

# GALLIPOLI DIARY

BY  
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D.S.O.



1918

LONDON: GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN LTD.  
RUSKIN HOUSE 40 MUSEUM STREET, W.C. 1

*August 21st.*

I awake at 2 a.m. and find a blaze of lights on our star-board, and so sleepy am I that for the life of me I cannot make out what is happening or where I am. There seem to be thousands of little fairy lamps, and at first I think that we are entering an English watering-place alongside an illuminated pier. Coming to my senses, I find that we are passing close to three hospital ships, which are always illuminated at night, and entering a small bay. After a lot of manœuvring, we get off into lighters and are towed for a mile, coming finally alongside an improvised pier, where we disembark, thence on to a sandy beach, where inquiries are made as to our future. I go off in search of a Supply depot, but can only find one belonging to the 11th Division. The Brigade move off inland to a place called Chocolate Hill, the other side of a salt lake, and I lie down for an hour behind some hay.

I awake at 5 a.m., get up and shake myself and wander about, endeavouring to gain some information. I find Panton, with whom I go up on to the high ground behind the beach.

I learn that this is called "C" Beach. It is a small beach, flanked on its north side by a high rocky promontory called Lala Baba, the other side of which is Suvla Bay. Suvla Bay is in turn flanked on its north side by a high rocky promontory, jutting nearly two miles from the mainland into the sea. Where the bay washes the mainland, there starts a salt lake, looking like a large flat, sandy plain, evidently under water in the winter. In the background are high rocky hills, covered with gorse, looking beautiful in the early morning sun. At the foot, on the left and right of the Salt Lake, lies meadow land, with occasional clusters of olive groves. The hills on the promontory to the north of Suvla Bay continue in a range inland, curving round the low land immediately in front of us, when to the right of where I am standing they join and rise to a high peak called Sari Bair. Sari Bair, which commands the right of our line—for I learn we are on the low land—sweeps down to the Australians' position at Anzac or Gaba Tepe.

One or two smaller hills, from fifty to a hundred feet high, stand near to us, rising out of the low meadow and wooded land. Some are in our hands, and some are still Turkish. One hill in particular, lying at the other end of the Salt Lake, inland from its centre, is called Chocolate Hill, and I learn D.H.Q. are to be there to-night. I hear also that there is to be a battle to-day. Many troops are landing, including a whole Division of Yeomanry, amongst them the Warwicks, Worcesters, and Gloucesters.

I meet one of our D.H.Q. Staff, and he, with Panton, proceeds to Chocolate Hill, while I continue to make inquiries as to where I am to go. Nobody appears to know or to care, and so I go on to the top of Lala Baba and have another look round. On the opposite side of the bay I see the promontory alive with troops. In the centre of the bend of the bay I see hospital tents pitched. Four battleships are at anchor in the bay, together with a few transports and Supply ships. They are shut in and protected from submarine attack from the outer sea by a boom of submerged nets stretching between the ends of two flanking promontories. Over the wooded low land now and again there begins to burst Turkish shrapnel. Half-way up the promontory on the opposite side of the bay I see stacks of Supply boxes. I go back to "C" Beach and call at the depot to make further inquiries, and learn that the Supply depot that I have seen on the other side of the bay is on "A" Beach, and, as no orders have been received to feed the 29th from "C" Beach depot, the "A" Beach depot must be my destination.

As I stroll across "C" Beach I notice a damaged aeroplane, around which men are clustering, inspecting it with curiosity. A Naval Lieutenant comes up and clears them away, saying to me that if only a few men collect together in a bunch they are very soon shelled by a Turkish 6-inch gun on Sari Bair, which commands the beach.

I walk up to the back of the beach once more, and start for a tramp round the bay to the Supply depot that I see in the distance. It is to be a long tramp, and I feel a bit tired and devilish hungry. On the other side of Lala

Baba I pass 18-pounder batteries in position, hidden from the enemy by little rises of the ground and screened from aeroplane observation by gorse-bushes. Their position tells me that our front line cannot be very far inland. Presumably the same thing has happened that happened at Helles on April 25th. We have got on shore all right, but that is all. The Turks hold all the prominent positions, and appear to have us in the hollow of their hands. I walk along on the sandy beach, very tiring for my feet, until I reach "B" Beach, which is in the centre of the beach running between the two promontories of the bay; there I come to a casualty clearing station of the Welsh Division. I am dog-tired and almost faint from hunger, and call in, begging some breakfast. They tell me breakfast is at eight, and make me lie down to get an hour's sleep, for it is seven o'clock. At eight I wake up and join the officers at breakfast. Hot cocoa, without milk, for milk is reserved for the patients; bacon, biscuits, and jam. No bread has been issued at Suvla up to now. I then learn some news. We had actually taken the high hills on the left of Anafarta Village, which lies just behind the lower hills in front of us. The Gurkhas and Australians had actually been on top of Sari Bair—had been treated to the joy of looking down on to the Dardanelles on the other side.

Something went amiss. Our troops had to retire, and now our line ran from the hills on the left of the bay, but about a mile and a half inland on the mainland, dropping down to the low lands in front, continuing in front of Chocolate Hill, which was ours, across the low land on the right of Chocolate Hill, then running gently a short way up the slope of Sari Bair, finally joining hands with the Anzacs in position some distance up the slope of the hills in front of Gaba Tepe.

Burnt Hill, a small eminence in front of Chocolate Hill, is to be attacked to-day. This is so named because of the gorse which had been burnt by the shelling at the landing. We saw this burning gorse from Helles on the 7th and 8th.

Once Burnt Hill was ours, the Turks would be forced to retire to Anafarta. A further attack on our part would

capture Anafarta and the high hills on our left, enabling the Anzacs to capture Sari Bair. Thence to Midos, Achi Baba cut off, and the Dardanelles forced.

I am just about to leave, thanking them for their hospitality, when shrapnel burst outside overhead. I say to them, "Surely this hospital does not get shelled?" And they tell me that now and again a stray shrapnel does burst here, but that they are shelling a small column of carts passing along the beach, a small cluster of horsemen riding in Salt Lake, or a few men passing over the flat wooded country. No target appears too small for their shrapnel, even people bathing. The shore in the centre of the bay is within easy reach of their field-gun shrapnel, but as a rule they respect this Welsh hospital, though it is within full view and easy range of their guns.

I continue my walk and keep close to the water's edge, for shrapnel now and again bursts not more than a hundred yards inland. I reach the Supply depot that I had seen from Lala Baba, and learn that we are now IXth Corps, that I have arrived at the Corps Reserve Supply depot on "A" Beach, that they get shelled regularly every day, also that Foley and Way are further up the road, towards the end of the promontory.

I walk up there and find them sitting in a small depot that they have formed, with a little camp of wagon-covers and ground-sheets, supported by logs obtained from a broken lighter. I feel glad to see them. O'Hara comes up soon after with Badcock, who is over from G.H.Q. to get transport in order, having been here since the landing. We make ourselves a little more comfortable during the morning; a bivouac for Way and myself is made of a tarpaulin stretched over barks of timber, forming a little house open at the sides. We are out of range of shrapnel, but I learn that high explosive and howitzer shells often come our way.

In the morning I see Cox, who has returned from Alexandria, and learn that the 88th Brigade are not to be in action to-day, for which I am thankful. We get ready to send up rations by A.T. carts and pack-mules to-night.

At 1 o'clock Way goes up to see his Brigade H.Q.—the

86th—on Chocolate Hill. The 87th and 88th are there as well, and D.H.Q. and other H.Q. of other Brigades, and the side of the hill must be very congested. I can see hundreds of troops sheltering on the low ground by Lala Baba across the bay.

2.30.

The four battleships and all our guns on shore open a heavy bombardment on the Turkish position on the hills in front, and especially on Burnt Hill, and an hour later the gorse on that hill and on the low ground to the right of Chocolate Hill catches alight, and is soon burning like a roaring furnace, spreading like the fire on a prairie. At 3.30 I hear rifle fire and learn that our attack on Burnt Hill has started. The artillery simultaneously increases its range. The bombardment, however, does not ring so confidently as did our bombardment in the victorious battle of June 28th, nor does it appear to be so powerful.

I see the Yeomanry now marching steadily in open order across the Salt Lake. It is the first time that they have been in action. Several years ago I was a trooper in the Warwickshire Yeomanry, who are now with the rest marching into battle. The Worcesters, Gloucesters, Middlesex, Sharp-shooters, Sherwood Foresters, Notts and Derby are there, and I think several other regiments, all troopers and troop leaders on foot, their horses left in Egypt. Little did they think, when they trained on Salisbury Plain for cavalry work, that when the hour came for them to go into battle they would go in on foot as infantry. When they did their regular fourteen days' annual training, some of their friends used to laugh at them, saying that they were playing at soldiers. What I see before my eyes now is no play. Yet they look the same as they did on Salisbury Plain. Ah! the real thing for them has come at last, though many of them only landed this morning, for I see a white puff of shrapnel burst over their heads. It is quickly followed by another and another, developing to a rapid concentrated fire. They run the gauntlet without losing their Salisbury Plain steadiness, except for an occasional bunching to-

gether here and there. Soon casualties occur and prostrate khaki figures can be seen lying on the sandy salt of the lake for the stretcher-bearers and ambulance-wagons to pick up—the harvest of war. At last they are at Chocolate Hill, where they nestle under its slopes for protection till further orders.

At 6 p.m. Way returns, and tells us that Chocolate Hill was "Red Hell" while he was there, smothered in shrapnel and flying bullets; that an officer in D.H.Q. has been killed quite near him, but O'Hara is safe. It was not safe for Way to leave until five o'clock.

Dusk arrives, and the moon is rising. Major Badcock is going up with kit for D.H.Q. to Chocolate Hill on four little box cars, and I ask if I can go with him to see my Brigade H.Q. He gives me a lift, and off we go along the bumpy track from the promontory to the mainland, when, bending to the right, through clusters of trees and in and out of gorse-bushes and boulders, we arrive at last on the flat, growthless plain of the Salt Lake. Instead of being heavy going over soft sand, as I thought it would be, it is very good going over a hard, binding surface, and we get along at a fine pace, which in the moonlight, on such an occasion, is very exciting and enjoyable. Soon I see the shadow of trees and cultivation, and know that we are nearing Chocolate Hill, and almost at the same time I hear and almost feel the unpleasant whiz of many bullets overhead, about, and around. We stop, but the noise of the pulsating engines of the car drowns all other sounds, and we walk a little way in front and hear the regular rattle of heavy rifle fire. The spot where we are standing is receiving the benefit of the "overs," many of which kick up the dust around us. Now and again shells scream over, but not many. We drive on to the trees in front, and dump our kit. At this point the bullets are flying fairly high, and we feel safer, though I expect all the time that blow of a sledge-hammer which comes with the hit of a bullet. We unload the kit by some trees, and some men near by are instructed to go on to the Division and tell them that the first batch of their kit had arrived, and one man is left in charge. We turn to go back, and I

notice a wounded man on a stretcher being carried away, and I ask them to put him in the car. I offer him water, but he refuses, saying that he has been hit by a shrapnel bullet in the stomach, and water makes him vomit. His voice sounds familiar to me. I look at his face—I ask him if he is Howell of the Warwickshire Yeomanry—he replies "Yes." We rode next to each other, years ago, as troopers. Many wounded are lying here, there, and everywhere, and we load up our empty cars with as many as we can, and steadily and gently go back. Firing dies down. It was only "wind up" on the part of the Turks. I leave Howell at the Welsh Casualty Clearing Station on the "B" Beach. He is quite cheerful. His experience of actual war started when he had landed this morning, and ends now as he lies wounded, waiting to be properly attended to, and he had trained and given up his spare time for years past for these few hours! He shakes me by the hand. After this war I do not think that people will be amused at the "playing at soldiers" of Yeomanry and Territorials.

Back at the beach I load the four cars once more with D.H.Q. kit, and off we proceed on a second journey. I am alone in charge this time, for Badcock has to go up to Corps H.Q. The full moon brilliantly lighting up everything helps us to get along at a good pace. On arrival at the trees on the other side of the Salt Lake, where we had dumped the first loads, I find no signs of this first batch, and a few men about appear to know nothing whatever about it. We go steadily along, feeling our way carefully, for there is no road, towards Chocolate Hill. I leave the cars two hundred yards from Chocolate Hill and walk the rest of the way. I pass men hard at work digging a trench. I arrive at the foot of the hill and find it congested with all manner and kinds of parts of units of an army. There are some infantry of our Brigade awaiting orders—mule-carts with Drabis sitting cross-legged unconcernedly thereon. Bullets do not appear to worry them. I believe they think that they are butterflies. A first-line dressing station is chock full of wounded, and the M.O.'s are hard at work attending to the cases. Signal

stations are tap-tapping and buzzers buz-buzzing. I walk up the slopes of the hill, wending my way past dugouts all around, to my right and left and above, in which are H.Q. of various Brigades. I step over poor, broken dead men, lying nestling in the gorse, and curse from the bottom of my heart the rulers of the German Empire; and seeing an officer standing outside a dugout, I inquire for Major O'Hara, of the 29th Division. Am told that he will be back shortly. I then ask for 88th H.Q., and he comes along with me to help me look for them. We find them eventually, and I learn that rations have been received. I also learn that the day has not gone well with us, but that we will probably attack at dawn, and that the 88th will this time be in action. The Yeomanry, shortly after arriving at Chocolate Hill, had gone up beyond to our front line under a terrible fire, but in perfect order, quietly and orderly as if on parade. We had not advanced our position, which was the same as before the battle. The gorse is burning fiercely on my right, lighting up the immediate neighbouring country. Several wounded were caught in it and burnt to death before they could be rescued, but many were saved, and some gallant deeds were done in their rescue.

Sir John Milbanke, V.C., has been killed. Practically his last words were, "Great Scott! this is a bloody business." We go back to the dugout of D.H.Q., where we find O'Hara and also Bray, the A.P.M. I had often heard of Bray several years before the war, for my brother-in-law was his pupil. He asks me if I am any relation to his pupil's wife, and so we meet and are introduced.

I hand the kit over to Bray. I am instructed to go back and fetch up two of the cars loaded with tins of water from "A" trench. As I leave, a rattle of musketry again bursts out from the jumpy enemy, and bullets zip past, seeming to come from all directions. Parties which have been standing about in the open move for cover. I again load up my four cars with wounded, one case being that of a man who has just been hit in the leg while digging in the trench that I had just passed. Back at "A" Beach I apply for water at the water dump, and am told that

it cannot be issued without a chit from the officer. "Where is the officer?" "In his dugout." "Where is his dugout?" "Two hundred yards up the beach." Arrive at officer's dugout. Officer asleep; wakened up. "Can't have water without chit from Corps." I reply, "I shall get my water, and at once, please." He replies, "What's that?" I repeat. I am refused a chit. I politely explain that the reason he is peacefully enjoying his slumber undisturbed by Turkish bayonets is because our Tommies are in the front busy seeing that the Turks do not come over our line and rush the trenches, also that some of those Tommies want water, and that I have been instructed to take it to them.

The water loaded on two cars, the other two holding kit, off we proceed once more on our third trip, but, alas! the moon dips down into the sea. A shout from behind, and a car full of kit overturns in a trench. It is left with the driver till morning. On we go, first bumping into large stone boulders, then into large clusters of thick gorse, and two more cars are finally out of action in deep holes. On I go with the third car, groping our way across the Salt Lake, for it is now pitch dark, and at last, when near the advanced dressing station, flames spurt out from the bonnet of the car, and halting, we find something afire in the almost red-hot engine. We stop. I walk over to the dressing station. There is not much firing, only an occasional sing of a bullet and no shells.

I learn that they are getting water now from a well, but want receptacles. I off-load my tins from the car into an ambulance-wagon, which proceeds up to Chocolate Hill, two hundred yards away. We wait until the engine is quite cool, and then grope our way back; dawn is breaking, and it becomes gradually lighter. Arriving at my "bivvy," I fling myself on my camp-bed and am fast asleep in two seconds.

#### *August 22nd.*

We did not attack at dawn, and so the 88th have not been in action. We are as we were—yesterday's battle is not to be recorded as a victory for us. Machine guns

again from right, left, and centre fired from behind great boulders of stone and hidden hillocks covered with gorse, and wave after wave of our men were mown down as with a scythe. Twice we captured the Burnt Hill, but twice were driven off, and Burnt Hill remains Turkish. The Yeomanry were unable to get to grips with the enemy; but for gallantry in that march from Chocolate Hill to our front line, four hundred yards in front across the open in the daylight, under a hail of shrapnel and machine gun bullets, their behaviour could not have been excelled.

Their officers represent the best blood of England, and their men good old country blood of the hunting and farmer class of Old England, with many a man of good birth in the ranks. How could such men behave otherwise than gallantly? To-night I take up the remainder of D.H.Q. kit to their new quarters, not so far forward as Chocolate Hill, to a rocky hillock covered by gorse, inland from the mainland, a distance of about a mile in a line with our promontory. The place, if found out by John Turk, will prove to be a perfect shell-trap, and shells bursting on solid rock will burst "some." They will be foolish to stay there.

#### *August 24th.*

To-day we had a terrific thunderstorm; forked lightning all over the sky and heavy rain, but it lasted only an hour.

We chose a new site further up the side of the slope of the promontory, yet under cover of a slight rise of ground. The formation of the land here is full of dips and rises, not noticeable from a distance, and thereby affording excellent cover, for which we thank Providence. We have to move, for the Corps Reserve depot is getting such an unhealthy spot on "A" Beach that it is shortly moving to where we are now.

All day long the battleships pop off at the Turks on shore, the row from the guns echoing and rebounding with deafening reverberation from the hills and sides of the promontory.

I go up with rations to our Brigade to-night—a beautiful night—with a convoy of mule-carts driven by the imper-turbable Drabis, who merrily chant Indian songs. The moon at night simplifies our work considerably. By day it is dangerous for transport to go far afield.

*August 25th.*

It is now four long, terrible months since we landed, and we are still on the low lands at the three landings. The positions in front of us are formidable, almost impregnable, and unless the Balkan States are drawn in on our side, never shall we open the Dardanelles. The task is now impossible for us, and we have lost our opportunity at the start by only landing with one Division. Our effort has failed, though we have made good our landing. The shipping here gets shelled as at Helles, and this morning a battleship was hit twice.

We can hear heavy firing down at Helles.

*August 26th.*

Everywhere everybody is hard at work making dugouts. In the line our infantry are feverishly making a line of defence, digging night and day without cessation. "A" Beach gets shelled, but no shells reach our end of the promontory. Our battleships' guns roar out continually all day, as if in sullen anger at the recent failure—at what I am afraid will be our last effort. My Brigade has moved over from Chocolate Hill, and is in the line on the low part of the slope of the high hills which form the left flank, next to the sea, of our position, and Brigade H.Q. is dug in behind a hillock in a gully which has been called Lone Tree Gully.

*August 27th.*

A violent gale blowing to-day. Carver, Petro, and Phillips are now here as transport officers.

Work on the beaches now goes on feverishly, night and day. Each day a new sand-bagged dugout appears. Additions are made to the piers. Two off West Beach are complete. One further up, towards the end of the

promontory, is being built rapidly and skilfully by a bridging party of regular Australian Army Engineers. I am told by their warrant officer that there is a regular Australian Army, but that it is being jealously guarded in Australia, and that really it is only a framework of an army. The bridging section, however, at Suvla is part of this. The fighting army of Australia and New Zealand is voluntary since the war, yet is superior in fighting qualities to the Prussian Guard.

Further up, towards the end of the promontory, two small beaches or coves are rapidly being turned into fitting order to receive the steady requirements of food, ammunition, S.A.A. stores, ordnance, etc.; and piers there are rapidly being thrown out. At night, long convoys of A.T. carts and pack-mules form up loaded with rations, A.S.C. and Ordnance stores and ammunition, and proceed along the promontory towards the mainland. On arrival there they branch off in various directions to their respective destinations, just behind the line. Early on their journey they encounter the song of bullets flying from the Turkish line continually all night. I think that the Turks in the front line must be given so many rounds of ammunition and told to loose off in the air in our direction, not aiming at anybody, but firing blindly in the hope of a victim. Now and again a bullet does find a victim, but on going up regularly each night one gets so accustomed to the sound of their flight, that one walks on, taking no notice; although, if by any chance a rifle is pointing directly your way, even at a thousand yards' range, it sounds as if it is fired close to your head, and almost simultaneously, "whizz-ping," goes past you very near, and then unconsciously you duck.

The drivers on the A.T. carts, however, worry about the bullets less than anybody, remaining sitting on their carts and chanting away contentedly.

To-night, trouble with water occurs, and I am up with O'Hara and Hadow, our Staff Captain, at Brigade H.Q. on the job. Our H.Q. now are at Lone Tree Gully, about four hundred yards behind our front line. One is quite safe there unless they choose to shrapnel it, but a gully

in front was badly shrapnelled the other day, and the Royal Scots, being caught in it, were severely mauled. Further back on the road, though, for some distance one has to walk along through a zone of "overs," and two found a target to-night in a sergeant and corporal on transport duty. As I walk along that road, I am always ready waiting for the sledge-hammer blow from the unseen hand, always hoping that it will be a Blighty one, through the soft part of the arm or leg.

A large proportion of our water has to be brought ashore by water-lighters, pipes leading from them to the shore. Tanks are filled from the pipes, and all kinds of receptacles filled from the tanks, such as petrol-cans, milkcans, fantasies, and goat-skins. The cans can be loaded on to the A.T. carts, while the fantasies and goat-skins are loaded on to mules, in each case two on a mule, one hanging on either side. The A.T. cart form of transport is much preferable to the pack-mule, for the latter is fond of bucking and throwing off his load, which on a dark night on convoy means great trouble.

The Engineers are hard at work finding wells, but such wells as we have cannot by any means supply even half of the requirements of water.

After we have turned in to-night we hear a heavy roar of musketry from Anzac, and soon the battleships and shore batteries join in. It is a clear night, and the roar of the musketry echoes over the bay remarkably loudly. I have never heard such concentrated rifle fire so loudly before.

It lasts for about two hours, and then dies suddenly away to the incessant crack-crack-crack of the regular nightly rifle fire.

#### *August 28th.*

Gale still high.

To-day, I, with Foley, pay my first visit to a battleship, the *Swiftsure*. She is easily distinguishable from other ships by two large cranes in position amidships on either side. I had previously signalled to Fleet-Surgeon Jeans on board, sending an introduction to him given me by

General Cayley, our Brigadier. A pinnace arrives for me; we skim over the calm water of the bay, smartly pulling up alongside the great ship. My quest was a case of whisky for Brigade H.Q., stuck up in dugouts in Lone Tree Gully, with no chance of getting any. This is the first time that I have been on a battleship, and as I climb up the rope ladder, I remember that I had read somewhere that in the days of Nelson one saluted the quarter-deck when one steps thereon. As I was first up I did not know whether it was correct, but I did so, and noticing some Naval officers following me behind also saluting, saw that I was correct.

They entertained us royally on board. I nearly had a nervous break-down when they offered me a whisky and soda. Naval officers cannot be beaten as hosts.

A howitzer has been potting at us to-day, a good many of the shells going right over the cliff into the sea on the other side.

Convoy work again at night to Lone Tree Gully, and a chat with the General in his dugout. A lovely moonlight night, and calm again after a three days' beastly gale.

#### *August 29th.*

Go to D.H.Q. in the morning, who have now moved back to a gully alongside Corps H.Q., nicely dug in the side of a hill near us. Their quarters, as well as those of Corps, are built amongst the green gorse, which, with paths running in and out and terraces about, makes a lovely garden. Very nice conditions under which to work. I am writing this on the heights of the shale cliffs of the northern promontory of Suvla Bay. The sea is calm and a deep, lovely blue, suddenly changing to green at the foot of the rocks. Suvla Bay, with Salt Lake and the wooded and gorsed low land and the hills and the mountains in the background, are laid out in beautiful panorama. Achi Baba can be seen in the distance south, and I have been so used to seeing it from Cape Helles that the view is quite a novelty.

Off the bay are three battleships, supply ships, and

trawlers, lighters, etc. An aeroplane is humming overhead, and our guns on shore are continually barking away, while little puffs of shrapnel from the Turkish batteries burst over and about the wooded low lands, Salt Lake and Chocolate Hill, where our front line runs, denoted by the crackle of musketry.

The view is most interesting, the brownish-green gorges—leading to the sea—with their clouds of dust denoting the industry within. Behind me, purple Turkish hills, every point of which is held by the enemy. Then in between our line and the hills the scrubby low-lying country, all buff and green, the cultivated land, and the olive groves. I look at it hopelessly—for I know now, as we all do, that the conquest of the Peninsula is more than we can hope for. All that is left to us is to hang on day by day. It is anything but a cheery prospect. Death in various forms walks with us always; the sad processions of sick and wounded—chiefly the former—move down to the hospital ships every day; we see all our best friends taken, one after the other—and to what end? The golden chances have been allowed to slip by; we can never win through now—so we have to “cling on” to the bitter end.

#### *August 30th.*

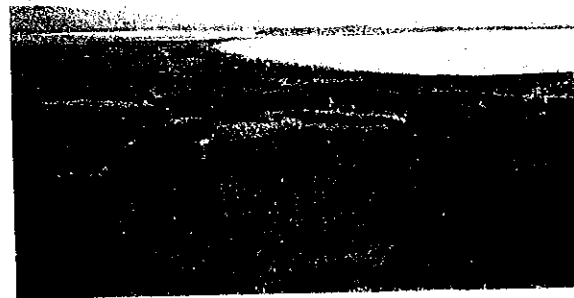
A beautiful day again! Turkish batteries very busy all day. Shrapnel and high explosive shell, and also duelling between Fleet and land batteries. Otherwise all quiet, nothing doing. Brigade moves down from trenches to “A” Beach West, and news that we are to go to Imbros for a rest is circulated. Enemy aeroplane swoops over like an evil-looking vulture and tries to drop bombs on Fleet, but has no direct hit to record.

At nightfall Brigade starts to embark, ready to sail at daylight. Officers have cabins, and so I am enabled to have a sleep. Am suffering from one of my beastly colds, however.

Nice to get away, after the disappointments of that worst of all months, August, when we had expected so much.



A CAPTURED TURKISH TRENCH, SUVLA BAY.



A VIEW OF SUVLA BAY.

Sarı Bair (well behind the Turkish lines) can be seen in the background to the left of the picture.