyte and twenty-five men in search of the "Marquette". Believing that the "Marquette's" new name was "B. 8," I boarded "B. 9," which has been here for a day or two, hoping the captain might be able to tell me something of her movements, but he thinks she has not left Alexandria. This is a terrible disappointment to us all, and as her load is mainly horse-flesh it is likely true. Horses would suffer badly lying in the harbour where the ventilation would be very bad and would mean death to many of them. I think I omitted to state that we lost nineteen horses between Avonmouth and Alexandria, this high death-rate being due to the want of proper ventilation. [34]

Whyte and I next went over a Hospital ship, the "Soudan"—which we saw in Malta, but was lying here on our arrival. She has four lady nurses, two of whom we saw. One can hardly imagine petticoats out here. We both agreed that the sight of them did us a lot of good.

April 17th.—Had breakfast at six, paraded at seven and stood on deck till 10.45 waiting our turn to cross to a collier that is to be used in the Gallipoli attack. The intention is to run her ashore at full speed, ploughing into the sands, when her load of 2000 men are to get overboard as best they can on to floating gangways. By a long circuitous route we all got into our places, and were packed close on the various decks which have had large square openings cut through the iron plates of the sides of the ship, and from these and the upper deck we have to decamp as quickly as possible.

But there is now a rumour that the 89th Ambulance may not have the honour of participating in this dash. Whyte and I are greatly upset by this rumour which we hope to goodness is nothing but a mistake on Morris's part.

Went out in the afternoon looking for the "Marquette," but she has not yet arrived. With some officers of the West Riding Engineers, Whyte and I visited the "Queen Elizabeth," the most powerful ship afloat, and went over her lower front turret, climbing by an iron ladder to the top, lowering ourselves through a manhole and clattering down on the floor behind the breeches of the guns. The muzzles of these guns look enormous, but I was completely thunderstruck when I saw the two great breeches side by side. They reminded me of two big engine boilers. They must be about 6 feet in diameter and are probably not less. The officer who took us round had a breech block swung back, and we were allowed to examine everything freely. [35]

April 18th.—Started once more on the hunt for the "Marquette" (now B. 13) and found her at last out in the offing waiting for medical leave and orders to enter the harbour. Until she was medically examined we were not allowed on board, and had to yell to our friends on the upper deck and had a large mail bag lowered for the Ambulance. My letters had been looked out by Stephen, and these were lowered in his helmet at the end of a 2-inch rope.

We enjoyed the sail over an absolutely smooth sea, and being Sunday we could hear and see that service was being conducted on several warships and troopships. That warlike tune "Onward! Christian Soldiers" was well played by a band on an Australian troopship, all singers and non-singers on our boat joining in. "Queen Elizabeth" is familiarly and affectionately known as "Lizzie" by all and sundry.

April 19th.—To-day is warmer than we have felt it since we left Mex. I have been observing all along how few birds are to be seen here. I saw a few small ones the day I was on shore, but I have never seen any of these flying over the bay or about the ships. The harbour gets very filthy, and highly "smelly". All refuse is dumped overboard, and pipes are continually discharging their filth from openings at various levels all round each ship. Food of all kinds, especially whole loaves and buns float about everywhere, enough to feed thousands of gulls, if they would only come along and scavenge. To-day I counted over thirty gulls in one flock, but I would not have believed before that there were so many about the whole bay.

We had a call in the afternoon from our friends of the "Marquette" with another mail bag. I had one letter and an Aberdeen "Evening Express". Whyte and I returned with them and all had a very jovial dinner together. The latest news from H.Q. on the Cunarder "Andania" is that we are not to lose our post of honour after all. It was after nine when we started for our own ship and had a pleasant and noisy trip. We were challenged by "Lizzie" under whose stern we passed, with "boat ahoy," and we had to explain who we were. Not one of the ships is showing any light. [36]

Our "Marquette" friends told us of a narrow escape they had had. On their way from Alexandria they were immediately preceded by the "Manitou" (B. 12), which had three torpedoes fired at her by a Turkish torpedo boat, but at such close range that the torpedoes as they dived into the sea from the deck, went so deep that they passed under the ship. The "Manitou" is a sister ship of the "Marquette". Making sure that their end had come there was a panic, and as a boat was being lowered past the upper deck so many crowded on board that the davits broke and the whole mass crashed down on another boat already in the water, killing about forty.

April 20th.—In the afternoon I visited the village of Mudros on the south side of the harbour. There are several camps near this, and I first visited the French Foreign Legion where there were troops from many parts—Zouaves, Turcos, etc. I walked through the village which was very interesting. The money-making Greek is taking advantage of there being so many men about, and almost every house contains something for sale, with numerous newly erected wooden shops near the French quarters. Alcohol is cheap, a bottle of wine costing sevenpence. There were fig trees in every garden, and dried figs for sale, strung on string, which looked dry and filthy. Honey was much in evidence, this part of the world producing enormous quantities of this. The principal article of merchandise was Turkish delight. When examining various articles at a stall, I chanced to open a box of this and said "Turkish Delight!" "No, no, no," said the man, "Graeke Delight!" The name "Turkish" will not do at present. [37]

An old fellow, clean shaved except for an enormous moustache, took us over his windmill, and it was strange to see the great wooden wheels and wooden teeth all dry and creaking, no oil being used.

The wind had risen and it cost us an hour and a half's hard pulling to cover less than a mile. A big gathering of men at the stern of our ship watched our perplexity and began to sing "Pull for the shore, sailor," which was replied to by volleys of oaths and threats of vengeance. By this time my hands were badly blistered, and we had smashed an oar so that our tempers were none of the best.

April 21st.—Marching orders were received this morning. They run as follows: "The object is to capture and dominate Kilid Bahr. The Royal Naval Division is to make a feint attack on Bulair. The Australians are to land at Kapa Teke. The 29th Division is to land at Helles Burnu. The French are to land at Kum Kale on the Asiatic side.

"The 29th Division are to attack Kilid Bahr:—

"A. A force to land at Eski Hissarlik.

"B. A force west of Krithia.

"C. A force on the rest of the south of the peninsula.

"1. The first line of defence to be '114, '138, '141.

"2. The second through the "e" of Old Castle to join hands with Y. Beach.

"3. From Eski Hissarlik to East of Krithia to '472.

"4. To capture Achi Baba and line running south of it.

"5. To occupy a line running East of Achi Baba to the sea; and west of it to sea by 472. [38]

"The covering force is the 86th Brigade, the South Wales Borderers, 1st King's Own Scottish Borderers, 2nd Hampshires less two companies, Plymouth Royal Naval Division, West Riding Engineers, 1st Section Royal London Engineers, and a tent-subdivision of the 87th Field Ambulance, and a part of a tent-subdivision of the 88th Field Ambulance, and three bearer-subdivisions of the 89th Field Ambulance.

"A hot meal is to be taken before leaving the ship.

"There will be a signal station at W. Beach, Divisional Head-quarters on the 'Euryalus'.

"No water to be drunk till tested owing to the risk of its being poisoned."

So ran the orders from our G.O.C. in C.—General Sir IAN HAMILTON.

On going on deck before breakfast I found everything had been arranged for our departure this afternoon at four o'clock, and since then all has been hurry and bustle. But from early morning till about 3 p.m. it rained and the wind blew, and the whole world was in haze, and as it had been arranged that Gallipoli was to be well bombarded by our ships to-day before the army attempted a landing all had to be postponed for another twenty-four hours.

April 22nd.—To-day we gave the men their Iodine ampules for use with their first field dressings, and distributed General Hunter-Weston's address congratulating our Brigade on the honour done us on receiving the chief post of danger in the coming attack, which will likely be at daybreak on Saturday, April 24. Before the Turkish trenches can be reached by our men it is expected that they will have to get through a wire entanglement 25 feet wide and 6 feet high. According to the present plans we are to be preceded by the Royal Munster Fusiliers.

[39]

There is great activity in Lemnos Harbour this morning, especially among the torpedo boats which have been flitting about at their hardest. No boats have been allowed to leave our ship for two days, the order being that this can only be done if to save life. Water, which we were much in need of, was brought on board last night, and we are ready to start off—and have been since yesterday at 4 p.m. the appointed hour. But it would be contrary to all my experience if we got away at the fixed time.

Fiddes arrived from the "Marquette" at lunch time and brought my service cap, helmets having been recalled a week ago.

Lord Kitchener sent us the other day an account of the fighting at Busorah, preparing us for what was before us. The Turks had fought desperately, were well trained, and well led, and could only be turned out of their trenches at the point of the bayonet.

General Sir Ian Hamilton, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Force, sends us his address:—

"FORCE ORDER (SPECIAL),
"GENERAL HEAD-QUARTERS,
"April 21, 1915.

"Soldiers of France and of the King!

"Before us lies an adventure unprecedented in modern war. Together with our comrades of the fleet we are about to force a landing upon an open beach in face of positions which have been vaunted by our enemies as impregnable. The landing will be made good, by the help of God and the Navy, the positions will be stormed, and the war brought one step nearer to a glorious close.

"Remember," said Lord Kitchener, when bidding adieu to your commander, 'Remember, once you set foot on the Gallipoli Peninsula, you must fight the thing through to a finish'.

[40]

"The whole world will be watching our progress. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the great feat of arms entrusted to us.

"(Signed) IAN HAMILTON, *General.*"

April 23rd.—Spent most of the forenoon on the "Caledonia" (B. iii), which is lashed to our port side. Agassiz and Thomson arrived there yesterday with nineteen men, forming one tent-subdivision, and go with us.

A different atmosphere pervades our ship to-day, a feeling of strain and anxiety is more or less on every mind, not that it would be apparent to an outsider except in a case or two. Bad news has leaked in all the time from the navy and our airmen, all the time this getting worse, such as the account that Gallipoli swarms with well-armed Turks, wire entanglements of great breadth and height everywhere, and, of course, trenches. We have plans of their trenches and gun emplacements, but these can only be roughly correct. Then yesterday the airmen made another reconnaissance, and they say they have found a great increase of guns. We may be outnumbered ten or twelve to one, and our having to face their well-defended positions in open boats is not altogether comforting, and naturally all feel a bit anxious. General Hare, our Brigadier, spoke to me on the "Caledonia," and I thought he looked worried, and is thinner than when I saw him last at Coventry. Col. Rooth of the Dublins does not look over happy. He came down to lunch, had a look at the table, and went up to deck with a cigarette, and at the present moment he stands near where I am writing with both hands in his pockets, peering straight down the side of the ship into the waters. Those of us with less responsibility are certainly less troubled; all are prepared for great sacrifices, and every one is ready to play his part in what will certainly be a great tragedy.

[41]

The particular part of the coast on which I land with the 89th Field Ambulance is a short way west of Sedd-el-Bahr, landing in the collier "River Clyde," on which there will be a force of 2100. I have already spoken about this boat. From what is going on I will be surprised if we do not leave

Lemnos to-night.

8.30 p.m. Off! We set sail from Lemnos at 4.57, two boats of the A. class going out before us, but these two anchored outside while we led straight on. On coming on deck after dinner we found three warships on our starboard side, said to be the "Swiftsure," "Dublin," and "Euryalus," all in line, no lights on them or us. Our port-holes are covered first with cardboard and the iron shutters are down over it. The sharer of my cabin (Lt. G.A. Balfour, a relative of the statesman) and I wonder if we should sleep on deck, the atmosphere here will be uncomfortably close. The evening as we started was perfect, warm and absolutely calm. Now the moon looks watery and has a big halo, and wind is prophesied by the ship's officers. We drag three large barges alongside which prevent our going at much speed, and it is expected that we will reach Tenedos about 3 a.m.

April 24th.—Saturday. Reached Tenedos and cast anchor at 9.30 a.m. We had been delayed by the wind rising and the waves dashed over our lighters till they were nearly swamped. On our east we have the coast of Asia with several high hills near the coast.

All the transports—not many yet arrived but B. s. i., ii., and iii. form a little group—torpedo boats and destroyers, mine-sweepers, tugs and other small fry lie in a bay, and as if for defence, and no doubt that is their purpose, eight big battleships are drawn up in line facing the open sea. The famous "Horse of Troy," the "River Clyde," lies near, and the thought of spending the coming night on her lowest deck is not attractive. She is painted khaki on one side I see, but only in patches, the idea evidently is to make her resemble a sandstone rock—all very ingenious no doubt, but she will make a good target in spite of her paint. [42]

I said yesterday that all the officers looked anxious, but in the evening all were their old selves exactly, and baccarat went on as usual among the younger officers who sang all their usual songs and yelled and laughed till midnight. I was in bed by ten and slept even better than usual, and it was with an effort I got up at 8 o'clock. The fact that I was in a new part and in the midst of a big fleet did not even seem to interest me very much. Nor does the thought of to-morrow disturb any one, and, as far as I can judge, it is not very often in one's mind.

We lie on the north side of Tenedos, near the foot of Mount St. Elias. Several of us were guessing the height of this hill, and none put it at over 250 feet although its actual height is 625 feet.

At 3 p.m. came a naval message ordering us all to be ready for transfer to our respective boats at 3.45—all hurry and bustle. I have loaded up and am at present guarding a pile of coats, water-bottles, etc., belonging to our men who have hurried off to the galley to get their last meal for the day. The sea has been rough all day but is now calmer, and there is every prospect of fine weather for to-morrow's murderous work. Away to the east the Asiatic coast is beautifully lit up by the setting sun, also the yellow rocks that stretch to Kum Kale on the south of the entrance to the Dardanelles, while the hills on Gallipoli are visible but in haze. From my present post I look over the Plain of Troy to the high mountains beyond. To-morrow it is to be Troy Field and the wooden horse of Troy all over again. [43]

10.30 p.m.—Arrived on coal boat at 6.30. Place in stern fitted up for officers' supper; two lime barrels and a few rough boards form table: whisky: tinned meat: biscuits: 2200 of us on board: all happy and fit. We start in two hours: only 12 or 13 miles to go: then anchor 1½ miles from land and wait for daylight and bombardment; then at proper moment rush in: said that coast is to be battered with 150,000 shells. Supper finished some time ago and am writing this in the mess I have just mentioned. Some sleeping or pretending; others smoking; I doing latter and sitting on board after trying to snooze with head on a big box and less high one in small of back; but too uncomfortable for anything, so whipped out my "bookie" and scribbled; light bad, only an oily lamp with glass smoked black, and nearly 20 feet distant. Queer scene altogether.

April 25th.—Sunday is just ten minutes old, and the ship's screw has started—we are off!

Later.—Still Sunday the 25th—5.15 p.m.

Hell with the lid off! Yes, I know what hell is, nor do I believe anyone in the world knows better. To-day I have seen shells plunging through the ship's hold in which I was, carrying off heads and legs, but my pulse has not once given an extra beat. "My word, sir," said a tar coming up to me, "you have a nerve." Tars have no lack of nerve as I have seen to-day, and I felt vastly proud of the compliment. Three of our Generals are reported on the casualty list, and Col. Smith-Carrington shot through the head on the bridge of our ship.

The bombardment commenced at 4.50 a.m. and was expected to carry on for an hour or a little over, but after twelve hours of the most terrific cannonade ever experienced in this world it has not yet come to an end. Now at 5.30 an occasional shot comes from a battleship. The constant roar has made my head ache, and I am dead tired, having worked hard all day, and I must give an account of this another day. [44]

April 26th.—The battle of Sedd-el-Bahr still rages, and with a fury but little less than yesterday. Yesterday was a very hard day, after attending wounded almost continuously up to 8.30 p.m. I volunteered to go ashore to see the wounded on the beach. The dead and dying were here in hundreds. Before I got back to the ship at 4 this morning I had a very hot time of it, and cannot

understand why I am not a dead man. We were told yesterday that a counter-attack was to be made and that the Turks intended to blow the ship to pieces with cannon, which they were to bring up in the night. When the attack did come I gave up all hopes of anything but slaughter, as the men we had on land were insufficient in number to meet a large force.

About fifty men were leaving the ship when this started, and at the sound of the firing all fell flat on their faces, and if any one dared to move he was at once fired at. Some one on a barge next the small boat in which I had taken shelter asked if he could crawl into our boat, but I dared him or anyone else to move as such movement would only draw fire on every one of us. Not a man stirred, but lay on his face from midnight to 4 o'clock. It was not till the end of the attack that I learned these men had an officer with them. As I lay in the boat I shouted to them that an assault on us was likely, and ordered them to load and fix bayonets, and to see that all had plenty of ammunition. Extra bandoliers of cartridges were passed up from the rear, each pushing these along with a clatter. All this with the red cross on my arm! And with loaded revolver in hand I was prepared to die game.

The wounds I saw yesterday were in every part of the body, and most were severe, and the death-rate in proportion to wounded will be very high, many having four or five wounds. [45]

Snipers are giving an extraordinary amount of trouble, the ground yielding itself to numerous hiding places overlooking our beach, about the rocks on our left as well as the immense old fort. The end of the fort nearest us is now but a jumble of huge stones and is an excellent place for snipers. A number of jackdaws and three huge storks had their dwelling here and have now to live pretty much in the heavens, circling over their old home in an excited condition.

It is now but 11.30 a.m. and I have been having a rest preparatory to the advance we are to make this afternoon. I have not had a wink of sleep since the 24th.

We join up with the French this afternoon. How the guns still thunder! The "Queen Elizabeth" with her 15-inch guns thundering over our heads as we rushed in past her at close quarters seemed to make our boat of 6600 tons sink some way in the water at every broadside. I was surprised to find that the heavy gunfire gave me no trouble, although like most of the others I began with cotton wool in my ears, but half an hour of this was enough, it interfered with sounds it was necessary to hear.

Here I am writing in the midst of one of the greatest battles in history. Any bombardment this world has ever known was a mere bagatelle to this.

To-day we had a naval funeral of General Napier and Colonel Smith-Carrington. The former was killed on a barge attached to us, and the other on the bridge. No one is to be present but the Catholic padre. A number of men are to be buried at the same time. The orders I received stated that all bodies had to be got rid of before we advanced. A pinnace from a warship was signalled for and all were taken out to sea.

Our advance from the shore began to-day about noon, our men lining out along the sands and the banks above, and gradually getting forward by short rushes. Barbed wire had also to be cut. But the advance through the village was the most difficult, as the remains of houses and garden walls contained snipers. I almost shiver to look back on a mad thing I did to-day—mad because it was done out of mere curiosity. I was asked to go to "Old Fort" beyond the village, near the outermost capture for to-day to see Colonel Doughty-Wylie and Major Grimshaw who were reported badly wounded. Both were dead, and as I was about to return I was next asked if I would go to a garden at the top of the village to see some wounded men. Afterwards I went right through the village alone, with only my revolver in my hand, and from the houses sniping was still going on. I had been assured that it was supposed to be safe. I peered into a number of wrecked houses—every house had been blown to bits—and I had not long returned when sniping commenced from a prominent corner house I had just passed. The only living things I saw in the village were two cats and a dog. I was very sorry for a cat that had cuddled close to the face of a dead Turk in the street, one leg embracing the top of his head. I went up to stroke and sympathise with it for the loss of what I took to be its master, when I found that the upper part of the man's head had been blown away, and the cat was enjoying a meal of human brains. The dog followed till I came upon three Dublin Fusiliers, who wished to shoot it straight away when I pleaded for it, but one of them had a shot at it when my back was turned and the poor brute went off howling. I had done my best, when going along the fosse of the "Old Fort," to save a badly wounded Turk from three of another battalion who were standing over him and discussing the advisability of putting an end to him, but I am afraid my interference was in vain here also. [46]

Away beyond the heights we have taken to-day the country is very pretty with plenty of trees and vegetation. Here I saw dead and wounded Turks in abundance, especially at some of their own wire entanglements, several wounded being stretched out on the wires. Their wire is very barbarous and has long, closely set spikes, and the position must have been anything but comfortable. [47]

Another counter-attack—the third—has just been made, and one of our battleships has joined in.

The Dublins, whose officers I have associated most with, have only three of these left out of twenty-seven. I came across two of these to-day—Padre Finn, R.C. Chaplain, whom I knew well and greatly respected, I found at the edge of the sea, with his clothes thrown open exhibiting a wound in the chest. And in the village, all huddled up among long weeds and nettles I found a lieutenant who sat at my table on the "Ausonia"—Bernard. In both cases death must have been instantaneous.

Here comes a fourth attack. Our boys are to have a night of it.

To-day only about eighteen shells were fired at the "River Clyde" all from the Asiatic side, only one hitting. We were putting wounded on board at the time and most of the shots were directed against these operations.

I have had no sleep since I left Tenedos, but to-night I feel very fresh, although the day has been long and busy.

All who know are quite satisfied with to-day's progress, and the hope that the worst is over cheers one. To-morrow we will have to move on, we must keep the Turks on the run. Some of the prisoners taken to-day are German.

(Being unable in my letters to my wife to give a full account of all that was doing, my diary was meant to fill in gaps, and as I had sent home a fairly full account of the landing much is omitted here, and I will give a more extended description as seen by myself. About this time in particular my diary had to be written at odd moments, and it was rare that I could go far without being disturbed, and writing a few sentences half a dozen times a day, or even oftener, often ended in a jumble.)

[48]

Of the five British landings the one at Sedd-el-Bahr (V. Beach) was the most difficult and disastrous.

On the 24th of April we were still lying at Tenedos, and in the afternoon were transferred to the "River Clyde". We learned the previous day that we were to land from this old coal boat that had been rendered so peculiar with her great, gaping holes, and khaki splashes on her starboard side. She had been an object of curiosity to us in Lemnos harbour, no one having any idea of her purpose.

Before dark all the men were served with tea and food, which we were told was to be their last solid meal. Soon after this the men retired to rest in a hold near the stern which had been allotted to the West Riding Engineers and ourselves. The officers took up their quarters in the stern deck house, where we had cocoa, tinned meat, etc., after which we too tried to make ourselves as comfortable as possible in the most uncomfortable of all quarters, most shutting their eyes and pretending to be asleep.

Our nerves were now fully strung, we knew we were on the very eve of the landing, which we were assured was to be rendered easy by the Navy, which had promised that their bombardment was to be so terrific that nothing the size of a cockroach would be left alive on the peninsula. We soon learned to our cost how difficult it was to substantiate this assertion.

From Tenedos we were but a small party of ships. In the pitchy darkness we had fallen in with the bigger fleet coming direct from Lemnos, and as we crept along, every ship in total darkness, we could just make out other ships alongside us. One with big hull and unusual length of guns was immediately on our port. At close quarters there was no mistaking this for anything but a dummy warship.

[49]

After a time the searchlight on the point of the peninsula could be seen sweeping its rays in long, regular flashes across the sea. By this time those ships that had furthest to go were ahead of us to the right and left. Just as the inky darkness was beginning to be dispelled there was a change in these lazy flashes. We were detected. At once they changed their long, comprehensive sweeps into sharp jerks from one ship to another as each hove into the rays. The searchlight soon went out, while hurried messages were no doubt being flashed over the wires to Constantinople and many points in our immediate neighbourhood, announcing our long-expected arrival.

Soon the guns began to roar, the first I heard being to our left up the Gulf of Saros, but in a few minutes all the ships had joined in the chorus, from what was afterwards known as Anzac all round the point and some way up the Dardanelles. A grand roar such as the world had never heard. The peninsula was quickly one dense cloud of poisonous-looking yellow-black smoke, through which flashes of bursting shells were to be seen everywhere. It was truly a magnificent sight, and the roar of the guns stirred one's blood like some martial skirl from the bagpipes. The feeling one had was a longing for them to hurry up and do their work, and let us get at the Turk at close quarters.

Our old ship crept slowly in through the ring of warships, took a circular turn just as we were passing through the line—apparently we were in too great a hurry—then we straightened our course and passed close past our covering ship, "Queen Elizabeth," the finest ship in the whole Navy, and which had been detailed to look after us. How her guns roared as she poured out broadside, as we passed by her port side, straight in on full steam for the strip of sand under the village and fort of Sedd-el-Bahr.

[50]

Unable from our hold to see properly what was doing, I had spent most of the time on deck, and when about 200 yards from land I darted down below to warn the men to lie down in case we struck rock, when the impact would have been violent. I held on to a stanchion. We were fast in the sand before I was really aware that the ship was aground—there to lie for four years, to be shot at constantly whilst we occupied Gallipoli, but in spite of all her buffeting to serve many uses, and finally to become an object of veneration, "as holy as Westminster Abbey" some one says of her in "The Sphere". For the 2100 of us on board there was to be no retreat whatever happened. We had crossed the Rubicon and burned our boats.

On board we had the 1st Munster Fusiliers, two companies of the 1st Dublin Fusiliers, one company of Hants, 100 marines, a few of the Signal Company, the West Riding Engineers, and 124 stretcher-bearers of the 89th Field Ambulance.

We had been dragging along huge barges on either side, enough to form a couple of gangways, had they only behaved as was intended. When the ship struck, the momentum these had on should have been enough to keep them on their way till they grounded ahead of us, drawing but very little water as they did; but somehow or other this part was a failure, they grounded too soon, then broke away from each other. The men had then to get ashore in open boats manned by the marines we had on board. This was at once pushed on, boat after boat left the ship's side for the beach, perhaps 30 yards off, terrific machine-gunfire sweeping each boat.

The first few loads escaped with comparatively few casualties, but soon the fire was so hot and accurate that practically not a man got to the shelter of the 10 to 12-foot high sandbank beyond the narrow strip of sand. About 300 yards to our left was a high projecting rock, a continuation of the high ground that closed in that side of the long slope of V. Beach, and from here came that infernal shower of bullets that was causing such terrible havoc. From the "Clyde" one could easily tell where the bullets were coming from by their sputter in the water. [51]

A constant stream of shells was being kept up all the time on this rock from the ships. The whole rim of V. Beach, as it stretched backwards for 500 or 600 yards, was searched time after time by high explosives, each shell bursting with accurate precision 5 or 6 feet under the crest. But the mischief was not coming from this crest, it was from that infernal rock alone, but in spite of all their efforts our guns could not silence this machine-gunfire.

It was an extraordinary sight to watch our men go off, boat after boat, push off for a few yards, spring from the seats to dash into the water which was now less than waist deep. It was just on this point that the enemy fire was concentrated. Those who got into the water, rifle in hand and heavy pack on back, generally made a dive forward riddled through and through, if there was still life in them to drown in a few seconds. Many were being hit before they had time to spring from the boats, their hands were thrown up in the air, or else they heaved helplessly over stone dead. All this I watched from the holes in the side of the ship, but when not otherwise occupied, from the deck where I could see on all sides.

But soon we of the Field Ambulance had other work to do. Many of the boats had all their rowers killed and never returned, others were able to push back, generally with most of their marines laid out, but with sufficient left to man a boat. Back they came to our starboard hole, and the wounded were lifted up to us and attended to. Repeatedly the whole of our floor was covered with wounded and dead men; a pinnacle would arrive from a ship and relieve us of our wounded, but we filled up again almost at once. [52]

Along the water's edge there was now a mass of dead men, on the sand a mixture of dead and weltering wounded, while a fair number had reached the sandbank just beyond, where, under an enfilading fire from the rock, they scraped themselves into the recesses. Boats from the other ships were being towed in in threes by pinnaces, till close to the beach when the pinnaces wheeled about, and for the last short distance they had to trust to their oars. Those landing to our right and left as they came in from the other ships were faring no better than those from the "Clyde". One boat half-way to the rock, and which had been left stranded, had three men caught in the festooned rope that runs round the gunwale. Into this they had dived, probably as the boat heeled over to that side and the rope had floated outwards, and there they swung for the rest of the day, two not moving a muscle and evidently dead, but for long I could see the other poor fellow stretch out his arms time after time, but before evening he too was still.

They still kept splashing on between the boats and the sand, dived forward and fell dead at once, or were drowned, till at last it was seen that it was useless to continue such slaughter to no purpose, and the landing at this point had to be given up for the time being.

After the hellish morning we had had, the afternoon thus became comparatively quiet. Those who were still unwounded made for the ruins of the round tower of the fort, slightly to our right. Round this pile of stones they peered, looking for the Turk, who was always found, but here there were but few shots exchanged, as the Turks advanced our men made a rush backwards, or to the sands below, in time to prowl forward once more to have another look, and make the same rush back. [53]

Then came night with its full moon. An attempt was made to land more men about 8 o'clock. These were fired on and again we had to desist.

About 8.30 an officer on shore made a dash for our ship, and on describing the terrible condition and suffering of the wounded who had been in the sandbank for about fourteen hours, I decided to go to their assistance. We had previously been officially warned that it would be impossible for any of the Ambulance to land before morning, but heedless of this I set off alone over the barges and splashed through the remaining few yards of water. Here most of those still alive were wounded more or less severely, and I set to work on them, removing many useless and harmful tourniquets for one thing, and worked my way to the left towards the high rocks where the snipers still were. All the wounded on this side I attended to, an officer accompanying me all the time. I then went to the other side, and after seeing to all in the sand my companion left me, and I next went to a long, low rock which projected into the water for about 20 yards a short way to the right of the "Clyde". Here the dead and wounded were heaped together two and three deep, and it was among these I had my hardest work. All had to be disentangled single-handed from their uncomfortable positions, some lying with head and shoulders in the tideless water, with broken legs in some cases dangling on a higher level. [54]

At the very point of this rock, which had been a favourite spot for the boats to steer to, there was a solid mass of dead and wounded mixed up together. The whole of these I saw to, although

by this time there was little I could do except lift and pull them into more comfortable positions, but I was able to do something for every one of them. My last piece of work was to look after six men who were groaning in a boat stranded close to the point of the rock. Three lay on each side with their legs inwards; a plank ran the whole length of the middle of the boat, and along this as it rested on their legs, men had been running during the landing. Getting on this plank some of them howled in agony and beseeched me to get off. I then got into the water and as I could do nothing more for them, my dressings being finished some time before, I gave each a dose of morphia by the mouth.

I had just finished and was standing waist-deep in the water when the Turkish counter-attack commenced with a volley from the distant end of the fort, not over 300 yards off. The only person the Turk could see was myself, the sandbank protecting the others from view, and at least seven or eight bullets spluttered round me in the water. I had been well warned that this counter-attack would take place at any moment, but I never gave it a single thought. It was in anticipation of this that the others clung to the shelter of the sandbank and I was left to work alone. I immediately splashed for a small boat that formed the end of one of the gangways, and into this I hauled myself. On looking at my watch I found it was just midnight, and that I had thus been at work for three and a half hours.

Midnight had evidently been chosen by the Turk as the hour at which to attack, and also by us to make another attempt to land men. At this moment a body of our men were coming along the gangway, the first of them being close to this boat which was on a slightly lower level than the barges that formed the bulk of the gangway. The five foremost threw themselves into my boat and we lay stretched across the seats, the men on the barges lying down at once where they were. Here none of us had any protection, and it was a miracle any one of us escaped, the fire from machine-guns and rifles was so terrific. Each bullet as it struck the "Clyde" drove sparks, while the old ship was ringing like a great bell. Two of our six were hit, the man stretched alongside me fatally. A seventh man in the water hauled himself in beside us, and as he was getting over the gunwale shouted, "Oh! I am hit". Hit or not hit we could not pay the slightest attention to each other now, all we could do was to lie low.

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All this time I was expecting a rush for the "Clyde" by the Turks, and the boat I was in would be the first part of the gangway they would reach, and I could not help wondering what it would be like to get a bayonet through my stomach, but the feeling that this would certainly happen was not half so terrible as I should have expected. I had my revolver in my hand all the time, and it was a comfort to think that I would almost certainly account for two or three Turks before I experienced this new sensation.

The fire was kept up for about four hours, mainly on the side of the ship. As soon as there was a lull an officer in my boat shouted out. "This won't do, we must now land, follow me." He got up and splashed ashore, but the men, thinking he had been too hasty, preferred to wait a little longer after the Turks had ceased fire, but soon they began to move and dash singly for the land. I wished to get on the ship, and not half liking to get into an upright position either, I crept through and over those still on the barges, amidst much cursing from my paining the wounded, who must have been numerous.

I had had a strenuous and exciting day and night, and I must say I felt it a relief when I hopped through the nearest hole in the "Clyde". It was now 4 o'clock, and I shivered with cold. I had been soaked over the head, and lying four hours in the open boat in a cold night it was impossible to keep warm. A big, black cloud had floated up over the moon, and we had a fairly sharp but short shower of rain. By this time the moon was nearing the horizon, and it was when another cloud came over her face that I succeeded in reaching the ship.

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I found they had had a fairly trying time here too, although the ship's plates were thick enough to resist bullets. The noise of 100,000 bullets showering on the sides of the "Clyde" had caused a deafening din, and many had the wind up badly, not knowing what was going on outside.

The behaviour of the "River Clyde" had been a great puzzle to the Turks. She was not long aground when the guns on Kum Kale, across the Dardanelles, opened on us, and this fire was kept up the whole day—on us and us only as far as I could make out. It took them some time to get our range, and for a considerable time we were not hit, all the shells being shorts or overs. At last they got us, the first shell that hit going through our hold at an angle of 45 degrees, coming through the deck over our heads, and going out at the junction of the floor and side wall. In its course it struck a man on the head, this being splashed all through the hold. Another man squatting on the floor was hit about the middle of both thighs, one leg being completely severed, while the other hung by a tiny shred of skin only. He fell back with a howl with both stumps in the air.

In five minutes a second shell entered our hold, wounding two or three where we were, mostly by the buckling of the floor plates, then passing down below to the lowest hold where many men were sheltering under the water line. Here six or seven were laid out.

After this we had many narrow escapes, but I believe only two other shells actually struck the ship that day. By good luck none exploded in their passage through, otherwise the casualty list would have been very heavy. Many had been hit and killed on deck by machine-gun bullets, and many bullets had found their way through the small openings cut for working the twelve machine-guns that were placed there.

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(I have the kind permission of the author, a scholarly and much-respected member of our Corps, to insert the following poem which appeared in "The British Weekly" and one of the

THE FACE OF DEATH.

(Dedicated to Lieutenant George Davidson.)

We shall not be the men we were before,
No, never while we draw this mortal breath:
For we have probed existence to the core,
And looked upon the very Face of Death.

Upon our famous collier, "River Clyde,"
We sat as men who wait the summons dread.
Brave soldiers fell, defenceless, at our side,
We, too, might soon be numbered with the dead.

With fateful frequency the shells did burst
Around and near the members of our Corps:
Within our hearts we asked, "Who'll be the first
To converse with his comrades never more?"

O never, never from our memory's page
Shall be erased these moments of despair:
An hour seemed an interminable age,
But, in His mercy, God our lives did spare.

We care not what the worldly wise may say,
We owe deliverance to the God of Heaven,
Whose Power Omnipotent the worlds obey,
'Gainst whose decrees mankind in vain hath striven.

Had He but chosen that our hour had come,
No scheming had availed our lives to save:
'Twas not the hour to call our spirits home,
The Lord must take, as 'twas the Lord that gave.

And not in vain were we to death brought nigh,
For He whose presence came our hearts so near
Hath taught us we can ne'er His Will defy,
But evermore should live in reverent Fear.

And men have scaled the sacred slopes of Prayer
Who ne'er before aspired to heights above:
And find the Universe divinely fair
Because 'tis governed by a Heart of Love.

GEORGE STEPHEN.
89th Field Ambulance, R.A.M.C.,
Gallipoli, *24th May, 1915.*

(The following is taken from my diary and dated August 3, 1916, just after we had landed in the Ypres salient to which the remains of our Division went after being wiped out in the great Somme fight the previous month:—

"I have to-day received a copy of the Aberdeen 'Free Press,' dated July 28, where there is an article on Gallipoli by one of our transport men, G. Burnett, who is now a lieutenant in the Scottish Horse. It runs: 'It is scarcely fair to single out officers and men who did gallant service that first week, but I feel that I ought to mention the names of Lieutenant George Davidson, and Private Gavin Greig. Lieutenant (now Captain) Davidson gained the D.S.O. while Greig was promoted sergeant shortly afterwards. We were told that Lieutenant Davidson led a bayonet charge, but he certainly did go into Sedd-el-Bahr, revolver in hand, to look for curios when there was yet great danger from snipers. And he used to go up towards the Turkish trenches, gathering flowers which he would show us on his return. Every man of us would have followed him anywhere. I recollect going out to help the bearers to take in some wounded, when the party of which I formed a member fell in with Lieutenant Davidson. "Oh," he said, "would you men like to look for wounded on the hill-side?" "Yes," we answered. "Well, follow me," and we did until an officer forbade us to go any further."

The D.S.O. never materialized. I am assured a Cairo paper announced that it did, and I was often congratulated on the honour. But, as Artemus Ward would say, "Please, Mr. Printer, put a few asterisks here".)

April 28th.—Yesterday was spent dodging shells, with a short advance in the evening, and I had not time to write up my diary. At the present moment I am out reconnoitring alone, my post being the top of the high cliff west of our landing place, where the snipers gave us so much trouble, and

I sit on the slope of the two gun battery which has its big Krupp guns dismantled, the result of the naval battering a few weeks ago.

A great advance on Krithia has begun, the various combatant units having already moved off, or are busily preparing. Those already over the ridges near the south point of the peninsula are having the attentions of the Krithia guns, a constant stream of shells coming from there. Many are also landing about our beach where the enemy knows large bodies of troops are still landing. All our sea monsters are busy off the whole point of Gallipoli, so far up the Dardanelles, and round the west coast. The air vibrates, and the roaring echoes all round never cease. And over all is a brilliant, scorching sun, the air otherwise a dead calm, and not a ripple on the Aegean. In spite of this calm a terrific day is in progress for the Turk and us, but we hope to make a great advance before night towards the capture of the forts at the Narrows. All round where I sit the ground is ploughed up with great holes, some beside this battery the largest of any, big enough to completely hide a horse and cart. Pieces of shell of several hundredweight lie about. The precision of our gunfire has to be seen otherwise one could not believe how accurately they can hit a small object miles off. The very birds have got accustomed to the din, and on the face of the rocks where I sit is a pair of exquisite birds—probably jays—flitting about as though nothing unusual was going on. The variety of birds is not great, but all are new to me and have interested me greatly, so also have the flowers, which are very fine. I was specially taken with a big light purple rock rose, nearly three inches across, and in great abundance.

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From this place of vantage I have watched our beach for some time, but as our services are not likely to be much needed here I must return to our Ambulance which lies to the east of the rock, and we must follow our Brigade (86) shortly.... Back and seated here again. The van of the Munsters arrived at this spot before I left, and dodged and ducked at every shell. On Sunday and Monday they had 286 casualties, including most of their officers. They still stream past just behind me, with the Lancs. and others. The Lancs. had suffered very badly at W. Beach, while the Dublins lost 550, with twenty officers out of twenty-three. Four Dublin officers sat at my table on the "Ausonia"—two are dead, the other two wounded.

April 29th.—I had no time to finish my account of the day's doings yesterday. It was too soon for our Ambulance to go out so I spent part of the forenoon at the General's Observation Hill with General Reeks, who was afterwards joined by General Hunter-Weston. By way of excuse for being there I was waiting to see how our attack on the Turks was getting on to see when I could get off with my bearers. The A.D.M.S. Colonel Yarr, was also present. By 5 a.m. the attack had stretched right across the peninsula, the French on our extreme right, next the Hants and Lancs., with Munsters and Dublins on the left. A furious cannonade went on for many hours, we advancing slowly till we were near the foot of Achi Baba, when the Hants ran short of ammunition and had to retreat, the French of course retiring also. Things were really looking bad for a time, and rumours of defeat were soon afloat. Ammunition at last coming up, we could get on, but during the retreat which had to be carried out over an open piece of ground, the want of shelter was the cause of very heavy casualties.

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By 1 p.m. wounded began to pour past our camp from the 88th Brigade, and, although it was not our Brigade, I went up to their front with all the bearers, Morris remaining behind. We were able to do a lot of work, collecting the wounded beside a water supply, nearly two miles from where we started. After a time I left the men where they had plenty of work, and went forward by myself for some distance, past the "Five Towers," meeting scores of walking cases and assisting where I could. Shells, especially from the Asiatic side, were numerous, three big ones bursting quite near me. After a time I ordered the men to load their stretchers and had some trouble with a General who insisted on our remaining, but about this time we were to go out to our own Brigade, and I marched them off all fully loaded. Things were not looking too well and the General wished to get the wounded collected as quickly as possible. But we had to go, we had been ordered to a point further to the left "about 4 o'clock".

The A.D.M.S. had seen Morris and suggested that I should not go out again, so I remained behind and formed a Divisional Collecting Station for all cases that passed the lighthouse. Morris now went out with his men, mine remaining to assist me. We soon had several hundreds through our hands, largely stretcher cases which we arranged in rows in front of the ruins of the lighthouse, till we had more than we could do with, and soon had to forward most of our cases to W. Beach. At midnight we still retained about thirty-five cases, and all had to be nursed and protected from the bitterly cold wind and rain as best we could. The men willingly parted with their own coats and ground sheets, and some even their tunics. We all spent a most miserable night, and I never all my life felt the cold so acutely. But by morning, in spite of this, most of the wounded had recovered from the initial shock and were much brighter, and we had them forwarded to the 88th H.Q.

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The chief reason for our not retaining over night a much larger number was that most hopeless accounts of the battle were being received from the wounded, that all our line was in retreat and that before morning we would be forced back to the sea, if not to our boats. I called for volunteers, at the suggestion of Major Bell, to go out and assist, and a number went off at once with their stretchers and did yeoman service, some not returning till 3 a.m. The Turks had been mutilating the wounded—at least so it was said—and we were anxious none should again fall into their hands.

Through the night firing was heard a very short distance off, but this was only from a few snipers who had somehow got through our lines.

By daylight the weather got warmer, and except for naval firing the 29th was a day of rest. Whyte had been detached from the stretcher-bearers before the landing and was in the tent-subdivision that landed at W. Beach. He wished to have a little more excitement and he and I exchanged places, I now joining Thomson at W. Beach. Thomson, Whyte, and their nineteen men had done much work at the landing and had a very hot time. After four days and nights of hard work, although I could not say I was tired, I felt that a rest might be advisable, but the thought of leaving the bearers, even for a day or two, was depressing.

April 30th.—A slack day in a way, although I have been on my feet since early morning. A great number of shells have landed near our camp at W. Beach at various times to-day, coming from Krithia or Achi Baba. It is strange how many shells may land in the midst of closely packed men and horses and little or no damage be done—but there are exceptions. [63]

In the afternoon a hostile aeroplane flew over us—not the first time—which dropped three bombs at an anchored balloon we have floating just off the coast. It missed and received a fierce cannonade from a number of warships but escaped, apparently untouched, and was able to report to the Turks that our landing places would make a splendid target, and the firing, which had been fitful before, now became continuous for a time. One man only was hit. About 12 yards from the opening of my dugout one plunged into the ground with a terrific crash. Thomson and I reconnoitred for a mile or so to the north to view a spot to which we had been ordered to shift our camp, probably to-morrow.

Last night, not being altogether in the open, I expected a comfortable night, but it was intensely cold, as the nights here always are, the very hot days making the cold noticeable. By day the sun is always scorching hot, and I am absolutely nut-brown and my nose painfully burned.

On all sides I still hear of fresh casualties. The battalions I have been connected with have been nearly wiped out—the Munsters and half the Dublins at V. Beach, the Lancs. and the other half of the Dublins at W. Beach, and the Royals at X. Beach. Our total casualties are put at over 4000. We must have reinforcements before we can do much more, and within the next two days 20,000 are expected from Egypt.

Last night when some one shot a dog at Sedd-el-Bahr the French thought the Turks were on them and they opened fire on their own men, several being killed and wounded. [64]

May 1st.—More or less idle all day, all resting before the proposed attack on Achi Baba. In the afternoon we had a visit from an enemy aeroplane again, which dropped a bomb 40 yards from my "funk hole," and 4 yards from what had been taken for a pile of ammunition boxes but was really provisions—only damage, a big hole and a vile smell.

May 2nd.—Very fierce fighting all last night and the whole of to-day on the south slopes and ridges of Achi Baba, the Turks first charging and repulsing the French, Munsters, and Lancs. The firing from the sea, the French 75's and our 60-pounders was incessant, especially during the night. The Turks were finally driven back, but Krithia and the hills are still in their hands. I spent most of the night watching the progress of events, while the bearers, to whom I am unfortunately not attached to-day, were out at 1 a.m. Our casualties are not excessive considering the nature of the fight, while the Turks are said to have lost thousands from our artillery fire. Getting impatient at being out of it I succeeded in getting eight of the tent-subdivision out as bearers at 1 p.m. and I visited a good deal of the battlefield, as far as our reserve, where I found the Indians waiting for night duty and a likely attack from the Turks, or, as is half expected, we may offer a vigorous offensive.

Yesterday V. and W. Beaches had a hot attack by shell fire from the Asiatic, Krithia, and Achi Baba guns, about fifty shells landing in W. where our Ambulance has now formed its base. The damage done was slight. Two shells in quick succession exploded exactly over the heads of Thomson and myself when we were crossing the beach, both times something hitting me about the shoulders. These shrapnel shells are doing little harm, I had likely been hit by pieces of the material (a resin) in which the bullets are embedded. The smell was the worst of them. [65]

Most of our transport came ashore to-day for the first time, and we are now eager to have our mails which are on board the "Marquette," but I doubt if anyone will take the trouble to send them over to us.

At 8 p.m. Thomson, myself, and fifty-six bearers set off to bring in wounded from a point 3 miles north of our Beach, and very nearly in a line with the Turkish and our firing lines. It was moderately dark when we started, but such a large body of men might have been visible to the enemy at some distance, and we spread out into a long line. All went well, but at several points to which we were directed as our destination we were always told the wounded were further on, and we began to think we were never to find them. We were getting very near the Turks' lines, and Thomson and I had various deliberations about the advisability of going further, but I was always determined to go on. At last we got a guide, but his idea of the whereabouts of the wounded was most hazy; all he knew was that they were collected in a nullah somewhere not far off. We came on a nullah at last and walked along its high steep banks, calling if anyone was at the bottom, in a voice not too loud owing to our proximity to the Turks. Just as we found them the fighting on our immediate right became very violent, the artillery and rifle fire being a perfect roar. Star shells were thrown over us, and we hid in the nullah while we were loading the stretchers and raising them to the top of the bank. Each stretcher squad made off at its hardest

as soon as its patient was passed up. Thomson and I saw them all off, then had to cross an open piece of ground where three bullets were fired among our feet evidently by a sniper who was no distance away. This made us hurry still more, then the nullah had to be crossed to the south side. I stood in the middle of it, half-way to the knees in water and assisted ten stretchers across. Things all the time got hotter and hotter, the various batteries all belching forth at their hardest, star shells and rockets got still more numerous, and a searchlight from the Dardanelles side of Achi Baba swept the whole valley as far as our camp on W. Beach. It was a terrifying night and I was very happy to get all the men landed in camp at 10.15 safe and sound. Most of them enjoyed the little bit of sport, but Thomson overheard one of them remarking that although Lieut. Davidson didn't seem to know what fear was he had no business to bring them there. The bearers were under me and I was responsible, and I admit the charge was just; we had gone too far at such a time.

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May 3rd.—Only occasional firing to-day. I went out with Kellas and Agassiz to show them the way to a point fixed on as a dressing station. After much wandering about admiring the flora of Gallipoli with Kellas we chose a spot which is unfortunately near one of our batteries. An officer there told us they intended to give the Turk a hot night and this will draw the enemy's fire about our new station, and as this is the first night ashore of these two officers I hope they will enjoy it. They arrived from the "Marquette" this morning along with Lt.-Col. Th. Fraser.

We had our usual visit from an enemy aeroplane this morning. Repeated shots went after it but away it flew towards the Narrows. The Asiatic guns have given us no trouble for two days. Commander Samson is said to have reported that two of these are disabled.

May 4th.—As far as the weather goes every day has been perfect since we came to Gallipoli—maximum of sun absolutely, and cloudless sky by night always, except on two occasions.

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We still wait for reinforcements which, however, are arriving, many French troops landing at V. Beach. Our men are due from Egypt to-day. Last night the artillery and rifle fire was again constant, especially on our right, where the French lines were again driven in by the Turks, but during the day they are said to have recovered their lost position.

Two aeroplanes passed over us to-day, one firing three bombs, the other two—no damage. Our aeroplanes were also active, circling time after time round Achi Baba at a height of perhaps 5000 feet. From 110 to 120 shots were fired at one of ours, all missing. An aeroplane came down just behind our camp for orders. We had no aerodrome nearer than Tenedos before. Here we have prepared a landing place, which is beautifully level, but being exposed to gunfire we cannot retain our machines over night, all have to return to Tenedos.

We have had notice this afternoon that our Brigade, the famous 86th, no longer exists as a Brigade. After its wonderful feats of bravery we have heard this with the greatest sadness, but some of the battalions being reduced to a fourth or a fifth of their original strength, and the officers killed and wounded in a still greater proportion, there was no help but to amalgamate with the other two Brigades of our Division—87th and 88th. The Company of Hants who were with us on the "River Clyde" did well. No unit in the whole Division receives greater praise for its work than the Royal Scots (Queen's Own Edinburgh).

According to the original programme the French were to land on the Asiatic side and advance up that side of the Dardanelles, but this they either failed to do or we had enough work for all on this side, and the right wing of the advance was assigned to them, and this they still hold. From the point of Gallipoli to the top of Achi Baba is a distance of 5 miles, and before we take that it is expected that several thousand of our men will bite the dust.

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The troublesome gun somewhere near Kum Kale has been more successful to-day I hear, her bag being three men and nine horses on V. Beach. Well do I know the whizz and thud of her shells—sounds all their own. This gun is mounted either on rails behind rising ground, where she can move sideways after firing a few rounds, or is on a disappearing platform.

May 5th.—The attack on Achi Baba was to have commenced to-day at 10 o'clock, but the first cannon roar was not heard till 11, when all belched forth at the same minute. There seemed to be batteries everywhere, the French 75's being specially noticeable all day, along with some other field guns of theirs which had a peculiarly sharp bark.

The Ambulance was unable to do anything till afternoon, when we got in touch with the Regimental Aid Post of the Lancs. and with the Drake and Plymouth Battalions, whose wounded we were responsible for. With us all went well, although some stretcher squads I was with had a narrow escape, two shrapnel shells bursting immediately over our heads and kicking up a dust all round us.

Our transport men, who had nothing to do with carrying the wounded—by hand at any rate—requested me to get them some excitement, and "the hotter the better," and their deputy gave me a list of those eager for this. I took them up the lines as far as we were allowed, and it was with difficulty I kept them from going still further when they heard that out in the open there were wounded who could not be reached by the Regimental bearers on account of shrapnel. When we reached our own front line we found there was a small party of men along a water course still further out. Mainly for a "lark" we determined to go out to these to see if they had any wounded. The water course was dry except for green, stagnant pools, and coming on a deep and very filthy

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one I decided to mount the bank and make a rush for it. All made similar rushes, one at a time, and all of us were fired at at short range. We reached the small outpost of about a dozen men lying on their stomachs and got roundly sworn at, the small hole they were in could not hold us all and we had to show ourselves, which brought a torrent of bullets about the ears of all of us. It was a very enjoyable and exciting little outing. These men would have gone all the way to the Turkish lines with pleasure.

Those in authority are well pleased with the progress made, the left wing being pushed well forward. The weather during the day was bright, but windy, and with horses and wagons at the gallop the dust was very troublesome, the whole scene being often blurred. Towards evening the cold was intense. What wind we have had here has always been from the north, and at night it might be blowing over snow.

May 6th.—A furious attack was commenced by us at 11 p.m. on the Turkish right, while the French attacked their left. Judging by the increase of the Turks heavy fire they must have brought up more heavy guns. Rumours about Krithia being captured floated in, but I could never believe this, our pouring a constant stream of shells into the village proves that it was not in our hands. The truth seems to be that the Royal Scots pushed into it, and, while following the retreating Turks into a wood on the left, had one or more machine-guns turned on to them which mowed down over 200, while the remainder had to retreat.

One of our men got wounded to-day by a shrapnel bullet which followed round the bend of one of his ribs. [70]

I paid a visit this afternoon to our old ship, the "River Clyde," and during the ten minutes I was there three shells were fired at her. During my short absence from W. Beach for this purpose three had landed there, presumably fired at two of our aeroplanes which had alighted behind us. Only one of the shells did any damage and it smashed a limbered wagon to matchwood. All came from Asia.

May 8th.—My goodness, such a rattle. Since Sunday, April 25, I doubt if I have heard its equal.

Krithia is not yet ours in spite of the awful loss of life its attempted capture has cost us. Batteries, right and left, in front and behind all commenced a simultaneous roar at 5.30 p.m. A fairly hot fire had gone on since 10 a.m., but 5.30 had been fixed for a more furious cannonade, timed no doubt with an infantry attack on Krithia. The whole of that part and the whole face of Achi Baba reek, with denser clouds, every here and there. The roar is simply grand, and one cannot help glorying in the tremendous power of man's devilment. I wish they could make twice as much noise.

May 9th.—I had to stop the above account of the day's doings suddenly and go out with the stretcher-bearers when we had a terrible time—hard work up to 1 a.m. and most of the time to the music of bullets about our ears. And amidst all the din and roar of battle a nightingale sang the whole day and still more sweetly all through the next night, perched in a clump of trees we had repeatedly to pass on the way to the Regimental Aid Posts of the Lancs. and Plymouth and Drake Battalions—such a contrast of sounds!

Later.—It is now 7.30 p.m. and the sun has gone down in a red glow behind the rugged mountains of Imbros as viewed from the entrance of my dugout. It has been a glorious day, uncomfortably warm, but calm and without dust, which has been disagreeable for a day or two. I have just had a bathe in the Aegean, which I was much in need of, this being the first time I have taken off my clothes since I left Lemnos. Walking along the beach I picked up a photograph of a chubby baby, the darling of some one no doubt. He will miss this link with home. [71]

The Turks have had little stomach for fighting to-day. Sniping has gone on, of course, and occasionally a regular fusillade, but to us the day on the whole has been peaceful. From 5 a.m. we have been very busy among the Australian wounded, these being the principal sufferers in yesterday's fight, owing, it is said, to their charging with the bayonet at an inopportune moment. Many of their senior officers passed through our hands, and their men, fine, big fellows, in large numbers.

Thomson and I were in charge of our dressing station at the "Five Towers" from 9 a.m. yesterday till noon to-day, and were busy the whole time, except from about 1 to 5 a.m. to-day, when we lowered ourselves into a trench and tried to sleep.

Last night I started to go as far out as possible with five stretcher squads, but in the dark it is difficult to move, nearly every spot is taken up by men, horses, and transport, and you are continually challenged by sentries. After showing our men across a brook with a dark lantern, some others crossing with stretchers asked for a light, and as soon as I threw a flash on the water a bullet whistled past me from a sniper who must have penetrated our front line. I heard the whistle of many a bullet at close quarters yesterday, and to-day big shells have fallen on all the four sides of our dressing station, coming from Achi Baba.

Yesterday when the battle raged at its worst a telegram was handed to me, and read: "Good luck and fondest love—Mabel," and the date was April 2 (March 16 it should have been). This had followed me all the way from Avonmouth where it failed to find me as I was leaving for this expedition. [72]

The amount of horrors Thomson and I came through yesterday and this morning was most sickening and depressing to both of us. The Australian Aid Post was a perfect shambles, about an acre of stretcher cases, horrible wounds, and all the surroundings soaked with blood. But such brave fellows!

May 10th.—We were very busy last night erecting tents for wounded, being the overflow from the casualty clearing station, which, along with the hospital ships, is absolutely full. We had sixty-seven to find shelter for and succeeded. Two died during the night, and nineteen more in other parts of the camp. Thomson and I were still on duty and we were busy changing dressings, setting fractures, etc., up to 2 p.m. to-day, when an order came to evacuate completely to a hospital ship which had arrived. Welcome news! This gave us an afternoon's rest which we much needed. I spent the time making "couples" for our dugout, which was arched over before with two stretchers interlocking at a slope.

The chief topic of conversation to-day is the brilliant dash of the Australians on the 8th, in their bayonet charge over 300 yards of ground without cover. The Turks with five machine-guns mowed them down, but they dashed on. Their casualties were about 2000. We were all eager to assist them, their own Ambulances being unable to cope with the work.

May 11th.—What we know as "Helles" is the point of the peninsula as far north as Achi Baba. It is five miles long, and varies from two to four in width. The whole valley is saucer shaped, with a more or less complete high edge, except at a small part on the Dardanelles side, where the land shelves to the sea at Morto Bay, this low lying part being moist and fertile, with fairly heavy timber and huge downy topped reeds 12 feet high. Across this valley there has once been an aqueduct—perhaps centuries ago—the "Five Towers" being the remains of the structure. While Achi Baba remains in the hands of the enemy there is not a safe inch in what we occupy, the whole being within easy gunfire. [73]

Thomson and I are at present at the Five Towers Dressing Station for twenty-four hours' duty. From the amount of heavy gun ammunition that is being hurried past us we expect a heavy bombardment this afternoon, with a repetition of the trying work we had when last on duty.

A Frenchman has just come into our station with half a loaf under his arm. Great excitement! We were all willing to purchase it at any price, but he handed it over to one of our men who had been hobnobbing with him in the morning. All are deadly sick of army biscuits, the only form of bread we have, hard as the nether millstone and tasteless. The only decent food we have is McConnachie's ration of meat and vegetables, which is excellent cold or hot, or as soup.

7.30 p.m.—Had a weary day—little doing. Thomson in very low spirits, thinking everything is going wrong. News we get from a padre is that in France everything goes badly. Pirie, M.O. to the Lancs, has just looked us up and reports no progress here. We are certainly making little speed, and it is now announced, whether correctly or not, that Achi Baba is to be besieged into submission by starvation if necessary, owing to the great loss of life a direct attack would entail. In the afternoon I went out with a few bearers to the Lancs. Aid Post to find they had gone into reserve for forty-eight hours, a rest they much needed. Shells were coming fast and furious round us, a battery we had to pass being the object of attack. Two big shells fell very near our dressing station this afternoon, a pile of stores being taken for ammunition boxes, the first shell landing among these with terrible crash, and destroying a lot of jam. Rather a hot bombardment of Krithia goes on to-night, while a number of Tommies are enjoying a game of football close to our camp. [74]

May 12th.—At 8 p.m. yesterday a message reached us that the 29th Division had been withdrawn to give them a much-needed rest of forty-eight hours. We accordingly packed up and returned to our camp at W. Beach, and lucky for us we did, as it rained heavily during the night, and we had shelter against showers in our dugouts. On the whole very little fighting went on to-day till 6 p.m. when our big guns all along the line bombarded Krithia and the face of Achi Baba.

When studying our camp fires this morning before daylight I concluded that we really had made but little progress since April 28, and a Lancs. officer I saw this afternoon agrees with this conclusion. Still we are said now to have about 100,000 men here, while I cannot believe the enemy has anything like that number, but while they are on the defensive, with their well-planned trenches and the best positions, and possessing, as they do, a large number of machine-guns, the cost in life entailed by an open attack would be very costly to us.

Three shells giving out coal-black smoke, and bursting with a terrific crash, were fired at our beach to-day, but, as far as I know, without damage. They all burst high in the air and with an unusual sound. (The first of the "Black Marias" or "Jack Johnsons" although we had been accustomed to other forms of high explosive shells.) [75]

The following "special order" from General Sir Ian Hamilton of to-day's date came this afternoon: "For the first time for eighteen days it has been found possible to withdraw the 29th Division from the fire fight. During the whole of that period of unprecedented strain the Division has held ground or gained it, against the bullets and bayonets of the constantly renewed forces of the foe. During the whole of that long period they have been illuminating the pages of military history with their blood. The losses have been terrible, but mingling with the deep sorrow for fellow-comrades arises a feeling of pride in the invincible spirit which has enabled the survivors

to triumph where ordinary troops must inevitably have failed. I tender to Major-General Hunter-Weston and to his Division, at the same time my profoundest sympathy and my warmest congratulations on their achievement."

"(Signed) IAN HAMILTON, *General*."

May 13th.—Resting all day—but already have had enough of the prescribed forty-eight hours' rest. It was besides rendered uncomfortable by a very hot shelling in the afternoon. It is said the Turks have placed a new disappearing gun in position, which is doing this, and is firing high explosives with jet black smoke. They have our range to an inch from Achi Baba. At least twenty-four shells were fired at our Beach with a very creditable bag—three men killed, two mortally wounded, twelve severely wounded, and about fifteen horses and mules killed. I saw the remains of some poor brutes that had been standing in a group when a shell fell among them. There was really nothing left but a large red patch. Numerous pieces of shrapnel fell among our tents. A piece whistled between Thomson and myself on our way to attend a wounded officer near the lighthouse. [76]

Later in the day I heard the Turk had got a larger mixed bag than I have stated. I now hear as a fact that sixty-four horses and mules were killed on our Beach.

H.M.S. "Goliath" was sunk by a torpedo at the mouth of the Dardanelles at 2 a.m. to-day; 200 are said to have been saved which means a death-roll of 500 or 600.

We hear that one, if not three, German submarines have passed Malta. The big fleet lying off the coast has always been brilliantly lit, but to-night all are in absolute darkness, except the hospital ships which are still showing their long rows of green lights.

May 14th.—The shelling we got yesterday has made us all think, and we all set to to-day and dug ourselves in deeper, the wagons going to Sedd-el-Bahr and bringing beams and boards from the ruins, and with these we are to make roofs strong enough to resist splinters. By 3 p.m. some of us had nearly finished and were getting disappointed that our funk holes were not being put to the test. By 4 o'clock we got more than we wanted, then before 5 one of our aeroplanes came to grief immediately behind us. Then commenced a terrible cannonade on this new target, and one big shot alighting just inside the entrance of one of our operating tents it was blown into tiny shreds, and ten stretchers were riven into matchwood. Strange to say, although this was in the middle of our camp not a soul was injured. The excitement was of course great, every little bit of shell and every tatter of the tent were carefully gathered to be kept as souvenirs. Three men and a number of horses had been killed in the afternoon's work. Many of the shells to-day were bigger than usual and some think the "Goeben" is the culprit. She could easily fire from the Dardanelles over the east ridge of Achi Baba.

May 15th.—A quiet day in camp: little firing by either side; three "Black Marias" reached us—no damage; a Taube fired three bombs—still no harm. Rumour says one of our flying machines reports the Black Maria gun was silenced by our fire, and her ammunition blown up this afternoon. Her last shot was at 1 p.m. and it looks as if this might be true. [77]

By evening rain clouds appeared in the north and I have been preparing my dugout for a wet night.

May 16th.—We have just returned from church parade which was held at 9.30, amidst a continuous rattle of rifles to the front, the booming of howitzers on the right and left, while just behind us lay the "Swiftsure," which had evidently got word in the middle of the service to open fire on some particular spot. Her guns roared till the concussion made the leaves of our hymn books flutter. While writing a Jack Johnson fell very near me (so close that in my original diary my pen made a big dash across the page). How helpless one feels! Now comes another in the very middle of W. Beach—a very big fellow too—and still another. We are to have a day of it. Eight of these brutes now in a few minutes.

The C.O. has gone to a meeting at H.Q.; all the other officers are wisely at the edge of the sea under cliffs, while I am in my dugout too lazy to join them—but I may be forced to go yet, it is folly to sit here in the line of fire.

Major Ward of the 88th Field Ambulance, which is alongside us, has just taken a photograph of a bursting-shell at 70 yards, which he joyfully declares is "absolutely it". He got well battered with flying dirt.... The shelling got too hot for my continuing my notes and I was forced to close for a short time.

Here we are shut up in the very point of Gallipoli, 100,000 of us, and nearly as many horses and mules, every inch within easy range of the enemy's guns, and for three days now he has peppered us more furiously than at first. For three weeks and a day we have had an almost continuous roar of cannon, sometimes many hundred shots per minute, at other times with a lull of a few minutes. To-day and last night the howitzers have been unusually busy, and I believe an attempt is to be made this coming night to straighten our lines. The horns of the line, especially the left, which is held by the Gurkhas, is too far forward for the centre. This centre is directly opposite Achi Baba, and is exposed to the whole opposing line, and has less help from the fleet than the flanks. It is held by the flower of our troops, and these will make any sacrifice to do what is expected of them. May we soon have a little more breathing space than this fouled little piece of the peninsula [78]

affords us.

May 17th.—Three different spells of Black Marias to-day. One killed three men and wounded nine. We have several others wounded and a number of horses and mules killed. Altogether not a very pleasant day.

In the afternoon Thomson and I went to Sedd-el-Bahr and photographed the "River Clyde," Major Frankland's grave, the whole of V. Beach, etc., and brought back shell cases of the French 75's and 65's. Before this, while helping Pirie to build his dugout, Kellas shouted to me to look up, and I beheld what I at first took to be a huge flock of enemy aeroplanes, and expected a shower of bombs, but they turned out to be cranes—fifty-five of them in solid formation. They were an interesting and beautiful sight. They hovered over us for a considerable time, and two of our men stupidly fired several shots at them which got us into trouble with the powers that be. They had never taken into consideration the danger from dropping bullets where there was such a congestion of humanity.

The day has been fiery hot as usual, with the usual glorious sunset behind the mountains of Imbros. Yesterday Stephen and I studied the Plain of Troy, the monument of Ajax, and the town of Troy itself—the old and the new—all of which are visible from the rising ground behind Sedd-el-Bahr. [79]

May 18th.—Black Marias paid their visit earlier than usual, three bidding us good morning at 6 o'clock. All got into our clothes at once, so that now at 7 p.m. we have had a long day. Curiously these "coal boxes" have not been seen since, and they never trouble us after this time of night.

About an hour ago I was watching one of our ships shelling a gully I once visited on a memorable night, and got into a shallow trench and watched from there. I was out in the middle of the valley where I could easily be seen from Achi Baba and a shell came singing straight at me. All the time shells had been passing high over my head but my ear at once detected the change of flight and that a low one was certainly coming my way. I had just time to throw myself flat in the trench, which was about eighteen inches deep when the shell burst in a straight line for me. I raised myself intending to bolt when I heard the song of another at its heels. I again fell flat, but as soon as it burst still nearer than the last I sprang and was just on my feet when a third burst three or four yards to my right. The concussion and shower of earth and stones sent me flying, and I peeled the palms of both hands and sprained my right wrist. Then I made a sprint for my funk hole at record speed, arriving quite out of breath after covering about three-quarters of a mile. I felt that turning a big gun on a solitary individual was not playing the game. I was wearing a waterproof cover to my cap which had got bleached almost white, and I may have been taken for some "big pot," as I sat on the edge of the trench with this unusual head dress, peering through my glasses. [80]

May 19th.—Am feeling very tired, the result of my bad tumble, and my wrist feels stiff and tender. No doubt my behaviour made the Turk think I was a superior officer and worth a shell or two. With my glasses I had examined very carefully the whole length of the lines, then stepped into a half-filled-in trench and sat on the edge for some time, watching operations at the gully I have mentioned. The second shell was so near that I felt certain the third would have me. A fourth shell followed and burst, but by this time I had picked myself up and was at full gallop, and paid no heed to its whereabouts. The whole four were fired in five or six seconds. (I got the fright of my life; I felt that they were determined to have me, but the fright was entirely due to the fact that I was alone. Never before or afterwards did shells, however near, cause me the slightest discomfort.)

A camp story has it that a mule had to be shot the other day because its cry was so confoundedly like the sound of an approaching shell and caused needless alarm. This is presumably only a story, but it is extraordinary how often one fancies one hears the song of a shell. One day just before tea we were treated to a Jack Johnson, and during our meal in the tent those of us who had not made off to our funk holes ducked at every sound under the table, or behind a biscuit tin or any other flimsy object utterly useless to give cover. Each time we raised our heads we had a good laugh at our stupidity.

Those in the firing line are pitying us at the base to which nearly all the shells are directed. Padre Hardie (afterwards V.C., D.S.O., M.C.) told me he had a major to tea the other day when the Jack Johnsons started, and he bolted in the middle of tea, saying he could not stand the life here, and made off to the firing line which he thought much safer. [81]

I asked a man to-day if he kept a diary. "No," he said, "there's naething to say, I dee naething bit sleep, jink shells, and rin to the Beach." It is amusing to see the "Beach Subdivision" move off when the shells start, all pretending they are off for a quiet stroll, and saunter away with their hands in their pockets.

May 20th.—Still in reserve and absolutely idle. I was up early, being requested by an officer of the 88th Field Ambulance to view his tent which one of our water-carts had backed into and upset a number of boxes of breakables, which he was terrified to look into, especially one which contained several bottles of whisky. This gave me a long day, and as a heavy cannonade was in progress it gave me an opportunity of watching it. We have had no heavy shells at W. Beach (now

known as Lancashire Landing in honour of the brilliant work by that battalion on April 25) so far, but we must not brag, they may give us a visit to-day yet. Shrapnel we have had—but we do not care twopence for shrapnel.

6.40.—We have had no shells since I wrote the above, for which we are thankful. When examining the situation before breakfast I felt that the whole valley up to Achi Baba was to be ours before night. Advances all along the line have been made, some units having gained about 700 yards, the French also taking a trench which they afterwards lost. This is the usual way with the French, they have repeatedly broken our line across the peninsula.

The Turks have to-day used their heavy guns much more freely than on any previous day, and doubtless have inflicted considerable damage on our troops, but the range they have been firing at pointed to their having removed their guns further back, which points to their expecting to lose Achi Baba, which they have certainly held with the utmost fortitude. I am attributing the peace we have had to-day at Lancashire Landing to this fortunate event, if my conjecture is right. [82]

I visited the "River Clyde" to-day to find she has a number of new holes punched through her, those on the water line having completely flooded her. Her stern now rests on the bottom, and the lowest hold is full of water. All this time only one shell has actually burst inside the ship, and it entered a cabin on the starboard side, blew all the fittings to pieces, chunks flying through everything, some entering the engine room where they perforated and carried away pipes, and blew the roof of the cabin off. An officer showed me the effects of the rifle and machine-gun bombardment on the night on which I spent four hours in a boat and watched the thousands of bullets striking fire over my head. Many had actually perforated the steel plates, 9/16th-inch thick, and there were deep dints innumerable. We had twelve machine-guns on board that memorable day, the one in the bow being managed by the son of the Earl of Leicester. This gun was said to have done brilliant work. A large pile of empty cartridges still lies where the gun was posted, and I carried away a few of these as the only memento I possess of April 25, barring the memory of a hellish day and night.

To-day we felt that we were probably beyond the reach of the enemy's big guns, and a load is apparently off every one's mind. Many sang late into the night, and various hilarious games were indulged in, the one giving most fun being a bull fight, where one man held the end of a string about three yards long and tied to a peg, and carried a jug with a stone as a rattle, the other with a similar string having as a weapon a small bag stuffed with hay. Both were blindfolded, and the man with the bag let fly at the spot he thought the sound came from, the hit being usually many yards wide of the bull. [83]

The casualties among the Turks up to May 8 are said to number 40,000. Since then the Australians have accounted for another 7000. To the present date the total is probably not less than 60,000. We ought to be well enough pleased with our work.

May 21st.—Had a walk round Tekke Burnu, the S.W. point of Gallipoli, where we have two 5-inch field guns. An officer to whom I spoke said he was the first to locate the whereabouts of the gun that threw the Jack Johnsons. We had all guessed from their whistle that they came from the right ridge of Achi Baba. Two of the shells fired at this battery failed to explode, and this man had the holes carefully exposed for their whole depth, and two poles placed in these pointed exactly to the same spot. Each of these shells had penetrated to a depth of 8 feet in very hard clay.

May 22nd.—About 1 p.m. there seemed to be a strange stir among our transports. I noticed no fewer than six make off in a body towards Lemnos, while Thomson remarked that a destroyer had been going backwards and forwards among the shipping off the point of the peninsula. We did not guess the reason of this till all at once I noticed a warship fire a shot towards Imbros. This was followed by others, and the splashes showed they were firing at something in the sea, no doubt an enemy submarine—which proved to be the case. About six shots in all were fired. Three destroyers were flying about in all directions, absolutely at full speed. Two turned and made for the spot where the submarine had been seen. It is a beautiful sight to see these boats turn in their own length when at full speed. From the rocks at Tekke Burnu I watched for two hours the man[oe]uvres of these and four warships. An anxious night will be spent by our naval brethren. Several other transports have disappeared and gone to the safe anchorage of Lemnos. A large four-funnelled French steamer had just arrived with troops who had no time to disembark, and she has turned tail and gone after the others. [84]

May 23rd.—1.15 p.m. Am sitting near the top of "The Gully". This runs north and south on the west side of the peninsula. I am at a spot slightly north of Krithia, and in the very middle of our firing line. All the tops of The Gully, on both sides and along its ramifications, are lined with our men and all are blazing away at the hardest, while the Turks bullets keep up a constant whizz over our heads. The Worcesters have just gone into the trenches to relieve some other unit. One of the Hants men I have been sitting beside and talking to was in our hold on the "River Clyde" when we landed exactly four weeks ago. He tells me how gloomy his battalion was over the death of their C.O. that day—Colonel Smith-Carrington, "a grand fellow, the best man that ever lived," as he put it.

Wearying to death after twelve days of idleness I set off after church parade to visit the Hants Dressing Station where I knew Pirie was placed. I went along the Krithia road till I came to The Gully I once reached late one evening, when Thomson and I were sniped at. Here I chanced to

meet my old cabin companion, Balfour, who directed me to the very top of The Gully where I came across a battery which again directed me further to the left. Here three bullets flew past me, a gunner saying these stray bullets were doing a great deal of damage. Balfour also told me that they had lost two men yesterday from the same cause.

At last I reached The Gully which is several miles long—over three—and averages 100 yards in width at the top. All the slopes are one solid mass of shrubbery—laurel, juniper, dwarf conifers, holly oak, and brilliant flowers innumerable. I brought back a bunch of *Cytisus* whose individual flowers might have been our broom (*C. Scoparius*). [85]

A road has been made the whole length of The Gully, and the whole way is occupied by our troops, especially Indians, many of whom were engaged in their ablutions as I passed. The sides of The Gully would average 100 feet in height, many parts being higher. The sides slope steeply in parts, in many places are quite perpendicular or over-hanging, the walls being the usual hard, marly clay, while I noticed broad layers of conglomerate and sandstone also occur. I was charmed with the whole place, and when describing it at the mess I was thought to be romancing. The heat in the depths of The Gully was very intense and without a breath of wind.

May 24th.—A little rain fell in the morning, and it was more or less cloudy during the day. We watched a fierce thunderstorm, which came round the south side of Imbros, up its east side, then it turned west towards Samothrace. Much shelling to-day, but mostly short and some way from our camp. I hear of no damage.

May 25th.—Had another walk to-day to the top of The Gully with Kellas, Agassiz, and Thomson. Plenty of shells over our heads. Twenty-six shells were fired this morning at several aeroplanes that had landed on our aerodrome. Two were more or less damaged, one with a hole through its petrol tank.

As we were returning from The Gully and were ascending the high bank of Gully Beach I saw something was wrong out at sea, three or four ships being apparently huddled together in one mass. Through my glasses I saw the stern of a ship in the air, preparing for its final plunge to the bottom of the sea. In three minutes or so she had entirely gone. Strange to say what we had been watching was the last of the "Triumph" which had been torpedoed by the submarine that caused the excitement the other day. She is said to have sunk in twenty minutes. We have not yet heard how many perished in this most regrettable disaster, but if it is true that her magazine blew up, as we hear, the loss will likely be heavy. H.M.S. "Triumph" did much useful work out here. This is the second warship we have lost since we arrived in Gallipoli. [86]

May 26th.—Yesterday we opened a dressing station one and a half miles up the Krithia road. It was the duty of Fiddes and Whyte to be posted there for twenty-four hours, beginning at 3 p.m., but the latter having been kicked by a horse yesterday I offered to take his place. I am there now sitting on the edge of a deep funk hole which I have strewn with a thick layer of thyme, meaning to have a pleasant night between "lavender sheets," but I am told by Stephen and Thomson that there is no sleep to be had out here owing to the terrible din that goes on. At present—7.30—there is a violent interchange of shells going on, the enemy's mostly flying high over our heads on the way to our Beach. The aerodrome beside it has been very furiously attacked during the last two days with considerable damage.

Beside us is the grave of a Turk who smells as all Turks do. Our men, I fancy, think they do not deserve much burial. This reminds me of a Turk on the top of whose grave I lunched with Pirie up in the firing line last Sunday. A man the day before was digging a funk hole, and coming on something soft he plunged his spade into it. The smell was so terrific that he threw his spade and bolted, and the Turk had to be covered up by sand thrown from a distance of several yards. Then the night before one of our men, when it was getting dark, saw a suspicious object slipping down the side of The Gully, as he thought, so he proceeded to stalk it through the dense shrubs that clothe all the slopes of The Gully, and, on getting close enough to get a view of it through the bushes he recognised the Turkish uniform and sprang on the man like a tiger driving his bayonet clean through him. The Turk had been dead for nearly a month, and his assailant, like the other man, had to make a hasty retreat. [87]

We are to have a very lively night, that is evident. The Turks usually cease firing their big guns by this time of night, but their shells are still flying thick. The British guns are at present quiet, but the French 75's are barking furiously. It is a delight to hear their sharp, clean bark. The enemy's machine-guns have also been very active this afternoon, the crack, crack, crack, of the Turkish one being easily distinguishable from the noise made by ours. The day of our landing taught me this.

May 27th.—I must have slept three or four hours last night, but not soundly. There was constant rifle fire beside us with one big fusillade before midnight. But what annoyed me was the smell of the thyme and other sweet-smelling herbs I had made a bed of, covering all over with a new rubber ground sheet which was very odoriferous. The mixture of odours was not pleasant. I had trampled the plants with my boots to produce as strong a smell as possible, and succeeded so well that it actually made my eyes smart all night. I rose early and was over near Gully Beach about 6 o'clock. Since then shells have been flying on our four sides and high in the air, and I

hear of considerable damage.

We are much upset by the news which reached us at 7.45 that at 7 another of our ships had been torpedoed, lying just off our Beach in full view of all there. It is rumoured that it is the "Majestic," but her name we are not yet sure of. The men who brought this news out to us say they saw the men on board line up before she went down, and dive into the sea. Terrible news!

[88]

May 28th.—Back at W. Beach. What we heard yesterday about the "Majestic" was only too true. She lies in front of our camp, about 300 yards from the edge of the cliff, a considerable part of her still above water. There is much discussion as to what part of her it is that is visible, but it appears to me to be the keel, certainly the ram is there. The killed and drowned are between fifty and sixty. Several I have spoken to distinctly saw the wake of the torpedo for many hundred yards. The "Majestic" was lying in the midst of other shipping—only supply boats of no great size, besides trawlers and destroyers, but a gap must have been left and through this the torpedo had found its way. The Admiral and Ashmead-Bartlett were both on board. The latter was on the "Triumph" when she went down two days before.

The "Majestic" was able to fire five shots at the submarine when she rose to find her bearings, which she did about a mile off, but whether struck or not she managed to discharge her deadly bolt, which went home right amidships, and in about eight to ten minutes the "Majestic" turned over and sank. Her torpedo nets were out, and as many were scrambling up the side of the hull, as she turned over, the nets on the starboard side swept right over, and must have accounted for many deaths.

It is said that the form of torpedo used is most efficient at ranges of 3000 yards or more, this long distance being necessary to get up full momentum. One of the camp sanitary men, who tells me the story, was on the beach as the men swam ashore, and one sailor was no sooner on his feet than he said: "It was time the damned b— was down; she was twenty-five years old; any of you chaps got a clay pipe, I am dying for a clay pipe"—all said in one breath. The "Majestic" is said to have been built in 1902 and was an old boat, but her armament was quite serviceable.

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An enemy aeroplane crossed over our heads at 7.15 this morning, and dropped a bomb, presumably at our C.C.S. and just missed it. Three men were standing near; all were knocked over, one dying soon after.

May 29th.—This forenoon I walked out to White House Farm, which is about 3 or 3½ miles up the centre of the valley, and is within a few hundred yards of our firing trenches. It was rumoured in the evening that these front trenches had been taken by the Turks. At the White House there is the finest specimen of a fig tree I have yet seen, being large and spreading, and growing in a piece of good turf beside a well. In that part the whole ground is strewn with bullets.

May 30th.—I have not been out of camp to-day. The men in our dressing station came in at 3 a.m. with a long tale of the fury of the shelling out there, many casualties occurring round it. Evidently there is no better place to be had, but the part devoted to the wounded runs in such a way that it can be directly enfiladed by gun and rifle fire from Achi Baba. Another trench at right angles to this could easily be broadened and deepened to hold all the wounded and a whole tent-subdivision.

Three shots were fired from our battery on Tekke Burnu about 6.30 p.m. and at once all the destroyers darted out to sea. Evidently a submarine had been sighted. It is now getting dark, and the sea is covered with our mosquito craft darting about in all directions.

We employ several hundred Greeks, mostly road making. They receive 2s. 6d. a day and their food. All those working at the Beach struck work to-day, demanding higher wages, and retired to their shelter holes in the cliff. A company of Dublin Fusiliers was called out, and fixing bayonets they kicked the mutineers out of their holes, and all were driven into a corner at the foot of the rocks, the open side shut in by a line of bayonets, and there they are to be kept, without food and water till they come to their senses. The Greek nation has always been greedy, always unreliable, and the most notorious liars on the face of the earth.

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May 31st.—This has been a very quiet day, the Turks and ourselves having fired comparatively few shots. Although there has been no hard fighting lately, really little more than sniping, we still have a casualty list of some size. Those leaving for treatment on the boats or at the base hospitals of Malta and Alexandria have a daily average of about 125. This includes sickness as well as wounds.

June 1st.—There was much noise last night after all, there being much gun and rifle fire, especially on our centre, but with few casualties, as far as I can learn.

It has been known for two days that the Turks are to make a determined attack on us to-night, for which we are no doubt fully prepared. Since 5 this evening both sides have been very liberal with their shells. Krithia and its neighbourhood, as well as the right ridge of Achi Baba, has been reeking from the discharge of our and the French shells.

It is said that the Turks and Gurkha trenches are so near each other at the top of The Gully that the two are connected by a tunnel through which they hobnob, and that the Turks have asked the help of the Indians to murder their German officers, then they would hand over the Dardanelles to us without further trouble. A mere story of course, although one firmly believes that it is these savage officers who are forcing the Turks to fight, under threats that they will shoot them if they refuse to go forward.

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A few shrapnel shells were fired half an hour ago at the top of our Beach, in resentment of our Ambulance men gathering on the sky line to watch the shells bursting on Achi Baba. This made them beat a hasty retreat. But on the whole the day has been very quiet.

June 2nd.—It appeared in "Orders" to-day that we held an advanced dressing station 100 yards on this side of White Farm, and as no one understood what this referred to, the C.O. after consulting with the A.D.M.S. (Col. Yarr), who could throw no light on the subject, asked me to go out and investigate the ground to see if such a station might be established there. As a big engagement is anticipated within forty-eight hours such a place would be useful. I started at 2.30 with Kellas and Agassiz who were going out to our present dressing station, but on reaching that they proposed to go along with me, as they had never been in that part of the country. All went well on the way out, only an occasional stray bullet being heard. On reaching "Y Battery," about 100 yards from White Farm a gunner joined us and took us quickly over the remaining short distance, where stray bullets are apt to be too plentiful. But worse, a sniper several hundred yards off had the exact range. He took us into a vineyard behind the farm, and pointed out to us all our advanced trenches, warning us not to shake the vines as that might attract fire, and on no account to show ourselves. We returned to this man's battery, and as soon as I started off with Agassiz the sniper had a shot at us, his bullet landing in a tuft of grass a few feet to our right. I thought it was some animal and proceeded to stir it out of the grass, but Agassiz declared it was a shot. In a second or two another kicked up a dust beside us, which settled the question. We scattered at once, but three other shots came after us before we got out of sight behind some small trees. From these we watched Kellas sauntering along, hoping he would also have to take to his heels, but the sniper left him alone.

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I had next to visit the 88th Brigade H.Q. where I explained to General Doran that the spot mentioned for our dressing station was much too dangerous. He agreed at once, and said even where he was, on the side of rising ground with its back to the enemy, was unsafe, and that one of his sergeants had just been shot through the knee lying in his dugout.

June 4th.—To all appearances this is to be a great day. At 11 a.m. to the minute about 150 field guns and howitzers opened on the Turkish trenches, and now at 11.20 all is one great roar. Eight aeroplanes are circling about, two big battleships with seven destroyers appeared out of the haze, coming from Imbros. These are on the constant move, for submarines will be about for certain, and we must not give them more fixed targets, they have already had too many. Pandemonium will reign in a few minutes. We have waited long for this, and all are overjoyed.

I have been round the C.C.S. and Ordnance Stores collecting all the stretchers I can lay my hands on. Apparently we do not expect the Turks to be the only sufferers to-day.

12.10.—Achi Baba and the whole Gallipoli point reek as they have not reeked since April 25. The battleships keep moving and belching out their deadly hail, encircled always by the destroyers, while an aeroplane hovers, at a low height, over and around them, peering into the depths of the Aegean in case a submarine should come sneaking up. The French guns are very busy.

6.30 p.m.—Dressing St. Krithia Road. I came out here about two hours ago, with six squads of stretcher-bearers. We cannot advance yet, things are too hot, rifle fire being still a constant rattle, especially on our left. When I arrived the French were very active on our right, but judging from their comparative quietness now I think they may have seized at least part of a great gully which had been immediately in front of them all this time, and which has contained one or more Turkish batteries. These have annoyed the French for long—and us. The front of the hill is now fairly quiet, but we are firing huge shells into Krithia and that end of Achi Baba. We know from the wounded, who have been coming in for some hours in a steady stream, that our line is greatly advanced, some of our battalions having taken as many as five trenches.

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About 8.15 I set off with thirteen stretcher squads to the dressing station of the 88th Field Ambulance, which we found two miles up The Gully. It was getting dark when we started, and was pitch dark, there being no moon, when we reached that point. The order we had got was to send up thirteen stretchers at once, and we interpreted this to mean the full complement of bearers as well, but these were not required. The great battle was still raging, and bullets were flying across The Gully in thousands. During the day there had been numerous casualties from these in the depths of The Gully. On the way back the whole place was packed tight with wagons of every description, and pack animals taking up ammunition and stores for next day, and it was often with the greatest difficulty we got through the blocks. Having to cross a level piece of ground from Gully Beach to our station, and this being swept by bullets, which were passing among us, we had many narrow escapes, but no one was hit. At our station, which was now in the line of fire for stray shot, we heard bullets pass all night long. A bullet went "phut" into the ground at my feet as I lay on a stretcher. I merely drew up my feet and tried to sleep, but being saturated with perspiration and generally uncomfortable I never even felt drowsy. Then about 3

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in the morning a more resounding shot landed in the same spot as the last—both certainly within 2 feet of me. I now got up and sat till 6 in a corner more protected from the N.E. which appeared to be the direction of the bullets.

On the way to The Gully I had walked with a sergeant of the Worcester's as guide. He tells me the French did not do well to-day, having as usual advanced and retired, thus leaving our Naval Division, on our extreme right, exposed. The Turks opened fire on them and the K.O.S.B.'s and mowed them down with their machine-guns. At H.Q. they are reported to have used very strong language about this. My guide also tells me of the bravery displayed by the Sikhs and Gurkhas, also by the Territorials who are drafted through the Regulars, many of them mere boys, but they are said to have shown great pluck.

June 5th.—I believe according to programme we should have started a big gun bombardment at 11 a.m. to-day, but we have only had occasional shots—so far at any rate, and it is now 5.45, too late to do much before night comes on.

I mentioned yesterday that we had 150 field guns and howitzers, but I find the numbers were 180 French and 150 British guns. An aeroplane crossed us at 7 p.m. flying at a great height. No bombs were dropped.

"Asiatic Annie," as a famous gun across the Dardanelles is called, has thrown a number of ugly shells this way to-day, but all were short of W. Beach.

The "Majestic" is sinking gradually, her ram, which must have been 15 feet out of the water, is now nearly submerged.

June 6th.—Sunday—6.40 a.m.—The day by preference for a big fight. Last night—about 8—the Turks appear to have made a feint attack on the French, this going on for hours, the rifle fire very heavy. Then in the small hours of this morning they had concentrated on our left—the other end of the line—where they were in great force. My informants are three wounded from the Essex Regiment who have walked in to hospital. They say the Turks were ten to our one, and they came on with great dash, fighting being very fierce at a distance of only 20 yards. Then they got mixed up with the Essex and Royals, who must have been badly cut up and were the last to retire. The Turks used a large quantity of hand grenades. These are very deadly, and have been making ghastly wounds as we know. We too use these freely, all the empty 1 lb. tins of the camp having been collected for some time back, and charged with gun-cotton. For missiles they have chopped up Turkish barbed wire into inch lengths.

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The howitzer fire was terrific between 4 and 5 when I woke up and came to the top of the ridge to see what was doing. Plainly something unusually desperate was on the move. "Asiatic Annie" was also busy and several shells came this way, one falling in the C.C.S. where no harm was done. Luckily it had chosen a clear spot in front of the store tent to pitch into. I had gone down to examine this when the wounded men I have referred to arrived. They say that all the trenches we took two days ago, after so much hard fighting, are lost. Now at 7.15 firing has become much more desultory, and judging from where our shells are bursting the distance we have been driven back is not serious—and so to breakfast.

10 a.m.—Firing is too hot for us to collect in groups, therefore, there is to be no church parade this morning. The walking wounded still come straggling in, singly or in groups, all greatly depressed at having such bad news to relate. Another constant stream flows from the C.C.S. to the little cemetery at the top of the Beach, each unit of this stream consisting of two bearers carrying a dead comrade on a stretcher. The cemetery may be small but it already contains many graves, and inside its barbed wire fence there is still room for many of our gallant men, who fondly fancy that the shell or bullet that could lay them low is not yet cast. This very comforting feeling I hope we all possess—more or less. One of the graves has a cross of great taste and is over a "Driver Page," a New Zealand Artillery man, and after the inscription is the word "Ake—Ake".

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No one knows the extent of our casualties, but they must be heavy. The Indian contingent alone is said to have lost 1000 yesterday. The Royals, Essex, and K.O.S.B.'s are said to have suffered most in the morning's attack.

Later.—I heard in the evening that yesterday's casualties amounted to at least 1800, but some think that an under-estimate.

We hear to-night that General Wolley-Dod has been appointed to command our 86th Brigade. He is said to be a very able soldier.

In the afternoon there was an occasional interchange of shots, but on the whole it was quiet till 8 p.m., the hour darkness sets in, when the usual fusillade began. The Turks are nearly always responsible for this, and our men rarely reply.

June 7th.—I notice in yesterday's Routine Orders issued by General de Lisle, commanding the 29th Division, that the old Etonians are to have a dinner at Lancashire Landing, and those attending are requested to bring knife, fork, plate, and cup—their mugs in short. This request seems quite natural out here. Then follows a notice that some unit has lost a bay horse and two mules, finder to return them to such and such a place. This again is a curiosity, horses and mules are always straying. The correct way to do if you lose a horse is to seize the first stray one you come across, and swear you brought him out from England.

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Last night about 10.30 the Turks disturbed our peace by firing fifty or sixty shells about our Beach, some being very near our camp, near enough to bespatter our tents and dugouts with lumps of earth. One of the men of the 88th Field Ambulance, just in front of us, got wounded. They began again with heavier shells—Jack Johnsons—about 5 a.m. to-day, seven falling near us, and as we lay underground we could feel the earth shake with every detonation. Last night was the first time they ever gave us such a visit. They are chary of using their big guns after dark in case they should give away their positions.

2.15 p.m.—I spent sometime on a ridge overlooking the sea and watched the Turks shelling the ships close by. Their firing from Kum Kale was wild, but there was one ship they were determined to have, shell after shell falling near and throwing up splashes mast high. At last she was hit and a loud report was followed by dense smoke from her fore part. Flames quickly followed, and several minesweepers and destroyers soon came to her aid, and unloaded part of her cargo. She was finally anchored close inshore to await events. By 2 o'clock the flames seemed to be pretty well under control.

While watching this a young officer came up and spoke to me. He had arrived with us on the "River Clyde" and since then has had very trying experiences. He said his birthday was tomorrow, and I should say it might be his twenty-first. He is in the Anson Battalion, and had come through the Antwerp retreat. His battalion left England 1000 strong with thirty-three officers. They are now 198 men, while he is the only officer remaining. He thinks we must beat a retreat from Gallipoli one of these days, to take it would mean too great a withdrawal of troops from France, but, as he says, a retreat means a greater loss of honour than Britain can bear. He told me about the Collingwood Battalion which left England on May 9, and went into the fight fresh and at full strength. They lost twenty-three officers and nearly six hundred men. In spite of all opinions and rumours we must bring this campaign to a victorious end, be the cost what it may.

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June 8th.—A day of wind, one big cloud of dust, and swarms of flies. These last have become a terrible curse lately, and as time goes on they will get no less.

About a week ago Col. Yarr proposed that I should join him at Head-quarters, and this morning I was ordered to present myself at Corps H.Q. at 3 p.m. I had given the necessary undertaking to divulge no secrets, and as the hour approached I rigged myself out in my best boots and tunic, and had chosen a smart orderly to look after me—Melrose, from Kincardine O'Neil. Then the A.D.M.S. appeared, to say that their staff was broken up, most of them having gone to Gully Beach, and as there were only twelve all told remaining there was no excuse for my joining just yet. They have interesting personalities at H.Q. and I feel disappointed. Sir Ian Hamilton, for example, dined there last night.

June 9th.—We had a visit from Pirie, M.O. to the Lancs. He is terribly depressed over the fight of the 6th when they lost 450 men. They were held up by barbed wire in a charge and were shot down. I have heard of three battalions that were left with only one officer after that fight.

We are now erecting at the "two-gun fort" two naval guns of 4.7 calibre to reply to our Asiatic friends. It is supposed there are three guns on the other side of the Dardanelles of 6-inch calibre. These were carefully watched last night, and it was observed that the flashes always came from different points, as if they were placed on rails and were run sideways. This has long been suspected. These "Asiatic Annies" have accounted for 120 Frenchmen within the last few days.

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Stephen and Thomson are out at the dressing station to-night. I have been watching Jack Johnsons bursting in their neighbourhood.

We received four motor ambulances to-day to reinforce our mule-drawn wagons.

June 10th.—The dust storm continues, and some one has been comforting enough to say that these storms often last for twenty-one days. They are about as bad as the flies.

June 11th.—Wind stronger than ever but the dust has been largely blown into the sea. Towards evening it fell somewhat. The sea has been too rough to get patients away from the C.C.S. to the hospital ships, and we have had to relieve it by taking fifty walking cases into our tents. All are very cheery, and I fancy most are looking forward to a short holiday after their recent experiences. Some have not yet been in a fight, some of the naval men who landed two days ago were only on their way to the trenches when they were wounded by shrapnel, which was showered on them plentifully from several points.

Stephen and Thomson had such a hot time at the dressing station that they were forced to return to the Beach. There were eighty-eight shells in their vicinity within an hour. About 2 p.m. when I went out the Krithia road with several squads of bearers in answer to an urgent but vain message, we were held up half a mile on this side of the dressing station by a perfect tornado of shrapnel just in front of us. I heard afterwards that the road in that part was entirely ploughed up.

June 12th.—A quiet day but full of rumours. Late last night we had five Jack Johnsons with their terrific crashes, and in the distance rifle fire went on all night. About 5 a.m. to-day a number of shells landed among the shipping off our Beach. Due north about the same time, at the distance of a good many miles, what sounded like repeated broadsides from warships. Probably the

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Australians are having a big fight. Then at 7 a.m. ten or twelve rifle shots on the aerodrome behind us took me up in a hurry, this being unusual. I half thought they might be shooting a spy, but found some one had been blazing away at some huge bird, either a vulture or an eagle. I watched its large dark form as it flew towards X. Beach. Shrapnel and Jack Johnsons were flying about in other parts during the day, but none near us.

Now for rumours—(1) the 29th Division is to be withdrawn for certain, having done its bit out here. This is an old rumour which we still doubt. I for one would be sorry were we withdrawn before seeing this part of the campaign through. (2) The Russians are landing an army north of Constantinople. (3) The Italians have landed at Rhodes, and are to make a descent on Smyrna—the last two cheer us up.

Kellas and Agassiz had a quieter time at the dressing station than yesterday's two. The latter returned about 8 and said "Arthur" was too busy playing with a spider and he left him behind.

June 13th.—Had a walk with the C.O. to the top of The Gully to find a site for a new dressing station. We breakfasted at 7 as we wished to cross the exposed piece of ground between this and Gully Beach. For sometime back this has been a favourite mark for the Turkish guns, and we thought the morning the most likely time to be allowed to pass unnoticed. We were in the foot of The Gully before 8 o'clock. The whole valley between this and Achi Baba was so quiet in the brilliant sunshine that we remarked that it might have been a Sunday at home. Near the top of The Gully we found Taylor of the 87th Field Ambulance at breakfast and had a cup of tea with him. He came along with us to find a suitable place, and one was fixed on, but I do not like it. In my opinion it will be terribly exposed to a dropping fire, the surroundings are not high enough to give much protection. The ground is also much soiled—I preferred a small side gully but the C.O. thought it unfeasible. [101]

We called on Major Ward of the 88th F.A. who was also in the neighbourhood. After much labour he has got an ideal spot, very safe, and plainly made by a man of artistic tastes. He is as happy as a lark up there with his camera, and is studying the birds and their nests.

Col. O'Hagan and Major Bell were next called on at Gully Beach, and we reached our camp about 1 o'clock.

We hear that Gen. de Lisle estimates that the European war will be ended by September—absolutely without fail.

June 14th.—I marched a number of our men up The Gully to work at our new dressing station. I had a look at the place chosen but liked it worse than ever, and proceeded to tear down the sides of the little gully I preferred. By night we had converted it into a most romantic and safe retreat for the wounded and ourselves. The dry bed of a stream, for about 100 yards, we levelled down into a beautiful path, with several twists and high towering walls, and in the extreme end we levelled the floor of a water-worn amphitheatre making room for about twenty stretcher cases. A little water drips over the centre of the 40 feet high overhanging wall, which in wet weather would be a raging torrent. (This was afterwards known, and figured in our maps, as Aberdeen Gully. It was most suitable for our work, very safe, and much admired by every one.)

June 15th.—Been working all day in our Gully, and am now prepared for the night, and am sitting in my new dugout, which is merely an excavation on a slope with a projecting cliff overhead. At the present moment a long string of Gurkhas are filing up a twisting and high path on the north side of our little gully, on their way to the trenches for the night. We have watched all sorts on this path, but mostly Sikhs and Gurkhas on their way to the firing line, and Indian water carriers with their great skin bags which look as if they would hold about six gallons. Much water has gone up in tanks, slung on mules. [102]

One of our big guns is immediately above us on the top of the cliff, and is making a terrific din, with long rolling echoes. All our guns have been very busy to-day and the Turks still more so, and I am afraid from their long range, which I observed in the morning, these have got new guns with very high explosive shells. It is now 7.45 and they may soon stop, as it is dark by 8, but for the last few nights they have fired at all hours.

June 16th.—Still at our new place, and all of us busy with pick and spade all day. Had a good night's sleep in spite of a continuous rifle fire very near us. We had a visit in the afternoon from the C.O., Agassiz, and Dickie. With the two last I walked over to Y. Beach, and at the Artillery Observation Post there, under the guidance of the officer in charge, we had a capital view of all our trenches on the left flank, including one that has been a bone of contention for some time, and was the cause of an attack by the Turks last night. This trench was formerly Turkish, but half of it is now in our possession and between us is a pile of sandbags. Over this barrier each takes it into his head to throw a few bombs at his enemy. We are trying to rectify our position by cutting a new sap. The whole of the Turkish trenches from Achi Baba to the sea are visible from Y. Beach O.P. For a long way in front of where we were the distance between the two of us is not many yards, and in one part the trenches look as if they were mixed up in an extraordinary way. [103]

I spent the evening making a table for our new quarters, and retired to bed about 9 in the midst of big gun, machine and rifle fire, all very near.

June 17th.—Aberdeen Gully. We opened our new station to-day and relieved the 87th F.A. We had but a few patients. Agassiz visited us in the afternoon with Fiddes and Dickie. The first and I walked over to the O.P. at Y. Beach. On the way back along the sunk mule track we had to pass a string of mule water carriers. Each Indian leads three mules in Indian file. One brute took it into his head to rub the sharp edge of his tank into my ribs, and with his feet well to the side he stood up and jammed me as hard as he could against the wall of the trench. Agassiz, as transport officer, had to dilate on the amount of intelligence he has noticed in the Indian mules, while I could only use strong language over the wickedness of this particular brute.

We had a number of visitors to-day from neighbouring units—M.O.'s and others. Padres Creighton and Komlosy and Major Lindsay dined with us.

June 18th.—The centenary of Waterloo. I hear the French are to make an attack to-day. I hope they will be more successful than they were this day one hundred years ago. This morning we have been annoyed by the Turks' shrapnel, the whole of the gully being peppered, and also by defective shells from our own battery above our heads. Several since we came up here have burst almost as soon as they left the gun.

After breakfast I walked to Y. Beach, and for the first time scrambled down to the foot. "The Dardanelles Driveller," whose one and only copy was most amusing, said about this spot, "Why call it a Beach, it is only a bloody cliff"? It was here the K.O.S.B.'s and S.W.B.'s landed on April 25 and met with no opposition at the landing, and had proceeded nearly two miles inland, when they were attacked by the Turks in overwhelming force, and lost a large number in their retreat to the Beach and then to their boats. This was afterwards retaken by the Gurkhas, who pushed through from W. Beach, and the high cliff on the north side is now known as Gurkha Bluff. The Indian Brigade have their H.Q. here, and this morning there were about 2000 Gurkhas and Sikhs about. I was toiling up the "bloody cliff" when some Gurkhas passed me, thinking nothing of the steep ascent; while I straightened my knees slowly at each step, I noticed they brought their legs straight with a jerk.

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This day two years ago I was lying in bed in Brussels, reading Baedeker, when I discovered it was the 98th anniversary of Waterloo. I had given up all intention of visiting the battlefield, being pressed for time, but after such a discovery I felt compelled to pay it a visit. I was thankful I went, it proved one of the most enjoyable days I ever spent. At that time Holland and Belgium hated each other, but were outwardly kept friendly by their common enemy, Germany, of which they were very suspicious. What has now happened has surprised neither of these two States.

7 p.m.—Returned a few minutes ago from my favourite Observation Post at Y. Beach—Major Ward dragged me over to....

11 p.m.—The preliminary big gun bombardment was to commence at 7, and I had just made a start with my diary when the din began, and I had to stop short. We are in the very middle of four batteries—two mountain (Ross and Cromarty), one 64-pounder, and a fourth of four 6-inch howitzers. All blazed forth at once, and all drew fire. As far as we could make out this was the hottest corner of the whole front. Shells in hundreds burst about our ears, chunks of shell and four nose caps came into Aberdeen Gully. The noise of our guns and the bursting of Turkish shells was the worst I have heard since the day of our landing. Stones and earth we had flying about in plenty. In the midst of it all Captain Rowland, R.E., shouted from the mule track, asking if a M.O. would go and see Major Archibald in the front trench. I set off with two bearers and a stretcher, and found him in a side trench close to Gully Beach. He was mortally wounded. I dressed him and left him where he lay, in charge of an orderly. We now hurried back to the mule track, the whole length of which we had to traverse. It had been repeatedly and most thoroughly shelled from end to end during the day, and we expected the Turk to sweep along it again at any minute. We had just cleared it when this actually happened, and howls behind us took us back to find that some Indians had been caught in the fire. A Sikh had a leg almost entirely blown off. Though suffering badly he was most plucky.

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From that time onwards we had a steady flow of wounded, which still goes on, but those now coming in are being dressed by the Regimental M.O.'s before they are carried in by our bearers.

As far as I can gather from the wounded the Turks made an attack on our extreme left at the very hour appointed for the attack by the French and us. They came on four deep protected by their artillery which blew in two of our front trenches, which were held by the S.W.B.'s and Inniskillings. These had to retreat, as many as possible through their communication trenches, but many had to get over the parapets and rush back over the open. There were 500 Turks in this part alone, and our men say only two ever returned, our men forming up and charging quickly retook what they had lost. We have had several K.O.S.B.'s from the centre where there was also an attack. These were more successful from the beginning, and within fifteen minutes had taken the Turks' first line.

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June 19th.—The above was not the end of last night's work. A little after midnight we were requested to send a M.O. and as many nursing orderlies as possible to the Inniskillings Aid Post, where they were said to be overwhelmed with work. This was at the very top of The Gully, three-quarters of a mile beyond our station. I jumped at the opportunity of a little excitement, and set off with five orderlies. We found the road dotted with dead mules and horses, but could not find the M.O. for some time. At last he was roused out of his hole half asleep. He said he had never sent for help, that they were quite able to cope with the work, his men being at the time occupied

with cases, which seemed to be coming in fast. What cases he had we took back with us, an Inniskilling who had a bad wound in the foot from a grenade I helped back with his arm round my neck.

The guide who came for us deserted us half-way to the Aid Post, and on returning I found him minus his equipment making himself comfortable for the night in our gully. I ordered him off to the firing line knowing that this was a favourite dodge to escape for a time. After half an hour I found him in our cook house, when I took his number and name to report him to his C.O. The man was in a state of funk, and declared that the Turks would certainly break through before morning. Believing that there might be some reason for his alarm I made sure before starting that my loaded revolver was at my belt, in case of our having to beat a retreat.

By 3 a.m. I was able to lie down for a short time, but another furious attack by the Turks commenced at 4.15. Later in the day I was relieved by Fiddes, and about 11 o'clock set off with Agassiz who had ridden out from our base. On reaching Gully Beach we took the high road for home, but opposite X. Beach the explosions of high explosive shells on the road in front of us were too terrifying, and we descended to the under-cliff road. [107]

W. Beach had had the worst bombardment it had so far experienced during the morning, hundreds of shells falling. Many horses and three men were killed. At Corps H.Q. and V. Beach the same went on, and no doubt with similar results.

June 21st.—The A.D.M.S. Col. Yarr, called at 9 a.m. and asked me to relieve him for the day, and I am now in his dugout at H.Q. of the 8th Army Corps, perhaps the hottest place to shell fire on the whole peninsula. I found six aeroplanes drawn up waiting for messages, and before 10.30 we had twenty-nine shells all within a few yards of us. Only very few exploded luckily, but the others buried themselves at least six feet in the earth. H.Q. is a network of deep dugouts with communication trenches, but a direct hit will pierce any one of them. Already two have been struck since I arrived, and the wings carried off a French biplane. They had 200 shells here yesterday, one of the orderlies being killed and another has been showing me how his tunic was riddled by pieces of a shell that exploded. The aeroplanes are really the target aimed at. Two have just ascended, but as long as it is daylight they will come and go. We usually get less fire when a few of our planes are up, when the Turks' guns lie low not to give away their positions.

Corps H.Q. is on the east side of the aerodrome, while our camp at W. Beach is on the other. When I entered the mess for lunch the only person there was an officer in a half faint, seated in a corner glaring at a shell on the floor. This had come through the roof that very minute and was luckily a "dud". The roof is made of heavy beams, thick iron plates from the "River Clyde," sandbags and earth, but this shell entered at the edge of the iron which did not project far enough over the wall. The place had just been excavated and completed and was used to-day for the first time. General Hunter-Weston and his staff were present at lunch, also Compton Mackenzie, author and war correspondent. [108]

The French have been very busy all day. The Turks are only a little less active from their having fewer guns—fifty-two on Achi Baba said to be, and they must have six very big guns on the Asiatic side, and these have been throwing huge shells into our lines, across Morto Bay, all morning. Occasionally there is a burst of rifle fire which would show that the French are making an attempt to regain two trenches I hear they lost yesterday or the day before. It is said that to-day's attack is to be entirely French. We are giving no help at present, but for an hour in the early morning we bombarded, likely with the view to distract the Turks' attention from the French front.

10.15 p.m.—The French are said to have been very successful in their attack at 4.30, when they captured two Turkish trenches. The story about their losing two trenches is said, at H.Q., to be incorrect. About 8 o'clock a counter-attack was made, the result of which is not yet known.

June 22nd.—The fight between the French and the Turks raged without the slightest intermission for seventeen hours, in which time the former must have fired at least 60,000 shells. I hear the French had taken either two or three trenches in the early morning, and during the day had repulsed several counter-attacks. Just before dark I observed the continuous bursting of French shells on the S.E. corner of Achi Baba, as if the Turks were forced back out of Kereves Dere, which has so long been a natural protection to them. [109]

I have been asked to-day for a report of the case of — No. —, who is to be court-martialled for spreading alarmist reports of the fight the other day. The double charge of leaving the firing line without permission and spreading alarmist reports is a serious one.

The last time Agassiz and I were at the Y. Beach O.P. we had peeps at the Turks' trenches from four different points, and at each a bullet flew past us, showing that their snipers keep their eyes open. Major W— and I were fired at the other day when out in the open, and we had to take to our heels to find cover.

To-day the 5th Battalion Royal Scots have received the highest praise from General Hunter-Weston for their brilliant work. They have three times retaken trenches from the Turks that had been lost by our Regulars. This is the only Territorial Battalion in the whole of our Division, and was looked on by the others as our one weak point. Their Lt-Col. (Wilson) received the D.S.O. from His Majesty by cable the day after he was recommended.

Later.—The French captured five lines of trenches, a large concrete redoubt, and possibly a

battery, but there is some doubt about this last. All are greatly satisfied at the result, although the cost to the French was very heavy. A great number of Turks are said to have been slaughtered and a large number taken prisoners, but so far I have heard no exact figures.

Still Later.—The French casualties are placed at 3000 and they are said to have taken that number of prisoners, but as a man said to me, "Where are they then, they must have buried them?" General Hunter-Weston, I was told, "is as proud as a dog with two tails over the French success".

A Taube visited us early and one of our biplanes gave chase and is said to have winged it, as it was seen to descend behind Achi Baba, while our airmen dropped bombs on it. I watched the chase as the two circled about. While the chase was in progress a second Taube appeared, and the coast being clear it flew round us and dropped a couple of bombs. [110]

Yesterday I passed in The Gully what remained of the Dublin Fusiliers—less than a company. They were parading in their gas respirators, their M.O. lecturing them, and saying that if a rifle is a soldier's best friend, his respirator should come next. We are all provided with these.

A strange occurrence happened the other day at W. Beach, when I was up The Gully. A figure appeared over the sky line in petticoats, as it was thought. Our men began yelling "A wuman, a wuman," and all tore out to see what they had not seen for months. Lieut. Thomson and Corporal Morrice were the most excited. These two have not yet got over their disappointment on discovering this was an Egyptian—and a male one—in a long coat.

June 24th.—Whyte left us to-day on sick leave. There is a proposal that the rest of us should get short leave—four days to Lemnos.

I have just had a visit from a couple of Senegalese—French troops. They were going through our camp, grinning as only a nigger can, our men making fun of them. One carried off a tin of jam in great glee. They stopped at my dugout and I could not get rid of them till I gave each a chunk of Turkish delight, which pleased them immensely. I had to get rid of two sailors the same way yesterday, giving each a Turkish nose cap. Every Turkish curio is valued in the Navy, extensive barter being carried on between them and men ashore, whisky and all sorts of goods being received by us.

10 p.m.—I have been watching a big green frog which came jumping through our tents at a great speed, as if bound on business. He went straight to the cook's tent and crept under the flap. Plainly he had been there before. Flies are everywhere by the million, but he knew where they were particularly plentiful. Half an hour ago I saw a brilliant speck of light on a piece of heath, which I thought was too bright to be the reflection of the moon from some bright object. I found it came from an insect nearly one inch long, jointed like a lobster, the glow coming from the last two joints on the under side. Even when held close to the flame of a candle the apple-green glow was still very bright. [111]

June 25th.—Walked to Aberdeen Gully, but nothing worth noting to-day.

June 26th.—Like yesterday an uneventful day—unless a visit from a Taube is worth noting, and a thunderstorm over in Imbros. The sky has been more or less cloudy, which is certainly unusual, while yesterday in The Gully the heat was perhaps more trying than I ever felt it.

All preparations are ready for a very big day on Monday (28th) when the Turks on our left are all to be blown sky high; such a bombardment as Flanders has never seen the like of. So says General de Lisle who has been in France from the beginning of the war until the other day, when he became our Divisional-General.

June 27th.—I went to Aberdeen Gully to-day with Kellas, Agassiz, and Morris. We wondered if we could extend our accommodation for wounded in anticipation of to-morrow's fight. We did nothing in that direction, but Kellas getting a message to attend a meeting at Brigade H.Q. as we went up The Gully, he brought up word that General de Lisle wished us to open another dressing station, as far as I could make out, in the slight dip immediately in front of our first firing line to which we are expected to creep out, and dig ourselves in, and wait for to-morrow's advance. I know the ground, and saw his sketch of the site, and pronounced it impossible. We next went to Y. Beach and along a small gully beside Gurkha Bluff, till we were stopped by our front trenches, and could find no possible way of opening another station. We next visited the A.D.M.S., Major Bell, who had not heard of this suggestion. [112]

The bombardment by the naval and field guns commences at 9 to-morrow, and as Thomson and I, who are at present in reserve at W. Beach, are both anxious to take part in what is likely to be one of our biggest fights, we have permission to be out in Aberdeen Gully before it starts. I have just been ordering breakfast for 6.45 to-morrow, the cook remarking sarcastically to a bystander, "Widna five be a better oor": "I dinna think ye shud gang to bed, min," was the reply.

We had seven aeroplanes up at one time this evening, viewing the land and the movements of the Turks, preparing for to-morrow's row.

June 28th.—After an early breakfast Thomson and I set off for Aberdeen Gully, and as our three

mule ambulance wagons were going up for the day we had a ride in a four-in-hand to Gully Beach. All the way out we watched the Turks' shells falling right along The Gully, all the batteries, which are numerous there, getting their attentions, while we sat and wondered what we were to do. At the foot of the steep descent into Gully Beach Major Bell shouted to me from a high terrace in which he lives, and advised us not to risk taking the wagons and mules further, especially as mules were getting scarce and are very valuable, so, after consulting with Col. O'Hagan, he suggested parking them where they were. Col. O'Hagan, thinking this gave him the power to do with our wagons as he liked, dared our men to do anything without consulting him, otherwise he would put them under arrest—a threat not much to the liking of Serg. Philip. [113]

We now decided to give The Gully as wide a berth as possible and took the track by the foot of the rocks to Y. Beach, about 2¼ miles further on. The attack was to commence at 9 a.m. and we had three-quarters of an hour to do this, climb the long, steep ascent at Y. Beach, and cross by the sunk mule track to Aberdeen Gully. The guns had been unusually active for the last two days, and to-day from daybreak the heavy howitzers had been throwing shells among the Turks to knock in their trenches, and these and many others were dropping their shells a short way to our left as we crossed the mule track. The heat by this time was intense, and I was absolutely soaked by the time I reached the top of the cliff, scrambling through the Gurkha and Sikh dugouts by the nearest cut possible, not much to their relish I thought. Many of the Gurkhas were handling their knives, and one or two sharpening them on stones. These knives of theirs are not so sacred as some say they are, although I was once warned sharply not to touch one I was to pick up beside its owner. I have often seen them chopping wood and meat with these, hence the necessity for their requiring sharpening this morning. Poor Gurkhas! later in the day some of our men mistook them for Turks and mowed down seventy of them with their machine-guns. In every battle we have had some such mistake, and the Dublins in the afternoon had the same experience as the Gurkhas.

We were not many minutes in Aberdeen Gully when the Turks shrapnelled the mule track very thoroughly, as they did in our last battle, and wounded came in thick from here. Of course the Turks, by means of spies, who are said to be numerous, knew the exact minute of the attack, and were fully prepared to give us a hot time. The mule track is merely an old trench widened and deepened, and when there is fighting many troops pass along this, and the Turks guessed they could get a rich harvest here. [114]

From 9 to 11 every gun on the peninsula fired as fast as it could be loaded—between 300 and 400 guns. We were in the thick of it, between the two artillery lines, and the shells of both passed directly over our heads. Orders to the artillery were that ammunition was not to be spared.

At 11 the infantry assault on the first Turkish trench was to be made, and the guns were then to lift and be trained on the third. All along the first line seemed to fall easily, and many of our men rushed to the second, some even taking a third, while a Scotch battalion even took five. This sort of thing usually proves disastrous, as most of our own big guns are out of sight of their objective, and fire entirely by range, and in this case the guns were trained on the third trench while this battalion rushed through to the fifth, with calamitous results. This battalion—either Royal Scots, Scotch Fusiliers, or K.O.S.B.'s I forget which—had lost all its officers, but, with no one to lead them, they dashed on, greatly to the admiration of all onlookers. Two Munster officers had finally to go forward and recall them. Pushing forward at this rate, even apart from the chance of running into your own artillery fire, generally ends disastrously; if too much progress is made we can rarely retain our position.

The Turks were entirely demoralised by the heavy bombardment and cleared out of their trenches, some of our men, as they came to us wounded, complaining that they ran so fast that they could not get near them. Many got down on their knees and surrendered, still shouting their war cry, "Allah, Allah".

Large bodies of prisoners, all motley crews, passed us during the day, and we had a good many wounded Turks to attend to. I dressed one I was much interested in—a short, swarthy chap of middle age, who was brought in by some Fusiliers. This man had jumped on the parapet of his trench, where he coolly stood upright and shot five Fusiliers dead before they managed to bowl him over, but a shattered left arm left him helpless. He walked in with about sixty other prisoners, with a bullet through his upper jaw and tongue, which had come out at the back of his neck; another shattered completely his left arm, the splintered humerus being at a very sharp angle, and a third through his thigh. He had lost much blood from the divided brachial artery, and was very thirsty, and soon drained the fill of a feeding cup of water, in spite of the state of his mouth. He soon wanted more "su" (Turkish for "water") and was given a bowlful, but he would have nothing to do with the bowl, he stuck his finger to its side to show that he wanted the one with the spout. Evidently he was surprised I did not cut his throat, and all the time I was dressing him he patted me with his sound hand. [115]

All the guns were trained on a small patch to begin with, a troublesome part known as the "boomerang," a redoubt with sixteen machine-guns. This was blown to smithereens.

The whole fight was on our extreme left, with a front of not much over half a mile. This must have been very thoroughly ploughed up, and a large number of Turks blown to pieces. One woman was found among the dead, but it is believed that many of them had their wives with them. Many of their underground dwellings were so elaborate that they had evidently made up their minds that they were to spend the coming winter here.

Our casualties, although light compared with the Turks, must be heavy. Over 300 passed through our station before dark, but at that time perhaps the bigger half was still to come. Those [116]

lying between trenches have usually to lie where they fall till dark. Our losses would likely be 3000 to 4000.

The Asiatic guns, finding they could take little active part in the proceedings, although they fired occasionally on the French, amused themselves by firing at W. Beach and the battery on Tekke Burnu, and with forty-two shots managed to kill two men and wound eight. One of our men, Corporal Dunn, got badly hit while in Aberdeen Gully by a two-pound shell cap. It was due to the premature bursting of one of our own shells. (Corporal Dunn died a day or two afterwards.) So far the wounds received by our Ambulance have been slight.

Padre Creighton had a peculiar experience at 1 a.m. to-day, while asleep in his "crow's nest". He has taken up his quarters with us in Aberdeen Gully, and has a dugout about 15 feet above the path that winds the length of our Gully. This is almost sheer up and is reached by steps cut in the rock and sandbags. It was formed by levelling a natural recess, and had a galvanised iron roof. Sheer up from this again the rock rises another 70 or 80 feet to the mule track above. A packhorse with two heavy tanks lost its footing on its way up and fell crashing down on Creighton's place, carrying away the roof and a number of sandbags, and dropping one of the boxes in the middle of his bed. The padre escaped untouched. Kellas, sleeping further down the path, rushed out and found himself face to face with the runaway steed, which, still more strange to say, was also unhurt. The padre in the bright moonlight was standing in his pyjamas on the top of his steps, scratching his head, and wondering what it all meant.

The heat all through the day had been most trying, and as I trudged down The Gully by myself, Thomson remaining behind, in the sweltering heat, the whole way packed tight with ammunition and other wagons, through a dust that filled The Gully to the very brim, I felt dead tired after a hard day's work and the long tramp of yesterday, when we looked in vain for a site for a new advanced dressing station. The road seemed without end. As I neared "home" and came over the slight rise at our cemetery the moon rose through a slight haze over the classic Mount Ida, as a great blood-red ball, while on my other side, out in the Gulf of Saros, a dense cloud hung over Imbros, which every few seconds was lit up by a flash of lightning. I had little food all day, and was too tired to eat, but after a big drink of lime juice I retired to bed and slept the sleep of the just—of the tired at any rate.

[117]

And so ended a day in which we had had a good specimen of a modern battle, where both sides had shown equal and indomitable pluck.

June 29th.—Spent the day resting and washing clothes. When I can I have a washing day twice a week.

Many wounded passed through Aberdeen Gully after I left last night, the total up to some hour this morning being 566, which meant a lot of hard work.

After I left, Ashmead-Bartlett was passing, and recognising Padre Creighton he went over our Gully, and greatly admired the place for its suitability and picturesqueness, and is to give a description of it in one of his early articles to the home papers—so he says. He told our fellows the following story of a friend of his, who had been through the landing of April 25. He wrote home saying that shells flew thick about his ears, torpedoes chased him about, and mines floated all round; still he was not in the least afraid, he just thought of what his padre told them the previous Sunday, when he exhorted them when in danger to look upwards. He looked upwards, and behold! here was a bloody aeroplane dropping bombs.

[118]

Early in the afternoon we had a goodly number of shells. Yesterday, when I was up The Gully, a large piece of shell flew through our mess tent, where the servants were sitting, and landed in a jam pot on the table, splashing an orderly all over; he, mistaking jam for his own blood, did not know whether he was really alive or dead.

June 30th.—We had seven large shells during the night, all landing on our side of W. Beach. Two traction engines have been fitted up lately down on the shore, and one of these was smashed, and a tool-house beside it blown pretty well to pieces. There was also some fighting about our left and centre, but I have not heard the result. The Turks have now a plentiful supply of ammunition, and all yesterday afternoon and this morning have poured a constant stream of high explosives into the French side of Kereves Dere.

Soon after 8 p.m. lightning flashed thick about Imbros, which had an inky black cloud hanging overhead. The storm moved to the east, till it came over Achi Baba, and by this time the flashes were almost constant and the thunder loud. It was one of the grandest thunderstorms I ever saw, and what made it more impressive was the din and flashing of all our guns, the searchlight from Chanak, which always plays over the Dardanelles and us, and then we had a severe shelling from Asia all to ourselves. We just wanted a good rattling earthquake to complete this fearsome picture of hell where both man and the gods warred.

The Turks have started a new form of frightfulness. They shell us every now and then from Asia, and from there last night they dropped into W. Beach a huge shell that detonates with a terrible crash, and every twenty minutes or so they treated us to one of these, and made the whole night hideous, and sleep impossible.

[119]

This afternoon a French battleship stationed herself off the entrance to the Dardanelles, and fired about fifty rounds from her biggest guns at a point on a hill about a mile beyond Kum Kale. As the Turkish guns are believed to be in tunnels they were firing practically at right angles to

these, and I could not possibly see how they could get a direct hit, and prophesied that as soon as the ship left they would show that there was life in the old dog yet, by giving a worse cannonade than usual, and this was just what happened. No fewer than five shells fell in the C.C.S. beside us, killing the cook, and wounding two orderlies, and a number of the already wounded. I saw several horses and mules fall to their bag also. Then as soon as it got dark they made up their minds that we were not to be allowed to sleep, and every fifteen to twenty minutes we had a terrific crash in the camp up to 5 a.m. This becomes very trying, and all wish that something could be done to silence these guns. Nothing will do but a landing on the Asiatic side.

July 1st.—I came out to Aberdeen Gully after breakfast. Here one feels comparatively safe, and we are enjoying the peace after our nocturnal shellings, and the thought of a good night's sleep braces one up wonderfully. Fiddes and I walked over to the Artillery Observation Post to see the extent of our advance, the other day, and I was surprised to find our front trenches so far forward. Some of these front trenches we still divide with the Turks, and during their attempts to recover some of these last night the darkness of the night and the thunderstorm terrified the Gurkhas so much that they nearly lost their most advanced line.

July 2nd.—Spent a quiet day out at the dressing station—as far as work went. I went over to Y. Beach by the mule track, but as shells were dropping about both these places I returned sooner than I intended. In the afternoon a message from the Turks, dropped from an aeroplane, gave the whole army half an hour to clear out of the peninsula, otherwise they would shell us into the sea. The shelling had to be resorted to, and commencing at 5 p.m. they worked so vigorously that plainly they meant what they said. The artillery duel then started was on this left side, and our Gully being between the two fires, all the shells went right over our heads, and the shrieking was as bad as any I ever heard. At periods during the three hours this lasted they crossed at the rate of 200 per minute. We were close to three of our own batteries, and these had to be peppered over our heads, and most of the shells being shrapnel, timed to burst in the air, we had many an explosion immediately above us. We all cowered as well as we could up against the rocks, and although shrapnel bullets and half a shell base came among us no one was hit. In spite of all this bombardment, an artillery officer told me next day that all the casualties he knows of are one man and five horses wounded. All these were hit in a small side Gully like our own, a shell bursting in their midst. [120]

Padre Creighton came back tired and hungry at 8.30 and found no supper nor fire to cook it with, the cook's life having been frightened out of him he forgot the necessity for bodily sustenance for the rest of us. I noticed the cook at one time flourishing a spade like a cricket bat, and on asking him what this was for he declared, "You can easy see the bloody thing comin'". He intended to let fly at the first shell that came his way. Creighton in his usual energetic way buckled to, and prepared an excellent supper of fried onions on toast, with a little bacon. This was much enjoyed, as was also the Bivouac cocoa with which it was washed down. [121]

July 4th.—Aberdeen Gully. A glorious Sunday morning. A slight shower during the night has refreshed the air and nature's dusty face, and now, with a brilliant sun and a gentle breeze, one can feel as happy as one can out here, thousands of miles from home—but are we downhearted? No! There is also almost an absolute calm from those noisy death dealers, shots being only very occasional. A big howitzer is going off at times, but apart from that the unnatural silence seems ominous, like a calm before a storm.

Padre Creighton is to-day offering five pounds to a shilling that it will be Christmas before we take Achi Baba. My forecast is we will be there before this day week, while any combatants I have spoken to say it will take us to the end of July. At the present rate we will take months, but in my opinion it will be necessary to push on faster than we have been able to do so far, although I believe by wearing out the Turks slowly our casualties will be less. But a more rapid advance would be a greater help to our comrades fighting in other parts of the Continent.

Afternoon.—Had an excellent lunch cooked by Fiddes, who is a first-rate *chef*. An officer lunched with us who says he is the last of his battalion. He came in slightly wounded, but his nerves have so completely gone that he says he will never be able to shoot a rabbit again, and sheds tears at the thought of such cruelty. Many will follow in the same condition if we cannot get relief, and out of reach of the Turks' guns for an occasional rest.

July 5th.—We have had a terribly hot morning, we opening the artillery ball at 3.45, when the Turks made an attack on the most important front trench we now hold, and took from them this day last week. Now, at 9 o'clock, things are still very warm, but nothing to what they were during the first three hours, when the fire from both sides was about equal. After the first rush of the Turks the fight has been nothing but an artillery duel. [122]

In Aberdeen Gully, we are wonderfully protected by our high rocks, and natural banks which have been improved by ourselves, and although many pieces of shell have fallen in it to-day no one was hit.

The Turks are said to have suffered enormously, being taken by surprise in a nullah along which they were marching in close formation. An officer with a machine-gun says he alone accounted for about eighty. We have had about twenty-four wounded Dublins so far, some mere boys. Those boys who are slightly hit are in great glee over their prowess, one as he walked proudly in exclaiming, "Py Jasus, we gave them a holy paestin' this mornin'".

Last night we had a call from the M.O. of the Scottish Rifles. He was telling us about the casualties in the Lowland Brigade on Monday last. They went in 2900 strong and only 1200 came out. Their Brigadier and three Colonels were killed. I have spoken to several officers of the Brigade, and they unanimously put this loss down to some tactical mistake. They charged much too soon, and moreover the men had to assault trenches that had never been shelled. This M.O. says he had been speaking to an officer who said he assisted to cut the rope by which one of the Turkish gunners was bound to his machine-gun. To prevent their running away we have heard that they are sometimes tied to their guns by chains.

6 p.m.—I am back again at W. Beach where I find they have had a perfect hell of a time. A big French transport was sunk off this by a torpedo on Saturday.

In the morning after the fight of the 29th I met in The Gully three wounded soldiers of the Lowland Brigade, two of them trying to put a sling on the third, who had a smashed hand. I assisted and asked about their casualties. One said, "We lost our Brigadier, Scott-Moncrieff, did ye ken him, a wee wiry beggar?" [123]

After dinner to-day I walked to the Dublin trenches with Creighton, who was to bury some of the men killed last night. As we passed a workshop and engineers' dump on our way back, Creighton was again asked to bury a man. While he was doing so I sharpened my pocket knife on a grindstone standing by, and asked a soldier if that was all the killed they had last night. "Yes," he said, "and we had an officer buried to-day." "Oh," said I, "when was he killed?" "He wasn't killed at all." "Then why did you bury him?" "A shell blew in a trench on the top of him, but we dug him out, and he was none the worse."

Another mule—but it was a horse this time—toppled down from the path above us this afternoon. He started on his career with his full load, but he had nothing but his saddle when he dumped himself down on the path three yards from my sleeping bunk, after a drop of about 50 feet. I would much rather have a whole mule flying in among us than a chunk of shell. He picked himself up and looked scared, and went away puffing hard, but quite unharmed except for a bleeding nose.

July 6th.—W. Beach. What's wrong? Not a shot in our neighbourhood during the night, and I must have slept seven hours.

Later.—By afternoon we had a few shells, some dropping uncomfortably near—forty-five in all, so many from Achi Baba, and ten huge ones, with big explosions, from Asia. These last were aimed at our ammunition dumps, where some damage was done.

At supper our Q.M. Dickie told us the following little anecdote, which I jot down as it was connected with our Corps. One evening a recruit presented himself at Fonthill Barracks, Aberdeen, and informed the CO.—Captain Robertson—that he wanted to "Jine". "But we are full up," says R. "Oh, I thocht ye wintet men." "Oh well, as you are a likely looking chap, I think I'll take you; when would you like to be examined?" "I'll be examined noo, far's the doctor?" "I'm the doctor," said R. "God," says the chap, "ye dinna look muckle like a doctor." "But why do you wish to join?" "It's jist like this, I hid a dram, an' the maister said I was a damned feel, so I telt him if I wis a damned feel, he wis a damned, an' he telt me to gang tae hell, sae I jist gaed, an' here I am." "When can you join?" "Weel, this is Saeterday nicht, it wid need tae be Tiesday or Wednesday. Ye see I drive the milk caert, a damned responsible poseeshen." Not much of a story but real Aberdeen. [124]

July 7th.—Had seventy shells to-day on W. Beach, mostly big ones from the "Asiatic Annies"; bag, two killed and three wounded.

July 8th.—W. Beach. Yesterday we had a big mail—great rejoicing.

When we came out of the mess tent to-day at 1.15 we found a great swarm of what we all think must be locusts, but no one is sufficiently well up in zoology to be certain. All are flying inwards in the same direction, as if they had come out of the sea, but it is more likely they have come from Asia, across the Dardanelles. There is a slight breeze and they have difficulty in flying, and are resting everywhere, and bump up against tents and everything that comes in their way, and are not strong flyers. They have powerful grasshopper legs, red from the knee downwards, and an inner pair of wings, which are also red and give the whole animal a red colour when in flight. Now, after an hour, they are still more plentiful, and are flying past actually in myriads. [125]

At 4.30 I got a message to relieve Col. Yarr at Corps H.Q. An aeroplane was drawn up there, and along with myself a second one arrived. Now I am in for a shelling, I said to myself, and I had just entered Col. Yarr's dugout when the first shell exploded a few yards off, and this was immediately followed by two others. Near the middle of the aerodrome a large gun emplacement—or whatever it is—is being dug, which, it is hoped, will draw some of the fire away from here.

The swarm of locusts (?) did not diminish for three hours, when it tailed off. Their bumping into one's face made walking almost impossible.

July 9th.—Head-quarters. We have had a quiet night. The shelling does not commence here till the aeroplanes arrive from Tenedos. Last night at dinner various subjects were discussed, such

as the duration of the war. The views of all were very depressing, although no one had the slightest doubt as to the ultimate complete smashing up of Germany, and the longer the war lasted the more complete would the smashing be. One man was sure it would be ended by next spring, another, who had lived long in Macedonia, is positive it will take two years from now. General Hunter-Weston took no part in this discussion, but looked interested and amused while his juniors threshed the subject out. All agreed that it was most laughable to read the forecasts in the papers at home, and that it was only now that England was realising how enormous the task before her was, and that the war will continue till both sides are just about played out, but there can be no doubt of our ability to hold out longest.

The plans for the next big attack were also discussed. The General, who commands the whole army on the peninsula—including the French—arranges all details, under the Commander-in-chief, Sir Ian Hamilton. The dates of former attacks were known to us all several days before they took place, and these invariably reached the Turks. To avoid this more secrecy is now observed, and it amused me last night to hear the General emphasise his dates in a voice that denoted that he did not mean them to be taken literally. This was to bamboozle me, I thought, the only non-combatant present, but occasionally he stumbled. As it was always with regret that I came to know the dates of former attacks some days ahead I was glad to observe this attempt at secrecy. I remember we were once to commence at 7 o'clock, and the Turk let fly at us at 6.45, determined, sensible man, to get in the first blow.

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When talking about crushing Germany, all regretted that our country was so soft, and would not crush sufficiently; however, they thought they could rely on Russia and France insisting on this being carried out very thoroughly.

After breakfast I walked down about 300 yards to Helles point, wondering what had come of all our shipping. The hospital ships are there, one small supply ship only, a few mine-sweepers, and close in under the rocks a British and a French submarine, lying beside the keel of the "Majestic". It appears a German submarine had been sighted last night, hence as many of the ships as possible had fled. A French ship is battering Kum Kale, and kicking up a tremendous dust. An officer from H.Q. was regretting the inability of the Navy to help us. At last, I hope, even the Navy has discovered this for themselves, for land operations they are of little use. Then we must rely on our field guns and howitzers, and these only. Another 5-inch howitzer battery arrived last night, I hear, and we have 9.2-inch guns somewhere, but I fail to gather whether these had been actually landed.

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July 10th.—We had an unusually good dinner last night, a feast fit for the gods to one who has had nothing but camp rations for three months, where the staple diet is bully beef. We had various liqueurs before dinner, and excellent cocktails made by the General's A.D.C. But I never enjoyed anything so much as a bottle of Bass the night before. The A.D.C. is a jovial fellow, always happy, with plenty of foresight, and with a fatherly interest in everybody. General Hunter-Weston has been spending the night at Imbros with Sir Ian Hamilton, and the Staff had asked several of their friends to dine with them. I was able to find out from one of our visitors that there is absolutely no truth in a most persistent rumour we hear, that the whole of the 29th Division is going home to be re-equipped, after their almost complete annihilation. He says we are to get a rest, but we only go to Lemnos. Why send troops away in the meantime?

The Turks for some days back have been making a huge excavation on this side of the actual peak of Achi Baba. Its purpose is a great puzzle here. The first object one would think of is that it is a big gun emplacement, but, as they say at H.Q., they have made it on the wrong side of the hill. Still I cannot see why not, if they front it with a big enough mound. But there could be no advantage in making it on this side, where we could so easily "spot" our shots.

We, too, are making a big excavation on one side of the aerodrome, but when the first aeroplane enters it for the night I am mistaken if the Turks do not knock it out within an hour. It is intended for a monoplane that can fly 113 miles an hour, and its special purpose is to give chase to the first Taube that appears.

That Achi Baba excavation makes one suspicious that the German officers with the Turks are to be up to some form of frightfulness. It cannot be gas, but, if it is, we have been prepared for that for some weeks, and every man has his respirator. To-day I was asked by the A.D.C. about a paper dealing with gases, with which we are to retaliate should the Turk use these first, but it contains names I never heard before, and can give him no enlightenment on the subject.

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6 p.m.—I have been on the General's observation hill with one of the staff, and his opinion about the excavation is probably correct. It must be a redoubt, in which the Turks will have a large number of field and machine-guns, which will mean some taking, but our artillery should make short work of it.

July 11th.—Was knocked up at 6.30 to see the General who is ill. This is awkward, as I have just gathered at breakfast that the next big fight ("stunt" is the word always used) comes off to-morrow. I also heard at breakfast that in our last stunt when the first lines of the Turks were slaughtered, new troops as they were brought up refused to cross the masses of their dead comrades, and that one of the reasons for General Hunter-Weston refusing the armistice asked for by the Turks two days ago was that he wished to retain their dead as a wall of defence.

Much business has to be transacted in preparation for to-morrow and the General is getting little rest.

6 p.m.—I walked over to the Ambulance to notify them about to-morrow's stunt. The road between the aerodrome and the Beach was being shelled, so I took the other side of the aerodrome, past the Ordnance Stores, and as I was nearing these the Asiatic gunners thought they might pepper this side, and I had some big crashes near me. A shell entered the road just behind the 89th F.A. without exploding, and one of our men pushed a 7-foot stick down the hole without reaching the bottom. The hole was the cleanest I ever saw, 7 inches in diameter, and every mark of the rifling of the driving band was beautifully moulded in the clay. Here at H.Q. they dug up one of these new and unexploded shells, and it had penetrated 14 feet into the ground. [129]

A New Zealander was telling me yesterday that his people closely resembled those of the old country in every respect, while the Australians seem to completely alter. When the British and New Zealanders hear a shell approaching they duck, while an Australian straightens his back, gets his head and shoulders over the parapet, and swears.

General Hunter-Weston kept improving during the day, and by evening was much better.

July 12th.—An important battle took place to-day, and still rages, beginning at 4 a.m. but in real earnest by 5, when many new big guns were used for the first time. Our centre (Naval Division) and the right (French) are mainly involved, although the whole line took part in the preliminary bombardment. News came in that the first attack failed, but that by 7.30 the first line of the Turks was captured. On the top of the Observation Hill at H.Q. I met an interesting fellow, who said he was the only civil surgeon who had got permission to join us. He had a Government appointment in the Soudan, and having three months' leave he was allowed to spend it here without pay. He said he would have been ashamed to go home.

The General feels better to-day, and by lunch time looked as if things were going well at the Front. However, the French have a most difficult piece of work before them, namely, the capture of Kereves Dere, which has blocked their way since April 28. This gully runs in a S.E. direction from the foot of Achi Baba to the Dardanelles, is flat at the bottom, and about 400 yards wide, with steep perpendicular cliffs on both sides, nearly 200 feet high. At the bottom each side holds a trench facing the other, while there are others half-way up wherever there are slopes. In a spot or two the French are said to have pushed through before, and for a time held a piece of the other side, but the difficulty is to get the Turk entirely out and the position consolidated. [130]

The enemy submarines would like to do some mischief to-day, could they find something worth a torpedo, but all our shipping has gone, except three hospital ships and the torpedo craft. Within the last fifteen minutes a destroyer has given a long blast on her whistle, followed by two short, the signal that a submarine has been sighted. Three destroyers are at the present moment grouped together evidently having a conference.

6.15 p.m.—The battle has raged the whole day, but less violently from 11 to 4, but at the latter hour, a warship, lying close in, with all our field guns, raised a great roar, and a solid mass of smoke and dust rose high in the air enveloping the whole of the Turkish lines from the west of Krithia to the Dardanelles. The Turks have replied all day, but feebly in comparison.

Most of the day I had been watching the battlefield from the Observation Hill, then at 5 went to tea in the mess where I was alone. General Hunter-Weston entered in a few minutes, and sitting opposite me said, "What an extraordinary thing war is". The progress of the day had greatly satisfied him I could see, and he was in great glee. "Yes," I said, "but I wish to goodness it was all over." "My dear sir," he replied, "we'll have years of it yet." I asked if he thought there was any possibility of its ending this year. "Absolutely none; I think there may be trouble in Germany over the food supply by the beginning of next harvest and, if so, there will be a chance of its ending in twelve months, but it is more likely to take two years." I was afterwards speaking to Major — about this, and I have always agreed with his remark, "It is all damned nonsense to talk about starving Germany". [131]

After tea I returned to the Hill where several of the Staff were collected. We watched a body of Turks, about 200 in number, leave their own lines and come towards ours with a large white flag. Within three seconds after their forming into a body five of our shells landed among them, and there was nothing to be seen when the smoke cleared off. But in a few minutes those remaining gathered into a body again, and immediately two more shells exploded in their midst. The few remaining could now be seen coming out of the smoke and tearing down a slope to a nullah a short way off, and they were not seen again. Major — was here called away to interpret to three Turkish prisoners who had come in, but I have heard no particulars of their examination.... I hear from one of the orderlies that a prisoner complained that their own guns opened on them as soon as a body formed up to surrender. (This is what actually happened, Turkish shells, not ours, fell among them, a lesson to others what would happen if they surrendered.)

We seem to have made a great advance in front of our Naval Division. It is more difficult to say what the French have done, their line is more hidden from here, owing to the contour of the ground. It will be dark by 8, and now at 6.45 it is high time we were straightening up our line, otherwise the forward positions will be enfiladed by night.

I heard our Artillery Staff-General being asked at the Observation Hill if he was satisfied with the day's work, and he replied, "Quite, on the whole, quite, quite".

I was interested to find that none of our Generals left H.Q. to-day; everything is worked from there by telephone. Each was at his own post and spent little time on the Observation Hill—much [132]

less than I did myself.

July 13th.—Rumours after a battle are always plentiful, but at H.Q. one has an opportunity of sifting these, in fact I could always get the exact truth by asking members of the Staff, but I feel as a non-combatant that I have no right to openly poke my nose into purely military matters. Rumour said we had taken 700 prisoners yesterday; another rumour puts the number at 2000. I heard at dinner that eighty had come in. Mention was laughingly made of "the lost regiment". I could not imagine at the time that we had lost a regiment and thought it was a joke of the General's, but to-day I find that a whole battalion of K.O.S.B.'s are amissing. Those must be prisoners in the hands of the Turks. They had lost so heavily before that they could not have been at anything like full strength. The curious thing is the officers are said to have turned up, and can give no account of what happened. I expect this is not the exact truth. They are said to have pushed too far forward, which is the usual cause of our worst disasters.

Three violent counter-attacks were made last night. Fighting had never ceased the whole night, and I hear we had to retire all along the line. The extent of our falling back I do not know, but the news is most depressing.

Major — told me yesterday that the best troops in the world would get so completely demoralised under a shelling like that we gave the Turks that every man would be absolutely limp, and could not even aim when firing. Then, the more shells we have the better, as we all know here and at home. Yesterday we used very little shrapnel, it was almost entirely high explosives. At home it was discovered that we had used too much of the former in France. The demoralising effect of shrapnel is slight, and it has little effect on troops under cover, but you might as well fight an earthquake as the other, if it is anywhere near you.

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Yesterday's casualties up to evening were put at 3000 to 4000, but this number will have been added to over night.

10.55 p.m.—Fighting has gone on all day, and with great success on our side; we have regained our lost trenches and taken several new ones.

I had a very exciting and hot motor ride in search of the Liaison officer, at General Hunter-Weston's request, word having come in that he was badly wounded. I had many narrow escapes, especially from high explosives fired at a battery astride the road through which I had to dart, and afterwards from bullets when I left the car and went forward on foot. On stepping out of the car a man seeing I was on business stepped up to me and immediately dropped dead with a bullet through him. I searched our own and the French front lines amidst showers of bullets but could find no trace of the man I wanted. I had taken Col. Yarr's orderly with me, an old regular. After clearing the battery, where big shells from Asia were dropping on all sides of us, and at a terrific rate, he picked himself up from the floor of the car and swore roundly, and said Col. Yarr would never have taken him into such a hot place.

July 15th.—About 5.30 a.m. we had a Taube overhead, which dropped two bombs on W. Beach, the acres of boxes at the Ordnance Stores being aimed at. A man's arm was blown off and two or three mules killed. We have moved our ammunition from Tekke Burnu, where it was too exposed, and the Turks seem to think we have mixed it up with these stores as a deception, hence these bombs to-day. The machine was at an enormous height, and its approach was neither seen nor heard, and the French monoplane gave it a start of at least five minutes before pursuing. The Taube went in a westward direction, ours directly north, evidently with the view of cutting it off from its usual landing place. Our machine returned after forty minutes, but I have not heard if it was successful.

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I went to Aberdeen Gully this morning having returned from H.Q. yesterday forenoon.

July 16th.—Woke this morning about 6 after a delightfully peaceful night. I lay in my bunk, surrounded by muslin to keep the flies out, and felt wonderfully contented with my lot. Such peace could not last long, soon the booming of guns was heard some way off, others nearer followed, and one over our heads joined in the chorus, and by 10 o'clock rather a fierce Turkish cannonade commenced.

6 p.m.—I took the temperature of the air to-day for the first time and found it 92.5—not the hottest day I have felt here, still uncomfortably warm. Walked over to Y. Beach in the forenoon, and up The Gully later, meeting the Hants and Worcesters marching down with their full kits—all off to Lemnos or somewhere out of the reach of shells. These are the very last of the 29th Division to leave except the three ambulances.

July 17th.—W. Beach. Returned from Aberdeen Gully to-day. Last night the Asiatic guns were troublesome about W. Beach, also a Taube which dropped bombs about the ammunition dump. By shell or bomb a fire was started that cost us 1,000,000 rounds of rifle ammunition.

I had an order in the forenoon to inoculate the H.Q. Staff against cholera. On going over at 6.15, the appointed hour, I found General Hunter-Weston had gone some hours before, along with Col. Yarr, to Lemnos for a much-needed rest. I inoculated two other Generals and forty-five others, finishing up with a dose for myself.

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One of our men had a letter from a friend who is with the 2nd Highland F.A. in France. He spoke about them retiring out of shell fire for a rest, and after pitching camp a shell fell in the next field. They then struck camp and went back another 5 miles. "Good God," some one heard him declare, "an' here's his, we could na gang five inches."

July 18th.—Last night about 11 o'clock seventeen shells came over from Asia, and one hit a huge pile of cartridge boxes and set it ablaze. It burned furiously, with a very alarming sputter, bullets flying everywhere, although their velocity was not great. They were flying over our heads and we had to go underground. Several about the fire got rather badly wounded. When fully alight the noise was the most earsplitting I ever heard, not that it was so very loud, but there was something painful about it. This pile was composed of cartridges taken off our own dead and wounded, and those picked up about the trenches, where a sinful waste goes on, although I believe the big half was captured Turkish ammunition. Many millions were burned.

In the morning I was asked to spend the day at H.Q. to relieve Col. Yarr's successor. Major-General Stopford (afterwards in command at the Sulva landing) was acting as G.O.C. Everything seems very quiet at present, as if we were to be in no hurry to make another attack—a pity, I think.

At 9.30 p.m. I went over to the "River Clyde" to guide an ambulance that was coming out from England. They landed at midnight, and are to encamp with us—we fondly hope and believe for the purpose of relieving us. Asiatic shells were flying as they landed, and for some hours afterwards, an unfortunate and alarming experience as all were raw to warfare.

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July 19th.—For some days we have been looking for orders to go somewhere for a rest. The order came suddenly to-day at 8 p.m. and we were ordered to be on board at 10 at V. Beach. A tall order indeed, all had to pack up and stow away what we were leaving behind. The most of B Section was at Aberdeen Gully, 4 miles away. Word was sent to these, but the note miscarried, and by the time they were able to come in it was long past midnight.

July 20th.—Last night C Section was sent off in advance, A following about 11 o'clock. We hoped to get off quickly, the object of the rest being to take us out of shell fire. We had to pass along the road at the top of the lighthouse cliff, and C Section, as they waited for us beside the "River Clyde," observed a signal about the time we had been passing that point. The Kum Kale guns gave us what they considered a fair time to cover the remaining piece of ground, and just as we were coming up to the "River Clyde," under whose shelter we were to embark, we heard the whistle of an approaching shell. We lay flat but there was no time for shelter. Instead of one shell, as we thought, four (some say six) burst simultaneously about us, all high explosives. Not a man was hit, which was an absolute miracle; all had burst beside us, and actually among us, as I thought. I rushed back through the dense smoke and dust, expecting to find terrible havoc in our ranks, and found the men had bolted to shelter, leaving their packs in the middle of the road. I shouted but got no reply, but in twos and threes they collected near the pier, and rushed along to the side of the boat. Other men had been passing along this pier when the shells burst, and a number were killed and mangled, one of the barges being simply splashed with blood. All this was most unfortunate, but it did not end until we got sixteen shells in all. The officers after the first salvo sheltered at the entrance of a deep dugout owned by a Frenchman. Whenever he saw the flash of a gun over the water he shouted "Kum Kale" and pointed to his dugout, when we dived down in beautiful style, tumbling over each other down the dark steps. At last our mine-sweeper came in and we boarded her about 1.30 a.m. to-day. She took us beyond the reach of the guns to the "Osmanieh," a fine boat of the Khedivial mail line. I had had practically no sleep for the last three nights, and I was soon on the top of my bed half undressed and fast asleep.

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We breakfasted at 8 as we were entering the outer roads of Lemnos. Here we had two more transfers before we landed on the most inhospitable looking shore we had ever seen. We soon wished ourselves back in Gallipoli with its shells. The wind blew, and such a dust. All the land round the harbour, and far inland is one large camp. The harbour is covered with battleships and transports, most of the former flying the tricolour flag, and among the others are many of the largest liners in the world, the "Mauretania" with her four funnels being one of them. We trudged on for 1½ miles through the most terrible dust, underfoot and in the air, and took possession of a rushy piece of ground, the only natural piece we could find, all the rest being under cultivation of vines, French beans, maize, and other crops. It is a god-forsaken place in the meantime. We could get nothing to eat or drink, but finally, after 4 o'clock, we managed to "borrow" sufficient water to make tea. After a meal of bread, and a small tin of salmon between us all, we felt a bit revived, and the desire to return to the shells of Gallipoli lessened. But we are ordered to strike camp, we are interfering with the privacy of some fellows who have the honour to belong to H.Q. of the 87th Division, and we must be off to-night.

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July 21st.—I expected to have to go to bed hungry last night, but Pirie of the Lancs. called and asked Kellas and myself to dine with him, so that I finally went to rest under the stars feeling quite comfortable. I spread my two coats on the ground, thought twice about undressing, but, wishing to have a good sleep, got into my pyjamas, and with a single blanket over me slept till about 3 a.m. when I woke up feeling bitterly cold. We are now encamped in the midst of vineyards, where there is an excellent crop of grapes, but they are sour and unripe. I got hold of

a Greek yesterday and asked him if he could bring a supply of fruit to us in the evening. He did a big trade among the men with oranges and lemons, and when he saw me produced a special sack with some really fine pears and oranges, and a huge red-fleshed water melon which we had for breakfast, in spite of the warning that we were to guard against all sorts of fruit, but melons in particular. This morning I gathered a supply of French beans and think a good dish of green food will benefit our health. Except at H.Q. I have never had an opportunity of anything of the kind.

The 29th Division, which left Gallipoli less than a week ago, are ordered back already, before they have time to benefit much by the change. An officer of the Dublins was lamenting about this to me, and compared his men with Kitchener's army, which is largely represented here, being on their way to the Front for the first time. All the old campaigners are thin, hollow-eyed and haggard. I know I myself have lost over a stone weight, and feel very tired—to do anything is an exertion.

Here the heat is intense, and we have not a particle of shade, there being no trees where we are, but this morning we are arranging about tents, and in a few hours we may be able to escape from the sun's perpendicular rays. I hope within the next day or two to explore part of the island and its villages. The natives are inclined to be very friendly, the Greek who brought me the fruit absolutely refused payment, saying, "It's for the commander, he take Constantinople and me give him this". I promised to take it in less than no time. If I could fulfil my promise the Greek would have the best of the bargain, but this has been characteristic of the race from all time.

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Towards evening Thomson and I walked to Mudros by a back road, and were fascinated with the primitive ways of the natives. Their mode of threshing in particular interested us. We wandered through the village, meeting crowds of native men, women, and children, the men mostly squatting in front of dirty cafés, or lounging inside, sipping, as far as I could make out, syrup and soda water. This love of syrup I have seen in Holland and Belgium and in France, and I fancy is universal in hot countries. We visited the church, which I had been in three months before. An old verger—for such I took him to be—took us round, a venerable old fellow with kindly eyes, and long beard, long robe, and tall brimless hat. He pointed out everything, talking a mixture of French and Greek; showed us the Bible on the altar, a beautiful silver covered tome, the various pictures, etc., and the pulpit of the "Episcopos". "Oh, the bishop," said I. "No, no, Castro Episcopos." He meant the Bishop, who perhaps pays the place periodic visits, his palace being in Castro, the largest town on the island. A candle—a mere taper—had been lighted for each of us on entering, and was set in a circular candlestick. For this performance we were expected to pay of course. Before leaving I dropped a piastre (2½d.) into a plate, and handed Thomson another, but he finding he had three British pennies dropped all in, greatly to the delight of our guide into whose pocket all this wealth went. "Merci, merci," says the old chap who dives for another candle, and lit a second for the good of Thomson's soul.

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July 22nd.—Thomson and I set off after breakfast to Rosapool, a village to the N.E. On the way we studied the method of threshing the wheat, which seems to be occupying the full time of every member of the families at this time. The threshing floor on which the operation is conducted is twenty yards across, circular and laid with flat stones. About sufficient sheaves to form half a dozen of our "stooks" at home is evenly spread on the floor, while a pair of oxen draw a sledge made of two stout boards, about 5 feet long, turned up at the point, and studded most carefully with flints projecting fully half an inch. The driver, who is usually a woman, stands on this and directs the cattle round and round, prodding them freely with a goad. Some of the larger floors have a second team: several I saw to-day consisting of two donkeys and a pony. These were not muzzled like the oxen, they had no sledge, their hoofs doing the work, and they were kept going round at a good pace. The winnowing follows, after the whole is reduced almost to snuff. This is carried out by throwing shovelfuls in the air, the slight breeze we have to-day carrying the pounded straw away and leaving the heavy grain.

Rosapool is off the beaten track and is not much spoiled by the present influx of men. We managed to get a drink of excellent beer—Pilsner, from Athens—the old fellow who served us explaining that he had no right to let us have it, but as soon as a military policeman who was standing at his door, moved on we were placed on chairs at a small table and had our repast. We visited the church which was not unlike the bigger one at Mudros. With her head on the doorstep was a wizened old woman fast asleep, guarding three piles of salt she had laid out to dry in the sun. She got on her haunches, mumbled to us in a friendly way, and showed us how she worked her spinning machine, which she had with her. This consisted of a pole about 2 feet high, with a base which she clutched with her great, coarse, bare toes, and as she teased out the wool from the bunch at the top she twirled a short spindle with her right hand making a remarkably even thread.

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We next climbed a hill near this, which we found rough and rugged, as every hill here is. It was scorched absolutely brown, thistles—especially yellow-flowered ones—alone showing signs of life, along with a pretty, dwarf Dianthus. The rocks are covered with an orange-coloured lichen which gives them a warm colour. When lying on the top I could almost imagine myself in Scotland, if I kept my eyes above the villages and valleys, and viewed the hill-tops only. Away to the north of us was a large, pure white lagoon, shut off from the sea by a sandbar. No doubt this was a layer of salt formed the same way as the inland lakes with their salt we were accustomed to at Mex, and it was likely from this the "old wifie" had got her salt.

Every village has its fig trees, the largest under 20 feet high, their large leaves rich green and luscious. Almost every house has one or more of these. There is but one pattern for their houses,

a square box two storeys high, often with a bit of balcony covered with vines. The general colour of a village is grey, cold, and forbidding, but this is relieved by the fig trees, and the bright green and blue paint many use on their doors and windows. Everything is primitive, and long may it remain so; all seem happy and contented on the small pittance any of them can earn. There is no attempt at farming on anything but the smallest scale.

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Was it in Lemnos, the Ægean Isle, Milton lands Satan when thrown out of Heaven?

We hear that Achi Baba was to be stormed to-day, but we do not believe it. Big gunfire is distinctly heard at this distance (over 40 miles) and we have heard but a very few shots. Last night the booming was constant for a time.

July 23rd.—To-day we had a route march of nearly twelve miles, the first since we left England. We went through Rosapool to the northern shore of Lemnos, where the men bathed and rested for an hour. We found a fine beach of silver sand. We reached camp a little after 2, with excellent appetites. By a little clever man[oe]uvring—and with the aid of Sergeant-Major Shaw—Kellas and I managed to reach Rosapool while the men rested outside, and we had a long, cooling drink of Pilsner.

July 24th.—Went over almost every street in Mudros this morning. There were five of us, and we made many purchases for our mess—white wine, plums, Turkish delight, preserved fruit, tomatoes, etc. In the evening Thomson and I inoculated every one in camp against cholera—my second dose.

July 25th.—When we landed at Lemnos we chanced to meet Padre Komlosy, who has looked us up in camp a time or two since. He had a service at 10 for us and the Welsh Fusiliers who are on their way to Gallipoli for the first time. These Welshmen wear a cockade of white feathers in their helmets and the officers three black ribbons down their backs, from below their coat collars. Padre Hardie also visited us in the evening.

H.Q. of the lines of communication is on the "Aragon," a magnificent ship lying in Lemnos harbour. The "Aragon" is notorious for its number of monocles. Up to now any officer has been allowed to go on board to any meal on payment, but evidently that privilege is about to be stopped. If anyone went in his grimy, war-worn garments, and many now have nothing else, he was glowered at by these toffs, as if he had no right to be there. Besides, many officers who were not sick enough to enter a hospital, but too ill to carry on at the Front, were sent there for a rest. These too were attacked by these fellows and told that if they were ill they should be on a hospital ship or if not ill they ought to be at the Front. These men have no intention themselves of going nearer the Front, they are all fat and sleek and live on the fat of the land, are faultlessly dressed, and strut about with their monocles, looking with contempt on all the poor devils who are doing the dirty work. Every one is now up in arms against them.

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In the evening the CO., Kellas, and I climbed a rocky hill of about 800 feet, lying to the east. The view of the harbour with over 100 big ships, and about as many small craft was very fine in its setting of rugged hills. We watched the sun go down in all his glory on the distant side of the island.

July 27th.—Still in Lemnos. There has been nothing doing to-day. We lie about camp a good deal where we have an abundance of light literature, sheltering under two large, double-lined Indian tents we were lucky enough to secure the day after our arrival. Yesterday we had a mail, which of course had to go to Gallipoli first, and was delayed at least a week by this short double journey.

At 9 a.m. Fiddes and I took the men for a route march through the village of Romano and up a hill beyond.

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July 28th.—Another slow day. I amused myself in the morning with a fine specimen of a tarantula which I caught crawling up a tent. I had seen three others in Gallipoli but this was the finest of all. Kellas and I had a praying mantis in a large tin box with gauze as a lid so that we might watch him at his devotions. The mantis reminds one of a small, green monkey, the fore pair of legs being well developed and used in prehension. A large number of the insects we have are of the grasshopper tribe with well-developed hind-legs. The tarantula was put beside the mantis and he pounced on him like a cat at a mouse, seized him round the middle and with his great mandibles chewed right along to his head, squeezing every drop of juice out of him. Nothing was left but a few dry pellets. Kellas next gave him about a dozen flies and he found room for the lot. These he sprawled at with his fore-legs, rarely missing a dart, keeping his mouth open till a fly was grabbed and forced between his jaws. He has had another meal of flies and looks well satisfied with the easy way in which he has been able to capture his prey to-day, and is much inclined to sleep.

An aeroplane crossed directly over us at 4.15 this morning, coming from the S.W., probably Smyrna. It was flying at a moderate height, and was quite visible in the dim light. After completely crossing the harbour and taking careful note of our shipping, it turned and dropped a bomb at something about the harbour entrance. And all this happened without a single shot

being fired by us—like our watchful authorities!

July 29th.—To-day I had a very enjoyable tramp with Stephen to the top of a hill, then to Rosapool, which is the only place near where one can quench one's thirst with bitter beer, or even the local sweet wine. All shops are strictly forbidden to sell either, and military police are everywhere on the prowl. Still the trade goes on, a Greek can never refuse money, he will sell his soul rather than miss the chance of making a penny. Our usual place of call is kept by a very knowing and intelligent Greek, but he was from home to-day—gone to Varos, we were told, to buy beer. The son, a boy of eleven or twelve, was in sole charge, a keen little chap as ever lived, with a genuine Greek eye for business, but a fine and intelligent boy, and by taking a seat in the shop for fifteen minutes and threatening to spend the day if necessary, he was at last persuaded to produce a couple of bottles of beer from Salonika, which we found to be really good. The boy has a smattering of English and French, and says he has been at school. I have never seen any sign of a school in any of the villages so far. He says "the English soldier drink, drink, he no good," and shakes his head, as though the national curse would end in our losing the war. We discovered in a corner four barrels of mysterious looking stuff that attracted flies. These were full of cheese floating in water, little more than stiff curd, but palatable, and this along with biscuits and beer made an enjoyable little lunch. Then we set off for "home," Stephen carrying a kilo of cheese, I with a bottle of beer inside my shirt, as a very small treat for the other fellows. [145]

July 30th.—Stephen, Dickie, and I set off at 9.30 to have a day's enjoyment at Varos, a village we had heard a good deal about. The day was scorching but we covered the 6 miles, via Lychkna, at about 3½ miles an hour. In the last-mentioned village we were studying a notice on a house door when we discovered a nicely dressed woman beside us, evidently regarding us with some interest, and, what was most unusual, with a smile on her face. "Are you English?" said Stephen. "No," she replied, "but I have been in England." "What part?"—answer "America". She went for her husband, who, she said, would give us beer, although she admitted it was forbidden, but he was hard as adamant and absolutely refused, saying "He cared for the notice" we had been reading. This vowed dire punishment on all who dared to supply anyone with alcohol. We shortly afterwards reached Varos, with its twelve windmills all in a row. This being in French occupation there is no prohibition for the British, so we searched out a suitable place for a cooling drink, and chose a very interesting spot in the village square. All the shops are somewhat alike, bare, black rafters, with earth or stone floor, and in this particular one a flock of swallows had their nests in every niche in the ceiling. Each of us had a bottle of beer on the pavement, alongside a French sentry whose sole duty was to see that no Frenchman had a drink. He seemed to think that it was unfair that his countrymen were not allowed to quench their thirst, so he defied the law by having a drink with us, and allowing every Frenchman who made the request to enter and have his big water-bottle filled with water—but really with red wine, a whole litre of which they could buy for sixpence. Delicious wine it was, although rather sweet. [146]

We had very interesting talks with several of the younger men, who had all been in America, but had been recalled by their Government lately, when there were signs of Greece taking the field, which, according to our informants, she would do in September. All we spoke to seemed very desirous to have a blow at Turkey, they wished the Turk turned out of Europe. I had an idea there were no schools here, but I was told every village had its two schools. Young children were taught together, but as they grew up the sexes went to different schools, and education is compulsory to the age of fifteen. All are taught to read and write English. This is due, our man told me, to Alexandria being their greatest mart. [147]

We had coffee, real Turkish coffee, at another place, where we were attracted by a curious advertisement. It was an oil painting of a Scotch lassie in kilt and plaid, dancing with a jug of foaming beer above her head, and alongside her it was announced that they sold "tea, coffee, and milk". Stephen at once wished to buy it, but the terms were exorbitant. To make Turkish coffee you put a teaspoonful of ground coffee in a little pot with an equal quantity of sugar, then run in about two ounces of boiling water, and push this into smouldering charcoal until it boils. Along with this is served a large tumbler of ice-cold water, which you sip time about with the coffee.

Before we could get Dickie away from Varos he insisted on being photographed by Stephen, astride a huge cask in front of a shop, but the cask refused to keep steady—so Dicky asserted, although to all appearances it was most solidly fixed to a substantial stand. Plainly Dickie was feeling weak after his long walk.

July 31st.—Dickie much stronger to-day. I accompanied him to H.M.M.P. "Aragon" to get some money from the army cashier. We lunched on board and had a glorious meal, everything to eat good, excellent cider with ice, and comfortable lounges in which to smoke. Such things are almost unthinkable after our simple—very simple—fare on Gallipoli. I sat between two New Zealanders who had come over from Anzac last night. One of them said they were only 10 yards from the Turks' trench in one part of their line. The other day a New Zealander shouted across, "Do you want any jam this morning?" "Yes," said the Turks from the depths of their trench. "How many of you are there?" "Eight," was the reply. "All right, here's one pot of jam," and a pot of real jam was thrown over. The next morning the same proceedings were gone through, and the eight got together to get their jam. But this time the pot was filled with nitroglycerine and the Turks were blown to pieces. We are now using hand grenades from home, but till just lately when we had to retaliate on the Turks, who took to using deadly grenades, ours were made hurriedly of [148]

empty jam tins. These were filled with nitroglycerine mixed with pieces of old iron, such as shrapnel bullets and pieces of burst shells which we all collected—and most deadly weapons they proved, if a Turk got one in the stomach it simply blew him in two.

Word came in the early hours of last night that we had to prepare for our return to Gallipoli on Monday August 2. No one seems actually sorry, we feel that we have got all the good out of this place that is to be had, and the sooner we are all in our places the sooner will the war be over. We had much wind and dust in the morning, the wind falling later when it became uncomfortably warm. We had few flies in our camp at first, but they soon found us out and became as trying a plague as in Gallipoli. The Kaffirs say God made the bees, and the Devil made the flies.

August 2nd.—We left our camp in Lemnos at 12.15 and marched in a solid cloud of dust to Australian Pier, where we had to wait in the grilling sun for another hour before we got off to the "Abessiah," of the Khedivial Line, which sailed at 4.15, taking a long time to man[oe]uvre before she got her head towards the entrance of the harbour. We had a good afternoon tea of crisp toast and real butter, likely our last respectable meal for many a day.

As we passed through the shipping the old familiar cry of "Are we downhearted?" came from some of the shiploads of fresh troops. There was but a feeble reply from our men, very unlike their shouts as we passed through Malta on the way out. We could not raise a cheer now-a-days, we are still too tired in spite of our rest. We feel a lot of desperate men, prepared to go back and face the worst if need be. We passed a British and French submarine just inside the boom guarding the harbour. [149]

Before midnight our ambulance was transferred to a mine-sweeper and landed at V. Beach, leaving myself and twenty-one men behind to look after the baggage, which is always landed at W. We had a weary night of it, the trans-shipping of our heavy goods with fifteen mail bags which we picked up just as we were leaving Lemnos, being a big job. On coming round to W. Beach we were told we would have to remain where we were till 7 o'clock, or perhaps later.

August 3rd.—It is now 6.30 a.m. and the captain and crew are still sound asleep, at any rate not a soul is stirring.

We overlook our old Beach, which looks as forbidding from the sea as it is in reality. A few minutes ago I watched a Taube drop a bomb beside our Ordnance Stores, another near the C.C.S., and a third a little further on. What has come of that French monoplane whose purpose was to chase such visitors? At 7 we transferred to a pinnace, and after much bother about baggage we reached our familiar dug-outs about 8. On our way up from the Beach, we passed the Signal Station which was a heap of ruins. A shell fell on the roof two days ago, killed six men outright, and wounded ten, one of these afterwards dying. The numerous recent shell holes in the road and elsewhere showed that the Turks had not been idle in our absence. The 88th F.A. beside us had several casualties, one day losing ten mules and three another, with one man wounded. [150]

August 4th.—It is twelve months to-day since war was declared by England on Germany. The number of men slaughtered in that time should be an easy record in the whole history of the world.

We are ordered to relieve the 88th F.A. at their dressing station near Pink Farm on the West Krithia road, and I walked out in the morning to view the place and to see what extras it would be necessary for us to take with us. I found Whitaker there with thirty men. Towards evening Fiddes and I came out with thirty-two men, and we are now in our dug-outs, which are really part of an old trench. It is a narrow bedroom but airy. We have a stretcher or two as a roof to keep the sun out, but with their huge blood stains they do not form an artistic ceiling.

It is now 10 p.m. and having come 2 miles nearer Achi Baba I had to go out and study what was doing. The usual all-night rifle fire goes on; roars occasionally from the batteries near us; Asiatic shells I can hear exploding over at V. Beach; star shells are going up from our lines, and the French, but theirs are superior to ours. Ours are merely rockets, theirs have parachutes which open when the rocket reaches its highest point, and they remain practically stationary for a considerable time.

We are in a very exposed position and have been warned that we will be sniped at once if we show a light. A few stray bullets have come about us, and I could wish that my parapet was a trifle higher, and I am, moreover, doubtful whether my candle light is not reflected through the roof stretchers which have a wrong tilt. But I will risk both dangers to-night, and will heighten my wall by daylight.

The Achi Baba guns shelled W. Beach rather furiously to-day, and in the afternoon a large number of shells fell in the harbour. [151]

August 5th.—Had a quiet day at Pink Farm (in some of our maps this is called Saliri Farm). In the forenoon, our water-cart not arriving when expected, I had a long hunt for a well where we could draw a small quantity of water, but it was with great difficulty we got it, every well being reserved for some particular unit.

We are on the eve of a big battle. To-morrow the front of Krithia is to be captured at any cost.

We must get on and the cost must no longer be counted. In preparation for this there has been much ranging by all the batteries, to which the Turks feebly replied. We have no right to have our dressing station where it is, we have dumped ourselves down, and have erected our largest Red Cross flag, in front of several closely packed lines of reserve trenches, which is contrary to the rules of warfare, and if we get shelled it is our own lookout. To-day these trenches swarmed with men, and four shells were fired at them, the first just grazing the trench we are in. In the same way two submarines lie off the coast, close to the C.C.S. on one side and the hospital ships on the other, hence shells are continuously dropping in the former, but for this we cannot blame the Turk. So far, all are agreed that the Turk has not only put up a valiant fight, but a straight one, and if he continues as he is doing it will be better for him when the day of reckoning comes round.

August 6th.—When sitting at dinner with Fiddes word reached us that Kellas had been killed. Such a blow to us and to all who knew good and gentle Kellas. Curiosity had frequently led us both into positions of danger where we ought not to have been, and I always noted how fearless he was. To-day he had been along a deep communication trench, along which wounded were to be carried in the action we knew was about to take place, and he had been viewing the ground, and while standing at the extreme end of this trench a sniper had caught sight of the group he was standing in and a shot laid him low. About an hour after this sad event I had orders to take his place in The Gully. As the fight was to begin at 2 p.m. I had little time to get into my place, at least three miles distant. I set off at once to our advanced dressing station at the Zigzag, three-quarters of a mile up The Gully from Aberdeen Gully.

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To-day's battle has been a most bloody affair, wounded beginning to drop in at once. As often happens, out of our four first cases three were wounds in the left hand—one a bullet through the centre of the palm, another was minus the first phalanx of his fore finger, the third minus another finger. All these were undoubtedly self-inflicted. We are bound to notify all these suspicious cases to their C.O.'s and until a guard is sent for them we retain them under a guard of our own men. If a hand is found blackened it of course shows that it was done at very close quarters, but to avoid this a glove or bandage is applied before firing.

I was kept very busy and had no time for food during the rest of the day. The wounds were particularly severe, and very few had single wounds, many having four to six.

August 7th.—The Turks failed to make their usual counter-attack last night, though firing never ceased. I worked for nine hours without one minute's halt, and by night felt very tired. I lay down on a stretcher and tried to get a little sleep, but got none. The snores of my neighbours, the groans of a few wounded we had retained over-night, and the death rattle of two dying men beside me were sufficient to banish sleep.

Two of our battalions have each lost 700 out of the 900 they went into action with. We have gained very little ground; we took trenches and lost them. The long interval from the last fight to the present gave the Turks time to dig trenches almost proof against shell fire, so that when the bombardment began they retired back to these, knowing there could be no assault on their front trenches by the infantry while this lasted.

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Yesterday our army made a fresh landing which we hear was most successful, one Division landing at Anzac, the other a short way beyond on fresh ground. Our casualties we are told were two, another report says five, so that it was practically unopposed. Our attack yesterday and during the night kept the whole of the Turkish army concentrated here. Looking at it in this light some think our losses were not excessive.

Yesterday I spoke about three cases we suspected to be self-inflicted. A guard took these away to-day, and they are to be court-martialled to-morrow. Our fourth case also came in just as the action was beginning. A zigzag path comes down a steep cliff behind us, and down this came a man at full gallop, and I thought he was coming to warn us that the Turks were using gas, but, instead, he threw himself on the ground and yelled and kicked like an infant, and for about an hour nothing could calm him. It was a simple case of funk, quite a common ailment. A Tommy was sympathising to-day with another who was severely wounded and he replied, "I don't care a damn, I did for the bloke who shot me". That is the sort of men we want in the army.

August 8th.—Two Divisions were landed at Suvla Bay, beyond Anzac, and it is said a third Division will also land there. They are said to have made good progress inland, on their way to Maidos, and if they succeed in cutting the Turkish line of communication Achi Baba is likely to be evacuated—so it is said, but the Turk has already given us more than one surprise—we shall see.

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On my hurry round from Pink Farm two days ago an orderly dumped my pack at the Zigzag among a pile of packs belonging to the wounded, and since then it has not been seen. I set off to-day for Gully Beach half expecting to find it there as it was from here the wounded were transferred to the hospital ships. I next went on to W. Beach and inquired at Ordnance and the C.C.S. but all to no purpose; however, I was able to pick up a few necessities from each of these places. I dined at our base, the C.O. and Dickie being the only officers present.

I afterwards attended Kellas's funeral. We buried him in the little cemetery inland from our Beach, to the music of flying shells, one landing at the entrance as the ambulance wagon with his body drew up, and several others followed. The padre who officiated said this was the first time

he had seen a funeral shelled. During the service we all stood in the big grave for safety, and, I am afraid, were forced to think more of our own protection than the solemnity of the occasion. The whole company consisted of four officers and eight men, all that we could muster. Poor Kellas we left sewn in a blanket of the usual military type and covered with a Union Jack. I never met a man I respected more than Kellas, he was most gentle and brave, and in every way a good sort. If a man really deserved to be "sat upon" no one could squash him better than Kellas.

August 9th.—Fiddes and I came to Aberdeen Gully last night with most of the men, leaving twelve and an N.C.O. to act as bearers in the Zigzag track, these to be relieved every twelve hours. A few wounded stragglers reached us, but there was little doing to-day. We had one cowardly chap, who had had his fill of fighting and tried to do away with himself by taking a draught from a cresol tin. He is now under close arrest and will be handed over to the tender mercies of a court-martial. [155]

August 10th.—Walked up to our advanced dressing station at the Zigzag, and found some unknown persons had dumped there, during the night, a body in an advanced state of decomposition. I managed to unearth his recent history. He had been killed on the 7th, being wounded by the Turks, and when crawling back to our lines, along with some others in the same condition, he shouted in the dark, "Don't fire, we are English". Thinking this was a ruse so often practised by the Turks an officer ordered his men to fire, and this poor fellow was killed.

In the afternoon a well-known lion hunter looked in and had a shrapnel bullet removed from his shoulder. He was a most interesting man, and gave us all his views about the conduct of the war. Every mistake that it is possible to make has been made, he thinks. Once more we are hung up for want of ammunition. He is no optimist with regard to the duration of the war. Unless the new landing pushes on and keeps hitting he fails to see how they will do much. Even though Austria and Turkey are knocked out, Germany is one vast fort, with everything within herself, and will hold out for long. He condemns our statesmen for even now not initiating conscription, and making every unmarried man serve. He severely criticises the quality of our shells, half per cent. of which burst prematurely. The fuses of all those available, where this has happened, have been picked up and examined and all have been correctly set. A French battery of 75's is stationed behind this man's battery, firing its shells just 8 feet above his head, and since it took up its position it has only had two premature bursts, and one of these was caused by the shell striking the branch of a tree. We have been buying shells everywhere, and he says those supplied by America are far and away the worst. [156]

August 11th.—While we were at tea this afternoon de Boer rushed into our mess in Aberdeen Gully to say that he had brought down, by our bearers at the Zigzag, Captain O'Hara, whom I have spoken about before as the only officer of the 86th Brigade left alive and unwounded. He had lately been sent to Egypt to look after prisoners, and I was unaware that he had again joined the firing line, but I fancy he had found the other job much too slow. He was full of pluck, it was not from attempts to save his skin that O'Hara had escaped so long. To-day he and a Turk were sniping each other, and after a time O'Hara had such a poor opinion of his opponent's firing that he got upright to walk away when the Turk hit him through the back. When I went up to him I said, "Hullo! O'Hara, I haven't seen you for ages". "No," he answered, "and perhaps you'll never see me again." He was one of our greatest heroes, and a most likeable fellow. (Long afterwards I heard that he progressed well for three weeks when he suddenly grew worse, and died on his way home.)

Twenty-four K.O.S.B.'s came in between 2 and 4 a.m. to-day. They had blown up a Turkish sap, and on rushing forward to seize and hold it they found themselves greatly outnumbered. Most of them were very badly wounded, and four died in our station before morning.

August 12th.—Feeling lazy I rode from Aberdeen Gully to W. Beach, where I spend the next four days. This is only about the fourth time I have been on horseback since I left Mex, the reason for my walking is that I require exercise—and a lot of it—and besides you cannot dodge a shell when mounted.

August 13th.—We had a big mail to-day. The papers of July 21 announce that all lieutenants in the R.A.M.C., T.F., become captains after six months' service. My captaincy will thus date from April 16 last. The Turks made an attack on the French and our centre last night. We replied with a furious cannonade, then rifle fire continued for the remainder of the night. [157]

August 14th.—W. Beach. Beautiful, still morning, as most mornings are, but to-day is unusually calm. The sea without a ripple, and a heat haze hangs over all. Our harbour at W. Beach is full of ships, and just beyond it, at anchor, with their smoke rising lazily, are two hospital ships, white to their mast heads except for their surrounding belt of green broken by three large Red Crosses, all dazzling in the sunlight. The harbour is a busy place, and is now a good and commodious one, formed by a pier which it has taken months to build from the rocks of Tekke Burnu. As the work proceeded slowly, the water it was desired to enclose was further shut in by sinking two large steamers, a costly method of pier building perhaps, but here I believe it may be the cheapest, as Greek labour which built the stonework is dear, and the Greeks poor workmen. They are so

nervous that when a shell comes their way from "Asiatic Annie" they bolt like a lot of rabbits to their holes, where they cannot be unearthed for the next half-hour. They were not engaged, they rightly say, to work under shell fire, and this often happening several times a day the pier made little progress. We have also put the Turkish prisoners on this job, and this morning I watched two bodies of these being marched down under French guards with fixed bayonets—a capital idea this to put the Turks under their own fire.

10 p.m.—Tremendous blasts came floating in from the sea about 5 o'clock, so I went over to the lighthouse ruins to find out what was doing. One of our monitors lay beside Rabbit Island and was throwing her 14-inch shells at a ridge on the Dardanelles beyond Kum Kale, where we know "Asiatic Annie" and her sisters live. These had been firing at V. Beach and the French lines just before. All very well, I thought, the monitor can do no harm, but she will stir up these guns to give us a lively time at W., and I was not many minutes back when they started, the shells coming in fours, just to prove to us that their guns were all there. We received about fifty shots in all. We had seven destroyers all afternoon at the mouth of the Dardanelles, which looked as if they intended something unusual. Now again after a pause these guns are firing at their hardest at V. Beach—aye, and here too.

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August 15th.—I wrote the last clause (aye, and here too) just before a shell burst behind me. It was one of a group of four, and was two seconds at most in front of the other three, which were simultaneous absolutely. Howls and cries for help at once came from a tent 15 yards in front of my dugout. A shell had crashed into this tent where five men were lying, exploding at the feet of one, and shattering his leg at the ankle. The other four were untouched. Some of the fuses of yesterday's shells have been dug up to-day, and we find from the brilliant orange colour on these that lydite had been used, in some of the shells at least.

To-day a snake 38 inches long was caught in our camp. About twenty men armed themselves with sticks, axes, etc., and surrounded it, but kept a most respectful distance away, having great faith in its springing powers. Sergeant Gavin Greig, who has been in Ceylon and knows otherwise, got it by the neck and put it in a bottle which he filled up with methylated spirit much to the poor brute's dislike as was witnessed by its contortions.

An order came yesterday from the A.D.M.S. asking if we could move off with our present equipment on a sudden call. This has stimulated all those responsible to overhaul all our material, which, though deficient in some points, is adequate. Our greatest deficiency is in personnel; we are short of our original number by three officers and thirty-eight men, this being due to casualties and sickness. Kellas was killed nine days ago, Whyte and Morris are home on sick leave.

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August 16th.—At 8 a.m. as Fiddes and I were preparing to go out to Pink Farm, a message came that we were to embark any time after 17 o'clock (i.e. 5 p.m.). We withdrew all men and equipment from our two advanced dressing stations, and had a busy day in camp packing up all we possessed. We left at 8.30 after a supper of chicken and champagne—something very unusual—and got on board the "Ermine," a Glasgow boat. The officers made themselves as comfortable as possible for the night in the smoke room, where several K.O.S.B. officers had already deposited themselves. I managed to sleep a little at first, but my nearest companion, a K.O.S.B., being unable to persuade me to put my legs over his, placed his over mine while I was in an awkward position, and rather than disturb him, I lay still. My friend was less considerate, he next planked his big, dirty boots alongside my face, which were anything but pleasant, they smelt as if their owner kept cows.

We only steamed about one and a half hours when the anchor was let go with the usual rattle, and we heard some one from another boat shouting that the troops were to remain on board till morning. No one took the trouble to look out to see where we were, such a thing seemed to be of no interest.

August 17th.—Suvla Bay. Tuesday, 2 p.m. We landed at Suvla Bay about 5 a.m. and marched to the point of the projecting piece of land on the north side. The bay is entirely closed by a boom, and inside we have a fairly large fleet of battleships and transports, and a large number of smaller boats, while three hospital ships lie outside. The Turks have been shelling these rather furiously, but I have seen no hits. Our troops on land are also having their share. All our equipment was sent off on a lighter, which has not yet arrived, and as all our rations are with it we are in dire straits. Luckily another ambulance took pity on us and gave us tea and hard ration biscuits, but there is no sign of further meals, nor do we expect any.

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I am sitting on the side of a rocky slope, and just in front, in a dip of the hill, are crowded the whole of the 87th Brigade to which we are for the present attached. All arrived this morning and there is nothing but confusion. The heat is terrific, and is intensified by the large amount of bare rocks, which are so hot that it is impossible to lay your hand on them. The surrounding hills, especially hill 972, S.E. of the Salt Lake which glistens in the distance, are barren and rugged, with no sign of cultivation, except about the foot of that hill, where there is said to be a village, but it is invisible. Round the Salt Lake a good many trees are dotted about, likely olives and figs, and a good deal of bright green scrub exists on the lower hill slopes. This scrub Ashmead-Bartlett calls furze in his articles, but I have never seen furze in Gallipoli. This plant is generally 2 to 3 feet high, is in very solid bushes of a stiff, fibrey nature, with an ovate, dark green glaucous leaf.

Thyme and numerous other plants abound. I have been interested in the weathering of the rocks beside the sea, this reminding me of the Brig at Filey. This follows a most peculiar pattern, like a number of leopard skins spread out on the rocks.

I wish night was here, even though we are to go supperless to bed; one would give anything for the cool air one can be sure of after sundown.

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It was here that a landing was made by Kitchener's army ten days ago. They are said to have put up a very poor fight. Trained and steady troops, it is said, would have had practically a walk over, as the opposition was slight, little more than a brigade of Turks having checked two divisions of our men. A few shells fell on the top of a ridge where they were advancing. This made a number of the men bolt, others were seized with panic, and all seem to have got out of hand. A splendid opportunity of turning the Turks' flank, joining up with the Australians, and seizing Achi Baba from the north, has been lost, and the difficulties in front of us are much increased. There is nothing for it now but to land troops in such numbers that defeat is out of the question, and it must be done quickly before the wet season sets in. I am afraid we must be content to hold the Germans in check in France, and withdraw the necessary troops from there.

August 18th.—Yesterday and to-day have been the warmest days we have experienced in Gallipoli. The reason that our present station is warmer than the point (Helles) is the attraction and retention of heat by the rocks, and our camp is on the south face of a high ridge, where we have absolutely no shade. Last evening a Taube sailed over us and discharged four bombs at the warships, all missing, but one was within a few yards of its mark. This evening two came over together, but were fired at before they got overhead, and bore off to the left, unharmed although numerous shots from the ships followed them.

After breakfast I went to Brigade H.Q. to announce that the ship ("Manitou"—B.12) which brought our baggage came in yesterday, and after discharging about a third of our belongings set sail for Lemnos, as she had to be there by a given hour. I had to explain that we could not open a clearing station with our shortage of equipment, but that by afternoon we would be prepared to put patients into improvised blanket shelters. The Brigadier for the time being is Colonel Lucas, who was absent on a visit to his regiments, and I had an interview with Major Brand of his staff. He gave me orders that our unit had to dig itself in before night. This is very necessary as we are still under shell fire in every part we hold here, and are just as exposed as in Helles. Another ambulance is encamped beside us, and two shells bursting among them this morning killed two men and wounded two. A big piece of shell hurtled over my head last night, hitting a rock about two yards away.

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Three rumours have come to us this evening, which have put us all into the best of spirits, although we know one is a story, and we are so accustomed to rumours that we doubt the truth of the other two:—

1. Achi Baba has been captured!—certainly not true. The ships in the bay were well bombarded this afternoon, and we saw two shells hit a big transport. A section of an ambulance was on board this ship, and, on their landing in the evening, their comrades gave them a rousing cheer, and when this was heard in other parts the only interpretation that could be put on it was the capture of this troublesome hill.

2. Warsaw we could guess had to fall to the German army, but we hear they soon had the worst of it and fled with enormous casualties.

3. We hear we have advanced 26 miles in France. We try to believe there is some truth in this, but it must be a great exaggeration.

The Turks are supposed to have a number of big guns mounted on rails behind one of the higher ridges overlooking us, and rumour says this railway was taken this afternoon, but I do not believe it. Ugly ridges they are, and certainly we can never capture some of them except by turning, many having a sheer, rocky face of 400 or 500 feet. We know extremely little about what is going on within a few miles of us. I have seen eleven sour-looking Turks marched in as prisoners to-day, which shows we are doing something at any rate. Constant fire goes on, and the ships strike in several times a day for half an hour or so, but naval guns are not well suited for this work. Down about Helles—15 miles off—we can hear much booming too.

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August 19th.—Two days ago I spoke about the scrub Ashmead-Bartlett calls furze. I now find it is almost certainly the plant from which our briar pipes are made. The stem is slender, but the root expands to a considerable extent, and I have seen parts of these, which our men have dug up when clearing the ground, about 4 to 6 inches thick. The fibres are twisted in all directions, giving the wood the well-known bird's eye appearance. What is exposed to the weather seems quickly to darken.

The geology is interesting. I have spoken about the strange weathering of the rocks at the Beach. All the rock on this point of land dips at an angle of 45 degrees, and points northwards. I put it all down as Devonian, it is almost exactly like Hugh Miller's old red sandstone, as seen in Ross-shire, the matrix of a paler red, but the mass of water-worn pebbles embedded in it is the same. The matrix contains lime as is seen in the large amount of calcite that exists. A vein, perhaps 5 feet thick, of a slatey substance runs across just in front of us, and contains a well, which is the only sign of fresh water I have seen so far. The Engineers have sunk a well in a marly part near this, but the earth they are throwing up is perfectly dry, and they might as well

give it up.

Later.—Some one now tells me that the rocks are Tertiary and not Devonian, and that my slaty vein is cobalt. Much of the stone peels readily into large flat slabs which we find useful in building our dug-outs. [164]

There was much rifle and big gunfire last night. The ships have displayed about a normal amount of activity to which the Turk has replied, but his marksmanship is worse than it was yesterday.

We had rain this morning, which was heavy enough to be disagreeable, and it was with difficulty we kept ourselves and our belongings dry. It gives us a foretaste of what to expect soon. But before then we must get on. About Helles the naval guns are very busy.

This morning we had sixty-nine cases of sick and wounded in our hospital. We are expected to keep all minor cases of wounds, and cases of sickness likely to return to duty in a few days, while the more severe cases we send to the hospital ships for the various bases. We saw besides about fifty walking cases, all belonging to our 86th Brigade.

August 20th.—Last night was very chilly, and for the first time for weeks we had to put on our tunics and unroll our shirt sleeves. But the weather has again changed and to-day is uncomfortably warm.

On landing on the 17th a man I chanced to speak to told me that a rumour is afloat that the Kaiser was suing for peace through the Pope. This I give no heed to, but to-day we have it on better authority, and it is said he is prepared to give up Belgium, Poland, and Alsace-Lorraine. He will have to give these up and a great deal more, nothing but unconditional surrender will be listened to, with partition of his fleet among the Allies. The Emperor of Austria is also said to have declared that he will not allow his people to endure another winter campaign.

7 p.m.—The bearers of our Ambulance have been ordered to proceed to the foot of a hill 3 miles off, beside the Salt Lake, and to take up their position before dawn. I for one will have to go too. I know the spot well in the distance, and know it is a favourite dumping ground for Turkish shells. At present it is pitch dark at night, and we have no idea what we have to encounter on the way. [165]

August 21st.—Last night we were all busy preparing for our start at 3 a.m. We got off punctually at that hour, and marched in the dark for nearly 3 miles, by an unknown road, which was only a rough twisting track with many off-shoots. We were bound for "Chocolate Hill," east of the Salt Lake, but we have not got there yet. We floundered, and squabbled about what should be done so that daylight was on us before we passed the bar between the bay and the lake, where the main Clearing Station is, also three or four Ambulances. One of these took pity on us, and gave us breakfast, and the use of their ground until we should hear from the A.D.M.S. to whom we have sent a message for instructions. The A.D.M.S. Lt.-Col. J.G. Bell, appeared about 10, and we were planted by him in the middle of the bar, facing the bay, where we can get no shelter from the sun or shells, the bank behind us rising after much digging to less than 5 feet. Our orders are to form an Aid Post here, catching all the wounded that come our way.

We have an attack at 3 p.m., and apparently a very big one is expected, and we are waiting for its commencement. I have explored the bar which is about a mile long, and 300 yards wide, and have studied its flora. There is a large lily with a bunch of sweet-smelling flowers, not unlike the Madonna lily, but the flower is more notched and less of a funnel. It has enormous bulbs, some of which I scraped out of pure sand at a depth of 2 feet. Other bulbous plants are common, and huge downy reeds. [166]

It is now 2 p.m. I am sitting in a juniper bush in the middle of the bar, scribbling, all the country in a scorching haze, the shells from the ships screeching over our heads, searching all the ridges and hollows in front of us. The Turks' guns have been silent for the last hour, no doubt in anticipation of giving us something warm; our bearers are off and have just passed in twos and threes across the north side of the lake, which at this period of the year is dry, except in the middle. On our side all is ready to give the Turk a good hiding, but every time at Helles we were just as prepared and the result always a practical failure. Now for the battle, and little chance of concluding my notes to-day.

6.50 p.m.—Ever since the appointed hour a very big fight has been in progress. To me the most exciting part was the advance of the 11th Division from the south side of Lala Baba, over a mile of absolutely unprotected country, where our men could not fire a shot in return to the perfect hail of shrapnel to which they were subjected, shells coming in fours and fives at a time right in their midst. There was the breadth of the lake between us, but with our glasses we had a good view of the whole proceedings. The number bowled over seemed small, considering that the last half-mile had to be crossed at the double, in a dense cloud of smoke from bursting shells. Whenever the cloud cleared off we saw distinctly that many dead and wounded lay about the field.

What I admired most was the plucky way the bearers did their work, all round the north and east side of the lake, while all the time they were subjected to fire, and towards the end of the day, when the Turk, apparently desperate, sent shell after shell among the bearers and ambulance wagons, at a time when there were no other troops near. [167]

We have tried to dig ourselves into the banks of soft sea sand for the night, but the constant

stream of fine sand fills up our excavations as fast as we dig. Four ships still keep firing—"Lord Nelson," "Swiftsure," "Agamemnon" (?) and "Euryalus"—and every shot brings down more sand.

Being off the direct track from the battlefield we have missed the wounded we expected. In spite of our tramping about all night in the dark we feel very fresh, and disappointed at having nothing to do, although in good spirits over our victory—for such we take it to be.

This is the first occasion on which we can find fault with the Turks' method of fighting, but today they have fired on all and sundry—bearers, ambulance wagons, Red Cross flags, and the C.C.S.

August 23rd.—I ended my notes two days ago by remarking that we were all in good spirits over what seemed to us to be a victory. Soon after that some of us had to change our tune. Two officers were ordered up to Chocolate Hill, so Agassiz and I went across the north side of the Salt Lake which we found dry and caked hard. Towards the far end, as we neared the terrible hill, bullets were flying in hundreds—one struck the ground practically under my left foot, another passed between Agassiz and myself when we certainly were not a foot apart. A few more hundred yards, at the double, took us to that absolute inferno, Hill 53. (The hills were named according to their height, 53 meaning 53 metres high.) We got to the top through dead and dying men lined out everywhere. We at once looked up the A.D.M.S. who, along with the heads of the 29th Division, was in a deep and strongly protected dug-out. Now came the terrible and most unexpected news—the Staff were in a state of hysterics—Hill 72, which is separated from Hill 53 by a small dip, had been fought for all day and captured at immense cost, and was now about to be given up, it was impossible for us to hold it. The 11th Division had sent word that they were at a certain point which was their objective, but they were actually some distance behind that, and never did reach that point. But this piece of information, which the line had been eagerly waiting for, now allowed our centre to advance, thinking they had the 11th Division protecting their flank. They soon got too far forward and were at once enfiladed. This was the beginning of what was a catastrophe and which will cost us thousands of lives to rectify. "We are to give up Hill 72," said the A.D.M.S., "and if the Turks make a night attack, as they always do after an engagement, we'll be pushed off this Hill (53) into the valley, and it is hard to say where it will end. In that case we want every stretcher-bearer we can lay our hands on to work with might and main to get the wounded back from the trenches, or they will fall into the hands of the Turks." This sounded terrible, but we had to face it, so we sent back for all our men who could be spared, and many regimental men had to help to carry the wounded back, which was a most difficult piece of work.

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In making communication trenches along which the wounded have to be carried from the firing trench, the carrying of stretchers is never considered. Traverses must be made certainly, and the narrower the trenches the better while fighting, but they should be made wide enough to let stretchers along, and the corners of the traverses should be rounded. As it was the stretchers could only be carried along the straight parts with the stretcher traverses "kicked in," and even then the backs of all the men's hands were peeled to the bone. Being impossible to get round the corners the stretchers had to be raised above the top of the trench, and as a rule the bearers soon tired of doing this at every few yards, and got right over the parapets and carried in the open.

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We had a terrible night, and next morning as soon as the day began to break, although we were on the opposite side of the Hill from the enemy, they knew the range so thoroughly that they dropped their shells at the exact angle of the Hill, which was but a gentle slope, and raked it from top to bottom time after time.

Those of us who escaped were lucky, but it was a bit trying to one's nerves. The Turks had made great preparations for this battle, which of course had to come off, and they fired as much ammunition as we did, and everything was to their advantage. Their snipers, often armed with machine-guns, played the very devil with our men. By good luck the Turks had had enough and did not attack at night, and we were glad when daylight came, although with it came again the terrible, raking fire.

Through the day our troops deliberately and slowly evacuated part of Hill 72, but most of it we unexpectedly managed to hold, and are likely now to stick to. Had we thoroughly defeated the Turks, as we should have done had there been no bungling, the end of this part of the campaign might have been in sight, but now we are held up, and how we are to get out of the fix will sadly baffle our Staff.

The men of the 89th F.A. behaved with admirable pluck, and worked hard, and up to evening we had eight men more or less badly wounded—one at least fatally, poor Adams. The 21st and 22nd were spent practically without food, and hardly a drop of water was to be had, and all suffered badly from thirst—more bungling.

In the afternoon of the second day it was rumoured that the whole of our Division was to be withdrawn to the reserve lines, and that our 86th Brigade, to which we had been again attached, were to march off as soon as it was dark, and we were to follow and take up our position behind the Infantry. Good news indeed! The G.O.C. in C. had done a wise thing in bringing two Brigades of the 29th Division round from Helles to stiffen Kitchener's Army. Our Royal Fusiliers were in reserve all the time, and although they never fired a shot were in such a position that they were badly exposed to shell fire, and were within view of snipers, and lost no fewer than 150 men.

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In the dark we set off over the N.W. corner of the lake making for a certain point at the foot of a ridge. It was difficult to strike the exact spot, the night being dark, but we got wonderfully near

it, and after spending a bitterly cold and cheerless night at the back of a low stone wall, across which bullets whistled all night we rectified our position before the sun rose. As we came across the lake three more of our men were hit, bullets flying about for the first mile or so. To-day, after reaching our destination, and while in a shelter, a bullet hit another in the thigh, bringing our casualty list for this fight up to sixteen. All are agreed that it has been a very bloody affair, and the difficulty of seeing a way out of our present position has made all despondent, and a number of those in high positions are being torn to shreds. Our men are not grumbling, and look as if they could go through it again, but it was a very trying two days and nights.

Fires broke out in the thick scrub almost at the very start of the battle, and after a few hours many acres were ablaze, and as it was largely from such places the men of both sides were firing many wounded were burned to death.

August 24th.—Last night we got orders to move as we were certain to be shelled, lying as we were behind the Infantry of our Brigade. We accordingly moved after dark to a gully, which is really a dry watercourse entering the middle of the north side of the Salt Lake. Agassiz and I, followed at a short distance by a few men, had no difficulty in striking the desired spot, but the others, following in small lots, got lost, only one lot reaching its destination that night. Others lay behind bushes till daylight, while Stephen and his men returned for the night to their starting-point. It showed the difficulty of moving about in the dark in a strange country. The 86th Brigade, which left Chocolate Hill the same time as ourselves got lost and wandered about for six hours. Our new site is no safer than the last, we are beside a well where men congregate from the various battalions encamped near us, and this was shelled furiously on two occasions yesterday.

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August 25th.—Four calendar months since we landed on Gallipoli. And not much progress made yet.

The Royal Fusiliers, who had watched our men at work in the "Battle of Chocolate Hill," are giving them great praise for their daring. Pirie, who was waiting for bearers for his wounded, on hearing that some men coming towards him belonged to the 89th F.A. replied, "Thank God, now we are all right". Several—two at least—high-placed officers also took note of them and promised that some would be mentioned in the next despatch.

Seeing some big black Arum lilies—known as the "Dead Turk" from its evil smell—with flowers about 2 feet long, I dug up two enormous bulbs this morning, one fully 6 inches in diameter. These, with other bulbs, I will send home. (They were not an acceptable gift, they were allowed to die owing to their horrible smell.) These were growing beside a well which was shelled a couple of hours ago, but I sneaked out in safety when this had finished. I heard this evening that I had been "mentioned" in Sir Ian Hamilton's first despatch. Two other medical men of our Division are also mentioned—Col. Yarr, our A.D.M.S. at Helles, and Major Lindsay of the 87th F.A.

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August 26th.—Pottered about in the morning after seeing some batches of sick sent in by the Regimental M.O.'s, then walked to our base on Suvla Bay Beach. Fiddes and McKenzie, who joined our Ambulance two days ago, walked out with me. They dilated to Agassiz and myself about a great discovery they had made, namely, that excellent rissoles could be made of bully beef and ground biscuits. On their departure we decided to have rissoles for supper, so Agassiz prepared a frying pan and a tin of bully, while I with a pick-shaft ground up a couple of our flinty biscuits. We had them done to a turn, and felt much better for a decent feed. We then smoked and watched big, threatening clouds scurrying over the moon, and away in the S.W. constant flashes of lightning. The weather is changing, and the rainy season is not far off. Then what on earth is to come of us? We'll be washed out of the gullies, to be shot down in the open.

August 27th.—Agassiz and I returned to the base at 7.30 p.m. and were relieved by Fiddes and McKenzie. Plenty of firing by both sides, but nothing worth noting.

August 28th.—A day at the Beach—a weary place and I wish I was back in The Gully. Here we are encamped at the top of Suvla Bay, at the edge of a wide stretch of soft sand, which is dotted all over with men and their shallow dug-outs in the sand. We are protected by a number of Red Cross flags, several Ambulances and the C.C.S. These have never been shelled by the Turks, and one feels absolutely safe, but I miss the healthy excitement of our little Gully. As I watched the bearers and wagons being shelled during the last fight it struck me at the time that all the shrapnel might be coming from a single battery, and I now think there can be no doubt about this. It must have been a battery of four or five guns in command of a beastly German.

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August 29th.—Sunday. Nothing doing—except that the usual artillery duel goes on, and a Taube crossed over us. These we occasionally fire at but never hit.

August 30th.—Feeling bored to death I took a pleasure walk out to our dressing station in The Gully, where Stephen and Thomson are at present on duty. After dark I returned alone, trudging first down The Gully almost to the Salt Lake, then cutting off to the right towards our base. It is

very different from the great Gully at Helles (The Gully), being but a watercourse, averaging 8 to 10 yards in width and most of it not over 6 feet deep. It has huge clumps of rushes and lofty, graceful reeds which give it a tropical appearance, and in a few places are pools of dirty, green water that has not dried up since the last rainy season, and in these water tortoises and big green frogs live in hundreds. To-night it was rather weird as I came along, with the bull frogs croaking, and several other nocturnal animals making loud cries, down past the "Turk's grave," where a pile of dead had been collected in The Gully and a little earth thrown over them, and now the odour is so strong that one has to pass at the double, holding one's breath. The very earth over them looks wet and greasy as I noticed to-day. The whole Gully is full of dug-outs from end to end. These had been made on the first days of the landing and are now untenanted. Lying about unheeded is equipment of all sorts, which had belonged to our dead and wounded.

A Taube dropped two bombs at our ships to-day, but missed as usual. And our not firing at the marauder showed that we had not much faith in our own shooting. The warships and a monitor were busy towards evening battering some unseen object away beyond the mountains—perhaps the forts of "The Narrows".

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We have two Welsh Ambulances beside us. The men move very smartly and are evidently well drilled. They are great psalm singers, and always at it.

August 31st.—The Australians over at Anzac seem very busy to-day. So also are the Turks whose shells are falling thick on land and sea, and our ships are firing at some target beyond Sari Bair (Hill 972).

We had a curious plague of midges last night: they attacked the lamp and table in our mess in thousands, and made things so unpleasant that we had to hurry from the table. These have never bothered us before, and I doubt if I ever saw a midge on Gallipoli before.

September 1st.—Agassiz and I came out to the dressing station as it was getting dark last night.

Two new officers and twenty men joined us yesterday—Captains Wilson and Tawse.

Wiseley, M.O. to the Lancs., passed through our station this forenoon, badly wounded in the head by a sniper. It looks as if it was all up with him. (He died before he reached the C.C.S.) Tawse followed from our base to take his place. Pirie of the Royals looked us up, and told us he was down for "mention" in the next despatch. We have all admired, and often spoken about, the good work and earnest devotion of Pirie, and are delighted these are to be recognised, even in this small way. We were talking about the huge bungle of the landing at Suvla. It seems agreed had it not been that two Territorial Battalions turned tail when faced by a handful of Turks things here would have been totally different, and the ridges which are not yet ours should have been taken and held the first day. A distinguished General is said to have remarked: "Had there been more sweat on the part of the men there would have been less blood". We have one excellent General here now who pokes his nose into everything, says what he thinks, whether polite or otherwise, and swears at large. He says that without a good backing of swears people will never believe you are in earnest. Only men of blood and iron are of any use at the present moment for filling our high places.

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Pirie was telling us that they had two Australian snipers attached to the Royals, and one of their own men who had done a good deal of jungle shooting was an excellent sniper. One night he was out and had crawled to within 30 yards of the Turks' trenches trying to get as much information as possible, when lo, and behold! he found by his watch it was 5.30 and broad daylight. He had fallen asleep. However, by careful crawling he succeeded in gaining his own lines in safety. It is always by night these men work, and the Australian snipers get two days off every week to go to the base for a rest. This time is usually spent in their going somewhere else to snipe. Fighting to the Australians is great sport and nothing else.

In the afternoon an East Kent officer paid us a visit. He tells us that rumours of peace with Turkey are again afloat. We have heard this sort of stuff before and don't believe it.

September 2nd.—Agassiz and I had attended the sick of our Brigade during the day, and spent a quiet time about the dressing station, gathering enough brambles to make an excellent dish for supper, when suddenly at 7.30 the scene changed. First two cannon shots, the well-known signal for a Turkish attack, a short pause then a general cannonade from the Turks which was fast and furious. I do not suppose anyone could have guessed they had so many guns in position, but for half an hour—twenty-three minutes to be exact—they simply deluged with shrapnel our trenches on the hill on our extreme left (Hizlar Dagh), and rifle fire from both sides was equally furious. The part of The Gully we occupy as a dressing station runs north and south, and I could not have believed it could possibly have been enfiladed, but bullets, after the first few minutes, got diverted our way, and came right along our position in a most alarming way. All lay low at once, except our servant, Wallace, who had just removed our supper things and was sitting on the edge of a low trench leading into our dug-out when he called out, "Oh!" I turned round and said, "What's up?" "I am struck," he said, and fell into my arms. We laid him down on the floor of the dug-out, and in a few minutes he breathed his last. So ended the days of an excellent fellow. Formerly a ship's steward he had seen the world, and was a splendid servant and much liked by the whole Ambulance. This only added to the alarm that had seized us all, which was due to the

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very insufficient protection we had on the side the bullets were coming from. Agassiz and I lay hard up against the north side of our dug-out—little more than a few dry lumps of clay—while Wallace's body was stretched alongside us. As I have said, this attack ended in twenty-three minutes, but at 8.30 there was a second and similar one. We had all made up our minds that the Turks were to break through and would be down on us, and all had secretly decided what they were to do, and how much of their equipment they would take in case we were forced to retreat. All this fighting was but a very short way to our left.

This morning we sent Wallace's body back to our base, where it lay till the return of C Section at 7.30 p.m., as we wished to be present at the last rites, and we could only turn out in a body after dark. The moon was not due for hours, but in the dark, with only the stars for light, and a brilliant planet in the east, we listened to Padre Campion's short service. He, being an Episcopal clergyman, had to accommodate himself to us Presbyterians, and he recited "Abide with me," then read the piece, "I am the Resurrection," and ended with "The Lord's Prayer". Then back again to camp, supper, and general conversation.

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Rumours reach us that the Germans are still being pressed back about Warsaw, that the Austrians have been defeated in Galicia, and the Turks in the Caucasus.

The Australians at Anzac are making steady, though slow, progress, which appears to be the only point where we can press on at all. The Marquis of Tullibardine arrived here to-day with a body of Scottish Horse—unmounted of course. Padre Campion says he was at Eton with this brilliant soldier.

September 4th.—A very moderate S.W. breeze is blowing to-day, and our pontoon pier of about thirty boats has gone all to pieces and lies on the sand. Its sole use was to get patients away from the C.C.S. to the hospital ships. This shows us the difficulties we will have to face in winter with our patients and stores—if we are to be here, which heaven forbid! Padre Dennis Jones has just told me that the betting is that the war in Turkey will be over in a fortnight. He also says he was in the trenches last night when word was passed round to prepare to meet a big Turkish attack after dark. This did not come off, last night was quiet except for an occasional spurt of rifle fire.

September 5th.—Sir Ian Hamilton is reported to have said that the war will be over in ten days.

This morning we have been notified that we go to Imbros, probably for a week, on the night of the 8/9th. This does not seem to give pleasure to many. It means a night spent in crossing, and being tired all next day when we will have to work hard to provide shelter, then returning before we get really settled down. If this order takes effect we will besides miss the "grand finale" which will be held among the forts of "The Narrows" (!!!)

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There was much artillery fire by both sides yesterday, and this morning they have been very busy—they even managed to send two shells after a Taube, these bursting many hundred yards behind their objective. But it let the Taube see that we were not asleep at 7.30 a.m.

My friend Pirie, M.O. to the Royals, passed through this in the afternoon, having been wounded in the back while he was holding his Sick Parade—only a "couchy wound," such as the Irish pray to the Virgin Mary to send them at the beginning of a fight, so that they might escape something worse. Pirie walked in with his usual smile, and pleaded with us, before we knew there was anything wrong, "not to make him laugh as it was sore". (To everyone's sorrow, Pirie was afterwards killed in France.)

September 7th.—It was the duty of Agassiz and myself to take over the dressing station last night, and there we now are. After the experience we had last time when we did not feel over comfortable after dark and the bullets began to fly, we were glad to occupy the same dug-out during the night, for the sake of company. It is a most unpleasant feeling to find you are fired at when alone. I have noticed this especially when out a walk just as it is getting dark. You ask yourself how long you may have to lie, if you get wounded, before anyone comes your way. But even in daylight if shells are dropping about they are doubly terrifying if you are alone.

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This Gully has been a most uncomfortable place all along, its banks afford little protection from rifle fire; they are too low for cross-fire, and a few days ago we found it could be enfiladed. At ordinary times we have only occasional bullets during the day, but as soon as the shades of night begin to fall they come in a constant stream, and we are only safe when we retire to the depths of our dug-outs—if our shallow pits are worthy of the name.

We keep wondering what sort of a holiday we are to have in Imbros. Are there to be plagues of flies and dust as in Lemnos? However, it will break the monotony which is getting very oppressive, and some of ours keep up a constant grumble at everybody and everything.

The nights are now very cold, but the heat by day seems about as intense as ever.

September 9th.—We had orders yesterday to embark at Little West Beach, at the north point of Suvla Bay. We were there at 7.30 p.m. and were to embark at 8. It was a weary trudge, for we were heavily laden, along the very edge of the bay to take advantage of the narrow strip of firm sand that gets washed by the "tideless Mediterranean". Our four Battalions were present, and after some delay over our baggage, all which was finally got on board, the great lumbering barge,

which had 400 men and all the regimental baggage on board, refused to budge. She was fast on the rocks where the water was very shallow. At last she moved, going out a few yards then returning and taking all the Dublins and so many Royals on board. Then she again stuck fast. It was now getting late; the ship this barge was taking us out to was booked to sail at 3.30 a.m., and this time had to be kept regardless of our convenience. As she was still aground at that hour the order was given to disembark. All this time we had been lying shivering on the dust and stones, waiting for our turn, and now, with our spirits at zero, we marched back to our base, reaching it at 4.45 as light was showing in the east, so that we got back none too soon. The long wait we had put in, with a cold wind blowing, had chilled us all thoroughly. All had some brandy on our return, we got to bed at 5.30, and I for one slept like a top and rose refreshed at 8.30, as also did Agassiz. He and I felt so famished that we ground up some ration biscuits and made porridge, which we enjoyed. None of the others got off their stretchers before mid-day, when they did not know whether to order breakfast or dinner. It ended in high tea.

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A wagon with six mules passed behind us this afternoon, and drew a hot shrapnel fire on all the Ambulances on the Beach. We had one man wounded, the 1st Welsh one killed (Capt. Clark) and three wounded, and the 3rd Welsh four wounded.

We again have orders to embark at 7.30.

September 10th.—The hour for embarking was afterwards changed to 8.30. Owing to the shelling we had just been subjected to this pleased us, as we could march down in the dark at this later hour. We got on board without any adventures and were taken out by two tow boats to our old friend, the "Abbassieh". The sea was choppy and our boat bumped unmercifully against the ship's side and ladder. We had supper on board, tea, bread and butter with cheese making a right royal feast, these articles never tasting half so good in all our lives before. Never till then did I fully appreciate how much we had roughed it since we came to Suvla Bay. Our bread has usually been vile, and often was not to be had at all, and everything has been unusually filthy and smelly. This was often due to our being unable to spare a drop of water to wash out our cooking utensils.

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No doubt what has really taken it out of us most is the constant danger we are in from bullets and shells, and especially the former at our Advanced Dressing Station in The Gully (Azmac Dere). After supper and a glass of beer we went to bed, and found genuine spring mattresses, a tremendous luxury. The very ground at Suvla seems to be harder than at Helles, and I often get up in the morning feeling stiff and sore. However, I much prefer living on chunks of anything out at the dressing station, and sleeping on a few rushes spread on the bottom of a shallow hole, to the comforts and safety of our base in the sandbank of Suvla Bay.

When the anchor was raised, with the usual amount of rattle, it roused one of our men who was asleep on deck; he sprang to his feet and dashed over the ship's rail, and really never woke up till he found himself in the water. Cries of "man overboard" were raised, and with much scurrying the ladder was let down, and being a strong swimmer he was got on board none the worse for his early bath. He was sent down to the engine room to dry.

We landed at Imbros about 9 a.m.

Imbros is a busy place, and has a big natural harbour facing the north, dotted over with warships and transports, and a considerable number of monitors each armed with one or two huge guns, all 14-inch I believe.

Our camp is in a dusty spot, and the wind makes it disagreeable and ruffles our tempers. There are about a dozen canteens, run by Greeks whose prices I am glad to see are fixed for all articles. I bought two kilos (4½ lbs.) of grapes and a few tomatoes, intending them for our mess, but I could not resist the grapes, I had an overpowering longing for fruit, and ate most of them, skins, stones and all, on my way back. I have tried to take up a bet to eat 2 lbs. against every lb. eaten by anyone in the mess.

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The hills and valleys I have not yet visited, but these look inviting. We are encamped on an extensive dead level between the sea and the hills.

September 11th.—I had a walk with Stephen last night, just before dark, to a hill about a mile off. From the top we were able to get a good idea of the beauties of Imbros. Except for the stretch where we are encamped, the whole island is one mass of rough, volcanic mountains, with narrow, fertile flats, carefully cultivated and bearing healthy, looking fig, olive, and other trees. A large herd of goats, wending their way home down a narrow track between rugged hills, away down below us, all with their bells tinkling, made a fine picture of a peaceful evening scene. As we sat and smoked beside a towering pinnacle of volcanic rock a raven went sailing past us, with his croak, croak. I remember Professor McGillivray, in his "Natural History of Deeside," describes what was perhaps a not altogether dissimilar scene among the Cairngorms, and addressing a raven on a rock beside him calls him "poor fellow".

September 12th.—Did nothing in particular to-day. We had church parade in the afternoon, Padre Campion officiating, and a mail consisting almost entirely of parcels, every second one smashed up till it could not be delivered. Stephen and I have arranged to go to Panagheia tomorrow, and we walked out to a spot at the foot of the hills to order ponies, donkeys, or whatever they had, for our trip. When there an old Greek came riding in on a donkey with two panniers full

of grapes, to which he asked us to help ourselves. they cost him nothing and he would make us welcome to as many as we liked at the same price. I ate a pound at least and still felt hungry. He said when this island was Turkish the taxes were very heavy, then the Greeks came along and they became worse, but he had been a sailor and a good deal in England, so he always swore to the tax collector that he was an Englishman and exempt from all taxes, so he has never paid a penny. We got more grapes from him, by purchase this time, big, luscious ones at 6d per kilo. We ate at our hardest while the Greek looked out big bunches that could be tied together, and for these he wanted, in Greek fashion, to charge an extra 3d. "Damn you for a greedy devil," says Stephen, we dived into his pannier and each had another big bunch, paid him, and returned to camp where we had a really good dinner—roast chicken stuffed with oatmeal and onions, beans, stewed pears, Vermouth, and three half bottles of champagne (from the Medical Comforts pannier!), then port and nuts (the former from ditto), and ended with cigars and Egyptian cigarettes. We had not dined so well since we left Alexandria.

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I believe to-day is the first day since we left England on March 18 that we have not seen the sun. As we were leaving the pony depot we fell in with Atlee of the Munsters who had been at Panagheia, and he says a pony is no use except for a bit of "swank," you have to walk practically the whole way beside your animal.

Thomson went into hospital to-day. He has been ailing for some weeks, and looks thin and far from well.

September 13th.—A red letter day. Last night we had a few showers, and in the morning as the sky was overcast we at first decided not to go to Panagheia, but as the blue sky began to break through by 9 we set off and were mounted on our shelties by 10. These we picked up at the edge of the mountains, beyond the camping ground. A dozen or two of animals—ponies, donkeys, and mules—were ready saddled, the owner of each pushing his way forward when he saw a likely customer coming along, eager to display the good points of his animal. I got astride a pack saddle, a wonderful structure of substantial sticks and raw hide, with a big, comfortable cushion on the top, for stirrups a piece of rope, and bridle the same, without bit, the rope being merely twisted and knotted round the lower jaw.

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We at once dipped into a deep valley, clothed on all sides in thick shrubbery, with plenty of trees in the lowest part, along which there was a tiny stream with occasional beautiful rocky pools. The trees here and all along were principally olives, figs, mulberry, and a few walnuts. The road was the merest track, littered with stones, and wound up hill and down dale. At first it was so bad that I thought it must surely lead soon to a better path, but little did I think what we were in for; we were soon among huge boulders, and nothing but boulders, up and down shelving rock, often 2 feet higher than the path, slithering over stretches of hard, bare rock, and all the time without a single stumble on the part of any one of our mounts. There were four of us—Stephen, Agassiz, Padre Campion, and myself—each with a guide dressed in blue material, and all sorts of head gear, and with the usual fold upon fold of cloth round the waist, shoes of raw hide with the hair outside, held on by twists of hide from the ankle to the knee, in proper brigand style.

The scenery soon became simply glorious, and my three companions, who all knew Switzerland, said it was exactly like that country, except for the absence of chalets. The hills rose on all sides, some to a height of 5000 feet, rough as possible, all volcanic of course, some looking as if they had belched out flames and smoke not so very long ago. One reminded me of Ben Sleoch as it rises out of Loch Maree, the same mass of rock atop, but here more rugged. Each mountain top and side was studded with enormous needle-like pinnacles and rough warty masses. It is strange how fertile these volcanic earths are, these high mountains were clothed with trees below, and had thick shrubbery almost to the top—mostly hollyoak, I fancy. The colouring of the rocks is very fine, the colours being warm reds, browns, purples, and yellows in one mingled mass.

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By 11.30 we had crossed the highest part of our path, and a wide valley came in sight a mile or two off, great masses of olive trees, with a large village away ahead on a hillside, and after a little time our destination hove in sight, round the shoulder of a mountain on our right, nestling among trees of deep green colour. These turned out to be mostly mulberry which has a very luscious and cool looking leaf; no fruit unfortunately, its season was over. We passed along the picturesque streets of Panagheia, with their projecting windows and vine entwined balconies, to a place proudly labelled "Hotel Britannic, J. Christie, proprietor, a British subject". The Hotel London we had been warned to pass by, as the catering was not so good, and strange to say, when we returned to camp and the orders of the day were being read at supper, it was there announced that this hotel was out of bounds for the time being, the proprietor being of suspected nationality.

Stephen was at his best, and was the life of the party and of everyone we came across, and greatly amused our guides. One of the guides had his little son with him who was named Georgo by Stephen, who told the little chap that his own name was Stephanos. He mounted him behind his saddle, and when lifting him down at the first halt, he said, "You've done damnedo wello, Georgo". Georgo showed by a broad grin that he felt flattered.

Lunch was ordered in the fine hotel of J. Christie, which was upstairs over a cobbler's shop, and consisted of one very small room which we filled, with a larger one off it, and behind was the kitchen, only half of which was floored, and through the great gaping part you looked down to the back of the cobbler's premises, a place full of empty bottles and the abode of J. Christie's poultry. That was the whole establishment, but they could cook. J. Christie, being an Italian and not a Britisher, was an excellent *chef*, and soon prepared for us first-rate soup, then boiled partridge

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which was likely a chicken from the hole I have mentioned. Then came the dish of the day—honey omelettes, which were brought in one at a time, glorious creations over which we poured delicious drained honey. They were so good that Stephen gave the order that they were to go on turning them out till he told them to stop. Each had two big ones, and after each you felt hungrier than ever. The wine of the country we of course also had, one called Morea not unlike champagne. Then cheese and Turkish coffee, after which we set off to view the village. We landed at the school when it chanced to be play time, but we went through the rooms followed by all the scholars, fine bright boys and girls, and Stephen with a piece of chalk showed them some new method of multiplication, which was far more complicated than the old way we all know. In a hall they had two large pictures, one of Venezelos, who they declared was good, the other of Gunariz who was bad. One little chap was the son of the local doctor and spoke French well. He said his father was a graduate of Paris University.

It was altogether a most enjoyable day, the padre saying it was the day of his life. He was a good fellow the padre, and nothing delighted him more, he remarked, than to hear Stephen saying "damn," he put so much expression into the word.

We commenced the return journey at 4.45 when the colouring of the mountains was perfect, and the padre always insisted on dismounting to take a sketch of some particularly fine scene. He got ahead of us one time when we came upon him seated on a big stone in a rough watercourse, surrounded with oleanders and sketching a peep of a grand mountain between two nearer ridges. [187]

When we returned we found Sir Ian Hamilton had inspected our Ambulance, and made himself pleasant all round.

September 14th.—A cold wind blew all day—from the north of course. Saw the sun only occasionally.

I took the Lancashire Fusiliers Sick Parade this morning, when 215 presented themselves as sick—every fourth man. I expect the order of the day had included a route march. There is nothing Tommy hates more than a route march.

September 15th.—The nights get still colder, and this forenoon was like an October day at home, but later it was bright and warm without a breath of wind. Our airmen made the most of the calm spell and took out the only airship we have here and circled about for at least two hours, with a fast monoplane scouting in case of reprisals. The sun is at present sinking in the west and the evening colouring among the mountains makes one long for everlasting peace, there is too much discord between such scenes and our errand out here.

September 16th.—Just as I got out of bed at 7 am some one called out that a Taube was dropping bombs. It dropped four a short way from us. It was at a great height and got a good peppering from our ships in the harbour. In about fifteen minutes it returned, or it may have been another aeroplane, and let loose five or six bombs at the G.O.C. in C.'s H.Q. where, I afterwards heard, five men were wounded. It was heading straight over us, but the fire again got too hot for it and it made off to the south, but it was most daring and persistent and put in a third appearance, when one of our monoplanes, a very fast machine, went up and we expected some fun. After ascending in large spirals they got on the same level when the Taube turned round and faced our machine, both now at a very great height, and both evidently firing at each other, when suddenly our machine dived down at a tremendous speed. We of course thought the airman or his plane had been disabled. We heard in the evening that his gun jammed, and being helpless he wisely cleared out. [188]

Stephen and I were to take the whole Ambulance to Panagheia, and I went early to the Lancs. to get their Sick Parade over. Stephen promised to assist and was to be up early too, but he turned up last for breakfast, and I had inspected two companies before he arrived.

Nothing eventful happened on our 6 or 7 mile march across the mountains. Big, threatening thunderclouds, with rain on the high peaks before us, rather detracted from our enjoyment, and the Greeks we met pointed to the clouds and with a descending motion of their hands prophesied rain. However, it never did rain and the afternoon was perfect. The Greeks followed us with pony loads of grapes (Staphila, they call them), pomegranates, and figs, and we fared well. A pony in front of us tumbled down a steep incline and we straightway wished to buy its load which was scattered everywhere. I picked up a lot of figs which were dead ripe and delicious. The black grapes of these parts would be difficult to beat, and I must have eaten 3 lbs. of these on our way.

After halting the men beyond the village, and having lunch to which they were allowed beer, a luxury which few of them had tasted for many months, Stephen and I went to a small village half a mile further on. Many go from Panagheia to Castro, a fishing village, but our little place was off the beaten track and quite unspoiled. We entered a primitive café where we had a cup of good coffee, served as usual in a very tiny cup with a big tumbler of water. Two Greek policemen were sipping their coffee and playing cards, and we managed to enter into conversation with them and some other loafers. Many of the old women were spinning about their doors, and we saw some of their work. Their wool (goat's) when carded is very fine and fluffy, but the material when woven is hard and looks as if it would wear for ever. [189]

Next we sat down in front of what we thought was a school and made a sketch of it. It turned out to be the church of Sainte Varvara. The school is alongside, and the dominie had eyed us and

came over and took us through the church. We thought he was a verger, and Stephen wished to purchase every holy relic in it. Then we tipped him a few coppers, and tapers were accordingly lit and planted in a basin of sand. All the Greek churches we have seen are very ornate and tawdry, with a multitude of pictures and tall candlesticks. The pulpit towered till it almost touched the low ceiling. The centre of the churches is always vacant, and round this space there is always a row of high-backed seats. I fancy the difference between the Greek and Roman churches is not great. Both give much prominence to the Virgin and Child, but I am told that one of the differences is that the former does not regard the Virgin as a Saint. A number of saints were pictured here, including Sainte Varvara, to whom the building is dedicated.

We next looked into the school, a tumble down place, but clean and tidy, and with about forty bright, neatly dressed children. Stephen was delighted at the sight and beamed on them all, and yelled and laughed, gave a little chap a sum of multiplication on the blackboard which he did correctly, then he had to show him his new and more complicated way of getting the answer. This new method is very peculiar, but the two answers were identical, to the astonishment of the dominie, who was apparently able to follow the steps. "Now," says Stephen, "I want all the children to say 'Venezelos good' and to give him a cheer." This was done most heartily. "Now, say Gunariz bad." This time, I think, they did not understand what was wanted of them; however, with a little persuasion from Stephen and the dominie they got through it in a mild way. There was something refreshing and homelike in our visit to the kiddies. They all jumped smartly to their feet as we were leaving. The dominie accompanied us up the street, where we admired the trees laden with clusters of beautiful red-cheeked pomegranates. I had never seen this fruit growing before, but here every garden was full of it.

We next stopped to watch a woman spinning inside a doorway, with an instrument like a fiddle bow—either that or she was carding the wool with it, this being in fluffy billows about her on the floor. She asked us to enter—all by signs of course. We had a look round her kitchen which was very clean, the fireplace and articles about being mostly not unlike what one could see at home. In a corner was a broad, low divan on which she threw some cushions, on which we sat with our legs tucked under us, which we supposed was the correct fashion, and what was expected of us. She next got us two small glasses of brandy, a saucer with a few small biscuits and two tumblers of water, and placed all neatly on a small table with a cover. The brandy was strong and scented, and not much to my liking; however, I drank it and felt grateful to this good soul for her hospitality and showing us a little Grecian home life. At one side of the room there was a part shut off by a curtain which we concluded was a box-bed, but Stephen had a look in and found it full of shelves with blankets and articles of clothing. "But where do the devils sleep?" Stephen kept on saying, and by resting his head on his hands and snoring he tried to get the woman to understand that he was curious as to this point. Her demeanour at once changed, her temper was up, and we cleared off down the street.

September 20th.—There has been nothing to take note of during the last few days. The Lancs. Fusiliers have occupied a good deal of my time, their Sick Parades varying from 215 to fifty-seven. We have had a few visits from Taubes, mostly after dark, one dropping two bombs yesterday, and the night before we had six. The hangar seems to be their objective. Two others we heard approaching last night but they never came over us, they could see we were on the alert by the amount of our fire, and some red rockets went off high in the air.

To-day should end our holiday to Imbros, but as it blows a gale we have been notified that this has been postponed. In the afternoon Agassiz and I had a delightful walk up a valley that was new to us. It was a mass of huge rocks and boulders, with an attempt at a stream which would be a raging torrent in winter. We came on a curious geological formation, which we thought could be nothing but fossilised trees, but how a tree came to be in the middle of a lava rock was a puzzle. We soon found many others and saw that, however, this shape came about, trees were not the foundation. Each consisted of a large number of concentric circles exactly like the rings in a tree stump, some fully 3 feet in diameter.

On our way back we had a good view of Achi Baba—of unpleasant memory.

We had two padres to tea, Beardmore being one of them. They told us how Turkish snipers were paid—20 piastres for a lieutenant, 40 for a captain, 80 for a lieutenant-colonel, but if a Staff officer was shot the sniper got shot himself—not very flattering to our Staff.

If you meet a Greek on a fine day his usual greeting sounds like "kalumaera". It was only to-day that I discovered this was the modern pronunciation of kale hemera, and on greeting a man in the ancient form he stood up and wondered what I meant, then said, "No, no". He explained that all aspirates are dropped in modern Greek. They use the word "su" for water, but they also understand the ancient word hudor. Many of the accents also seem to have changed.

September 22nd.—We reached our old camp at Suvla about 9 p.m. yesterday, after a pleasant crossing, and a good meal of tea and coffee, ham and eggs before disembarking. We watched the usual Turkish "evening hate" from our place of safety on board, the shells bursting in places we could recognise. One fell in the sea not far from us as we marched from the Beach in the dark. To-day we had a large number of shells just round us.

I had an order early this morning to join the Lancs. Fusiliers, and after breakfast set off in search of their lines. I was directed to various places where the North, South, and Royal Lancashire Regiments lay, but it cost me a whole hour to find our Fusiliers. They are in reserve,

with the supports and firing lines just in front of them, all on the steep slope of Hizlar Daggh. During Sick Parade we had to keep ducking from shells, the Turks evidently having discovered that the 86th Brigade was once more among them. As I was passing through the Dublin lines on my return to our base two shells fell just beyond them when de Boer shouted to me to take shelter under a projecting rock where all their officers had retired for safety, but before I got in another shell landed almost in the centre of their line, among some very thick scrub, which had prevented pieces from flying far. As I passed this spot when things had got a bit quieter I asked one of the men if none of them were hit. "No," said Paddy, "but we smelt the pouter."

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September 23rd.—As it was getting dark last night the A.D.M.S. ordered me to join the Lancashire Fusiliers at once, and to remain with them, they having no Regimental M.O. I hurriedly put everything necessary into my pack, and with Conroy, as servant, set off to the slopes of Hizlar Daggh. I reached my post in half an hour, and was assigned as my quarters a scraping in the earth not a foot deep. Here I spent a most wretched night, an icy cold wind blowing down the depression in the hill where the Battalion is encamped. I simply shivered and shook till the sun rose at 6 o'clock, when I felt too cold to wash and shave, but so did every one. I breakfasted with Lt-Col. Pearson and his Adjutant, Captain Johnson (killed three months afterwards), and at 10 held Sick Parade. The Turks can fire straight along our hollow, and General de Lisle made a wise proposal yesterday to run a long series of terraces crossways, each with a back about 7 feet high and a trench 7 feet wide in front. If this is continued to the foot there should then be room for 5000 troops. The Turks have not yet found us out, although they gave us a few shells yesterday, otherwise they could have made it too hot for us to continue operations. All have been busy to-day digging, picking, and quarrying stones, and already we have fairly safe trenches for one company. The Lancs., who have a large number of miners in their ranks, have been selected to do this, job, otherwise they would have taken up a position half a mile further back as was first intended.

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In the afternoon I strolled down to our Advanced Dressing Station which is only half a mile off, at the foot of the hill. Stephen had walked out as far as this with me last night, and to-day I find the place in charge of Sergt.-Major Shaw. Agassiz had paid them a flying visit very early this morning on his way to the C.C.S., he too being sick. All our original officers are now away or at present ailing except Q.-M. Dickie and myself, and it looks as if he and I were to be left alone in a few days.

Later.—Had a note from Stephen saying Fiddes has gone off sick along with Agassiz, and that his own temperature is 101—this looks bright.

September 25th.—After writing the above two days ago, and about 10 p.m. when I had retired to bed, the Adjutant announced to me that another M.O. had been found and that I was to be relieved. This had been arranged owing to the shortage of officers in our Ambulance. I therefore left the Lancs. yesterday morning, Touhy, an Irishman, taking my place. I was enjoying myself thoroughly with the Lancs., and regretted this change as we were going into the front line in a day or two. Colonel Pearson is very popular with every man in his Battalion and is a most charming man, and I regretted leaving him.

Stephen went off sick to-day. Hoskin joined us yesterday, being detached from hospital work at Imbros. He is a good fellow, and eager for work and still more for excitement.

This morning I went up to our Advanced Dressing Station at the foot of the hill. It has now to be run without a permanent medical man. I saw the sick and wounded who had come in; took the Sick Parade of the London R.E.'s who are at present without an M.O.; returned and had our own Sick Parade; attended the sick in our hospital; saw several relays of Royal, Dublin, and Munster Fusiliers; returned to the dressing station at 6 p.m. and saw some fresh cases of sick and wounded; besides other duties, and altogether had an unusually busy day. Something of this sort will now go on daily until the D.M.S. sends us more officers.

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There was fighting all along the line last night, especially about Anzac where we hear the Australians advanced half a mile.

The R.C. Padre who is attached to the Munsters, and has messed with us for the last week or so, leaves us to-morrow to our general regret. He is the most amusing man I have met in the army. Now that the hardest of us, although we are still carrying on, are far from fit, and our spirits none of the best, we will miss him sorely.

September 27th.—I have had a very busy day especially at the dressing station. A messenger came from there a few minutes after midnight, and I had to go up to see some Munsters who had been wounded two hours before in a scrap with the Turks. As I tramped back alone in the dark (this is entirely against orders) the frequent ping of bullets was not too comforting, and as I neared our base several shells came about, at no great distance, when I found myself pushing my fingers inside my shirt to make sure that I had my identity disc round my neck, a habit I have got into when alone and in a hot corner. When I returned in the evening I found still another officer had been attached to us—Stott. The padre told us many amusing stories at dinner. He said he knew one of the Dewar family who always began his speeches with the remark that he was not a speaker but a "doer," and ended by saying, "I must now do as the lady of Coventry should have done, and make for my 'close'".

The Regimental M.O.'s are too lenient—that is my experience at any rate—and send too many away to the base hospitals, and to-day Hoskin and I returned ten of their cases to their lines, which we have the power to do. Probably 150 a day are leaving Suvla alone on sick leave, many with mere trifles, and a large number through sheer funk—I approve of getting rid of these, they are worse than useless, they cause panic very often. Last night we had two cases of acute insanity from this cause, both boys of nineteen, and to-day I sent off one of seventeen with the same trouble.

September 28th.—Last night about 7 a furious attack was made by the Turks which lasted half an hour. A gun behind Sari Bair, which has bothered us before, threw about twenty shells round our base, their objective being either the road in front of us, or the ships behind. Pieces were flying about in all directions. This was followed by a quiet night, only one shell going over us and out to sea about midnight.

8.15 p.m.—I have come out to our dressing station for the night, and am in a newly made dug-out, which has been deepened and heightened by myself since I arrived here three hours ago. Its back towards the enemy is 7 feet high, dug into a bank, with a high parapet of earth and a stone lined face. (It is never advisable to build with stone, a shell landing among stones can do a great deal of damage. In this case I could not do otherwise, sand bags were very scarce by this time, and it was with great difficulty we got any from the R.E.'s for the protection of our patients. A little after this date these stones of mine were sent flying.) It is of course open to the heavens where the stars are unusually bright to-night. It promises to be a warm night, the wind being S.W., very unlike what we have had of late when the winds were from the north and keen by night. Just as it was getting dark—before 7—I watched an aeroplane, evidently in difficulties from its low flight and with its engine knocking badly. It descended on a wide dusty road behind our base, when I expected the Turks to open fire on it, as they once did on a similar occasion at Helles, but they have left it in peace.

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General Percival, our Brigadier, paid us a visit here a couple of hours ago, and I tried to get the date of our next stunt from him but failed. I admired his caution—if he knew. He tells me a special telegram came from Kitchener to-day announcing the capture of 23,000 Germans in France, and forty guns, and more coming in all the time.

One can do little here after dark—and so to bed. Between mother earth and myself is a ground sheet, near my feet my pick and spade, handy if I should feel cold and wish to do some digging during the night, as I may do when the moon rises about ten; beside me a miserable candle lamp and my revolver, and after getting into my heavy overcoat, with my pack for a pillow, hard though it is with mess-tin, jug and other such like material inside, and a blanket over my feet, I hope to get a few hours' sleep.

October 1st.—During the last few days I have been very busy at our dressing station preparing for the big attack which we know is near and to be on a big scale. We are told that next time we must push through and seize the Turkish lines of communication. We did some heavy work, and as I had been the Engineer of the alterations and earth works I felt responsible and was more on the spot than I would have been otherwise. I thoroughly enjoyed it all the same, and all the while did my full share of navy work. We had large numbers of sick and wounded to see to at the same time, Hoskin and I seeing about 100 a day between us. I was roused one night to see a case of snake bite, the first I had seen or heard of out here—and I had my doubts about this case, although the man declared he had none.

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We had orders the other day to change our base to a site well up the side of Hizlar Dagh, well back towards Divisional H.Q. where we should be fairly safe from gun fire, although in full view of the Turk, but we now have faith in his respect of the Red Cross. The winter rains are probably not far distant now, and here there should be no danger of being washed away. I am there now, our men having pitched two tents yesterday as an experiment to see if the Turks would leave them alone. Stott and I came up to it last night after dark. Everything is very simple—so much so that we had to forage to get some food. In my pack I luckily had a tin of café-au-lait and one of us had a mug so we stirred up a spoonful in cold water and both pronounced it remarkably good—as everything is when you are almost dying of hunger and thirst. Stott, a famous raconteur, contributed to our amusement with drawing-room stories till 11 o'clock when both fell asleep.

This morning I wandered out of our tent about 6.30 to find a very thick mist, the first time we had seen a trace of this. The tents were soaked and the ropes as tight as fiddle strings.

We had been here about ten minutes last night when a rifle shot went off behind some bushes beside us, followed by howls from some one in agony. A soldier lay on his back with his rifle beside him, his left foot merely held on by his puttee. We learned that at the end of the war he had to undergo some years of penal servitude for some offence, and his comrades, I see, are convinced that this was an intentionally inflicted wound. I have never before seen a man shoot off more than a finger or toe, carrying off a foot shows that the man has plenty of pluck of a sort.

October 2nd.—A terrifically hot day.

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Everything seems to be upset to-day. We have been slaving and preparing for a big stunt, and now it is said that no such thing is in contemplation. In my opinion this change of plan is due to the position Bulgaria has definitely taken, or seems certainly about to take, in the present troublous times.

For some strange reason she has taken the side of Germany and Turkey. We must reserve our strength, according to a statement made by Sir Edward Grey in the House of Commons, as we have promised to assist Serbia with troops should this eventuality come about. We half expect some of us will be withdrawn from here and landed in Greece or wherever it is most suitable for a march on the Bulgars. Many of us would go right gladly, the monotony of living all these months on a small patch of ground gets more irksome as time goes on.

I am now at the dressing station, having come out for twenty-four hours' duty. We have a collecting station, where we keep a few stretcher squads, half a mile in front of this, and this is to be withdrawn to a site near our old station in Azmak Dere, but slightly further forward, between the Green Pool (a filthy hole full of frogs and tortoises) and the end of a communication trench. I had to inspect the situation this evening, and marked off the boundaries, and to-morrow our men start to dig themselves in. The position is very exposed and I reported that I did not like it. Three artillery officers who passed said they were to plant a battery a few yards in front of us, and they thought the place anything but safe. However, the spot was chosen by General de Lisle and there is no getting away from it.

October 3rd.—Dressing station. I was up to-day at 6.30 and at once set to work with pick and spade, not stopping till breakfast was announced at 8, when Morice, the cook, brought me three huge slices of bread, two chunks of very fat bacon, and a mug of black dixie tea that had boiled for a full hour, all on such a lavish scale that at ordinary times they would have taken away my appetite; but not so to-day, I devoured the lot and never enjoyed a breakfast more in all my life. I next had a large Sick Parade drawn from twelve units, and returned to their duties several who were on their way to the C.C.S. with very trifling ailments. This will put up the backs of the Regimental M.O.'s, but in such serious times, with our numbers getting more depleted every day, manners must not be considered. I mentioned this subject to the A.D.M.S. to-day, and he backs me up and is to see what can be done to check this wastage. [200]

Padre Mayne held a short service under the tarpaulin-covered space we reserve for patients, his congregation being twelve poor beggars on stretchers waiting to be sent down, and about twice that number of sick walking cases. The wounded tried to cheer up and suppress their groans, but these occasionally got the better of them. Then I returned to my spade and worked till 12.30.

I returned to our new base for lunch and am now sitting on the edge of a dug-out in the setting sun, which has annoyed us all day. It is a most glorious evening, not a breath of wind, and deep down below me the Aegean glistens without a ripple; all is at peace, except the big guns, and they are very busy, the ships having fired incessantly for the last two or three hours at the Sari Bair ridge. The Anzac guns are also very active. But the Turks are at present lying low and not making a single reply.

I was explaining the position of our collecting station to the A.D.M.S. to-day, telling him about the proposed battery in front of us, and the preparations to build a bridge over the gully just beside us. He had not heard of either of these, and he now thinks our site will have to be given up for one further back. To-morrow the C.O. and I go over to inspect the ground on this side and report. [201]

Our magnificent dressing station, over which I have taken no end of trouble, is to be given over to the 88th F.A. Their Colonel jokingly thanked me for all we have done preparing for him—we give it up with regret.

October 4th.—The day opened with a violent bombardment about Anzac and the adjoining end of Sari Bair, this spreading gradually along the ridge to our right centre. The C.O. and I should have started for the centre of the line after breakfast but this journey had to be postponed till eleven, when there was again quietness, and before lunch we surveyed the ground already occupied by our men in digging, and other probable sites behind that in case we should have to retire further back. The position we do not consider good, but we can find nothing more suitable, and we examined the ground all the way back to Hill 10. The work must therefore go on as arranged. We passed Azmak Dere, the warm spot we held so long, and Col. Fraser had a look at it for the first time.

Col. Riley, D.D.M.S., to-day says we are to retain our present dressing station, and being Divisional and not Brigade troops, it does not matter which Brigade we serve. Still we hope in our present position to be able to attend the sick and wounded of our 86th Brigade, and are willing to take all others who come our way. The 86th have moved from our extreme left—where we are—to our right centre, hence the re-arrangement of Ambulances.

October 8th.—Daily writing of these notes gets monotonous as there is nothing much doing. Artillery duels are constant, and during the last few days the naval guns have fired more than usual. Occasionally a Taube flies over us and drops bombs, but such things are now not worth noting. [202]

Four new officers joined us yesterday—Captain McLean, Lieutenants Russell, Campbell, and Hodgkinson, and to-day Lieutenant Fyfe, so that we now have ten medical men in our unit, or one over strength. Forty medicos landed at Suvla yesterday, fifteen at Anzac, and fifteen at Helles, and more are landing to-day. More than enough surely, but all units must be very short.

The Turks used poison gas to-day for the first time. Tomlinson of the Lancs., who told me his experience, says it made him feel sick and his eyes smarted, but his respiration was not affected. One or two men were overcome by it but none fatally. Curiously the evening before all our naval and field guns were bombarding Jeffson's Post, the front line of the Turks on Hizlar Dagh, and on climbing to the top of the hill behind our camp to see what was doing the smell of chlorine was well marked, although I was nearly a mile from the above place. The shells were bursting well over the Turks who had to fly into the open where our machine-guns got them. (The smell of chlorine probably came from chloride of lime somewhere near, this being much used as a disinfectant.)

October 11th.—The statement that the Turks used gas the other day now turns out to be false, it was ordinary lydite the Lancs. mistook for one of the new fangled German devices. My apologies to the Turks.

Yesterday we had a visit from General Sir Julian Byng, our Army Corps Commander (formerly in the 8th Army, we are now in the 9th). He roughly inspected our camp, and the C.O. being in undress and unshaved I had to take the party round. Sir Julian was complimenting the Turks on their straight fighting.

October 13th.—A day of intense cold after a still colder night. Last night while we were at dinner a terrific rain came on suddenly, and when I got over to my tent it was to find my bed soaked through, as was almost everything I possessed. [203]

To-day we had a lecture on the hillside by Sir Victor Horsley on surgical wounds in warfare, mainly of the head. A very good lecture it was.

This afternoon one of our aeroplanes came down in the Salt Lake. It was well shelled and must be useless for the present. The two aviators were seen leaving it amidst a storm of shrapnel, one evidently getting hit, he was seen applying something white round his leg.

This is one of the great routes for the migration of birds. Yesterday and several times to-day I saw flocks of geese flying over our heads and steering south, likely on their way to the Nile and great African lakes. During last night they kept up a constant cackle as they flew over us.

October 14th.—Geese in large flocks are crossing to-day, mostly in V formation of twenty-five to thirty. A good many are in two V's and some of the largest flocks must number about 500. Many thousands must have crossed before 11 a.m. when they suddenly came to an end.

A shrapnel shell struck the back of my dug-out at the dressing station two nights ago, blowing all the walls down. Two of our new officers were in it at the time, one being rather badly hit on the head by a flying stone. He is besides badly shaken and has had to go to a hospital ship. The other was blown right into the trench in front, got well shaken up and had a hand cut, but he looks on it all as a bit of a joke.

October 15th.—I have been off colour for some little time, and I question if I'll be able to carry on much longer. Of the ten officers we had the other day only three are quite fit, and most of them landed but a few days ago. [204]

October 16th.—This morning, about 4 o'clock, the orthodox hour for attacking being one hour before dawn, a furious gunfire opened on Sari Bair, which I got out of bed to watch. Many shells were bursting simultaneously all along the ridge and down this side of the hill. It is hard to say whether the Turks or the Australians were the assailants, but I noticed in the forenoon the Turks were shelling a spot near the bottom of a gully which crosses Sari Bair, and which a few days ago was in their own hands. All forenoon a most interesting shelling went on in these hills and foot hills, but after watching it carefully I cannot satisfy myself that there is any material change of position. The Turks and ourselves have fired many thousand shells to-day, and the Turks have kept the end of Sari Bair held by the Australians enveloped in a continuous smoke.

About three days ago the Turks had placed a new gun of large calibre in the line of Hizlar Dagh, and its huge shells come screeching over our heads on their way to Little West Beach at all hours of the day and night. Its first day's bag I hear was forty-one, and its second eighteen. This is the busiest landing place we have, men in large numbers embarking and disembarking all night long.

A Turkish aeroplane crossed over our camp about 10.30 a.m. flying so low that, when I heard it in my tent, I said to myself only one of our own machines could fly at that height. It must actually have gone right over an anti-aircraft gun on the top of Hizlar Dagh, almost immediately behind us, and before this fired a shot it was allowed to go nearly a mile. Then it opened fire and shells went after it in quick succession, but every shot burst, as is almost invariably the case, hundreds of yards behind it. The machine glided gaily along past the point of the bay, straight over the British lines to Sari Bair, rifle shots being fired in a regular fusillade. It turned, perhaps three miles from here, went to its right, came straight over the warships in the bay towards us, all the time flying at the same low elevation. It then went to the east right over our centre lines where all our infantry opened on it, but it never veered from its straight course. I was watching all this with an officer of the London Territorial Fusiliers, and asked if he thought there could have been 20,000 rounds fired, and after thinking a little he said there must have been twice that number. [205]

At least fifty shells also went after it. I hope the aviator got a V.C. or its equivalent on his return to his own lines. Our shell fire was atrocious; I felt so thoroughly ashamed of it that I hoped the Turks were not watching the puffs of smoke as the shells burst a good quarter of a mile behind their mark. When the machine came within range again on its return journey the anti-aircraft gun opened fire on it again and did no better than at first, but at the very end there was a distinct improvement. I can't think how all these shots at such a short range could have missed a vital spot. The man's sailing over us a second time was the coolest act I have ever witnessed, and I would have been sorry to see him drop.

As McLean was coming in from the dressing station after dark last night two bodies of troops passed each other, a sergeant of one shouted to a ditto of the other, "Are you the West Ridings?" "No," was the reply, "we are only the bloody Monmouths walking."

Lt-Col. Fraser, our C.O., who has been ailing for some time, left for hospital to-day. This leaves me as C.O. of the Ambulance, Dickie and I being the only officers remaining of the original ten.

Up to the present time our losses are six killed (including one officer), two died of disease, and either twenty-four or twenty-five wounded (including two officers). (This is an under-estimate.) Sickness has also been excessive, and we cannot have more than a third of our original men. We have had four drafts, mostly Englishmen.

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October 19th.—Walked to our new dressing station this forenoon and examined "well thirty," this being by order of the S.C. of the Engineers of our Brigade. I was presented with a bottle of water thick with blue mud. Being intensely thirsty I adopted the only test available and drank it off, and promised to report if it had any bad effects.

In the evening another draft of thirty men reached us, this time from Swansea. Every man is turning up his nose at the thought of a Welsh detachment.

Had a long interview on many subjects with the A.D.M.S. (Lt-Col. J.G. Bell).

A large flock of geese crossed this morning, but I have seen none for the last day or two.

October 21st.—Preparations were made to meet a Turkish attack yesterday, which was some great feast or fast day with them; however, it did not come off. Dickie thinks such exertion on either a feast or fast day would have been a mistake. Then at night when there was a full moon we half expected this attack, and an Engineer officer at present at H.Q., who called to see me yesterday, said he was always to keep his boots on at night after this, as he said he had no faith in the troops we now have in our front line being able to check any sort of attack.

Another of our heroes, Nightingale of the Munsters, left for home yesterday in bad health, but greatly against his will. He pleaded to be allowed to go back to the trenches, but we were partly influenced by a letter from his C.O., who requested that we should give him a rest as he had been on the peninsula since the landing. Almost without exception those who get a chance to go home go with the greatest pleasure, and it is refreshing to come across one who is really not suffering from "cold feet". All are more or less ill I admit.

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October 24th.—A particularly cold, wet and rough day. According to an article which appeared in the "Westminster Gazette," and was reprinted in our local "War Office Telegram," there is always a cold rough snap from October 20 to October 25. The first date was correct, and I trust the latter, which is to-morrow, will be as accurate, for we are miserable. Geese are crossing in very large numbers to-day.

The thirty Welshmen who were attached to us were exchanged for an equal number of the 4/1 Highland F.A. from Aberdeen. Our men had taken to the Welshmen and were sorry to part with them, especially as they were doing excellent work.

October 25th.—The above weather forecast was wonderfully accurate, the cold snap ran from the 19th to 24th. Yesterday opened rough, wet and cold, but later in the day the wind fell to an absolute calm and the temperature rose. To-day is ideal, not a breath of wind, a few fleecy clouds, and delightfully warm. Geese are flying south in thousands. Where do they all come from?—the lakes of Norway and Sweden, Finland and Northern Russia, or where? Their destination is no doubt that delectable country for the winter, Africa. Yesterday the A.D.M.S. thought I required a change and recommended me to go there also, but I refused absolutely. I prefer the hardships of Suvla and it may be the Balkans, to a life of ease and comfort in the hospitals of Alexandria. Had things not looked so bad here I might have accepted such an offer, but now that the outlook is as bad as could be, and the danger to ourselves gradually thickens, it is out of the question. Mackensen is said to be in Servia and pushing south rapidly. He has an army of 216,000, while the Servians can oppose them with only 80,000 or 90,000. French and British troops have been rushed north from Salonika, and we are in contact with the Bulgars, if not the Austro-Germans. All here expect to be ordered to the Balkans any day; at Suvla we are now being wasted, all we can do is to hold up the Turks which is not good enough.

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October 26th.—We hear to-day that the "Marquette" which brought us from Avonmouth to Alexandria was torpedoed two days ago, on her way to Salonika. About 1000 troops were on

board, and 600 are said to have been lost, including thirty nurses. The "Marquette" sent out the S.O.S. signal, but the submarine came to the surface and signalled, "No assistance is required".

October 28th.—Nothing much doing except artillery fire. According to evidence given by the Turkish prisoners our artillery fire does little harm, they are so well dug in, one Battalion putting its daily casualties at six. Yesterday about mid-day every Turkish gun opened fire on our trenches from the extreme right to the extreme left and along Anzac, and all at the self same moment. We wondered what it meant and whether it was preliminary to a wild assault all along our lines, which was to drive us into the sea; one would have expected something extraordinary to follow, but in less than fifteen minutes it was all over. No doubt they caught many of our men in the open, sitting smoking on their parapets and such like, and 100 or 200 may have been knocked out. We are continually being caught napping, and one shell often lands in the middle of an unsuspecting group and plays terrible havoc. [209]

I see in G.R.O. (General Routine Orders) that General Sir C.C. Munro takes over command of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force from yesterday's date.

November 2nd.—The weather on the whole gets colder and more bracing, sometimes too much so, but by day it is occasionally uncomfortably warm. The Turks and ourselves keep shelling each other as of old.

I am now feeling so very much off colour that I know I ought to go home, but I am unable to tear myself away from Suvla in case I should miss the chance of going to the Balkans. Still, I am afraid I will be left behind if our Ambulance was to go. During the summer I had two months of dysentery. Since then I have never felt quite fit although I have carried on the whole time, and for the last three weeks I have had an attack of jaundice, of which there has been a very widespread epidemic. (This epidemic was afterwards proved to be Paratyphoid.)

November 7th.—For some days the weather has been perfect, bright and warm as midsummer, and the nights cool without being cold, but with dews heavy enough to drench the tents.

To-day we had the most deliberate shelling the Turks ever gave the Red Cross. So far they have shown us more or less respect, in fact no one could find fault hitherto; when shells came among us, there was always some excuse for it. To-day I think they must have been retaliating for some mischief our guns had unintentionally done to their Crescent. The 88th F.A. is encamped alongside us, and six big high explosive shells fell among the two of us, costing each of us a tent, but strange to say no other casualty occurred. All, including about sixty sick, made for our two big trenches which we made some time ago in case anything of this sort should happen. [210]

November 8th.—A Medical Board was summoned for this morning for the examination of a well-known rascal, and being one of its members I had an opportunity of a talk with the President, our A.D.M.S., Colonel Bell. I represented to him that I had long felt I would be compelled to leave the peninsula, although much against my will, but after three months' illness my strength had got so undermined that I could stand it no longer. I took no care of myself, otherwise I might have felt better now, but since I landed on April 25, I have not been a day off duty. As Colonel Bell remarked, I should have left Suvla long ago. I am now writing on a hospital ship, trying to feel that I have done my bit.

Dickie, who also goes on sick leave, and I decided to go forthwith, so we packed up all our belongings. We boarded a lighter at the C.C.S. and came out to the hospital ship "Rewa". The evening as we came out was beautifully still, with a little haze hanging about the foot hills, chilly, and we were glad to put on our overcoats. I felt depressed at being forced to leave, and cowardly when I thought of those left behind; still on gazing around I felt astonished I had been able "to stick it" so long. The monotony lately has been very trying; living on a small piece of ground with the enemy in front and the sea behind, and no progress being made, could have been nothing else.

November 9th.—Went to bed early last night and had a. talk with Major Turner of the 53rd C.C.S. who was in bed alongside. Talking about our being shelled on Sunday he said his hospital was twice shelled, getting three shells each time, and they were informed, with apologies, by the Turks that they were retaliating. On one occasion one of our naval shells landed in the middle of a Turkish Ambulance. This confirms my theory that our shelling was an act of retaliation for something or other. Although the door and port-holes were open last night I was greatly oppressed by the closeness of the atmosphere, due to my revelling in the open air for many months. [211]

November 10th.—We lay at anchor outside the boom of Suvla Bay till mid-day to-day, when we had got on board nearly 500 sick and wounded, and we set sail for Lemnos. Our boat is so coated with barnacles that her speed is reduced from 18 to 12 knots. Two monitors were firing at Achi Baba as we came opposite it. Each had two guns and the four were fired together. We passed close to one which gave a magnificent roar, the like of which I am not likely to hear again for many a day.

The sick officers occupy one table in the saloon, the Staff eating at a separate table. The latter a well-fed, happy lot, the others yellow and jaundiced, and looking very weary.

November 11th.—We reached Lemnos yesterday at 6 p.m. and anchored in the outer harbour with four other hospital ships and many transports. Our boat has orders to proceed to Alexandria and we are again on the move, leaving at 9 a.m. to-day.

November 13th.—We reached Alexandria at 11 a.m. taking fifty hours from Lemnos. On the pier at which we drew up stood a train refulgent in stars and crescents. This was soon filled, and passed off, into the unknown—likely Cairo.

Next, how was I to get a wire off? Quite easy, said some one. You see that lady along there with the green umbrella, that is Lady C— who meets all boats and looks after such things. Lady C. soon gets off a bale on which she has been sitting, and stalks slowly down our way, gets a bundle of what turns out to be telegram forms and awaits the hoisting of the gangway, a great lumbering affair which it takes an army of multi-coloured Egyptians to shove along on its wheels. Then they swing it round, amidst great shouting in chorus, and nearly catch her ladyship's shins in so doing, but she is wide awake, jumps back, digs the hand that is not holding the green umbrella into her waist, her head jerks a little, and I can imagine she is consigning all these Egyptians to a certain place. She comes on board where all are very deferential, and she is asked to lunch with us but declines.

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November 14th.—Ras-el-Tin Military Hospital. Towards evening several officers were brought to this hospital yesterday. We enjoyed our ride through the streets, all gay with the brilliant colours of the East. At last we entered a big gateway and landed in an exquisite garden. At the distant end of this is a tall lighthouse, the hospital being at the very point of a long promontory on the east side of the harbour entrance. The garden is full of palms and flowers of the most brilliant hues.

A medical fellow came round and gave me an overhaul this morning. He tells me my heart is dilated—hence my severe breathlessness. I was told I must go to England, but need not expect to get away for a fortnight or so. The hospital is very airy but uncomfortably warm.

November 18th.—I am already feeling much better. I have a wonderful appetite and am thoroughly enjoying the good things set before me. My weight is now 10 stones 1 lb., and I must have gained at least 2 or 3 lbs. since I left the peninsula. I am still over 2 stones under my usual weight. I took a walk half-way up the promontory to the Khedivial Palace where I hoped to walk through the gardens. I had seen in the papers that the Sultan was up the Nile, but the two Egyptian N.C.O.'s at the gate refused to admit me, one saying, "de Sultan is in Alexandria". "Nonsense," I said, "he is up the Nile." "No, no, no," said the black, "de Sultan is here," pointing over his shoulder to the palace.

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November 19th.—At mid-day I was ordered to pack up as I was to start for home. At the docks I was put on board the "Rewa" where the officers and nurses greeted me as an old friend. I learned that our destination was back to Lemnos, where I would be trans-shipped to the "Aquitania" which is booked to sail on the 22nd.

We sailed in the afternoon. The sea is rough, spray splashing all over the ship, the windows of the music room have to be kept shut, and it is hot and stifling—and I melt.

November 21st.—We reached Lemnos to-day after a run of forty-five hours from Egypt, a distance of 580 miles. The object of the "Rewa's" trip to Alexandria was to get drydocked and have her hull scraped. We could have done the trip in a few hours less than we actually took, but all last night and to-day we have had a furious gale in our teeth, which made us drop 4½ knots per hour. The decks have been swept by the waves all day, and the awnings blown down more than once. We now lie in the outer harbour, while the four great funnels of our next boat can be seen towering over the hills that form the south side of the inner harbour. The cold is intense.

November 22nd.—We spent the night at anchor outside the boom. They commenced to raise the anchor at daylight, but were stopped by signal, so that now at 10 a.m. we lie here waiting orders. The cold to-day is terrific. The wind is probably stronger than ever and goes whistling through the rigging. Our latest orders are to lie here till the gale moderates.

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3 p.m.—During the forenoon the "Olympic" passed close to us as she entered the harbour, and is now anchored near the "Aquitania".

November 23rd.—We raised anchor about 7 and moved straight out to sea for 2 or 3 miles when we thought we were to go home on the "Rewa," which had been spoken about as possible, but it turned out we had only gone out to bury a man who died last night. We turned and were soon man[oe]uvring to get alongside the "Aquitania," but after very nearly giving her a bad bump we had to sheer off, and we have again anchored and wait for that tantalising wind to moderate.

In the afternoon we made another attempt to get on board the "Aquitania" and again failed.

November 24th.—After two hours fiddling about we managed to attach our fore and aft hawsers to the "Aquitania," and after breakfast we went on board our new home. This magnificent boat had 2300 patients last night and expects 2000 more to complete her load. She has a crew of 1000, thirty-six medical men and a large number of nurses. The "Aquitania" was at first a troopship and mounted four 6-inch guns, and has carried 7000 troops at a time, besides her crew. The distance from Lemnos to Southampton is 3080 miles, and with her proper coal, a mixture of Welsh and Newcastle, she has covered that distance in 4 days 18 hours. But for coal she has to rely mainly on the inferior stuff she picks up at Naples.

The fittings in the wheel house are most ingenious. For example, should fire break out the captain has only to open a cupboard which tells him where it is, and by touching a button he can flood any one of the six watertight compartments. A fan works automatically in this cupboard every five minutes, and if there is smoke in any compartment it is sucked up its corresponding tube. There are thirty-eight electric clocks on the ship, and as the time has to be changed continually as we go east or west, by moving the hands of a clock in the wheelhouse the hands of the thirty-eight move in unison. [215]

We hear Greece has been presented with an ultimatum demanding her to come into the war on our side, otherwise to demobilise within two days. Another story says she has already joined the other side, and that our fleets have been engaged.

November 26th.—The Germans are at present accusing us of carrying troops and ammunition on our hospital ships, an excuse given out to the world for sinking the first good prize of the sort they come across. Of the sixty-four hospital ships we are said to possess the "Aquitania" would make the most desirable capture, and our most dangerous spot is the Aegean, from behind any of whose numerous islands a submarine lying in wait may dart out.

We are now approaching Sicily on our way to Naples. We cannot go through the Straits of Messina after dark, and our quickest and cheapest way is to anchor for the night, but the danger of attack prevents this and we have to go right round the island. We are doing about 20 knots against a stiff head wind. When pushed beyond this the consumption of coal is out of all proportion to the increase of speed, and being in no hurry they prefer to stick to what is called her economical speed.

November 27th.—I have been talking to an officer in the smoking-room who, like myself, was waiting for the library to open. He wished to hand in "The Life of Oliver Goldsmith," by Washington Irving. He says he is descended through his mother from Goldsmith, and he had taken out this book to find where Irving put his birthplace. "At Pallas," as he expected, "they all do so; even Johnson, who wrote his epitaph, made the same mistake." Goldsmith's father was rector of Pallas, and his wife had gone home to her parents at Elphin, in Roscommon, and it was here this great writer was born. [216]

Naples Harbour. We arrived at this historic place at 6.15 p.m. We began to get in among the islands of the Bay between 4 and 5, but daylight soon began to fade and we did not get a good view of our surroundings. The first land we approached was Capri on our left, an island famed for its wines. On the other side was a small island, little more than a huge volcanic rock, with the gleaming white houses of a small town half-way to the summit. We could see Naples away at the top of the Bay, large houses all the way up the high rugged hills on which the town is built in the shape of a horseshoe. Behind the houses on the sea front rises mighty Vesuvius, her highest peak covered with snow, and belching out volumes of smoke which roll down the side of the hill and stretch out to sea in one big dense cloud. The whole town is most brilliantly lit, the glare of street lamps being a relief after Gallipoli.

We had some mild amusement to-day. These submarines are still a terror to those in charge of the ship. All the invalid Tommies are in hospital dress, trousers and jacket of light grey, and a brilliant red cotton handkerchief round the neck. All officers who wished to go on deck were ordered to wear this dress on account of the German publication that we carried troops, and if spies saw a lot of officers in uniform—and we'll have spies among the coal-heavers—there might be some faint reason for their pretended suspicions. After tea we donned our new garb, and about twenty of us collected on the wheelhouse deck. Out came a sailor who shouted, "No one but officers allowed here, away you go". Then in a few minutes out came another, "Now you privates, clear out of this; this is only meant for officers". The disguise was apparently complete, and the two poor sailors were the only ones who did not enjoy the joke. Our service caps were also forbidden, and we had all sorts of headgear. I had a long scarf wipped round my head in turban fashion and was said to be the worst looking ruffian of the lot. [217]

It was bitterly cold on deck, and about 2 p.m. we had had a shower of hail. The hills beyond Naples are covered with snow.

November 28th.—On looking over the rail on my way to breakfast I found we were coaling at the hardest on both sides of the ship, barefooted coal-heavers, all at the gallop, carrying their baskets of coal from the barges and tilting them into shoots down among the lower decks. Bum boats, not unlike those of Malta, swarmed about the harbour, loaded with merchandise, such as oranges, tobacco, picture post cards, and beautifully finished models of mandolines and guitars,

the vendors yelling at the pitch of their voices. Their transactions were carried on away down on E. deck, and even at that low level a bamboo rod twice the length of a fishing rod, with a bag at the end, had to be hoisted to reach their customers. You bawled out your order, put your money in the bag, and your goods appeared in a minute or two.

Another of our leviathans came in this morning to coal, the "Mauretania," a Cunarder like ourselves. She is a big boat but is dwarfed by the "Aquitania". I notice her bridge is on the 7th storey, ours is on the 9th.

The air is sharp but it is bright and sunny. Vesuvius and the magnificent city of Naples stand out clear in all their glory, and away to the north one gets a good view of the lofty Apennines, all with their peaks covered with snow, and over these the wind blows icy cold. [218]

6 p.m.—We were allowed to tramp the boat deck in our hospital garb until mid-day when the O.C. the ship took it into his head to have us removed below. Now that it is dark we are allowed up again, and one is tempted, in spite of the cold, to remain there and admire the city which is a beautiful sight even at night. Vesuvius is in one of her quiet moods and gives out no glow from her crater. On the top of the hill behind the city is the Castle which reminds one of Edinburgh, and to the left of it towers Bartolini's hotel with its numerous storeys, a place where, an officer tells me, "you can get a hell of a good lunch, but you have to pay for it". There are trees everywhere among the houses. Many with tall, branchless stems and a spreading top, evidently of the fir family. Lombardy poplars and tall dark cypresses are everywhere.

Between us and this old Castle, at the water's edge, stands a lofty stronghold, black and forbidding, and I believe many atrocities were perpetrated here in the days of Garibaldi. Its high castellated battlements look as if they had a history.

We finished coaling about 3 p.m. and expected to get off at once, but no, the ship had snapped one of her cables and we could not sail until the 20 ton anchor and 50 fathoms of chain were fished up, and apparently this had not been done before dark, and we must now lie here till tomorrow. The harbour has a rocky bottom, and if an anchor catches behind a rock such an accident is apt to occur from a sudden jerk, and this is the second time it has happened to our boat in this self-same place.

November 29th.—Our whistle began its terrific row at 4.30 this morning. Its blasts are most unpleasant and seem to affect the stomach more than the ears. We began to circle round the "Mauretania" about 8, and by 8.30 we had cleared the breakwaters and were going down the Bay, the morning gloriously fine, almost a dead calm, and the houses and rocks sparkling in the sun. The whole forms a magnificent picture. "See Naples and die." We sailed close in to Ischia and we could see the terraces where the vines grow, beginning at the top of the perpendicular rocks and ascending the hill-sides like a giant's staircase. We pass a big liner flying the French flag, and she dips her stern flag as a salute. [219]

At 8.15 p.m.—We passed Sardinia, but all that was visible was the revolving light of the lighthouse on the south point. There is now a strong gale, and we pitch and roll a good deal. But the wind is soft and warm, blowing from the African desert instead of the snowclad Apennines.

November 30th.—A beautiful day and warm.

I have been having a talk with one of our two captains of the ship. He tells me we have the most powerful wireless installation afloat, except on the big battleships. In Lemnos we can easily pick up the Poldhu messages, although our receiving distance is given as 2000 miles only. We can send out messages to a distance of 500 miles, but the only one allowed just now is the S.O.S. Between Lemnos and Sicily we received a message saying that submarines were operating all round Sicily, and the Consul of Naples warned the captain of another dangerous spot which we are at the present moment approaching. This boat was once fired at by a torpedo as she was entering Lemnos, and at the time was steaming slowly to let the "Mauretania" pass outwards, when another torpedo was fired at that ship, which also missed. [220]

Our numbers on board are 3873 invalids, and the crew and all other staffs at least 1400, or a total of 5273. We have 106 boats, each capable of holding from fifty-six to sixty-nine, so that all could be accommodated in these—if we had time which is never the case in an emergency.

Noon.—Our wireless news for the day has just been posted up. There is nothing much in it except the news that "Sicily is literally besieged by German submarines". Germany says she has accomplished her immediate object in the Balkans, whatever that is, but I understood this was to join hands with Turkey which she has not yet done. Austria is said, on the authority of "The Tribune," to be asking for a separate peace, and at home, considering the reliability of this paper, they think there may be some truth in this.

December 1st.—The steward when he brought me tea at 6.30 this morning, said "Gib." was in sight. On looking out I could see rocks but not "the rock". But it soon appeared and I got hurriedly into my clothes and quickly swallowed breakfast and was on deck with my glasses. Here was the rock close at hand, a brilliant morning, the sun lighting up the side we were nearing, a big mushroom-shaped cloud floating on and obscuring the summit. This side is bare and black with its acres of concrete rain catchments, the only means of water supply. Last time I saw it it disappointed me, but now we headed straight round its projecting south point towards the harbour and had a glorious view of the razor-backed hill, the point bristling with guns, walls, and forts, and all along the west side buildings in white and ochre, with red roofs, all lit up in

bright sunshine; plenty of trees about, palms and others, and green grass which is always a surprise to me after the barren peninsula. At the northern point of what is quite a large bay lies the harbour full of shipping, its one entrance guarded by a most powerful boom. The view all round is not much behind Naples—the rock with its large and beautiful buildings; across the bridge, connecting the rock with the mainland, the Spanish town; to the left the snow-white town of Algeciras, famed for its bull fights. Behind all the great towering, rugged mountains of Spain.

We lost two hours here waiting for orders, but by 10 we had turned our head for the Atlantic, and were soon going full steam ahead. The 970 miles from Naples we covered in forty-eight hours, at economical speed. Our speed and size dwarf everything we come up against.

Before sunset we passed a small tramp steamer which halted, as we also did, and for long signals were carried on between the two of us. The passengers were unable to read these, but they must have been very important when a ship like the "Aquitania" came to a dead halt.

At Gib. we had been told that a rumour had reached England, and appeared in the "Daily Mail," that the "Aquitania" had been torpedoed.

December 2nd.—The air is soft and balmy, a few drops of rain have fallen, but the lower clouds fly fast as if a breeze was brewing.

6 p.m.—We have had a stormy afternoon, a driving rain and a 50-mile gale as reckoned by the captain. As I came along a passage a cupboard door flew open and scores of dishes fell out with a crash. In the wards bottles and tables are flying all over the place. As I was steadying myself on deck the ship's whistle gave a blast that seemed unending. There was a rush from below to the boat deck, but as there was a thick haze we decided it was only a fog signal. "Fog signal," said the captain, "I call it a d—d fool's signal. This boy," pointing to a very guilty looking little chap, "placed his back against the whistle lever, and the d—d fool never noticed he was raising hell."

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December 3rd.—All last night the rolling had been particularly bad, so much so that the ship is pronounced to be much too top-heavy. I had slept straight on till 5 and did not feel a particularly heavy roll at 2 a.m., which every one is talking about, and which had tumbled a lot of people out of bed. One old sailor says he got a terrible fright, he thought the ship would be unable to right herself from her great weight, and he fled on deck expecting the worst.

4.45 p.m.—A revolving light can be seen through the mist but must be many miles off. At 3 we had all been warned off the deck as a message had been received that we were again in a danger zone. We are now near our haven, and if that light is from the Needles another hour should take us there.

Later.—We anchored off the Solent as it was getting dark. In time a pinnace came alongside, presumably a pilot came on board, so we up anchor and are now moored inside the outer boom.

December 4th.—As soon as it was daylight we began to move, and went slowly up the Solent in a drizzle and thick mist; ships no end at anchor all the way; past Netley Hospital facing great mud-flats; New Forest stretching away to the left; Cowes in thick haze. When nearing Southampton four tugs came alongside, two were attached to the bow, the other two on guard crept along with us. At last the docks appeared, we were hauled round by our tugs and went in stern first. The four tugs then arranged themselves along our starboard side, got their noses up against the "Aquitania's" ribs and butted her up against the quay wall.

7 p.m.—I expected to get off hours ago. The Military Landing Officer says the best he can do for me is to send me to Glasgow. I know what Glasgow is like in a drizzle at this time of the year—"coals in the earth and coals in the air," as some one says. It has rained all day, is foggy and altogether British, unlike anything I have seen for a long time. I can understand how our colonials come home and curse our leaden skies.

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December 5th.—Sunday. We left the "Aquitania" at 10 last night, many hundreds being left on the boat for discharge next day. They had poured out of the ship by two big gangways the whole day long, straight into the private station of the Cunard Line. In half an hour we were all in our cots, round came an orderly asking what we would have to drink, tea, cocoa, or oxo? I asked if that was his full list. "Yes," he said. "No, thank you, I am going to sleep."

We reached Yorkhill Hospital, Glasgow, this forenoon, and found the town in 2 inches of snow—real white snow too.

December 7th.—Was examined by a Medical Board at 4.30 p.m. and just managed to catch the 5 o'clock train for Aberdeen. Am now in Perth where we have been kept standing for some time. The three men forming my Board said I had a well-marked heart murmur, and all three solemnly shook hands with me. Evidently their impression was that I was going home to die. They do not know how much I have improved since I left Gallipoli. I feel myself that I'll soon be at the Front again.

(Feeling ill and almost useless I had intended to ask for sick leave from the A.D.M.S. a fortnight before I actually left.) On going to H.Q. for this purpose I met Col. Bell who said he had intended to look me up to let me know the result of a conference the previous evening, when it was

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announced we were to evacuate the peninsula. This was a strict secret, but I had to be told about it so that we might begin at once to get rid of as much of our equipment as we could spare. After such an announcement I felt it would be cowardly to miss what all considered would be a terrible experience, and the object of my errand was not mentioned. Such an eventuality was often discussed; we felt that our remaining there for the winter would be a mistake, and no one ventured to put our losses at less than 50 per cent. of all our forces should it be attempted.

The preparations for the evacuation had been carried out with the utmost efficiency, so much so that our losses were perfectly marvellous—six casualties at Suvla, Anzac, and Helles combined. (Suvla and Anzac were evacuated on December 10, 1915, and Helles on January 8, 1916.)

1916.

March 2nd.—On February 21, I received a long telegram from the War Office, ordering me to hold myself in readiness to embark for the Mediterranean at an early date to join an overseas unit. This order pleased me, as my last Medical Board threatened to put me down for a home job, which I told them would not be at all to my liking, and I was glad to find they had carried out my wishes and allowed me to go in for General Service once more.

Then on February 28 I had the order to report myself 10 the Military Embarkation Officer at Devonport by noon on March 1. After a tiresome journey of twenty-two hours I reached the docks and was directed on board the Anchor Liner "Transylvania". Three medical men were down for duty to the troops on board, these numbering over 3000, with Lt.-Col. Humphreys as P.M.O. [225]

We have some heavy work allotted to us; the order to inoculate all the troops against cholera, which means two injections for each man, is a big job in itself. Many have never been inoculated against enteric and these have also to be seen to.

The "Transylvania" is a big boat of 15,000 tons. We lie in the bay although all has been in readiness for twenty-four hours, and we believe the delay is due to the fact that there have been several casualties in the Channel, within the last few days, from mines that have floated down from the Dover end, and we are likely to lie here till the Channel is swept.

My first thought about our ship was that she was such a big target that a torpedo could hardly miss her, and as yesterday was the date the German threat to sink every armed ship at sight came into force, our danger is no doubt great. (She was afterwards torpedoed in the Mediterranean with the loss of 402 lives.) All are ordered to put on our life belts, and even as we lie here many are going about with these cumbrous things on, but most are content to carry them under their arms.

A meeting was held yesterday, and crews of two N.C.O.'s and thirteen men were chosen to man each of our fifty-five boats in case we should get holed, while the rest of us have to scramble into the nearest boat that has not its full complement.

March 3rd.—We still lie in Plymouth Bay. Rumour says two German cruisers have broken through our cordon and are somewhere on the prowl. This is the latest reason I have heard for our still lying here.

A corporal shot himself this morning, the result of a letter from his sweetheart who dreamt that she saw him badly wounded, with his head swathed in bandages. Stupid fellow, superstition should have told him that this meant a wedding. He made a clumsy job of it, and a big mess in the Orderly Room where it happened. [226]

2 p.m.—At noon we cast off and in less than an hour had sailed through the tortuous waterway and were out in the open sea. We have two destroyers ahead and one astern. All are happy at the thought of being on the move, lying in the bay was getting irksome. All have now taken to their life belts. As a precaution against a surprise we have a submarine guard of 200 men on duty at a time. These parade the top deck with their rifles.

March 4th.—Our escort left us last night at 7. Few are thinking of submarines as is proved by two out of every three appearing for breakfast without their preservers, or war babies as they are often called.

March 5th.—Yesterday afternoon while I was busy inoculating down in D. deck six short blasts were given by the whistle, denoting danger, when all had to rush to their allotted posts at the boats with life preservers on. I guessed it was only practice, which is invariably carried out the second day a troopship is at sea, and as I had only four more injections to give, and these four men had not heard the signal, I finished these, detaining my orderly who got as white as a ghost. All must have got into their places quickly, all were in perfect order when I reached the Orderly Room, the post of all officers not in command of boats. An officer tells me that on his last voyage an important and very stout Colonel was in his bath when the alarm sounded. He obeyed the order to fly absolutely at once, getting into his life belt and taking up his station without another stitch on.

To-day I was in my cabin when I heard a terrific roar. Thinking a torpedo might have hit us I

put my head through the port-hole and saw several getting into their belts, so I made for the deck to find our big gun was practising on a barrel that had been dropped astern. Such practice is usually carried out several times on a trip.

March 6th.—We are nearing Gib., and as the danger gets worse here our zig-zagging has increased. It rains hard, with a fairly thick fog, and is altogether disagreeable. The M.O. for the crew had to be locked up to-day and has a military guard placed over him. He had been threatening all about him with a big amputating knife.

6.30 p.m.—Just passing "The Rock". It is dark and a brilliant searchlight has been fixed on us. Once more in the Mediterranean, and I expect I have a long, trying summer to spend somewhere in its neighbourhood.

March 7th.—Another dirty, wet day.

March 8th.—It still rains and we have a violent gale, and as we zig-zag this at times catches us full on the port side and the ship rolls badly. She creaks from stem to stern.

We are nearing Malta and are warned to look out for submarines which are more active here than anywhere. Each of our fifty-five boats is to have its crew of fifteen posted on deck to-night, and many of the officers say they are to sleep in their clothes.

March 9th.—The sea has been very rough ever since we entered the Mediterranean, and to-day has been the worst. We were opposite Gozo at noon, then skirted the north of Malta but made no halt. Now we zig-zag so much that we have no idea whether we are bound for Salonika or Egypt.

March 10th.—On the whole we now go south so that Alexandria is likely to be our destination. [228]

March 12th.—When I woke this morning I found we were lying outside Alexandria. We soon afterwards entered the harbour.

Hinde (one of our M.O.'s) and I were ordered to report our arrival to the A.D.M.S., Arsenal Buildings, and getting into a "garry," with our baggage mountains high, and a dirty native on the top of all, we left the docks. Cabby did not know the Arsenal and we took this native because, after infinite jabbering, he declared he knew it. But instead of taking us about a mile along the quay he landed us in Place Mahomet Ali, miles off. He was a beast this guide, ready to swear he knew everything, a filthy, thick-lipped pimp who offered his good services again when night came. "Sir will have a fine evening to-day," he began, then detailed all the beauties he was to show us, in spite of our violently swearing at him and his ancestors for centuries back. After inquiring at half a dozen places we found the office of the A.D.M.S., and a man, springing forward to assist us out of the garry, hoped I felt quite fit again. This was Dorian, one of our Ambulance, who had been sent here sick, and was acting as orderly to the A.D.M.S. Here we were ordered to report at the Officers' Rest Camp at Mustapha, five miles off.

We wandered about for a time, asked for the Post Office which was closed by this time, being Sunday, then we asked for the telegraph office and were directed everywhere but to the right place. Question an Egyptian he will direct you anywhere, ask him for some place that has no existence on the face of the earth and he will show you the way with absolute confidence.

We got out to Mustapha about 6 and reported ourselves at the office of the adjutant of the camp. All details as they arrive go to Mustapha or Sidi-Bishr. About 200 of us dined together and had a good dinner, most of us washing it down with the beautifully clear water of the Nile. [229]

Mustapha is a typical African camp, planted on sea-sand, but not so barren as my camp of twelve months ago at Mex. Here we have a good many date palms and other trees, and wherever a little irrigation is done there is a profusion of flowers.

March 13th.—I am directed to report to the O.C. "Camp 2," to whose company I am accordingly attached while here. My duty is to hang about his lines and take an interest in what the men are doing up to noon. This is a mere formality so that the authorities might know where to find us should we be wanted. To-day I came straight away and went to a mosque near by, where I was refused admittance unless I removed my boots, which I did not care to do, although I was assured the floor was most clean. It is usual to supply visitors with slippers big enough to go over their outdoor boots, but none are kept here. I wished to borrow a pair from a row on the door step, the owners of which were inside at their devotions.

A flock of about 300 cranes flew over us an hour ago, all bound for the north, reversing the course I watched them taking last autumn at Suvla. The morning is intensely warm, and I sit in my tent minus my tunic and with shirt sleeves rolled up. A few days ago I left 6 inches of snow in Aberdeenshire—and almost as much in Devonshire.

When I landed yesterday I heard that my old Division the 29th, had already started for France, and that the remainder sailed one of these days. Those still in Egypt are said to be at Suez, and I must see what I can do to join them. I am told that once you are cooped up here you may be forgotten for months. [230]

March 14th.—I reported myself at my company office at 9, inspected the kits of a few men, and since then have wandered about like a lost soul, hot and gasping for breath in the furious heat and glare. There is a big house beyond us called Pasteur Villa, tumble down and uninhabited, with a large disordered garden of several acres, with an abundance of palms, cacti, etc., with high walls on which lizards sport, chasing each other up and down. The bigger ones are nearly a foot in length, with big ugly heads which they twist about in all directions while their bodies are kept fixed. They keep a guarded eye on you and allow you to get within a reasonable distance, but if you go an inch beyond that they are off like greased lightning. They are equally at home on the face of the smooth wall with their heads upwards or downwards, have well-spread out legs and long sharp claws, and whether going up or down are always at the gallop.

There is a most persistent rumour that the 29th Division sails for Marseilles this week. When strolling about after dinner in the cool of the evening I stumbled across an office of the 29th just beside our camp. Here I was told that although they had heard this rumour they personally believed that it would likely be another week or so before they left. Anything rather than be stranded here for several weeks doing nothing. Several remarked that I would be a lucky beggar not to have to go to France. I hear most of the troops now in Egypt are likely to go there, as though Turkey was not expected to give us much more trouble.

March 15th.—One of my old Ambulance men, Davidson, recognised me on parade this morning and watched for an opportunity to speak to me. He is on his way home and left his unit only twelve days ago. He says the Ambulance expected to start for France two days after he left. Lt-Col. Bell, our A.D.M.S., on Gallipoli, is now in command, and as he is a most able and genial officer I must do my best to join my old unit at Suez should it be still there. (Col. Bell took over command of the 89th F.A. a week or two before this date, and was with us till the end of the great Somme push of July. He was a most capable C.O., strict but much respected by the men, and under him the Ambulance attained a high degree of smartness and discipline such as it had never reached before.)

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March 16th.—I have spent the afternoon with Hinde at the Nuzha Gardens, the Kew of Alexandria. On getting beyond the town we came to a broad, well-made road, bordered on both sides with orange trees, and extending behind these the eternal palm and fig trees. This passed Lake Hadra with its swampy edges full of long reeds and rushes, its waters a dirty green, beloved by noisy frogs, with an abundance of bird life, among which we saw two king fishers, and several times big lizards darted across the road and mounted trees like squirrels.

The Gardens are particularly fine, the plants mostly tropical. I noticed here that the new date crop is already well advanced. Our home bedding plants, such as geranium, verbena, nemesia, were all in full bloom and the soil and climate seemed to suit them. There was a large rose garden, but the flowers were nearly over for the season, and the blooms were but poor specimens, nor was their method of culture conducive to the growth of prize flowers; the plants were mostly 3 to 5 feet high, thick stemmed, old and branchy.

March 17th.—Still hearing rumours that the 29th goes to France one of these days. I thought it was about time I was stirring up the authorities, so I called at the adjutant's office at the Base Depot. He was out, and on asking if there was any one else I could see, an orderly said, "Of course there is the Colonel," in a tone of voice that denoted that he would be a bold man who tackled him. However, I dared to face him and found him a most charming man, but he could do nothing for me directly, but advised me to go to the H.Q. of the 3rd Echelon, Hotel Metropole, Alexandria, and ask for Captain B——. On such an introduction I was received there with open arms, a 'phone message was sent out to my depot, and I was assured everything would be cut and dry before I could cover the four miles tram ride back to camp. This I found carried out to the letter, and I am now on the point of starting for Port Said to join my old Ambulance.

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Hinde and I spent the afternoon visiting Pompey's Pillar and the catacombs. At the latter we had to go down and down a long spiral staircase which ended at two fine pillars, all cut from the solid rock. Most of the larger rooms were family vaults of kings and others, mostly of the Roman period. All the sarcophagi and recesses had been rifled and the mummies taken to museums, but some still contained large quantities of bones. One good specimen of a skull bone I slipped into my pocket to find on my return to camp that it was reduced to what resembled coarse oatmeal.

March 18th.—Last night all men belonging to the 29th Division—and there is a large number here on their way back to their units after sick leave—were ordered to fall in at 6.30 p.m., and from then till 10.30 they were kept at their post. This long delay was merely for the purpose of preventing their wandering away and getting too much drink before their departure. We were booked to start soon after midnight. We had a heavy train with about 600 on board, mostly in cattle trucks.

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I could see little of the country till dawn when we were passing through a most fertile, well-watered region; date palms in thousands; native villages of mud houses, the whole usually surrounded by low mud walls; hundreds of water wheels driven by oxen, the water drawn from a canal we were skirting.

We cut across, striking Suez Canal at Kantara. The last 20 miles or so was by an absolutely straight single track, through a sand desert, without a trace of animal life, and with only scattered clumps of fibrous vegetation. On looking forward one could see the sand flying like snow drift in front of a gentle breeze. This must continually block the line. The only surfacemen I saw were old fellows in dug-outs about a mile apart, each with a plentiful supply of great water jars. As we neared the Canal vegetation got rather more plentiful, with bushes resembling clumps of whin in the distance. Then houses, camps, and khaki, strings of camels led by natives in long white robes. We had struck the Canal; tramp steamers were passing through, and numbers of native boats were moored to the edges. Along the Canal were armed men, field guns studded about, and on the other side bigger guns in emplacements. The railway from Kantara to Port Said runs along the west bank, and within a few yards of the water's edge, and along this bank trees and shrubs form one continuous thicket.

We had much shunting on reaching Port Said before we got the train alongside the docks, amidst the awful shrieking of our most unmusical engine whistle. The Egyptian is notorious for his love of this fiendish noise, one blast is never sufficient at any time, but he gives shriek after shriek till you feel inclined to kick him off his engine.

We boarded one of the old Gallipoli lighters which were specially built for the landing, and were delivered three months after that event. This took us out to the "Lake Manitoba," an old tub that could barely do ten knots. As we drew up to the ship some one away aloft shouted, "Three cheers for Captain Davidson," which call was heartily replied to, and on looking up I found a lot of our men leaning over the rail and waving their helmets. I felt at home again on recognising this as Sergeant Stewart's voice and seeing "kent faces". On ascending the gangway, McLean and Russell gave me a warm reception. These are the only two officers remaining of the nine I left behind at Suvla in November last. Colonel Bell was soon found when I got another hearty handshake. He had heard of my arrival at Alexandria some days ago, through Colonel Humphreys, P.M.O. of the "Transylvania," who, being home on ordinary leave, had gone straight to Suez, and he said he had been wondering how he was to get a hold of me. Our new officers are mostly Scotch. The N.C.O.'s and many of the men I have had a talk with, and I am proud to find they are pleased to have me back among them, and I am just as glad to see them; the dangers we have come through together will always be a link between us. Sergeant Gilbert said the men had given me a ringing cheer at Suez when they heard I was in "Alex.". The men are looking extremely well, totally different from what they were when I left them. They are fat and bronzed, and say they feel very fit. They have had next to nothing to do since the evacuation in December, since when they have been stationed at Lemnos, Alexandria, and Suez.

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March 19th.—We still lie at Port Said. At first the delay was said to be due to our waiting to have a big gun mounted at our stern, but this operation was finished in the morning, and now at 2 p.m. there is no sign of our moving. We have at least a dozen ladies and children on board, the impedimenta of officers returning from India.

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March 20th.—We left last night after dark. The precautions against attack are very slack on this boat. There is of course a man in the crow's nest, but the submarine guard practically does not exist, the men pile their arms and wander about as they like. They are certainly particular about showing light after dark; by 6 p.m. all port-holes are closed, and every cabin has its iron deadlight down. After 7 o'clock dinner all the electric lights in the whole ship are switched off, which is quite unnecessary; on the "Transylvania" we got absolute darkness without such drastic measures. You have to go to bed in the dark, no candles being allowed, the only lights being an oily lamp in the smoking-room, and one in each long passage.

We have had a stiff gale most of the day, with waves washing over our foredeck. Although we pitch badly I was never in a ship that rolled so little.

March 21st.—A beautiful day with the sea like a mill pond. In the morning a destroyer was seen astern, convoying a large transport. They forged along till they came abreast of us where the ship remained, the destroyer going some distance ahead and keeping there for the afternoon. Towards evening we had five other ships in sight.

March 23rd.—The M.O. of the ship has just told me as a great secret that the "Minneapolis" was torpedoed two hours ago, at a spot we crossed yesterday about 10 p.m. He also says we have had a bad reverse in France—another absolute secret, and I had to promise not to breathe a word before my informant would tell me the news.

Later.—The above news could not be kept secret long, all knew it by afternoon, even the ladies from whom we wished to hide it.

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March 24th.—As we approached Malta yesterday afternoon a big steamer coming from there wheeled round and returned to port; a destroyer dashed out and passed us at full speed, while we received orders not to enter Valetta as had been previously intended, but to go ahead at full speed. All this, we discovered by evening, was due to another transport, name as yet unknown, being torpedoed 60 miles east of Malta. We had crossed the spot very shortly before and must have had a narrow escape.

A great tug-of-war has been in progress for the last two afternoons. Our unit, which is the largest on board, had four teams, two of them managing to reach the semifinal rounds when their opponents knocked them out, but only after a severe effort.

We hear this morning that a third trooper was "plugged" somewhere in the course we have covered. If we are bound for Marseilles, which it is taken for granted is our destination, we are not taking the direct route. I am Orderly Officer for the day and having to inspect the men's breakfast I was up early—even earlier than was needful, but I was flooded out of bed as soon as scrubbing the decks commenced; half a bucket of water came through my port-hole during a roll of the ship. On looking out I could see land on our port side, which turned out to be Cape Bon. At noon we are skirting close in to the African coast. Either we intend to go through Gib., or we will go straight north to Marseilles, well to the west of Sardinia. Being now a long way west of Malta we feel that our chances of being torpedoed are perhaps less, but the neighbourhood of the Balearic Islands is considered anything but safe.

March 25th.—6.30 p.m. Darkness is coming down and the captain says that if we are not attacked within the next half-hour he will consider us practically safe. The danger of a night attack is almost negligible. [237]

The weather gets much colder as we go north. We are about opposite the north of Corsica, and a cold wind bears down on us from the Continent. Two small birds have accompanied us the whole day, resting in the rigging at times, but spending much time on the wing. I cannot make out what they are, some say chaffinches, but that is certainly a mistake, they are too small. A lark fell on deck in the forenoon utterly exhausted, lying for some time on its breast with wings spread out. It disappeared among the lifeboats and has not been seen since. A whale, or probably two, was seen spouting a few hundred yards distant. Some said they saw their backs, but I could not say I was fortunate enough to see more than the jets of water which were repeated several times. Porpoises have been plentiful all the way from Egypt.

March 26th.—Marseilles harbour. I woke at 2 and thought we had reached our journey's end, but I could feel that the screw was still revolving, though slowly. Evidently we were killing time, there is no chance now-a-days of entering a harbour during the hours of darkness. By 6 we were steaming slowly into the fine Bay of Marseilles, high rugged rocks on both sides, in front of us the town with its surrounding girdle of limestone mountains.

("The Incomparable 29th" was a name well earned by this famous Division. The Gallipoli landing could only have been made by well-seasoned troops. Many and many a time I have heard the Anzacs wax eloquent over their doings. As fighters no troops in the world can surpass, or perhaps equal, the Anzacs, but they always declared they could never have done what the 29th did. The red triangle, the badge of the Division, they had a great love and respect for, and, although not over-fond of saluting, no officer with this on his arm was ever allowed to pass without a most deferential salute. [238]

The casualties of the Division on the peninsula exceeded 600 per cent., having been practically wiped out time after time. I afterwards served with them in France and Belgium till early in 1917, when I went to the Base and remained there till I was demobilised in June, 1919.)

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Typographical errors corrected in text:

Page 36: Andenia replaced with Andania

Page 36: Manihou replaced with Manitou (twice)
Page 43: causalty replaced with casualty
Page 44: o'clock replaced with o'clock
Page 115: court martial replaced with court-martial
Page 136: 'order s' replaced with 'orders'
Page 153: court martial replaced with court-martial

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE INCOMPARABLE 29TH AND THE "RIVER CLYDE" ***

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