

We then met our first tent mates. Nobby Clark, Bill Berryman, George Raven, Fred Collingwood (Colly), Frank Green (Dope), Chris Mauseltf (Mucker), Ernest Millard (Tony) and Howard and myself. As we two had been in camps before, it fell to us to initiate the others into the life.

The occupations of our tent mates were - a horse driver on a delivery van, a farmer, an employee in an aerated water factory, a jockey, a contractor, a market gardener, and a miner from Broken Hill - Truly a cosmopolitan lot. The camp grew quickly, and as we had nominated for the light horse, we were drafted into their lines under Lieutenant Forgan.

We were there until after Christmas, and I managed to work up to Corporal's rank. We saw several lots of infantry reinforcements leave, and wished we had joined that arm of the forces. We drilled all day and got thoroughly used to the conditions of camp life - Colly developed measles, and we were isolated for a week or more.

Sundays were bright days, when our friends and relations came to visit us. Ascot was awfully dusty, but apart from the fact that it seemed as if we would never get away, life was good - Often a crowd would strike for all sorts of things - and the cry was,

amongst other things - "When are we going to get our uniforms, our rifles, our horses, and when are we going to get away?"

At last news came out that a squadron was being sent to join a regiment forming in Queensland, and our tent all put in to go, and were accepted, but I had to drop my rank to do so. Was made a Lance Corporal, so have started to go ahead again.

14/3/15 - Struck our tents and after no end of delays we were marched across country to Morphetville. Very glad to get on to green grass after all the dust and dirt at Ascot Park. This is a far better camp, much handier to town, and more freedom - Often managed to get home of an evening.

31/3/15 - Uniforms issued at last and it is just about time. All quite excited, as it appears that they will send us away yet. Most of us were afraid to sit down anywhere for fear of dirtying them. I am jolly glad as my old uniform is so patched that I was beginning to get afraid that it would not hold together for much longer so patched is it. I believe there is still a fragment of the original left. Rumoured that we are

going to be shifted to a new camp at Mitcham.

1/4/15- Struck our tents to-day, and marched across to Mitcham. Jolly hot and dusty and new leggings are not the most comfortable to march in. We are supposed to be Light Horse, but have seen very little of horses as yet. Our lines are nearest the trams and railway. Ground rather bumpy, but we are becoming used to sleeping on the ground.

4/4/15 - Still merely a nominal tattoo. I go home nearly every evening and come back to camp any old time so long as it is before 6-0 a.m. It is Good Friday. I told the Major, Dad had come down from the North, and that I had a chance of seeing some of the south country with him, if I could obtain leave. Put in and got six days leave. Am not entitled to it, as I live within a 16 mil radius of town. Perhaps my casual remark that the D. was down from the North did the trick. I shouldn't wonder! Motored to Noarlunga, had dinner at Kings, then went across to the Port.

6/4/15 - Arrived in Georgetown and stayed with Aunt Vi.

7/4/15 - Party at Clarks. Had rather a quiet evening but finished up by going in with Hugh to Georgetown at 12.30 a.m.

8/4/15 - Uncle Will took me in to the station just as

the train left, so he turned and started to race the train to Gulnare. We were well in the lead when we stopped for want of petrol. It was deadly having to sit and watch the train overhaul us and then pass. However, the race was good.

9/4/15 - Left for town again. Train was stopped at Wasleys owing to the line being flooded. Engine uncoupled and tried the rails before taking the train across. The line was covered to a depth of three feet in places. Wasleys was all under water. Heavy rains general - the break up of the drought.

10/4/15 - Went to Cowlings and in the afternoon through Morialta. The third fall was running, and we got to the second just in time to get to the foot of it and watch the water start to come over. It was a fine sight and one that would not be seen more than once in a life time.

11/4/15 - Stayed the night and climbed to the top of the hills opposite their home. Got back to camp at 6 p.m. Since I left the horses have been issued.

12/4/15 - Most of the horses had been claimed, and I had to take an old scrag - a rank jib. Each troop of our squadron has horses of all the one color. It is rather exciting learning mounted drill as the horses are all fresh. Managed to exchange the scrag for a decent one.

24/4/15 - Have been on mounted drill all the week. A welcome change from foot slogging. To-day we rode through the city to the Parade Ground where we were given a farewell dinner by the Cheer-up and the squadron presented with a flag. Going through Unley my neddy took a violent dislike to the trams and started to tremble, then reared and slipped on the rails and fell sideways throwing me nearly under the car. Escaped lightly, excepting for a skinned kneecap. Poor old beggar, he must be from the bush and unacquainted with such monsters as trams. I felt quite sorry for him as he is a decent old fellow.

25/4/15 - Sunday - Got home and went round and said farewell to the Fildes and Secombs etc. Am just a little excited at the prospects of going after being in camp a little over five months.

27/4/15 - Slipped off home and said Goodbye to all, as we are off to Queensland in the afternoon. It is a relief to find that we are really going at last.

28/4/15 - We are leaving our horses behind. We footed it to Mitcham and entrained at 3.30 p.m. Mother came down to see the last of me. Quite a big crowd at the station. Mother was quite brave and kept the tears back - it must have been an effort for there were many tears on lots of Mothers' eyes. The school kiddies lined the track as we steamed out and cheered and cheered.

I received a bonza big hamper of fruit and cake etc. but am not sure whom it is from. It may have been the girls at Covent Gardens, as they have often come down to the camp. Passed through lots of tunnels and at Aldgate were given tea by the local folk, and they did us remarkably well.

We were not crowded, there being only five in each compartment, and first class at that. We tossed for sleeping "possies" and I lost, so had to camp on the floor. No hardship now-a-days.

29/4/15 - We were running late and the express passed us at some little siding. We arrived in Melbourne at 10.30 instead of 8.15 a.m., and were marched to the South Melbourne barracks. They gave us about two hours off, and I went and saw the Quarium, Museum and Art Gallery. Was very much amused at the small cable cars which have to be pushed round the corners. We entrained again at 4 p.m., and on arrival at Seymour were given a jolly fine tea. Still only five to the compartment. Arrived at Albury at 11.30 p.m. and had to change trains. There are 11 in each compartment now. It caused a lot of sulphurous language, but I managed to get in six hours sleep in spite of crowding.

30/4/15 - Passed through some very fine scenery. At one place it swarmed with rabbits which did not seem to mind

the train. In fact, they hardly took the trouble to look up even casually at us. Nearing Sydney, the scenery improves as the line runs through the hills. The hill-sides and valleys are covered with silver wattle.

We arrived at 12.30 and were taken to a restaurant where we paid for dinner. We were quite ready for it, as they marched us up a jolly steep hill, Reservoir Street.

From there we went to the barracks. The boys had such a jollification in Melbourne that no one was allowed to leave the barracks, but as Wilson was ill, I was sent on ahead to the station. After seeing him there, I dodged off down to Circular Quay and back via Pitt Street. We got aboard the train at 5.22 p.m. and left just behind the Brisbane express.

After some hours travelling, we came to the Hawkesbury river. We crossed on a huge iron bridge, then dashed into a mile long tunnel. On emerging from this we ran alongside the river for some fifteen miles. It was magnificent scenery - the moonlight shewing up the ripples of the river on one side and the steep hills dark with trees on the other. Managed to get a few hours sleep.

1/5/25 - We were supposed to breakfast at Warrick, but they had not half enough stuff to supply us, and were diffident about it. It appears they thought we were

returned "hereoes" who were returned for various misdemeanours from Egypt. However, at Toowoomba we were given a fine spread. After leaving there, we started into the Great Dividing Range and passed through some sixteen tunnels.

The line twists in and out in an alarming manner, and in places you could see both ends of the train without leaning out to the window. I think it is ahead of our hill scenery, though it was only seen by moonlight.

Reach Brisbane at 11.30 p.m. and went straight to the camp at Enoggera. After a mile march through a drizzling rain and on a very muddy road we got to camp and then had to sort our kits out. We finally got to bunk at 2.30 a.m.

2/5/15 - The heads were evidently in a good humor, as they let us sleep in until 7.30 a.m. After breakfast, it started to rain, so Church parade was off, and we went back to bunk again, and I slept till 2.30 p.m. Went to bed again at 7.30 p.m. and did not waste any time in going to sleep. We are in mountain battery tents open back and front - don't like them so well as the bell type.

3/4/15 - Still tired - S.S.M. roused "billyoh" out of us on early morning parade - No breakfast forthcoming

for us, and we just refused to do any further drill until we got it. Quiet rumours circulating that a bath in a horse trough might improve his mannerisms. Dismounted drill in the afternoon. Went in to Brisbane by Kelvin Grove car and to Wests: arrived back in camp at midnight. Only 15 men were supposed to be allowed on leave from the squadron - I scarcely think that number remained in camp. How ridiculous it was when they knew we were all itching to have a look at the city.

4/5/15 - Semaphore practice. Too wet after breakfast to drill, so wrote letters home. There are only 30 horses for us yet, so we have to take it in turns doing mounted drill. I got a buster off a rough neddy and was kicked on the heel - Pretty sore.

19/5/15 - Reduced to the ranks for disobedience to order. There were 17 men, one sergeant, 1 corporal and a lance jack on the mat out of our troop, and the Major was in anything but a good humour, and I did not get a hearing at all. I was not aware that I had done anything wrong until I was paraded, and even then I thought it was as a witness perhaps that I was wanted. I was rather taken back, still it is no use growling. Still off duty from the kick on the foot. "Dope Gaen's face is a picture

from a fall he had in jumping. Guess plain soldiering will do me from now on and they can keep their stripes etc.

29/5/15 - Have not done hardly any drill since last entry. Howard's folk have been up here to see him, and I have been out to Bell's once or twice. There are fine botanical gardens on the bend of the river with all kinds of tropical growths. The river is spanned by a fine bridge. On the whole I don't think much of Brisbane as a city - it is too pokey.

To-day we made our march through the city - there were insufficient horses for all of us, and it was my luck to have to foot it. They took us on a route that ran into fifteen miles - it seemed nearer fifty when we finished. Rumours circulating that we embark on 1st prox.

31/5/15 - Rumour is right this time. We packed up ready to leave. Our squadron given horses and nearly all new ones.

1/6/15 - Reveille 4.0 a.m. Saddled up by 7 o'clock - The fun began when we went to mount, and we had a fine show of rough riding. My mount behaved fairly well, and I was able to stick on, but there were a lot who were not so fortunate. Reached Pinkembar at 1.0 a.m. - a desolate looking forsaken place. 2-0 p.m. we started to load the horses on to the boat - the "Medic" the

last horse was not on board until 3-0 a.m., and we had had nothing to eat all day.

4/6/15 - Had a quiet trip round to Sydney, where we landed and took our horses to the Show Ground near Moore Park. There is a fine large rink in the grounds, and it looks inviting.

5/6/15 - Detailed for Camp Police. Slipped off to the rink and had a jolly good time. No one any the wiser.

7/6/15 - Got kicked out of a stall as I went in to feed up a transport horse. I fell on to his heels and was just forcibly ejected, and not hurt at all. Went to Manly beach in the afternoon. It is a lovely beach for surfing.

12/5/15 - Mr. Fildes looked me up this morning, and we went to Watson Bay in the afternoon. High cliffs with a sheer drop to the waters edge. Beautiful spray. The ferry boats are as common on the harbour as trams are in Adelaide. Have had a gay time, been everywhere and out every night, and so far managed to escape being caught. Hear we are off again to-morrow.

13/5/15 - Embarkation at 9-0 a.m. Put the horses on in less than an hour - a little quicker than at Brisbane. Sailed at 4.30 p.m. The Engineers on the Head signalled a last farewell - the last by searchlight being "Goodbye and good luck from the Engineers." It was jolly rough

going through the heads. The "Suevic" is with us with the 12th regiment on Board.

16/5/15 - We hear that a wireless has been received that we are to go back to Adelaide and there disembark the horses. Tense excitement: I hope it is true.

17/6/15 - It is! - early morning shewed us the dear old hills, and by 9.0 a.m. we were off the Outer Harbor.

Howard and I broke ship and were in town by 2.30 p.m.

Put all our horses off in the morning. Went home naturally, but they were out. Met them later. Got back to the ship at midnight and was collared for guard and had to go on duty until 3.0 a.m.

18/6/15 - Went up to town again. Met Mother and Win on the station, and had dinner at Covent Gardens. Had a great time there - was quite in the boom. They sent a bonza hamper down to the ship for me. We cast off at 3.0 p.m. Mother and Win down to see the last. Missed Dad by three hours as his train did not arrive until 6.0 p.m. Stiff luck. Stragglers brought off on a tug. More crimes.

25/6/15 - Routine monotonous. It has been very calm. Food getting worse and the supplies shorter. Can buy oranges, apples and chocolate in the canteen, but we are only allowed to draw 1/- a day. It doesn't go very far.

29/6/15 - Sports - A welcome break. The obstacle

aces and pillow fighting on a boom over a sail of water provided no end of mirth.

5/7/15 - Crossed the equator. Father Neptune and his Court came on board. The Colonel and most of the other officers were put through the ordeal of lathering, shaving and the bath. One officer found in the stokehold and brought up. Nearly everybody on board got a ducking. I got a good view of the proceedings from one of the ladders on the mast.

8/7/15 Jolly rough again. Howard in agony. It caused the dishes to slide about the tables and even sent some clean off over the ledge.

9/7/15 - When we got up this morning we were right close to land. Cape Guard-i-fui - a desolate looking spot, but nevertheless welcome after weeks of nothing but seascape for scenery.

10/7/15 - Land in sight again. A high hill in front. After we rounded a point it turned out to be Aden, and we turned in towards the town. Several other big transports here with Indians on board. Hear the Turks are causing trouble here.

11/7/15 - Could hear guns faintly last night. Ordered to be ready to land at a minutes notice. Very disappointed that we did not do so.

From what we can gather there are about 15,000 Turks only about 10 miles off and they have got the water tanks, so we may get a smack at them.

12/7/15 - A boat load of Ghurkas came in near us but did not stay long. Searchlights playing all ways every night.

13/7/15 - Landed with 50 rounds of ammunition at 4-0 pm and route marched about 8 miles. It was rather unpleasant as the temperature was 127° I did not touch my water bottle until we got back, just to see if I could hold out in case we have to land in earnest.

15/7/15 Landed again and was shewn over Fort Murbut. Aden is an awfully hot place and nary a sign of any plant life - it appears just a rugged barren rock. Howard and I dodged off and went into the native quarter. Saw the tomb of some big gun of a Turk. It is said that Cain's grave is near here. Aden proper is in a cratersome miles inland. Others who wandered off were caught, but we managed to evade detection.

16/7/15 - Still on board. Hopes drooping re landing for action. We hear a Brigade is coming to-morrow and that we are sailing again. If they are not going to land us, we hope to leave soon as it is deucedly

hot and many of the fellows are suffering from a heat rash.

17/7/15 - A big storm came up very suddenly and blotted out the landscape with dust from the desert - brilliant display of lightning but no rain. The air was full of dust but though it came off the desert, after night-fall it was wonderfully cool. Believe it is called a "monsoon." The water is most clear here and often large schools of big fish may be seen around the boat. The natives come out in bumboats for the purpose of barter. Cigarettes are very cheap, about 6d. a hundred. The natives "Somalis" wear very little and barter pineapples and bananas, also silk goods. It is rather amusing and the lack of a common language rather makes it more interesting.

18/7/15 - Sailed at 6-0 a.m. and passed through the straits of Babelmandeb (Hells Gates) at 4-0 p.m. A small destroyer was coaling at the island of Perim in the centre of the straits. We passed a hospital ship. There are large quantities of floating vegetation, and myriads of reddish grasshoppers floating, that were carried out to sea by the storm. The Red Sea does not seem hot after Aden.

19/7/15 - Mess orderly to-day - Had to scrub the deck down. My shirt soon became wet through with perspira-

tion so I pulled it off and went without until the job was finished. It was the hardest work I have had to do since I came on board.

20/7/15 - Passed the twelve Apostles - which are big masses of rock jutting up at intervals. Can see land on either sides. Passing lots of shipping. Passed one ship that appeared to be wrecked on the coast.

22/7/15 - Entered the Gulf of Suez to-day. The Red Sea only looks small on maps, but it takes several days to navigate. About 9-0 p.m. we could see the lights of Suez, and naturally we felt a bit excited as we think it probable that we will land.

23/7/15 - When I awoke, we were anchored. Lots of bumboatmen were about and all with the intent of taking us down if possible. The Chilka passed us on her return trip. She was ahead of the Medic when we were berthed in Sydney.

25/7/15 - Been lying in Suez and have now pulled in to the wharf. Entrained at midday for Cairo. I was greatly astonished at the amount of land cultivated by irrigation. After passing through Zag-i-zig (4-0 p.m.) there are fields after fields of cotton, hugh date palms etc. One could not but help being struck with the primitive means of working the land, raising water

etc. They still use wooden ploughs.

There are canals everywhere and it looks absurd to see huge triangular sails amongst the palms and fields; they are like biblical pictures and hardly seem real. We arrived at Cairo at 7.30 p.m. and marched out through Heliopolis to our camp which is called Almaza.

26/7/15 - Jolly tired after all the excitement and it was hot, so that sleep occupied most of the day.

27/7/15 - Several hospitals in Heliopolis, and lots of wounded boys from the Dardenelles. Met several chaps I knew from Westralia. The Palace Hotel is used as a hospital - it has 1200 rooms, and they are crowded out.

29/7/15 - Went up to Cairo. My first impressions are that it is very dirty, but jolly interesting. The gardens are remarkably pretty. Streets narrow, and wind in and out in a most confusing manner. Boys a nuisance with their "Post-card-sir," "Clean-a-boot-sir". Soon learnt to say "emshi-yalla" which means "get out of it."

1/8/15 - Went to the Zoological Gardens at Ghizeh. They have a fine collection of African animals, and the gardens are laid out with beautifully designed paths - the designs picked out in small colored stones. There are two pontoons captured by our boys from the Turks in the canal affair. They are riddled with holes from shrapnel.

3/8/15 - Have more than a touch of sand colic. Saw Alan Harris.

5/8/15 - Was Head Quarters orderly from 1-0 p.m. to 11.30 p.m. Rather a long day as reveille goes at 4.30 a.m. and it is jolly hot at midday. We drill in the early morning, and again at night owing to the heat during the day.

8/8/15 - Howard, Chris. and I went out all day on leave. The guide cost us 20 P.T. We went through the native quarter of the city and the bazaar, where the scents are anything but wholesome. Saw some beautiful goods including old Persian carpets worth fabulous sums. We went through the Kings and Blue mosques, - then took a train to the Pyramids and on the way saw the reputed spot where Moses was said to be found in the bullrushes. It may be the authentic spot? Saw Cheops and Giza pyramids, also the Sphinx, and the Temple of the Sphinx. I was very interested in the latter. The ancients certainly did their work very well, and the morticing of the large stones used is wonderfully correct. There are still traces of an old wall built by the Romans, round the temple which is partly underground.

16/8/15 - Have been on foot drill so far. The daily routine is :- Reveille 4.30 a.m., Breakfast at 4.45,

drill until 9.0 a.m. Dinner at 1.0 p.m. Fall in at 4.30 p.m. and drill until 6.30 - Tea at 7 o'clock.

I went to Atalier Hospital after dinner, and met a cousin of Howard's. Saw Dickenson of the National Bank, Katanning.

20/8/15 - Have been on the rifle range all the week. Scored several possibles, but only averaged 65%

21/8/15 - Visited the Citadel., - Several mosques, including the alabaster mosque. The interior of the latter is magnificent. There are two cannonballs in the walls, which Napoleon fired at the mosque, but they apparently did little damage. We hired donkeys for a couple of hours and went out to the tombs of the Khaliffs, and Taufik Pasha. There are 35 tombs in all, and valued at £1,000,000. The life history of each is worked in cloth with gold threads, but being in arabic, is unintelligible to us. We had to take the guides word as to what it all meant. Our outing cost us 30/- - Hear we are off to Gallipoli on Tuesday. Hope it is right, as it is about time we saw a little of the work we came to do.

25/8/15 - Reveille at 3-0 a.m. We were issued infantry kit yesterday, and as none of the boys had seen it assembled, it was rather funny to see them

trying to put it together. I had seen it done, so it fell to me to put quite a lot together. We marched five miles to the station, and left at 7.30. Reached Alexandria at 1-0 p.m., and embarked on an old cattle ship the "Marquette" (B.13), and sailed at 8-0 p.m. The boat is crowded. Supposed to be accommodation for 300 and there are at least 1500 on board. Hardly sleeping room. Mess decks dirty and stinking. After tea there is a rush for your blankets, and you have to sit on them until you turn in, otherwise it means a chance of sitting up all night.

28/8/15 - Have passed lots of small islands, and have been challenged by several destroyers, but have come to Mudros (Lemnos island). The harbour is full of transports, men of war, torpedo boats, hospital ships. Saw a submarine for the first time to-day. The entrance is boomed with mines. At 5-0 p.m. we were put on a small tug, and left at 6-0 p.m. It is more than crowded. After eight hours we arrived off Anzac Cove. We could hear rifle fire, and see a destroyer shelling a ridge. We got into small boats and were taken to the cove and from there, conducted to Reserve Gully below Walker's ridge.

29/8/15 - Was too tired to think about being in danger, and slept soundly. Wandered about all day and saw a

battery at work - could watch the shells leaving the gun and in flight, until they passed out of view. One cannot help but marvel at the boys ever landing here, so steep are the hills, which come almost to the waters edge. At dusk we put on our kits and went through a long sap that seemed unending until we came to Mule Gully. A little further on we reached a small gully and deposited our gear there for the night.

30/8/15 - Discovered that the queer smell we noticed the previous evening was from dead Turks of which there are about forty on the opposite side of the gully. We started in to bury them, but desisted when S.M. Clifford received a bullet in the forearm. Amongst others, I was detailed to go for rations, and whilst at the beach we had a swim. On the way down a shrapnel shell was directed at us and exploded over our heads. I was at the rear of the column and had to laugh at the way every man (self included) fell down. No one was hit.

31/8/15 - We are cooking our own food such as it is - it seems more like a picnic so far. The Turks shelled No.3 base heavily all day - we can hear them screeching overhead. There were several casualties and lots of the Indians' mules were killed.

1/9/15 - Cpl. Wilson in Snipers post gave an alarm about 9 p.m. last night and we turned out and lined the ridge.

Chris. and I found a good possie, but it turned out we were sitting on a corpse, and we were glad to move further along after several chaps had walked over his lower extremities. "D" troop had to stop on guard all night. We had been on fatigue all day and were jolly well tired but. The alarm was false as it was in the direction of our own lines.

3/9/15 - Warned to be ready to move at 6.30 p.m. We are going into the line. Just before leaving I met Ken Gilmour and S.M. Rosevear whom I knew in the West. Ken looks well and is nearly black from sunburn. Our section was put in supports. When we got in the trenches it was quiet and I asked a chap where the front line was. "Put your head up digger, and you will soon find out", was his reply. I took his word for it. Had to go on guard on a barricade between the Turks and us that night.

4/9/15 - Got practically no sleep owing to sappers passing along the trench all night. It was too hot, and too many flies to get any sleep after sunrise.

5/9/15 - Had to go out on patrol in an old isolated trench. Going out we had to step on a dead Turk lying in the bottom of the trench, and he hummed some. I did not quite like it. We got there at 8.30 p.m. and did not come in until 4.30 a.m., in time to stand to arms, and so had no sleep at all. "Stand to" from our point of view is a rotten institution. You have to stand with your kit on when you could

far easier sleep. Got to sleep at 5 o'clock, but was roused out at 6.0 to draw rations.

6/9/15 - Shifted to the fire trench - on two hours, and off four. You do get a little sleep between times. A darn sight better than being in support where you are supposed to be having a spell. Berry, Raven, two Norfolks, Tony and I are on one post. The Tommies are a sleepy pair and go to sleep on post. Ken is in the same trench and only about fifty yards up from me, so we had a couple of hours yarn. He would not let me come too close to him, as he is "chatty" and says I will get them soon enough.

8/9/15 - Tony changed his breeches to shorts to-day and tossed the former on the parapet. When he took them down there were eight bullet holes through them. I am glad I did not take that chap's advice re putting my head up.

9/9/15 - Shifted higher up the hillside. Our section put on an observation post. It is a little more dangerous than the last one. The bullets hiss over from three different ways. Still doing two on, and four hours off, with stand to at 4.30 a.m. Tried my hand at making chappaties to-day and did not do so badly.

10/9/15 - We were altering some fire benches to-day when they suddenly opened up with shrapnel from 971 and we had to knock off, as it was too hot. It lasted an hour. It does whizz through the bushes. No casualties in our troop

so far. Our day's menu is Breakfast - Bacon and bully beef, rissoles with Biscuits. Dinner, Boiled rice and apricot jam, and Tea - Biscuits and Jam. We got our first loaf of bread to-day - a two pound loaf between two. It was so long since the last that we divided it equally, so that neither of us could accuse the other of getting more than his fair share. Not a crumb was wasted. Water is none too plentiful, and a wash is a luxury. Barely enough to have a shave with - every drop is precious, as it is pretty hot during the day. Tony and I are pairing, and have our possies dug out in the bottom of a trench just opposite each other. I do the cooking for the two of us. He gets the wood. A difficult job, as it is scarce, and you are exposed to fife fire if you shew your head too much.

11/9/15 - Got the first mail in to-day. It was most welcome. Nearly all the boys got letters. I received some from home Win Clark, and Effie R. It put all in a good humour, and you hear little grousing.

12/9/15 - Actually got in a full nights sleep till 4.30a.m. the first since I have been in the trenches. It was just great. The lack of anything soon makes you estimate its value.

13/9/15 - Been bad all day with indigestion. Feel rotten. Think it is due to the food and the flies which are real

pests. You cannot keep them from your food, even whilst eating it.

We are on one of the highest positions held by us, just opposite hill 971, which is the highest point on the peninsula. The ridge is known as Rhododendrum, and the post as the "Apex". We have a splendid view all round, and can see Hill 60 Anafarta village, "W" hills, Suvla Bay, and also watch the monitors sneak in and put a few big shells into Jacko. It is not bad watching them shelling Jacko. They tumbled the minaret from a mosque in Anafarta village to-day in about three shots. Several Norfolks sent up to us as reinforcements. They reckoned they would find us all dead men, as whilst they were coming up, we were getting an extra dose of iron rations - mostly shrapnel. We get it twice a day regularly, from 971, and they have a couple of 77 cent. guns. They are rotten, as you cannot hear them coming and duck for the bottom of the trench. All you hear is a bang, and it is all round you. Left off shorts and have gone back to breeches. The nights are getting much colder.

15/9/15 - Billy White and Jarret killed with shrapnel. Hawker sniped; the bullet hitting a penny in his belt, and going through his arm. Reckon he was lucky. More letters to hand. Jolly welcome.

16/9/15 - Still doing ~~the same~~ and four off, with plenty

of pick and shovel work deepening the trench and digging saps. Less food now, and no flour at all - just biscuits and bully with apricot jam.

17/9/15 - Sgt. Richards killed. We got well shelled to-night. Counted 21 quite close - two or three within a few feet. Got the driving band from one. Lots of close escapes. Dugout is far the best place I know when shrapnel is flying.

18/9/15 - Went to church parade to-day. The Turks spotted the gathering, and a few shells cut the sermon short. No casualties. Turks opened up suddenly at 5.0 p.m. - mostly machine gun fire. We stood to. Three M. guns were trained on our post, in which there is an M. gun and they cut the parapet to ribbons. They attacked on the left but were repulsed. Only a demonstration so far as we were concerned. Mainly to keep our heads down I suppose. They did so effectively. Ben Parnham is cooking for the whole of the troop. We get no time as between digging and carrying water and ration. We get no time in the day and little at night. We had to be brought up three miles.

19/9/15 - Had my boots off for the first time since I came up here. Needless to say it was a big relief. One is too tired these days to go down three miles to the beach, with the prospect of a stiff climb back to the line.

Not a shot fired all the afternoon.

20/9/15 - My right hand is festering badly. Can hardly use it. Have been on out post all night covering a party of sappers. Could hear the Turks on patrol below us but did not see any of them. Get precious little sleep nowada

21/9/15 - Sore hand has turned septic, and is badly swollen. Had it poulticed. Taken out of the trench as I am unable to use a shovel. Have been suffering from diarrhoea the last few days. It is very weakening. Am clean off food - cannot stand the sight of it. Parcel of handkerchiefs to hand - also newspapers. Watched a big bombardment on the left - the shells bursting shew up beautifully at dusk, and are rather pretty when seen from a distance. One does not appreciate them quite so well when they are directed at oneself.

25/9/15 - Ken over once or twice to see me. Have been in a dugout the last few days and am getting no better. The Doctor says it is dysentery. On second sick parade he marked me for the hospital. Pains in the stomach are almost unbearable. I went to the pack on sick parade. Had to walk to the hospital about 2½ miles. Nobby Clark carried my kit. Do not remember too much of the trip down - went down more mechanically - can just recollect walking and being assisted by some chaps. Left at a clearing station - Shelled through the night by 6" shells

but did not care. Sent by stretcher to Anzac Cove.

Have some recollections that someone said Howard was wounded and passed me on the way down. Put on a light - er at 5 p.m. and was taken on the hospital boat at 8.30.

30/9/15 - Have been pretty bad and unconscious at times but feel a little better now. Milk diet and medicine seem to occupy most of the day. Have discovered that Howard is on the same boat and in the same ward.

1/10/15 - Rough - feel worse, but not seasick. Am absolutely sick of milk diet but they won't stand anything else. It is condensed milk, and well watered at that. Am down to a mere skeleton and hardly recognise myself.

2/10/15 - Anchored at Malta - Too weak to get out to see what the place is like. Howard says it is like pictures of Venice. Tried to eat some chocolate to-day - nothing doing.

3/10/15 - Left Malta - We have buried eleven chaps out of the ward since leaving Gallipoli - mostly cases of enteric and dysentery. Guess I must be fairly tough, as they say I had a severe attack and should be dead.

7/10/15 - Managed to get on deck for the first time this afternoon. Bright and sunny day. We are off the coast of Spain and it is very hilly and rugged, whilst villages of white walled cottages with red roofs nestling at the foot of the hills make a pretty picture. What a contrast to the country on the peninsula.

8/10/15 - Found out we were against the wharf at Gibraltar when I awakened. Landed and were driven in gharries (four wheelers) to Europa hospital, and were issued with "blues" with red flannel shirts - ten in each ward. Am glad to be off the boat on terra firma once again.

9/10/15 - Feel pretty weak. Met Lance Rankine who failed to recognise me when I hailed him, so I guess I must be pretty thin on it. Took a short walk but could not get far as my legs seem to be hollow and unable to support my weight.

10/10/15 - Got past the light house at Europa point today and down over a drawbridge onto the rocks at the south end of the rock, and was then shown through a powerful wireless plant which is worked by the Navy. Much to my surprise I find that the highest point of the Rock is overlooking Spain. I was under the impression from pictures I had seen that it was quite the reverse. The Rock is in tiers and a splendid formation for controlling the straits. My comrade in these walks is "Curly" McLellan - a Victorian - and we refuse to wear the blue coats and look somewhat fearsome with the red flannels.

12/10/15 - We sneaked past the sentries and got down to the dockyards through a tunnel. There was a battleship laid up in one of the slipways, and whilst looking at it a lady from a nearby house called us inside and gave us

lemonade, grapes, cooked eggs to take back with us and a couple of handkerchiefs each. It was jolly kind, and we appreciated it very much. Concert at 5.0p.m. Good old songs and music - it was most enjoyable. Saw Howard there.

13/10/15 - Wrote home. We hit the Colonel up re the food as it was too scarce for our likings, and got bread and scrape for supper in addition to the #ocoa that had been supplied previously. They do not like us too well here, but "Aussi" for mine, and we generally manage to get our own way - one way or another.

14/10/15 - Transferred to Windmill Holl on the second tier of the Rock - about 1200 feet up. A jolly stiff climb when one is weak and it knocked me clean out. Can see several 9.2" guns both above and below us.

15/10/15 - Got our uniforms back and are allowed in town on passes from 2 p.m. until 6 p.m. I went down into the town. There is only one street, and it reminded me of Cairo, only the scents are different - Spanish I suppose. Had tea in a little cafe, - cakes with pastry mixed with olive oil. The road back is very steep. Clean knocked me out.

19/10/15 - Have paid dearly for the last jaunt, as the dysentery has returned. Feel pretty miserable. Have not reported to the Doctor as I hear there is a boat leaving

for England soon and I want to go. They paid us the whole sum of 8/- to-day. Tommies and Aussies alike, and I have got several pounds available in my book.

20/10/15 - Went down town on my own, and bought a few souvenirs. Could not get much with 8/- .Howard was coming with me but the "redcaps" would not let him past, as he is hospital and blues. Diarrhoea is still acute. Mean to hang out if I can. A funny old Methodist parson dug me up here. He first made our acquaintance at "Bombproof"

23/10/15 - Fixed Howard up in shorts and puttees and we got to town. The nurses looked hard at him with his arm in a sling, but said "nixie". We went to the fruit markets, and round to neutral ground - a narrow strip between the Rock and Spain. Went to the Welcome club for tea.

It is run by the parson mentioned (Mr. Sackett)

24/10/15 - Went to Church - had to break out of bounds to do it, hope it was justifiable. Had dinner with the parson and went to a Mr. Westall's for tea. He is the Gas Manager. They are nice folk and made me feel quite at home. Went to church with them at night, and to a sing-song at the Welcome Club after that. I thoroughly enjoyed the whole day - anyhow my conscience is quite easy though I stretched the hours we are allowed at both ends quite considerably.

25/10/15 - Packed up suddenly and went aboard the "Ballarat". Did not get a chance to let Howard know I was going. We sailed at about 6.0p.m. The town looked fine all lit up, as it is on the side of the Rock and has a population of about thirty thousand.

29/10/15 - We have had a miserable trip - rough - and bad food. Have felt the dysentery rather badly, and have not been able to eat anything. We have two destroyers conveying us on the look out for submarines.

30/10/15 - My 21st birthday. Never felt much worse before, and am quite stony broke. In sight of land. Anchored at noon in Plymouth harbor. During the afternoon we moved into the wharf. Passed several training ships and warships whose crews cheered us. A big Canadian transport opposite us. Entrained at 6.0 p.m. and were shunted round the railway yard in coaches without any lights until 11-0 p.m. when we actually left for Bristol where we arrived at 2.am.

1/11/15 - We got a fine reception there, hot tea, cakes and cigarettes etc. Was motored to hospital at Bishops Knoll. Was kept in bed much to my disgust. It is the private house of a Mr. West. - one of the London directors of Dalgety & Co. Sneaked out to a concert at 5.0p.m.

2/11/15 - Was allowed up to-day after a lot of argument with the nurses who reckoned I was a cot case. I hate

being in bed. To take it out of me, they made me help wash up - a good two hours job. Bishops Knoll is a real bonza place overlooking the river Avon.

3/11/15 - Another party gave us a concert to-night. It was real music.

5/11/15 - Left at 9.15 a.m. Was motored to Bristol where we took train to Paddington in the big smoke. We arrived at 2.p.m. travelling 120 miles in as many minutes. We went by Metro' to Victoria station where we had a lunch at a free buffett.

5/11/15 - Entrained for Epsom Convalescent camp and arrived there at 4 p.m. Was told off to Hut No.13. It is a big camp - 1800 Australians and New Zealanders besides Cabadians and Tommies. 40 men in each hut.

6/11/15 - Went for a walk along several lanes. The autumn tints in fading leaves are remarkably beautiful and equal anything I have seen in pictures. I greatly enjoyed my first outing in England. Toast and margarine for supper. You can hardly distinguish it from the genuine artic.

8/11/15 - Went through Ashstead Park and saw the church which dates back to 1282 A.D.

9/11/15 - The Doctor came round this morning and reckoned I should never have been allowed to come to this camp, and has marked me for another spell in hospital. Was motored across in a field ambulance and allotted to ward No.7

It is a huge place and there are seventy beds in the ward. The hospital is an old asylum converted into a hospital temporarily, and has room for 2500 patients. Hear it has 7 miles of corridors alone.

10/11/15 - Took French leave by means of the fence and went into Epsom - got back just in time to get to bed before the Doctor came round.

11/11/15 - Went to see McLellans at West Croydon, and they took me to the movies. It poured with rain all the way back. They had moved my bed, so I had to admit being late to the night nurse. She proved a sport, and shewed me my bed, and in addition got me some supper. Will be in up to time in future..

15/11/15 - Snow was falling when we got up this morning and the ground all covered. Walked over to Woodcote Park and everything looked pretty with its mantle of white.

21/11/15 - Have been for walks every afternoon with a chap called Maccini from Port Adelaide. Met his girl and her friend. The Sister called me a tiresome boy to-day as she found out I had not been taking the diet ordered - poultry or fish. Can't say I like either, so have been on ordinary diet.

11/12/15 - Still in the same old spot and am growing rather tired of it. The Doctor says I am not fit to go out yet. Have been taking long walks with Howard who is at Woodcote Park - reckon I know this locality pretty well now for four

or five miles in all directions. Play billiards occasionally, but time hangs heavily. Several concert parties have given good concerts in the big recreation hall.

Letters from English relatives help to cheer one up a bit. I have not had any mail from home since I landed in this country. (Last day of Lord Derby's Scheme) Was in

Honsuch Park - a favorite resort of Elizabeth. Was wheeled by a Tommy Major for not saluting - It proved rather interesting, and I believe he felt rather sorry that he had troubled to pull us up.

12/12/15 - Letter from Miss Abel enclosing a letter to her from Mother. It was most acceptable, though not addressed to me.

16/12/15 - Letter from Howard from Wandsworth Hospital.

18/12/15 - He dug me up in the recreation Hall and is now at Woodcote Park.

20/12/15 - Went to a cousin of H's at Wimbledon Park. Had a good time there. Gave us cold lamb for dinner. It was A.1

21/12/15 - Went up to London with Joe Maccini - went through Hyde Park, and saw Marble Arch and Rotten Row. News just through of the withdrawal of all troops from Gallipoli. The boys are taking it hard. It is rotten to think that all the efforts put forth there are wasted and so many lost.

24/12/15 - The ward is being decorated for Xmas.

25/12/15 - Ward looks fine, dinner fine - in fact all fine. Thoroughly enjoyed myself. The mistletoe was in great demand. A silly idea I reckon. Did not indulge. Dinner is more in my line and I was allowed full diet.

27/12/15 - Hopped ~~the~~ fence at 8.0 a.m and went to London. Went through the Tower, St. Pauls, British Museum. Saw the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey. - The Horse Guards and down through Whitehall, and through all the big squares and circuses, Regent Street, Oxford Street etc. Was pretty tired out. Just got in in time for supper.

1/1/16 - Quiet day. Played in a whist drive.

5/1/16 - Received a parcel from home via the Dardenelles - it looks as if it has wandered about, and some of the contents are missing. Expect I should get letters from home soon.

8/1/16 - Letter from Dad (17/11/15) Am I glad - Oh no! not for a long time. It is as good as a burst of sunshine a thing you rarely see here during the winter apparently. I am getting tired of the continual dismal weather here. It doesn't rain, the moisture just oozes from the clouds all day long and makes it miserable.

10/1/16 - Letters from Mother and Layton, also a card from Covent Gardens. A cake arrived from them. Tapped the Doctor about going out on furlough. I feel good enough

and am over 12 stone in weight. I have had a diet of beef tea and bread and butter for the last five weeks.,

13/1/16 - Hurrah! At last I am being permitted to leave this place and am going on furlough. Went to Horseferry Road where our headquarters are. They held us up all day getting passes warrants etc. but I managed to get all finished by 5.0 p.m. and caught a tube to Kings Cross. Struck my first moving stairway and of course got on the wrong side first. Soon woke up. Caught a train at 5.45 and arrived at Grantham at 8.45 p.m. Ted Chambers came to meet me, but he missed me and I beat him home, although I had to enquire the way.

14/1/16 - Went out through Willoughbsy's mill for a walk with Belle. It is a quaint old Water Wheel with artificial ruins overgrown with ivy. The parish church here is magnificent piece of work with a very high steeple (360 odd feet) and the tallest in England.

15/1/16 - Got Belle to take me through the church. There is an old chained library which dates back to 140. The books are manuscript and one has each page written in four languages. The crypt is small and contains an old poor box which is of oak and very massive with huge padlocks.

17/1/16 - Left for Birmingham. Changed trains at Nottingham, and whilst waiting I managed to dig another

Miss Chambers up. Changed again at Derby and arrived at Wylde Green about 5 p.m. They also missed me at the station.

22/1/16 - Had a jolly good time with the Abels. Betty and Margaret are jolly fine girls, and gave me a great time, whilst there Betty shewed me all over Birmingham. It is some place. Had some late nights - Betty and Margaret real tricks and full of fun. Went to married brother at Sutton - fine place - had late dinner - the latter was rather a terrifying ordeal at first, but I did not drink out of the finger bowls - took my guide from Margaret who sat opposite - Went to Theatre Royal. Went on to Peterborough. I caught them unexpectedly. Miss Mary Abel, and Mr. Sam and his wife all well up in years. Went to Baptist Church twice. Coming back I dug up Bessie Chambers at Nottingham.

25/1/16 - Went down to London for the day. Met Howard and he, his cousin's wife and I went out to the Zoo at Regent's Park. A fine collection of animals, well exhibited.

26/1/16 - Palled up with Verger of Cathedral and got him to show me all round. A fine large building, built in cross form, with fine front. Many notables buried there, the most important being Queen Catherine.

Italian flooring, oak ceilings - oak windlass used in

erection (600 A.D. approx.) Stone Basin used by monks.

An old clock put in 1350, still going.

Went out to Peakirk after dinner. Met Will Welbourne

(1st cousin of G/) Met Bern and Edna, both A.I - had a bike ride with the latter

27/1/16 - Left early train and went to Wimbledon and picked up Howard, - Went to Art Gallery, Trafalgar Square, passed Buckingham Palace, through both parks, Marble Arch and Rotten Row. Went through Madame Tassuads, then Palace Theatre, Leicester Square, and got to Woodcote, Epsom at 2a.m.

28/1/16 - Leave expired - Sent to Weymouth, finally fixed up at 10 p.m.

29/1/16 - Thirty in a hut - fairly comfortable

30/1/16 - Went to Church Parade, and got snapped for fatigue.

1/2/16 - Draft left for Egypt . Met Rankine and went into Way for a walk. Fine Promenade and Pier. Had tea and went to Vaudeville Show, returned in a taxi.

3/2/16 - Too wet to drill - windy and cold as billyoh!

4/2/16 - Awful night of rain and wind. Fitted out with leather infantry kit.

5/2/16 - Put on town picket - fine day - picket means 2½ mile march through slush into Way - walk round until 10 o'clock, and march back.

9/2/16 - Bought V.P.K.

- 10/2/16 - Miserable day - rained all time on picket -
Fried fish - tasted good.
- 11/2/16 - Picked for draft and inoculated.
- 12/2/16 - Arm painful and stiff - head bad - no sleep-
off duty.
- 13/2/16 - Arm still mighty sore - Letter from home
dated 29/12/15.
- 14/2/16 - Back to Picket again
- 19/2/16 - Rumoured that draft goes on the 21st - hope
it is true - am tired of continual wet and slush and no
sun.
- 21/2/16 - Fell in 9 p.m. and marched through Way to
Station - Boys all merry - no end of cooee-ing - Left
at 11 p.m/ - 8 to the compartment.
- 22/2/16 - Arrived at Plymouth at 5 a.m. - cold and
dark - humbugged round as usual. Sailed at 4 p.m.
Mules and Tommies on board - both a nuisance. Passed
Eddystone Lighthouse, and England dropped out of sight.
On the whole, I had a jolly good time, but am not sorry
to go - all my pals are in Egypt.
- 23/2/16 - Out of sight of land - very crowded - fall
of snow - cold, and food scarce, and of poor quality.
- 24/2/16 - Put on to look after 8 mules - sleep amongst
them/
- 25/2/16 - Sunny again - Oh! it is great to lie about
in it - 4 more mules to look after. Passed several

small islands, then Cape St. Vincent Lighthouse at 7 p.m

26/2/16 - Passed through Gibraltar Straight at noon - the sunshine is just bonzer, after England's cold and cloudy skies.

29/2/16 - Been wonderfully calm all the trip so far.

1/3/16 - In the dangerous area for "tin fish". All lights out, Guard doubled - A.M.C. instructed what to do etc. Rumoured a submarine seen nearabouts.

2/3/16 - Chap got 7 days for calling out - "All on deck - a sub. -" Every night cocoa and biscuits near engine room, and amongst the mules - an old accordion and we are all quite happy, just as if there was not such a thing as a submarine.

3/3/16 - Expect to land to-morrow - Hot and calm still.

4/3/16 - Destroyer as an escort - Course changed repeatedly all day yesterday. Arrived Alex at 9 a.m. Anchored out - no blankets to-night.

5/3/16 - Up at 4.30 a.m. Left for Cairo at 3 p.m. and arrived at 9 p.m. and marched to Giza - bivouaced

6/3/16 - Trained nearly to Abbasseia and then per boat to two Oases. - Pay day - all out excepting Tony -

My! but it was just great to meet the boys again. Jolly hot after England. (Heard "Moloja" we passed was torpedoed not far from us)

7/3/16 - Went to Cairo with Colly to Karsaal- variety show.

8/3/16 - Got my Kit Bag O.K. - 32 letters received - the first for nearly seven months. Did I not enjoy reading them?

11/3/16 - Met Sid Sandalls, Jack Smart, of Katanning in Heliopolis.

12/3/16 - Went to Scots Church with Col.

17/3/16 - St. Patrick's Day. Q.M's tent burnt down - half holiday - stony broke.

19/3/16 - Heavy rain and got flooded out of tent about 3 a.m. Met Bert Fildes, and went to Methodist Church.

20/3/16 - Started to learn signalling. Chummed up again with Roy Bayes.

22/3/16 - Went through Bazaar and got small present for Mother's birthday.

26/3/16 - Met Bert in Cairo and went to Zoo and gardens then to church

2/4/16 - Bert and I went to Pyramids and climbed Cheops - the biggest, and scratched initials on top. Fine view on all sides.

3/4/16 - Collared for Cairo picket and put on Continental Hotel from 6 to 11 p.m. Have to spring to attention to heads. Backsheesh supper - seems a good job, as day time is free.

7/4/16 - Opinion of most officers rotten - if some of our boys did the same they would be crimed and put behind

the barbed wire.

8/4/16 - Chris and I went through Egyptian Museum - all ancient exhibits. Rameses II of Moses' time - old statues and inscribed tombs - doorway of Rameses II palace

12/4/16 - Got an attack of Gastritus - feel rotten.

14/4/16 - Went through Citadel Mosque - got a photo of interior.

20/4/16 - Went out to Pyramids on my pat, and had a good look round the second one - queer echo in opening.

21/4/16 - Tombs of Mamalicks (ancient rulers) most beautiful.

25/4/16 - Service at Anzac Hostel in commemoration of the landing. Missed it as I had to go to Heliopolis to get teeth fixed. Regiment gone to Tel-el-Kebir - Shifted to station picket.

1/5/16 - Eight letters - most welcome, as they are recent ones.

4/5/16 - Saw Spencer Gilbert for quarter of an hour - he looks well.

7/5/16 - Left at 8.15 for Tel-el-Kebir - hot dusty march to camp which is on the old battle field Artillery Mounds, and trenches still there - Over 80 letters this week.

8/5/16 - Back on signaling again - hot - flies bad - Early reveille.

15/5/16 - Hot wind and terribly dusty - worse than

Assat.

- 17/5/16 - Handed horses to B. Squadron. Off to-morrow
Tents down. Lived in Canteen all day - too hot outside.
- 18/5/16 - Reveille 2.30 a.m. marched to station and
loaded trucks, and then climbed on top - Left at 7 a.m. -
Got to Serapeum at 9.30 and railhead at 10 a.m. - unload-
ed, two to a truck - pretty solid work in the heat. Had
a swim in the canal after dinner - just bonzer, though
salty. Left at 5 p.m. Crossed canal over pontoon
bridge and marched east about 8 or 9 miles, then bivouaced
- no blankets or coat - cold.
- 19/5/16 - Off again at 3 a.m. - gear on camels. Marched
4 miles further - the last mile on loose sand. Put on
various fatigues. Still in open, but with blankets.
- 20/5/16 - The old curse "Stand to" here every morning at
3.30 - Issued full ammunition - more fatigues - outpost all
night.
- 22/5/16 - More fatigues, filling sandbags.
- 23/5/16 - Back to signalling, thank heavens! finished
fatigue.
- 27/5/16 - On telephone work - 4 hours on and 2 off -
Exempt from "Stand to"
- 29/5/16 - Regiment left at 6 a.m. - orders cancelled and
they had had a useless march over loose sand of some miles.
Letters written, accidentally burnt - all discontented.
- 31/5/16 - Moved into railhead - camp pitched remarkably
well and in excellent time.

- 1/6/16 - Inspected by Generals Godby and Murray.
- 2/6/16 - Bad night - vomiting and diarrhoea - ill all day
- 3/6/16 - Half squadron gone for horses - pickets every night.
- 4/6/16 - Khamseen (wind which blows continuously for 50 days) dust and heat awful - remained in tents
- 5/6/16 - On Brigade guard - 111 degrees in Cairo, and worse here.
- 6/6/16 - Met Ken again - also lots of other Western Australian boys.
- 10/6/16 - Ken in again - 10th Regiment left on stunt - went for a swim.
- 13/6/16 - Bombed from plane - 12 bombs - no damage here.
- 18/6/16 - Parcel received - one slice bread for the day's ration - short issue.
- 30/6/16 - Our crowd has been catching lots of pickets, guard etc, besides building stables and trench digging on Head Quarter Orderly,
- 21/7/16 - Big party down swimming - train broke down - quite a lot had to walk, but my luck was in - Ken's was not.
- 6/7/16 - Left at 3.30 p.m. - crossed canal and went to Moascar, near Ismalia. Bonny place, near lake.
- 7/7/16 - Went into town - saw beautiful avenues of trees. Got our horses allotted.
- 9/7/16 - Reveille at 2.30 p.m. - Rode from 4 until 9 o'clock to El-Ferdan, camped there through heat. Was on horse picket

and it was beastly hot - had a swim. Left at 3 - rode along canal about 8 miles and camped at Ballah - had another swim - tired out.

10/7/16 - Paraded over being 5 minutes late (actually was 5 minutes early) only got 3 days confined to Barracks, so let it go. No hardship in a desert camp with nowhere to go

12/7/16 - Have been on every available fatigue.

15/7/16 - Church Parade at 5 a.m. Parcel from E.F. Richardson.

18/7/16 - Went to Pine Grove at Sweetwater canal - stopped all day in shade - mail in when we got back.

20/7/16 - Roused out just after midnight, and were taken across canal in full marching order. Went about 5 miles and went into trenches relieving Tommies. Were relieved at 7 and returned. Packed up saddled up and moved after dinner, back over canal and across sandhills to Bally-bunion (7 miles out from canal) surrounded by barbwire and trenches. Put on picket that night - a job to keep awake.

22/7/16 - Up at 1.30 and off on a stunt with signallers - passed two oases and camped at third one about 15 miles from Bally-bunion. Fine big date palms there. Placed heliograph station on sand hill 300 feet high - awfully stiff climb, loose sand, and about 110 degrees in the shade. Left at 3.30 and arrived at Bally-bunion about 7.30 tired out - blazing hot day.

- 23/7/16 - Up at 4.30 a.m. and went to hill 300 just the
C. Squadron signallers - very high razor backed
ridge - fine view for miles - Back at 6 p.m.
- 25/7/16 - Up at 1.30 again - Bluey Lines (Major) charge-
got lost. By sunrise we were only 4 miles out, and about
three out of course - hung up for half an hour while ~~he~~
discovered a palm leaf that we had on a previous visit left
on a sandhill for shade - was not a Turk - arrived back
at 8 p.m. after fourteen hours in the sun, and none too
cool a day. Only one bottle of water a day on all these
trips.
- 26/7/16 - Had a spell - only looked after horses.
- 27/7/16 - Left at 6 a.m. for Hill 300 as spare relief.
- 28/7/16 - Still at hill 300, sand drift awful - wood
scarce - on bully.
- 29/7/16 - Came in - Officer in Charge kept us waiting
while he fed his party, and our horses got nothing, - only
about 100 degrees in the shade. Got in about 3 p.m. Left
at 7 p.m. for El-Ferdan, getting there about 10 - (south of
Bally-bunion)
- 30/7/16 - Wrote home - no stables, but mess-sheds.
- 2/8/16 - Have had three whole days cool off - excepting
a few fatigues - reveille 1 a.m. - had an argument with
Lieutenant as to direction and won (one to the common tree)
er) Post F.2 - about 5 miles out. In charge of it -
sand drift - returned about 8 p.m.
-

- 4/8/16 - Out to same post, but by a more direct route.
- 6/8/16 - Letters from home - welcome after a 19 hours day. Regiment gone on a stunt - had to stop behind as signaller. Rumoured that 1st Brigade well into it at Romani - captured 2000 Turks. An working 28 hours out, and 20 in camp, alternate now.
- 8/8/16 - Our crowd been into it - 4 killed - 5 wounded. Hear our regiment pulled Camel Corps out of a hole.
- 12/8/16 - Heard Jerry March wounded - slight - our lot has taken 60 odd prisoners.
- 18/8/16 - Regiment returned to-day - Looked well seen from a distance - troop after troop at even distances. Put through orders as a full blown signaller.
- 19/8/16 - 20 letters received - quite a budget.
- 20/8/16 - The other two squadrons have moved to Ferry Post
- 21/8/16 - We have crossed the road, and have a good compact little camp - stables and mess-shed - Water handy.
- 2/9/16 - The Y.M.C.A. Secretary took me to the canal in his sidecar - had a swim and lunched at the Y.M.C.A. at the canal.
- 9/9/16 - Carnival at Canal - Squadron went down and pulled off quite a lot of events.
- 13/9/16 - Three parcels received - just alright.
- 2/10/16 - Went into Ismailia on dental leave. Rode to canal - crossed in an old Turkish pontoon. Only made a
-

further appointment - Went to movies.

7/10/16 - Came in off E.1 (an outpost) to find we are off on a stunt. Expected to be going to F. Post.

9/10/16 - Left at 8 a.m. - Arrived at Bir-el-Mahardel ("Bir" means a well - no palms) at 11 o'clock. Had dinner and left at 2 p.m. Arrived Hod-el-bada at 5.30 ("Hod" means palms in a depression behind a sandhill)

A small Oasis - Saw a camel shake a Gippo. like a rat.

10/10/16 - Camped at Hod-el-bada all night - brilliant moonlight. Pretty scene off hillside - lines of dark horses, fires and tall palms - night cold - Left at 8 and rode through to Bir-el-Jefeir - hilly country between the two places - then 12 miles of easy going to Hod-el-Mageilma.

11/10/16 - Reveille at 5 a.m. - moon still up - sunrise at 6 a.m. Steep descent to wells - Watered and left at 7 a.m. Three miles brought us to Bir-el-Aweida, where the regiment met Turks on first scrap. Arrived at Hod-el-Bayud after dinner - Another very steep descent to oases. Scrap here, also last stunt, as evidenced by skulls and bones, and old trenches etc.

12/10/16 - Remained at Bir-el-Aweida all day - Expect to see a Taube any time - has not shown up as yet.

13/10/16 - Lollled about all day until 3 p.m. - watered and waited until sunset before moving - long column - First three hours very rough going - Had to get off in

places owing to steepness of hills. Reached base at 1.30 a.m. absolutely tired out.

14/10/16 - Very short of water - all has to be carried on camels - only 2 buckets for each horse. Moved off at 7 p.m. My turn to lead the pack-horse. Kept going until 2 a.m. - stopped on high hills by thick fog. Got off again at 4 a.m. - still misty - Turned up through sandhills, and struck Turks' outpost, which was captured. Returned and had breakfast (no water - had to save it) Advanced about 8.30 in open order across a flat - only a few shots fired - Took cover on stony ridge and opened up. We were firing on two redoubts, and got nearly all defenders. Our machine gun was too hot - We lost - 1 killed - 1 wounded - Captured 14 unwounded and 12 wounded Turks - also 4 Bedouim - Had to go back for water - Passed through hills 2000 feet high and is practically impregnable. Aeroplanes assisted by bombing. Very low daring flying.

15/10/15 - Indian mountain battery did fine work.

21/10/15 - Intervening period covers monotonous trip home - got dates at some of the oases.

Exercised right to vote at Bir-el-Jefeir on Conscription question.

Concert at the Y.M.C.A. - got through a considerable quantity of chocolates - great after bully and biscuits.

Camped at Stables.

22/10/16 - Left for Serapeum - passed through old Turks Camp of their first canal raid. Arrived 5 p.m. - no tents - so camped behind horses. Only a mile from 1st camp this side of canal.

30/10/16 - Twenty two to-day. No mail in, though expected - nevertheless I am in a good humour. Back on patrol work, varied by a shift on the 'phone.

2/11/16 - Out on 48 hours patrol. Three of us got a touch of poison from Tomato sauce - exquisite agony for a while - soon recovered.

6/11/16 - Received 8 letters and parcel - the birthday one overdue.

8/11/16 - Paddy Meaney got diptheria - we are isolated.

9/11/16 - Only a farce - we have to clean out stables etc.

15/11/16 - Out of isolation at 4 p.m. on telephone work at 5 p.m. - They don't let the grass grow under one's feet.

16/11/16 - Got bad dose of hives - itches awful - no sleep.

17/11/16 - Still got them and no sleep.

18/11/16 - Still got them, and only a little sleep - it is a joy'.

20/11/16 - O.K. again thank heavens'.

1/12/16 - Received 12 letters - contented once more.

4/12/16 - A. and D. troops relieved A. squadron at Lands End. I had to go straight out on patrol. Bitterly cold too cold to sleep - fine views through telescope - can see boats on big lake.

6/12/16 - Three parcels received - tons of parcels in our tent.

16/12/16 - This is great here. Habeita - is in an old trench and nearly as good as home - not quite though!

20/12/16 - Leave granted to Cairo - Col. and I arrived at 5.30 and stopped at Anzac Hostel - two shows that night.

21/12/16 - Bed was ~~no~~ good to me - far too comfortable. Sheets strangers - Went to Bazaar - also two shows again after tea. Too proud to walk, so took a gharrie everywhere - bed at 12.30 a.m.

22/12/16 - Up at 5.45, had breakfast, caught train and went straight out on to outpost - a bit of a come down.

23/12/16 - Slept remarkably well again (Sheets are superfluous) - Got through 27 while on leave.

25/12/16 - Christmas Day - still on outpost - A real thunderstorm after dinner - rain and hail. Just got blankets under oilsheet in time.

26/12/16 - Got in on time for dinner - still cloudy and cold - dinner of turkey and plum duff etc. Good-oh! more rain through the night,

29/12/16 - Weather has been cruel - cold biting winds -

Went to rifle range - too much dust to shoot - on return journey the horses could hardly stand up against the wind

1/1/17 - On Habashie - cold and windy - sand drift terrible - tons and tons shifted at Hill 430 - (an outpost)

Mail in - in spite of the day - feel in remarkably good humour.

2/1/17 - A brute of a day - cold and dusty (queer combination) - played cards in telephone office all day.

3/1/17 - Got a beautiful stiff neck - most painful - cold and windy still.

5/1/17 - Neck better - weather better - in fact - better all round.

6/1/17 - Aircraft message from El-Arish in just 20 minutes (through 5 transmissions station)

9/1/17 - All infantry left for France.

20/1/17 - Col. gone to hospital - things very tame - expecting a move.

25/1/17 - Issued with saddle wallets - what does it portend - if anything?

25/1/17 - Mail in.

4/2/17 - Lovely day, after a spell of bad weather, which makes outpost work cruel. Life monotonous at best.

7/2/17 - Returned to regimental camp. Rumours of a stunt coming off.

11/12/17 - Violent Thunderstorm - vivid lightning with

heavy rain.

14/2/17 - Started on stunt at 7 a.m. Stopped at Todds pool - claypan in wadi, which runs nearly to hill 580 - had dinner and went on to Zogra - 25 miles from camp.

15/2/17 - Reveille 5 a.m. - rough going - went through narrow stony gully in half sections - very windy - came on to Bir-el-Gidi - wells in wide wadi - old Bedouim cemetery - stone wells, bottle shaped - rained through the night.

16/2/17 - Saddled to go, and then had to off saddle - the usual messing about. Left at 10 a.m. - wadi narrowed down to a defile - single columns and most rough - high precipitous sides for about 2 miles, then mile after mile over ironstone plain. Camped in Wadi -(Tomado)unsaddled 8 p.m., then had to resaddle and move a couple of hundred yards on to higher ground - Good fun saddling a pack in the dark, and raining in the bargain - said nothing but thought a lot. On picket 11 - 1 a.m. with Chris. - cold as charity.

17/2/17 - Still ironstone plain (9) Came on to old caravan route to Mecca about 4 p.m. - Plane landed and said Nekhl evacuated.

18/2/17 - Up at 3 a.m. - cold as billyoh'. saddled and rode through small pass and came to Nekhl - evacuated hurriedly. Lots of gear, ammunition and food scattered about etc. Old stone castle built 500 years ago - muzzle

loading cannon - solid iron balls. Small village.

Had a close look at a plane. Found a copy of Koran in one house or hovel. Few fowls and pigeons caught. Left at 2 p.m.

23/2/17 - Arrived back at Camp. Long marches with no halt for dinner - most tiring - each days marching being about 20 to 25 miles - all at a walk.

27/2/17 - Left Railhead for Ferry's Post - arrived at 12.30. We are to be formed into a Brigade. Caught for Head Quarter's picket - stiff luck!

2/3/17 - Have been catching fair bit of fatigue of late owing to Major Bailey making himself unpleasant - becoming Kiwi soldiers again - have been forced to polish bits spurs and stirrup irons.

9/3/17 - Regiment inspected yesterday. To-day the Brigade kiwi'd up a treat. - Rotten and dusty - Started at 9 a.m. and finished at 1.45 - Hang dinkum soldiering!

14/3/17 - Granted leave to Cairo - saw Coptic church in old Cairo - Went out to 14th A.G.H. to see old Col. He is a wreck, and will get a trip no doubt.

16/3/17 - Stayed at Anzac Hostel. Did usual fun of pictures etc. and suppers. Caught 11 a.m. train back. Kit Bags gone to Giza - a bit of a nuisance.

17/3/17 - More inspection - it is getting past a joke now.

- 18/3/17 - Brigade Church Parade - a religious farce.
- 20/3/17 - Reveille 5 a.m. - saddled at 6.30, formed up Brigade and sat on heels until 10.30, and then sent back on fatigue. Left at 2, arrived Hill 40 (near Kantara) at 10 p.m.
- 21/3/17 - Spelled - on telephone - 2 hours on and 6 off.
- 22/3/17 - Left at 8 a.m., dinner at Hill 70, saw several Tanks, camped at Pelusium - cold wind, undulating sandhills
- 23/3/17 - Reveille at 5 a.m., moved at 8 a.m. and came to Romani, arriving at 11 a.m. Clustered oases - 2 miles to water, on water rations.
- 25/3/17 - Brigade Church Parade.
- 29/3/17 - Sham scrap over Romani ground - many Turkish skeletons etc. about - piles of expended ammunition of both sides - grave of Fred Inglis - one ornamented, with design made from tibban bands.
- 30/3/17 - Horses taken for a swim - rather enjoyable.
- 31/3/17 - Roused out at 5 a.m. told to get ready to move. Got going about 12 noon - passed several little oases, camped at El Rapeh.
- 1/4/17 - Came to Bir-el-Abd - all desert flowers out, really pretty, especially small red poppy.
- 2/4/17 - Rough going through sand hills - block houses on hill tops.
- 4/4/17 - Reached El Arish - had swim, very old palms.
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- 4/4/17 - We are camped in wadi amongst tea trees.
- 5/4/17 - Attached to Fourth Light Horse - Two of us were sent to Lahfon - 12 miles up wadi after dark - no track - had to guess the way.
- 7/4/17 - Got touch of poison - high temperature, felt rotten. Recalled at 8 p.m. and got back to regiment about 11 p.m.
- 8/4/17 - Moved off at 8.30 - taube shelled off - over 100 shells fired at it. Came 10 miles.
- 9/4/17 - Better going - crops of barley - leaving the sand behind and getting on firmer ground. Camped at Shiek Zowaiid - concert in Y.M.C.A.
- 10/4/17 - Came to Rafa - Taube passed over us - no bombs. Flat undulating country and well grassed - wood very scarce almost nil. Saw pillars of marble denoting boundary between Turkey and Egypt.
- 11/4/17 - Arrived Khan-Yunis - out of Egypt for first time for twelve months - cultivated fine fruit trees, with prickly pear hedges - Mud villages. It is real good country after the desert.
- 13/4/17 - Met Ken who has a commission in M.G. Squadron, had a good old yarn.
- 14/4/17 - Went out on outpost - on telephone 2 hours on and 4 off.
- 15/4/17 - Left at 8, and arrived camp at 10 a.m. Moved
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again at 12 up to front line outpost to small village - few inhabitants.

16/4/17 - Camped with all gear on - no blankets - grazed horses and watered at 4 p.m.; drew rations and had to hurry up tea and moved out again. Rode until 10 p.m. and bivouaced until 4 a.m. Moved into wadi at 6 a.m. - can hear shelling going on over towards Gaza. Moved at 12 for water - were stopped - return and issued rations in hurry and sent to relieve Third Brigade; crossed several wadi's through fine crops of barley to village - good water - food short - time short.

18/4/17 - Horses have not had saddles off since 4 a.m. on the 16th, sent up further to outpost, got misdirected in wadi, and nearly rode into Turks. Up all night - moved at 2 a.m. Advanced after handing over horses at 5 a.m. Went up 5 miles under fire, over the same ground we had ridden back through the night - got within 100 yards, fixed bayonets and charged. Turks did not wait for us, for which I was truly thankful, got into them with rifle - dropped a few. Were being enfilated - hot cross fire - had to retire back and got heavily shelled, both shrapnel and high explosive (coal boxes 9 inch) Good few wounded. We were astride the Gaza-Bersheba road

Septic sore on foot, swollen badly, almost too painful to walk, so turned it up and went back - slept out in open at the dressing station.

Saw about 600 of Camel Corps and a tank all put out of action - only 26 of the Camel Corps got out of it.

During the attack on Gaza, the casualties were very heavy - our regiment came off lightly in comparison, and we had 80 per cent casualties. The shell fire was intense, and we were in the open. This is the heaviest fire I have been under so far. Just as we seemed to be doing well, and breaking the resistance, the order to retire was given. We had cut their communications between Gaza and Bersheeba.

20/4/17 - Put in Motor and sent back to New Zealand Dressing Station. Met Geo. Raven there - moved at 3pm to Tommy dressing Station - laid out in open until 11pm - put in tents then - no pain.

21/4/17 - Put in trucks at 9 a.m. and arrived El Arish at 3 p.m., and went to 26th Casualty Clearing, and put in E.P. tents on stretchers.

27/4/17 - Have been hung up until to-day - food scarce and of poor quality. Entrained at 9 a.m. but did not leave until 4 p.m., and arrived at Kantara at 1.30 a.m. After giving full particulars, went to bed.

28/4/17 - Entrained again - 1st class compartments, and

got to Cairo at 4p.m. Sent to 14th A.G. Hospital.

Met old Col. again, was a bit surprised. Quite a lot of our chaps here.

1/5/17 - Still in hospital. The mail came and proved a boon, as the hospital routine soon tires one. Have started to smoke a pipe. Soon came to the conclusion that dark tobacco is a better smoke than light, as it does not burn the tongue.

21/5/17 - All the chaps boarded for "Aussie" left to-day, including "Colly", W.K. King, "Nobby" Clark, and Berryman. I felt rather homesick as they left, knowing that they would soon be back and seeing all their home folk.

22/4/17 - Was discharged to-day and sent on to Moascar. Not many in detail camp, most of them being chaps who have recovered from wounds in the Gaza scrap.

26/5/17 - Went to a lecture by Mr. Diosy on "Japan" which was both entertaining and interesting.

4/6/17 - Entrained at 2p.m. for Kantara and then got on board the train for the regiment. We were crowded into open trucks and pretty well crushed in. Travelled all night and arrived at Rafa at 5 a.m. Camped at the regimental dump. "Rowdy" Harris and I went across to the aerodrome and there met one of C. Matulich's boys who is a pilot. Promised me a trip in his "Bus"

6/6/17 - Was sent out to the regiment at Tel-el-Fara on the Wadi Ghuzze, thereby foregoing the trip in the plane, much to my disappointment. The camp is very dusty and dirty, and water is restricted to two bottles per day. Tel-el-fara was used by the Crusaders as a look-out, and signs of their handywork can still be seen at the base of the hill.

9/6/17 - Reveilled at 2.30 a.m. and went out on a reconnaissance. A long weary day - exchanged a few shots at long range with the Turkish outposts.

11/6/17 - Put through Gas test with P.H. Helmets. Had a long march to get to the ground. Roy Bayes is at Brigade Headquarters on the Wadi. Went down and had a yarn and also a bath. Bombardment during the night. Daily excitement of watching the "Archies" shelling Jackoes' planes when they come over.

17/6/17 - The second anniversary of leaving home.

24/5/17 - Had a long ride down to the beach with a couple of sick chaps going to the rest camp. Left at 8.30 a.m. and got back at 6 p.m. Had a swim whilst there. Daily stand to by each squadron at 4 a.m. Very hot during the day.

26/6/17 - A tiring seemingly useless reconnaissance to hill 510. Could see enemy train a long way off on the far side of the Wadi.

27/6/17 - Had to dig out the inside of the tents as a

protection in case of bombing raids by planes. Hot and hard work.

28/6/17 - Reveille at 12.30 a.m. Reached outpost at 4 a.m. and lay in a shallow drain to see if we could catch Jackoes' outpost, but he was too canny. Could see them at a distance. Relieved at 1.30 p.m. Another hot day.

29/6/17 - Mail came in - I received 11 letters.

30/6/17 - Reveille at 1.30 a.m. Was in reserve until 8. Watered up at Shellal and then went on outpost at Two Tree Farm. Bedouins and Jackoes advanced to take off crops; allowed them to come in to about a mile's distance and then opened up with Hotchkiss. Chris. Mausolf knocked a few and dispersed the rest. Arrived back at camp at 8.30 p.m. feeling pretty tired out.

3& 4/7/17 - Reveille at 11.30 p.m. rode until 4.30 a.m. Enemy outpost driven in towards Beersheeba. Took up position. Our horses shelled but none hit on our post. Had a couple of close shaves whilst signalling; sufficient to make my hair resemble barb-wire. Several signallers' stations shelled and helios knocked over. Left at 6 p.m. Turks followed us in. Eclipse of the moon made the crossing of the wadi difficult, it being full of steep runnels into the main wadi, in addition to

barb wire and trenches. Reached camp at midnight. One chap killed and a few wounded.

5/7/17 - Still feeling tired.

6/7/17 - Relieved by New Zealand Troops - we went back several miles to Abasan el Kebir - the reserve camp.

It is awfully dusty.

29/7/17 - Have just killed time doing nothing until-to-day. Sudden orders for the division to go up to the front line. We lay in support all day and moved back over the wadi after dark. Watered up at 11 p.m. and camped until 3 a.m. Went out to El-Bugger, an outpost - Came in after dinner and then right back to camp. Do not know the reason, but believe an attack was expected on the right flank.

21/7/17 - Struck camp and went to the beach at Marakub

22/7/17 - Mail in - Good camp - plenty of swimming - it is good-oh.

18/8/17 - Left for Abasan after a month of leisure. Pretty good time on the whole, but for a form of barcoo spew that upset nearly everyone.

19/8/17 - Back in the dust and dirt once more - it is cruel!

23/8/17 - Left at 2 p.m. for Fara arriving two hours later.

24.8.17 - Reveille at 3 a.m. rode until 8 a.m.

Bombed half an hour later. Bombed again at El Bugger; seven in all, but only two chaps were slightly wounded. Arrived at Fara 10 p.m.

25/8/17 - Left for Abasan at 4 a.m.

26/8/17 - Rode to the dump at Rafa for a pair of leggings. Was warned at 1.30 p.m. to be ready for Zeitoun Signallers School. Left Khan Yunis at 5.30 p.m. arriving at Kantara at 6 a.m. after a miserable trip down in open truck. Reached Cairo at 3 p.m. Put through five words a minute test with flag; passed it comfortably.

28/8/17 - School routine - reveilled at 5 a.m. Parade 6 until 8.30, then breakfast - 9.30 until 12.30 then dinner - 4.30 until 6.30. First three weeks to be on the telephone.

30/8/17 - On leave to Cairo. Made the ice creams and other delicacies look silly for a bit. Saw my boot-black "Gadulla", whose acquaintance I made prior to going to Gallipoli.

31/8/17 - Went to Luna Park and was bailed up for a pass. Of course I had none but the "Red Cap" (Military Policeman) had compassion and warned me not to do it again (not until next time)

2/9/17 - Went out to the Zoological Gardens at Ghezih and enjoyed myself - it is a great treat after the dust of Abasan.

9/9/17 - Garden Red Cross Fete at Esbekiah - very prettily illuminated with small electric lights.

10/9/17 - Went out to the Pyramids - they have recently found a new tomb of the son of Kheops. It is in a good state of preservation and pictures his life in basrelief, done in colours.

13/9/17 - Out on a telephone stunt - line laying etc.

22/9/17 - Paid a visit to the Turkish Bazaar and sent home a couple of small vases and a larger one; also Turkish prisoners bead work, coins and photos.

6/10/17 - School finished yesterday - think I have got through alright. Left Cairo at 8 a.m. and went by a different route than usual. Cotton picking is in full swing, and it made quite a picturesque sight among the tall palms. Got the Rafa train at 6 p.m. - the usual accommodation of open and crowded trucks. There appears to be a lot more troops here than when I left.

Mail came in - the first I have had for 6 weeks. It is good to be back among the boys again. Parcels received.

9/10/17 - Reveille at 1 a.m. - H.A.C. Batty. shelled hill 630, but failed to get the Turkish Outpost. Back to camp at 7.30 p.m.

10/10/17 - Feeling horribly stiff from yesterday's gallop

11/10/17 - Another bonza big parcel from Home. Went out to Hill 891 on reconnaissance. Very quiet day.

25/10/17 - Moved out to Hill 630 at 2 p.m. and took up a "possie" Several shells put over at us, but they failed to score. Remained there all night - no blanket it was jolly cold and we all did the shift all night on the phone. Tommies relieved us after dark on the 26th.

27/10/17 - The Tommies who relieved us were attacked, and had a pretty stiff fight - big casualty list, but they held out.

28/10/17 - Can see that the big stunt is pretty close from the preparations going on. Time is dragging, as it always does when you are expecting a stunt. Moved out at 4 p.m. - full gear. Reached Essani on the Wadi at 10 p.m. and had a good night's rest. Believe one of the old biblical characters, related to Abraham, used to graze his flocks round about here.

29/10/17 - Spelled all day and moved out at 6 p.m. Arrived at Khalasa at 9.30 p.m.

30/10/17 - Am 23 to-day, - Not the best of places to spend a birthday in. Left at 6 p.m. Rode until 10 through one continual cloud of fine penetrating dust. Passed through Asluj - an old Turkish post, and thence along a fine road. Got very disgusted at the numerous stops and halts. They make you feel very drowsy, and it takes an effort to get back into the saddle and remain awake. Daylight found us round behind Beersheba. (now Bir-sheba - the well of seven oaths translated)

1 p.m. heavy shelling in the direction of Beersheba.

We off saddled and boiled up - evidently things must be going alright. Only a bare mouthful of water left,

and we get no more until Beersheba has fallen. 5 p.m.

Our Brigade less our regiment charged the town, with

only bayonets in hand - a two and a half miles gallop in

face of artillery and machine gun fire. It was an in-

spiring sight and they kept a fine line. The first line

galloped right over their redoubts and trenches and left

those following to clean them up. Our boys went right

through the town and then back capturing 1400 prisoners

on the return trip. We came in about 7 p.m. and water-

ed up. On outpost during the night. A magazine that

had been fired gave us a brilliant display of pyrotechnics

1/11/17 - Our brigade has 2000 prisoners and 11 guns as

well as many machine guns. Quite a decent sized place

with a good supply of water. Filled out water bottles

from the well dug by old Abraham. Jacko plane bombed us

at 5 p.m. and killed several in the Field Ambulance.

Heaps of abandoned gear everywhere.

2/11/17 - Bombed again - no casualties that I know of.

The plane was brought down by Third Brigade with fifle fire.

3/11/17 - It has been terribly dusty all day and no

water is available for the horses. I managed to sneak

mine down after dark and get one for him. Mail in.

4/11/17 - Fine day - no dust, so I wrote my letters.

2 p.m. saddled up ready to move back to Karm - near the Wadi Ghuzze - Escort to the transport. Arrived at mid-night.

5/11/17 - Up at 4 a.m. and moved across to Hill 630 in support. Dismounted and laid in trenches at a new redoubt.

6/11/17 - Went down to the old church near the wadi on the phone, and saw one of the finest sights it is possible for one to see - i.e. - The Irish Division taking the redoubts of Hareira. They advanced under cover of a barrage and went on in three long lines with the bayonets flashing. Hardly a stoppage as they came to a line of trenches - they seemed to clean it up without even stopping. Truly a fine sight. Saw Jacko put a battery of ours out of action in less time than it takes to tell.

5 p.m. We moved off at the gallop and took up a post in a wadi, but only to be recalled at 8 - Rode in circles, so it seemed to us, and I think the heads were bushed. Rode until midnight and then camped. Off again at 2.30 a.m. and rode round past the five arched bridge in the railway line to Tel-el-Sheria. 1 p.m. advanced at the gallop. Few shells. I had pack mule and the load came off. Had to fix it up whilst some Jackoes amused themselves sniping

at me - several Tommies hit nearby. Wasted no time. The mule got away from me at a creek and I galloped him until I came to the lead horses. The regiment was in action. Had dinner and then went up to the line. Five of the squadron had been wounded - one seriously - Had to act as galloper to the major. - fired at each time I went to the line. It was a pretty hot shop. Scotties came up in good order - passed right through us and cleaned out the Jackoes. One of our troops charged and not one came back, except one wounded chap who came in after dark, after escaping from the Turks who had had him as prisoner. Our padre attempted to bring in a wounded chap who was shot down, but was killed in the attempt. Position north west of Tel-el Sheria. We went back a bit. Rationed up and camped - pretty well tired out. One has no difficulty in getting to sleep these days.

8/11/11 - Up at 5 a.m. watered and drew more rations and moved out N.N.W. Jacko still retiring. Few dead of both sides scattered about. Lots of abandoned gear. Camped at 5 p.m. Shelling going on some distance ahead. Third Brigade - Jacko firing his dumps as he retires. Heard the Fifth Brigade charged a battery with the sword. (A Tommy Brigade), and galloped right up to the mouth of the guns whilst they were firing. Turned in at 7 p.m.

On first shift stable picked until 9 p.m. Mob asleep.
10.30 p.m. C. Squadron ordered out as escort to Engineers. Rode until 4 a.m. and camped until 7 a.m. then came back and rationed up, then moved still N/N.W.
No signs of Turks but passed abandoned guns and a huge dump of artillery ammunition. Outpost at Simsim.
Picked up a wounded Turk who spoke English. Whilst signalling Troop took my horse away to be watered and they did not return so I had to take a spare horse.
Left a section behind to pick up and guide my troop on. I remained with them. No sign at dusk so we camped.
Went on at daylight to pick up the regiment. Watered at Jemel, then went on due North. Commissioned some grain for the horses off some Bedouins who showed us a stream of water. Had a bath for the first time since we moved out - had dinner. During the afternoon we came to the railway line and were shelled. Saw shelling to the left so got out of the road pretty quick. Passed eight aeroplanes destroyed by fire. Picked the regiment up at dusk, 27 miles from Jerusalem. Nearest village called Summeil.

11/11/17 - Out on patrol at 4 a.m. Little rain fell during the day. Rations one day behind - pretty short. Water is a big question owing to it being procured from deep wells and very slowly at that. Lucky to get your

bottle filled twice a day. Lots of villages about - deep wells, and the country is well cultivated. Soil black and a good depth. - grows fine crops apparently. Did a 2 hours shift on outpost and then had to come in and do 2 more on the phone - reveille at 4 a.m. so there was not much time for sleep. Rained heavily during the night.

12/11/17 - Rode forward - C. Squadron only - at 5 a.m. and got into a pretty hot corner. Shelled from three sides at a close range. Could see one gun firing from about 800 yards off. Got several horses and one man. We had to retire from the position, one troop at a time. They shelled us all the way out, and an aeroplane also bombed us, but failed to get us. Jaco counter-attacked us and we had to dig in on a road. The infantry came up to our support and during the night the Turks retired Oh! for a wash, a shave and a clean up. Also a change from the eternal bully and biscuits.

13/11/17 - We advanced a fair distance passing many dead and wounded Turks. C. troop got into a hot corner Had to gallop out under heavy machine gun fire. No casualties. Jack Reynolds, Perry Davis and other badly hit. The first two died later. Infantry took up the attack and we went back for a spell.

14/11/17 - Turks evacuated the railway junction of

El Tine, leaving behind a great quantity of ammunition of all kinds. C. Squadron casualties now 10 - 2 died from wounds. Had a long wait for water - the horses had been without for nearly 70 hours and took some holding back. They're great animals, living on a handful or two of grain and very little water. Had a bully beef stew. The first hot meal since Beersheba. A treat. Rode back several miles and camped. Good sleep until 6 a.m.

15/11/17 - Spelled all day. Two or three miles to water.

16/11/17 - 2 and a half hours on phone last night. Went across to Omdas' House all day and had a bath. Rode back to our old camp and off saddled. A little later we saddled and went back and camped for the night. Such is the brainy organisation of our heads.

17/11/17 - Remained saddled all day and finally moved 100 yards and off saddled. Met two pals of the Signalers' School who are in the Tommy cavalry - Warricks.

18/11/17 - Left at 8 a.m. and rode through the foothills all day and after circling round a village, turned round and rode back a few more miles and camped. This sort of thing helps to make one feel contented, also the horses need a little exercise. Jacko has retired off the plain and taken to the foothills.

19/11/17 - Our troop on escort to the H.A.C. Battery. Passed through some fine orchards and orangeries, and the latter in season, and we had a surfeit of them - the price being only 1/- for 40, when we paid for them. A little further on is the Jewish settlement of Dieran and there we were able to purchase fresh bread. Our camp was only a short distance out, and we sat down to a meal the like we had not had for quite a long time - the result was that all suffered from indigestion, and to improve matters not at all it rained during the night.

21/11/17 - Rained again. We rode back about 20 mil in the direction of Gaza and camped at a place called Medjel. Cold ride.

25/11/17 - I have been ~~three~~ years in the army now. Plenty of fresh mutton and vegetable available - living well. The nights are very cold. Portion of the regiment goes to the beach every day. On helio station between camp and beach.

27/11/17 - Have been feeling off colour from indigestion and diarrhoea - am not alone in this, it is common to all, owing to being on bully etc. for so long. Up at 3.30 a.m. Rode back to Deitran.

28/11/17 - Moved off the plain into the hills to the front line. Heads got bushed and went up three waddies before striking the right one. Dismounted and handed

over horses at 8 p.m. and carried our swags up a jolly steep hill - oh it was lovely - I nearly died in the attempt. On phone during the night.

29/11/17 - Shifted round to another wadi - very rough going. Sniped at as we were laying a line. Can see Jaffa in the distance. Are about 12 miles from Jerusalem to the North West. Col.(Lord) Kensington and his unit became lost through the night, and got behind Fokka and captured it, but lost it owing to superior numbers, but brought back over 300 prisoners. We captured some sheep and had fresh mutton. Had a stiff climb up a hillside to get into touch with 229 Brigade Infantry. I hurt my ankle in climbing down. Were relieved by infantry, and marched back about 5 miles with the swag up. It seemed nearer fifty. During the night the Turks attacked, but were driven back by the Third Light Horse Brigade. Was unable to get any sleep as a battery firing from just behind us made it impossible.

1/12/17 - Moved up into the line. Our people shelling Jacko, but he is apparently short of artillery and does not respond except spasmodically, and only when he can see a good target. Had a good night's rest.

4/12/17 - Still in same position. Ankle just about right again.

- 5/12/17 - Slight rain during the night. Jacko retired about two miles and we advanced - the country is very rough and hilly. Saw one of our airmen attack six enemy planes and downed three of them.
- 6/12/17 - Was washed out during the night - everything soaked.
- 7/12/17 - Bitterly cold weather - little sleep - none last night.
- 8/12/17 - Miserable day - rained nearly all the time - wood scarce. Still smiling through it is a bit of an effort.
- 9/12/17 - Got orders to move at 3 p.m. Teeming with rain, all covered with sticky mud. Built a bivvy and despite the misery etc. put in the best night for some time. We hear that Jerusalem has fallen.
- 10/12/17 - Had a good stew cooked in a cake tin. Cake was mildewed and useless, but the tin is alright for cooking purposes.
- 11/12/17 - But in a jolly cold night - thank heavens the day was fine.
- 12/12/17 - Fresh meat issue and vegetables. The first for a long time.
- 13/12/17 - Up at 4 a.m. and went out on outpost. Very hilly and it is rough work getting about.
- 14/12/17 - The 10th Regiment relieved us, and we went

back a half mile. Met Gordon Hanna. He was at the fall of Jerusalem.

15/12/17 - Voted "Yes" on the conscription issue.

Another jolly cold night. Big bombardment out towards Jaffa.

18/12/17 - The mail came in and I received 16 letters and a photo. Heard from Colly at last.

20/12/17 - Raining again - it is rather miserable. Had a fine tea - steak and onions with brown bread.

22/12/17 - Sunday - Moved back into our old position in the line relieving some Tommies.

24/12/17 - Cold nights and wet. Bitterly cold all day

25/12/17 - Xmas Day and what a beauty. Was washed out during the night and got all my blankets wet through, so put them out on the rocks. Boiled up in a small cave and was nearly suffocated in the operation. Few letters came in, but no rations.

26/12/17 - Only my overcoat and that half soaked for kippy (bed) last night. Still cold. Blankets nearly dry.

27/12/17 - Slept warm once again. Out on patrol - got right up to Jackoes trenches in front of Kuddis. There until dusk. Arrived back tired from climbing and new boots.

28/12/17 - Fine again - Built a bivvy with Owen Affle

29/12/17 - Up at 4.30 a.m. Had to reel in wire over rough country and then moved up about two miles.

Owing to pressure on both flanks Turks were forced to evacuate Kuddis and we have advanced.

30/12/17 - Parcel arrived including bivvy sheet and razor, both of which are extremely acceptable. Fine comfy bivvy.

1/1/18 - Rain again, miserable and wet all day and no rations were forthcoming, so we just did without. Nearly as bad as Xmas day. Did shorthand all day to pass the time. Despite no rations and the rain, the boys are singing tonight. It takes a lot to keep their spirits down. They are like corks. We are camped amongst olives near a village - Nalin.

5/1/18 - Humped out "matildas" (swags) back about three miles as the horses are coming and we are going back for a winter camp. Mine must weigh nearly a hundred weight, and seems more like a ton.

6/1/18 - Got washed out of bunk about 4 a.m. Moved off on the horses at 8. Started out in a thunderstorm and it never ceased all day. Soon we were soaked to the skin. Wadies running a banker. Mud knee deep for miles, once out of the hills. Passed through Ramleh. A big ruin there is reputed to be the tomb of Richard II. Went through Deiran at 4 p.m. and camped a mile or so

the other side. The most miserable day I have experienced.

7/1/18 - Flooded out of the bivvy at 1 a.m. and had to sit up for the rest of the night. Saddled up at 9 a.m. Had to wait until the wadies had subsided before we could cross, so walked about until 12.30. Crossed three that were up to the horses withers. Got wet to the knees. Stiff and sore with being wet through and the cold. Mile after mile of bog with abandoned motor tractors and waggons here and there. Arrived Camp at 6 p.m.

8/1/18 - Camped on sand, but did not sleep owing to headache. Have a touch of influenza I think. Feel rather miserable.

9/1/18 - Feel a bit better to-day. My horse is sick now. Went on to Medjel. I led a pack mule. Camped on sand. Fine.

10/1/18 - Left ahead of the column but were soon passed. Stopped at Deirseneid. Handed over a sick horse there and drew rations.

11/1/18 - Jogged along slowly and reached Gaza. Drew further rations and had a fine dinner off the A.S.C. Gaza town is deserted, and a mass of ruins. Got to Bel at 3.30 p.m.

12/1/18 - Erected a bivvy - Weather keeps fine, but cold.

- 20/1/18 - Another rattling good parcel came to hand.
- 28/1/18 - Saw a curious whirlwind from cloud - it lifted up even wet sand - peculiar colored spray at beach. Not unlike a waterspout.
- 12/2/18 - At last after trying for over twelve months I have got out of the signallers. A Signallers' Troop being formed gave me the chance.
- 13/2/18 - Bachsheesh Brigade Parade - well kiwied up. Stable picket my first job in the troop.
- 18/2/18 - Sent to Bela on dump guard - it appears to be a good job - 2 hours on and 8 off. Weighed myself, and was surprised to find I was 12 stone 5 lbs.
- 26/2/18 - Returned to camp - the guard proved all that I thought it would be and the food was exceptionally good.
- 27/2/18 - Sent out on salvage party to the old trenches in front of Gaza. Our barrage fire preliminary to the attack was most effective, cutting the barb wire to ribbons. The "No Man's Land" is strewn thickly with shrapnel pellets, and one has to keep a sharp look out for live shells.
- 3/3/18 - Had a hot bath - what a luxury.
- 14/3/18 - Inspection of the Division by the Duke of Connaught. Reveille at 5 a.m., and we did not get back until 2 p.m., and to top all went grazing the horses all the afternoon.

24/3/18 - Drilling constantly and polishing up.
Sword drill with the bayonet - shock tactics - interesting.

30/3/18 - On Brigade Orderly - Orders out that we are moving on 1st April. I wonder if it is an April 1st joke? Sent with Chris M. as an escort to Moascar with a prisoner. A chap who deserted from the firing line.

31/3/18 - Rained. Miserable trip down in a coal truck Met Roy B. and had afternoon tea at Ismailia. What a treat.

2/4/18 - Left Moascar and came through to Ludd - the terminus of the railway line. Fine orangeries all about.

3/4/18 - Reported to details. Explored old tower near Ramleh.

6/4/18 - Caught out of bounds in Ramleh by A.P.M.

7/4/18 - Met Wes. Arnold of the W/A Bank Kantanning.

11/4/18 - Reported back to the regiment at Jaffa.

13/3/18 - Fined two days pay for the Ramleh exploit.

"Maleish"

19/4/18 - Plenty of drills and work going on. Days are hot.

20/4/18 - Moved to Deiran - Spring time and everything looks lovely and green.

21/4/18 - On the road again - Reached Latron on the road to Jerusalem and at the edge of the hills. Hot dusty trip.

22/4/18 - Moved into the hills - road winds along

through a wadi on the ascent - reached the summit and camped the other side at Enab. A great big monastery is situated there.

23/4/18 - Reveille at 4 a.m. Came 15 miles to Jerusalem passed along near the old walls and went out along the Jericho road. Saw the Garden of Gethsemane, the dome of the mosque of Omar on the temple site, and a big Russian church. Passed round the foot of the Mount of Olives and through Bethany. Camped some seven miles out. Barren region.

25.4.18 - Watered in the Wadi Celt. Talaat ed Dumm; where Elijah was fed by the Ravens. It is very barren, and he would have gone short if they had not taken compassion on him. There is an inn rumoured to be the site of the action of the Good Samaritan. Certainly the spot is an ideal site for robbers - it being wild and rugged and intercepted by deep ravines.

Noticed the old aquaduct carrying water to Jericho built by Romans, in which the waters still flow. Admire their thoroughness

26/4/18 - Moved at 7 p.m. along old Roman road. Deep ravines and rugged hills. Bright moonlight. Saw the Dead Sea shimmering in the distance. Arrived at the bed of the valley (Jordan) at 10.30 p.m. A ride full of interest.

27/4/18 - To the west of our camp is the hill of Temptation (the legendary site of Christ's 40 days fast), with

a Grecian monastery half way up, which looks like a hornet's nest from the valley.

28.4.18 - Visited the monastery. The church is hollowed out of the rock. There are 15 monks there, the Turks robbed them of nearly everything. A magnificent view of the valley can be had from the top of the mountain. Old and New Jericho can both be seen as well as the course of the Jordan for many miles.

29/4/18 - Moved out across the Jordan at 8 p.m. You have to pass through a lot of steep wadies before reaching the stream. Stream is swift and about thirty yards wide. Rode North until 3 a.m.

30/4/18 - Camped two hours - rode on still north to Wadi-um-Shirt. About daylight, Turks shelled us heavily. Dad Lake, Ike Walters were killed and Tony Millard badly wounded by a shell (died later). During the afternoon we came back a few miles and were again shelled. No casualties.

1/5/18 - Dug trenches. Jacko attacked a little after dawn and there were a lot too many for us, and threatened to cut us off. We had to retire and leave our wounded behind as well as some guns, our field ambulance and two armoured cars. I lost all my belongings. One of the Signallers got the D.C.M. for going out in face of heavy fire to recall those in the trenches - he was wounded in the leg, but got back.

Retired a few miles and took up a fresh position.

The Niggery Flat Stunt - we were shelled all the way for four miles or more. My horse put out of action (killed). Absolutely fagged out, but had to go on outpost.

2/5/18 - On advanced hill "Black Hill" - 3000 yards from Turks, observing, saw them massing to attack.

Dead tired all over. Recalled at 2 p.m. Jacko attacked the hill I had come off a little later. C. and D. Troops sent up on it, and they held off a picked storming battalion for two hours until all their ammunition was expended, and only then did they retire - 40 against a thousand or more. Poor old Chris. met his fate there as also did several others. The old hands are catching it heavily. I wonder if my turn is coming. One cannot help wondering when he sees all his old mates going "Wes". It was a hot shop and our boys were eventually bombed off. During the attack we were shelled and had a few close escapes. 8 p.m. the firing died down, and we went out and erected wire in front of our position. Out until near midnight.

3/5/18 - Built rock sangars and lay in them all day. Could not shift owing to a machine gun having the exact range of our position. It was sweltering hot. Water scarce. Exposed to fire when going back for rations and water. 11.30 p.m. sent down for wire. There was none

there so I lost further good sleep without availing anything. Got back 3 a.m. Jacko windy.

4/5/18 - Intermittant bursts of machine gun fire all day. An attack by the Turks in early morning, when they got within 5 yards of the position but were repulsed and a lot killed. Our squadron withdrawn at 1 p.m. Major Munro and a couple of others hit whilst coming out. 7 p.m. retired altogether and crossed the Jordan going back to our old camp. Arrived in at 3 a.m. after a long weary ride.

6/5/18 - Fagged out after the last big stunt - It was just a bluff to keep the Turks in the valley - Our Brigade was fortunate in not being either wiped out or all captured. It appears we had to hang on as we did to keep the road from Es-sault open (the only pass through the hills) so that the Third Brigade could retire. It has made gaps in our ranks, and lots of the old boys have passed over.

Quiet all day and very dusty. "Stand to" from 10 p.m. to 12.30 a.m.

7/5/18 - Five enemy planes roused us at 5.30 a.m. and nine men were hit. Had to go out with a party erecting barb wire.

8/5/18 - Out all night erecting barb wire.

9/5/18 - Despite heat and dust I slept several hours.

10/5/18 - Out all day on fatigue, making road for motor transport. No joke for at 8 a.m. it was 105 degrees in the shade.

11/5/18 - Brigade moved up to the line and took over from the Camel Corps near Mesalabah, where they had a stiff fight recently. Our horses are a mile or so back behind a ridge of hills - we are near the Anja - a beautiful clear rippling creek with trees alongside - greatly enjoyed a bath again.

18/5/18 - Every night for a week we have been up to the front line either deepening and digging new trenches, or erecting barb wire in front of them - work until 3 a.m. and then back for a couple of hours rest until 5 o'clock when old Sol. starts to make his presence felt. To-day I was detailed to look for quiet pools where mosquitos abound, and stir them up.

22/5/18 - Have quite enjoyed looking for mosquitos for a few days - we have been away from the usual routine and anything is welcome for a change. After sunset we relieved B. Squadron in the line.

8/6/18 - The line we have been in consisted of detached posts on hill tops and about four hundred yards apart - only 14 of us at the one I was at. The days were spent in playing cards when not on observation posts, but from sunset to dark four of us had a little bit of trench to guard. We would work until 10 p.m. digging to improve it, then 1 hour on sentry and two sleep until 3.45 a.m. "Stand to" until 5 a.m., then return to the post, have breakfast and try and

get a little sleep. The thermometer rarely fails to reach 120 degrees through the day.

9/6/18 - To-day the Third Brigade relieved us. We left at 7 p.m. and rode until 11 p.m. when we reached Talal-ed-dumm - a miserable ride accentuated by a touch of neuralgia

11/6/18 - The horses have been spelling, but we have been road-making to keep us fit (?) Climbed to the bottom of Wadi Kelt, and saw a monastery and rock caves in which religious hermits make their habitation - some of them could only be reached by a stiff climb. I know lots of near places to live and fail to see the advantage - it must be awful, worse than mere animals.

13/6/18 - Managed to find a pool in the wadi, big enough for a swim. Moved at dusk on the road to Jerusalem, which we passed through at daybreak. Bitterly cold. Went past Rachael's tomb, and through the outskirts of Bethlehem - had dinner at Solomon's pools and camped on the roadside a few miles from Hebron.

15/6/18 - The sudden change in temperature is responsible for lots of malaria and fever, and daily we are evacuating men to hospital. Sent on pumping fatigue. We have two hours on the pump and four off day and night, to keep the supply of water necessary for a brigade of men and horses.

16/6/18 - Some engineers have rediscovered an old Roman aquaduct in Wadi-el-Arab some 10 feet underground - water

still flows and is sweet.

9/6/18 - Walked a few miles to Pontius Pilate's Pool - so-called, but I know not whether he caused it to be built. The aqueduct mentioned leads from it to Jerusalem, and is a fine piece of work, passing through the hills as it must do.

21/6/18 - Glad to get off pumping - it loses its charm after twenty four hours.

22/6/18 - Visited the Holy City - Jerusalem the Golden - a drab, narrow streeted place dirty and smelly. Entered through David's gate passing the tower named after him - Saw the old temple site, the Mosque of Omar, mosque el Aksa the wailing place, the pool of Siloam. The guide took us the way Christ went to Calvary. The "Via Dolorosa" Saw the golden gate sealed until Christ comes again. Visited the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where seven churches are under one roof, including the supposed site of Calvary and nearby the Holy Sepulchre. My mind was in a state of turmoil - one minute in dirty streets, where women of Magdalene's profession live and the next on hallowed ground where angels trod. Over fifty languages are to be heard during the day. Withal I was disappointed.

28/6/18 - Sudden orders to leave - moved out hurriedly at 6 p.m. Rode until 9 a.m. and reached Taloat-ed-dumm. Felt the heat after a cool spell.

29/6/16 - Saddled at dusk and rode through to Jericho.

1/7/18 - In reserve - trips to water are cruel owing to density of dust. Took my horse to the Anja and gave him a bath - was fined two day's pay for doing it too near the stream. He enjoyed it.

3/7/18 - Last two nights have been trench digging behind the front line, making a second line - were bombarded last night on all the front, and we got a few our way.

14/7/18 - Fifteen enemy planes bombed us at daylight just as we were saddling to go to the line, as the Germans had broken through the third Brigade. Had a very close shave - out of four who failed to get into the funk holes I came off lightest. One killed outright - Jack Downie, Jock Smith had a leg nearly blown off. McMillan got several pieces in the back, and I, a scratch on my face - tents were riddled, and several horses killed and wounded. Anti -aircraft gun crew killed to a man by a direct hit. Rode to hills near Auja - Huns had broken through, but our artillery put down a heavy barrage, and Jacko would not come on, so the Huns were caught between two fires, and wisely gave in and surrendered to the front line troops, whom they had but a little while previously, captured - a laughable episode, for there were very few casualties on our side.

16/8/18 - To-day found us on the move again off in the direction of the river. - We have taken over the front line where the Auja flows into the Jordan river. Part of the line is on the eastern side of the river.

17/7/18 - Had a swim in the famous old river. It was most enjoyable, but so hot is it here (1300 feet below sea level) that before you are dry, perspiration has recommenced.

1/8/18 - It is not too bad here - we go in swimming almost daily - C. Squadron Signallers remain not far from the front line where only a guard is kept throughout the day, but after dark the trenches are strongly held - we are on the western side, and to reach the post, require a climb of some 300 feet up very steep cliffs of white limestone. Mica is prevalent in many places and very trying to the eyes. It is very hot during the day, often going to 130 degrees in the shade - goodness knows what it is in the sun. Have had 30 boils on my arm since I have been here.

4/8/18 - It is four years since the war started. Great news reaching us from France, and we are hoping it portends the end of it.

10/8/18 - Relieved by Indian troops at 7 p.m. Rode to Talat-ed-dumm which we reached at midnight, after a tiring dusty ride.

- 11/8/18 - The facilities for watering are greatly improved. We got some grapes from the natives - Very acceptable addition to our limited diet.
- 12/8/18 - Left at 7 p.m., passed by Jerusalem walls at 11.30 p.m. Camped at 3 a.m. at Enab.
- 13/8/18 - Inspected by General Chauval - we looked anything but spick and span - dirty, unkempt and very tired. Left at 7.30 p.m. and reached Lafron at the foot of the hills at 10.30 p.m. and soon fell asleep.
- 14/8/18 - Fruit in abundance, figs, grapes, tomatoes etc. - a big dump of provisions and ammunition here. Left at 7 p.m. and rode until 1.30 a.m. Put down horse lines, and by 2.30 p.m. were all asleep.
- 15/8/18 - Too tired to even pull off my boots - slept in full rigout - spurs and all. We are not far from Ludd - the end of the railway from the canal - Huge dumps of all kinds here, covering many acres. Our camp is amongst olive trees.
- 19/8/18 - Mounted drill and grazing occupies our days.
- 22/8/18 - An enemy plane brought one of our airmen to earth in flames to-day - not a pretty sight to see.
- 24/8/18 - Our airmen brought four enemy planes down during the afternoon - a thrilling fight to witness, but one cannot help pity the poor beggars.
- 31/8/18 - We are being taught the use of the sword. Mounted drill daily.

18/9/18 - Rumours have been afloat of a big move the last week, and to-day materialised, as we moved out at dusk, fully equipped with three days rations - daylight found us through Jaffa, with the sounds of a heavy bombardment ahead. Heard the infantry had broken through the enemy lines, and soon we passed a batch of 2000 Turkish prisoners coming back. We rode on across their barb wire which had been cut to pieces by gun fire, and crossed over their trenches. They are retreating fast. At 6 p.m. detached and send as escort with camels - rode until 3 a.m.

19/9/18 - Camped two hours and off again. Lots of abandoned gear and machine guns. Crossed the Auga, (not the one that flows into the Jordan) and came to Ras-el-ain at 11 a.m. There is an old castle here, and there are 5000 prisoners held here (many Germans). The place abounds with beautiful springs of clear cold water.

20/9/18 - Spelled all day - lots of prisoners coming in.

21/9/18 - Moved at 6 a.m. - dinner at Tel-el-Keram - tea 12 miles north near Kurker. Camped at Tel-el-Mutasellem at midnight, having ridden 40 miles - passed several strings of prisoners.

22/9/18 - Rode on to Jenin - and caught the regiment up. The third Brigade Machine gun corps captured

10,000 prisoners here, retiring through the hills to get away from the infantry. We are back and front of them and they appear properly demoralised. This is an important centre - a railway town, large hospital and aerodrome. They burnt several planes and all their material they could. It had been bombed, and there are holes 20 feet across, and several feet deep. Met tenth regiment chaps.

23/9/18 - Rode north to Elu-Fule - another aerodrome - 3000 prisoners came in - saw large motor lorries abandoned on the road.

24/9/18 - Rode 30 miles to Beisan (a tablet has since been found here establishing the truth of the flight from Egypt) then down into the valley and turned north again.

25/9/18 - Attacked before dawn at Samakh. Two squadrons charged in with the sword, then dismounted and went into it with the bayonet - Scrap took place in a railway station yard, and the buildings - and it was very hot while it lasted - about 3 hours. A white flag was shown during the fight, and an officer who went forward was treacherously killed - Our fellows then cleaned them up properly. They offered a stubborn resistance. Position held by 600 mixed German and Turks, with twenty machine guns and automatic rifles. We were of equal strength. They had 200 killed outright, and we lost

3 officers, and 13 other ranks killed, and about 80 wounded. They had one field gun which did not do much damage. Semakh is at south end of Galilee, and we had a swim during the morning. Lake is very blue, and fresh water - hills round about very drab and dull - not at all like I pictured it.

26/9/18 - Camped here all day - we needed a spell.

27/9/18 - Stand to at 3.30 a.m. and moved off at 6 - Rode round the lake to Tiberias where we drew a further supply of rations, and then went on to the north end of the lake. Started into the hills again - passed a Jewish settlement at 3 p.m. Just started to boil up tea when we were hurried off. The Third Brigade are up against long odds, and we moved up to support them. During the night, the Turks retired across the Jordan, and blew up the only bridge (called the bridge of the daughters of Jacob).

29/9/18 - Little sleep - off at dawn - forded the river

3/10/18 - Camped in the valley last night and reached Kuneitra at midday. A long ride, but very interesting, and one saw parts that very few white men have ever seen

4/10/18 - Off on outpost at 6 a.m., back at 9 a.m. and rode some nine miles to Saras, an old roadside Rhan.

5/10/18 - Heavy rains - camped in old buildings, but were nearly eaten alive by fleas. Captured some broad-tailed sheep and with the vegetables that grew round

about we are living well, but have no salt. Returned to Kuneitra after dark.

7/10/18 - Back to Saras - 2 parcels received - Regiment is keeping the line of communication open by patrolling the road - our strength is so depleted, we are too small a party to go on ahead.

11/10/18 - Been doing little but living very well on fresh meat. We are not supposed to kill their sheep, but one tires of bully beef. Returned to Kuneitra.

22/10/18 - Our camp is a boneyard, and daily, ~~chaps~~ are going to hospital. There are only two of us to attend to 30 horses now.

24/10/18 - Toothache all night - heavy rains again

25/10/18 - Left at 1 p.m. - barely enough men to lead all the horses. We have been sending parties back with prisoners, so are short of men - 18 miles brought us to Sasa - an old fortress. Raining heavily when we camped.

26/10/18 - Reached Damascus outskirts at 3 p.m.

It is an oasis in a large desert, and is situated at the foot of Lebanon mountains. Huge plantations of fruit trees, mainly apricots.

27/10/18 - Rode into town - saw remains of old walls round the town.

28/10/18 - Moved off through Damascus early - Rode through the main streets - the houses are quaint and the

upper storeys protrude, and almost block out the sky - the upper windows are of lattice work, with beautiful designs - it seemed incongruous to see electric cars here. The inhabitants were on the verge of starvation, and were dying by the hundreds - just collapsed, and a bundle of dirty rags clothed what was once a human being. Dots and lots of Turks roaming at large, but now armless, and were quite harmless. We passed through the town in section fours, and soon got into the outskirts - beautiful gardens, clear running streams bounded by walnut trees and all sorts of stone fruits - it seemed a little paradise. Saw where the Turks in retiring had made an ineffective stand - few guns and machine guns about. Through olive groves, then vineyards, and then out into the desert again. Camped about 12 miles out in North easterly direction.

29/10/18 - Went on another 13 miles and camped.

30/10/18 - Reveille at 4.30 a.m. - very cold until sunrise. Rode to Nebk - a village about 25 miles in all - my birthday - We celebrated it with a cake I received in a parcel at Damascus, and some tinned honey and cream, and a plum pudding - a regal feast.

31/10/18 - Saddled at dusk and sent off at 8.30 a.m. Rode until 11 p.m. - spelled some four hours - had dinner, rode until 7 p.m. - another spell of a few hours and then rode until 8.30 a.m. when we reached Homs.

1/11/18 - At daylight we could see a huge mound ahead, which when we reached the town proved to be artificial - some hundred feet high, and covering many acres.

Population about 60,000 and very mixed. Portion of town good, the rest very dirty. Homs boasts the highest death rate of any city the world over, and one can readily believe it, for its streets are filthy. We rode through it and then camped near the river Orontes.

3/11/18 - We have been spelling, and needed it after the last long ride - 55 miles in one day, and all at a walking pace. Have had several swims, and a general clean-up of clothing etc., and not before time.

5/11/18 - Broke camp at 5.30 p.m. and rode through Homs alongside a dismantled railroad, that the Germans had taken the rails for other lines - rode 16 miles.

6/11/18 - Another track of 16 miles - through hills.

7/11/18 - Rode 20 miles through the hills in very pretty country - villages on hill sides - camped near the beach.

8/11/18 - On again - passed through Tripoli - an old city - it reminds me of Gibraltar for it is terraced - Went on a few miles and put down horse lines amongst huge old olive trees.

10/11/18 - We are about 20 miles from the base of the Lebanon mountains. This morning they were white capped. Was it snow? Many and varied were the opinions of those who had never seen it before.

11/11/18 - Rained slightly - at 6 p.m. news of the armistice reached us - what a relief - The Turks had capitulated whilst we were at Homs, and now we have won at last. The night was dark, and all stores of flares were fired off to the accompaniment of rifle fire and spasmodic machine gun fire, and all were excited at the prospects of seeing home once again - the pent up feelings all thoughts turned to the magic word "Home".

12/11/18 - More rain - getting very cold

13/11/18 - Rained all night - were washed out - our horses are knee deep in mud.

14/11/18 - Fine, but very muddy.

20/11/18 - Moved from the olives to a lime stone ridge that is dry, but very bleak.

21/11/18 - Feel a bit off colour.

22/11/18 - Packed off to Field Ambulance - Temperature a shade over 103 degrees. Feel rotten - Spanish Influenza

I am told.

28/11/18 - Tired of sloppy food so cleared off back to the regiment - still feel very weak, and lots of chaps have been evacuated to Egypt.

8/12/18 - Started to rain - it is miserable and bitterly cold day and night - snow much lower on the mountains. It has come down over 8000 feet now, and the old cedars of Lebanon at Becherri are white now - the pass to Baalbek is blocked. At Baalbek are the ruins of an old temple in

which are used the largest stones of any the world over. Some are 15 feet square by 30 feet long.

9/12/18 - Cleared up again - it is not so bad when the sun is out, but even then it takes courage to face a cold bath with water out of the streams that are formed by melting snow.

20/12/18 - Reached 100 speed at Shorthand to-day. We play bridge and have sing songs of an evening to pass time along.

24/12/18 - Xmas Eve. Went down to Tripoli and had a look over the town - there is an old castle on the hillside built by crusaders - Saw natives making silk by hand. There is a big silk industry here, and also a lot of olive oil made.

We have had some 30 inches of rain in three months, with terrific thunderstorms - counted twenty in one day. Lots and lots of times, tents have been blown down.

25.12.18 - Up at 3.45 a.m. - cantered into Tripoli, and handed over our horses. Embarked by midday on the Abassia. It was a beautiful sight to see the old mountain tree clad at the base and snow clad on the summits with here and there villages of red tiled roofs. Reached Beyrouth at 6 p.m. - population 200,000 - and as big as Adelaide - it looked a fine place from the boat, and a pretty sight after sunset, being all lit up.

26/12/18 - Left at midday.

27/12/18 - Reached Port Said at midday - no leave to Cairo.

28/12/18 - Big hospital here - met a lot of the chaps who had been sent to hospital. Port Said is a dreary old place - Picked up rather a unique coffee set - brassware, and sent it home.

5/1/19 - This is a rest camp - there is little else to do but rest, so it is well named. Embarked again.

7/1/19 - Arrived back at Tripoli after a quiet trip.

12/2/19 - Neuralgia - a real hurricane left few tents standing during the night, as the camp is on an exposed ridge.

20/2/19 - Went down to the beach and met many chaps of the third brigade who are camped there. Saw Wesley Arnold of Katanning who has Jaundice, and looks not unlike a Chinaman.

23/2/19 - Went to third Brigade races - good fun. Handed over our A. class horses.

13/3/19 - Weather has improved lately -

14/3/19 - Reveille at 5 a.m. Tents struck - left at 9 a.m. - crowds of natives there to see us off - they had got to like us, as they were nearly starving when we got there, but we gave them of our rations, and they wanted us to stop and govern the country. They followed us on foot to El-Mina - some 7 miles. Went aboard at 1 p.m.

- 15/3/19 - Remainder of Brigade came on board, and we left at 12.30 p.m. in the "Ellinja".
- 16/3/19 - Arrived Port Said at 9 a.m. - disembarked at 1 p.m. Beastly hot here - cattle trucks to Moascar, which we reached at 5 p.m. Hear the Egyptians have risen in rebellion.
- 17/3/19 - Met Roy B. again - jolly pleased to see him.
- 18/3/19 - Cuss the Gippos. We thought we had finished up with horses, rifles and all the rest of it, and here we are again fully equipped in war footing - some poor Gippos will be sorry. Set off for Tel-el-Kebir - in charge of Regimental Head Quarters.
- 22/3/19 - Reached Abu Hammad.
- 1/4/19 - Left for Mansourah - passed through Zagazig - camped at Equa. All the telegraph lines are down, and the railways torn up. At Abu-Hammad we burnt a village because the inhabitants had murdered a Ghurkha soldier and would not hand over the guilty parties.
- 2/4/19 - Still on the road - passing through cotton fields and native mud villages.
- 3/4/19 - Reached Mansourah - rode through the town with swords drawn just to let them know we meant business, and camped in an open paddock in the outskirts of the town - thoroughly disgusted with everything in general - absolutely fed up - we ought to be on our way home.

23/4/19 - Mr. Work - an American Missionary - gave us an evening which we thoroughly enjoyed. He is a decent sort and has thrown open to us his home. He has a good library.

24/4/19 - Frank Sharley,, Owen Affleck and Ben Parnham left for England.

25/4/19 - Anzac Day - Memorial Service.

1/5/19 - Am on Subsection Head Quarters, and having a good time - practically my own boss. Our office overlooks the Nile and is a fine building. We have a wireless plant installed and I often go up and listen in - Morse code.

16/5/19 - Had first ride on a motor bike - We are living fairly well, and go into the town as and when we like - this place is supposed to be a centre of the rebellion, but is very quiet, though the Gippos get worked up now and then but are very much afraid of us, and leave us strictly alone.

14/6/19 - Rose at 4 a.m. and caught train to Cairo.

Stayed at Rosemon House - good meals and comfortable beds.

17/6/19 - Lived every minute to its fullest, and went round all the old haunts again - had a motor ride to the Pyramids - Bought an inlaid copper tray and sent home.

Very hot during the day. Hear we are to leave for home on the 7 prox. I hope so, our one thought is when do we leave for home.

28/6/19 - Mail in - More rumours of going home, and the "Peace" is signed.

4/7/19 - Left Mansourah - the local people gave us a fine spread, and we had a gala day. Horse racing and Sports yesterday.

10/7/19 - Moascar - dusty and hot - time dragging heavily. Third Brigade sailed yesterday for Aussie.

19/7/19 - Daily rumour we are to sail, but still we are left. Our boat comes in daily, and it is most exasperating when another rumour falls flat. Believe we are to embark to-morrow. Is it but another wild rumour? - it seems closer now.

20/7/19 - Our Boat is at Port Said, but the coal in the bunkers is on fire - another delay - absolutely disgusted.

22/7/19 - AT LAST - Reveilled at 5 a.m. left Moascar at 8.15 - Kantara at -.30 a.m. On Board at 11 a.m. - A small boat, and we are very cramped, but who cares. Left at 4 p.m. and went through the Suez Canal.

23/7/19 - Left Suez at 3 a.m. Hot as billyoh'.

24/7/19 - The Red Sea, and terrifically hot.

26/7/19 - Barren old Aden passed, and we feel at last we are on the way home.

27/7/19 - Very rough - I learn what it is to be seasick but have missed no meals.

1/8/19 - O.K. again.

3/8/19 - Colombo. Made havoc of the bananas which are very plentiful. Special prices for soldiers quoted about

three times the ordinary ones. It is a fine place and welcome after a fortnight at sea. Had a ride in a rich shaw.

3/8/19 - Left at 3 p.m.

11/8/19 - Have been off colour - heavy cold with some fever. Very rough weather.

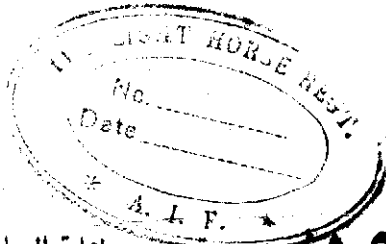
17/8/19 - Arrived at Fremantle - Aussie at last - wired home. Only a few days now. It seems too good to be true. Hunted up the Gilmours and had tea with them.

18/8/19 - Left at daybreak - mighty cold. Play brid from dawn to dark to kill time. Calm around the Leeuwi

20/8/19 - Adelaide hills in view - Oh! what a sight after five years abroad. All the family down to meet me. Went to Keswick and got my clearance, and then HOME - Home - a new one to that which I left - decorated with bunting - but HOME - All the old troubles, worries, bad times wiped off in the magic word. Safe Home at last.

PERMIT to circulate in the Streets of MAN-
SOURA on SATURDAY night the 19th April
up till 3 A. M. on SUNDAY the 20th April 1919.

BY ORDER OF THE OFFICER CMDG.
MANSOURA SUBSECTION.



تصريح

للمرور بشوارع المنصورة مساء يوم السبت ١٩
الثالثة صباحاً من يوم الاحد ٢٠ منه .
بامر قومندان القوات العسكرية
قسم المنصورة

Certificate of Discharge of No. 530 (Rank) Sergeant(Name) King, Charles Leonard(Regiment or Corps) 11th Light Horse Regimentborn at or near the Town of Mundarrain the State or County of North AustraliaAttested at Adelaide on the22nd November 19 14 for the AustralianImperial Force Regiment or Corps at the age of 20 years.He is discharged in consequence of Termination of Period
of Enlistment.Service towards
completion of
engagement First years 332 days.

Medals

and

Service Abroad First years 83 days.

Decorations

Signature of Officer
Commanding Regiment
or Corps.Nat. Campbell Capt.
S.O.I. & R. M. 4 M.D.Place NewickDate 22nd October 1919.Discharge confirmed at Newick Barracks

Issued with

BADGE, Discharged Returned Soldier

No. 234339 Signature

Nat. Campbell, Capt.

S.O.I. & R. M. D.

Date 22nd October 1919.

NOTES: TO PREVENT FRAUD, this certificate has been issued without any interdeliberation or signature of any kind, and with all

S. 394/17, C. 1514.

All signatures have been written, and rubber stamp signatures are not genuine.

GILBERT Thomas	EDWARDS John	MATTHEW James V
MC GOWAN John J S	ELLIS Fredk B	MC GREGOR-DEY Robert
MORRELL Edward	EVANS Arthur F.	MUDGE Kenneth A.
ADAMS Arthur R	EMERSON Thomas	MOYSEY Gerald F
MATTHEWS Ernest A.	EGAN Frank P	MENGERSON Charles P
POWER Arthur R.	FINLAY Robert	• MILLARD Ernest W.
GRANT James H. D	FLEMING Albert	MOYLE Wm T.
JAMES Stanley G	FRY Wm J.	• MAUSOLF Chris A
CLIFFORD Charles J	GAEN Frank	NIEMANN Leslie H
HOCKING Bruce L.	GORDON Andrew	NORMAN Albert J
ROWELL Lindsay H.	GILL Wm Ernest	NANCARROW Alan A.
SEARLE Leonard W.	GREEN John	OLSEON James
CUMMINGS Enoch	Greenhorn Hugh	O'CALLAGAN Thomas H
BRYANT William	HAWKER Reg V	PATTERSON Fredk A
MATTHEWS Charles A.	HANCOCK Albert	PHILCOCK John H
GORDON Leslie A.	HEPBURN Albert	PARRY Francis B
• MC MILLAN Hugh C.	HANNEL Clarence A.	PARNHAM Ben J
PARTINGTON Harry	HOWELL Victor	PRICE Alexr W.
RACKHAM John R	HARRIS Thomas	• PENROSE Thomas F
AYLETT John W.	HEWITT Wm O.	PIERSON Leonard L.
AITCHISON Leonard S	HOCKING John R	RIPLEY James J
AUBREY & Frederick	HARTWIG Harold V	• REYNOLDS John T
ARNOTT David W.	HAIRE Thomas P.	ROBINSON Alexander
ARNOLD George	HENEBERY Francis M	RICHARDS Cecil A.
ALLEN Victor	HARVEY John	RAVEN Geo W
BOOTS Fredk G	JORDAN George L.	ROWELL Thomas A.
BROUGHTON George H.	JARRETT Eric J	RANKINS Lance B
BROWN Alf W.A.	JOSEPHS Francis W.	SHORT Horace O W
BROWN John O	JORGENSEN Ernest J	SMART Leonard
BROWN William A	REAVE Joseph	SEMMENS Herbert W
BERRYMAN John	KEOGH Wm T.	SABINE Ralph T
• BERRYMAN W.T.	KING Charles L.	SMALLACOMBE Albert V
BOTT Frank	KENDALL Archibald E	SMITH Arthur J
BAYES Roy F	KENDALL Horace W.	SMITH Alfred J
BARNES H arold J	KENNEDY Amost	SMITH Robert M
BARBER Thomas A.	KIERNAN John	SMITH Morten J
COATES Alec L.	KITHER Harold C	TANNER Syd ney A
COX Wilfred E.	LEMON James	THOMAS Percy E.
COLLINGWOOD Fredk G.	• LAKE Alfred J	TOMLINSON Charles
CHILTON Alfred J	LOWN Charles	• VALENTINE Thomas P.
COOK Wm W.	LAMPE Leslie L.	WESTERN Ernest W
CLARGE John J.	MC DONALD Richd A.	WILMHURST Victor S
CARR Thomas L	MARTIN Joseph V	• WALTERS James
CHURCH John E.	MURLEY Ernest W.	WOODCOCK Fredk A.
DUGGAN Thomas	MARCH Gerald F	WILSON Wm
DUNSTONE Howard T.	MUST Dudley R	WILSON George R
DEVALANCE James	McQUEEN Thomas H	WILSON Howard
DAVIDSON Lindsay	MC GUIRE Wm H	WHITE Wm H
DE VERNEIS August A.	MC DONALD Malcolm S	ZACHARIAH Clifford.

SPECIAL ORDER

by

Brigadier General W. GRANT D. S. O.,
Commanding 4th Australian Light Horse Brigade.

23rd January, 1919.

On the conclusion of hostilities I desire to express my thanks to all ranks for the magnificent work they have done and the gallant way in which they have borne themselves during the recent operations from LUDD to HOMS.

You have earned the approbation of the Commander - in-Chief, and on his recent visit he thanked you and expressed his gratitude for all you have done. He also stated that you should be proud of the fact that you have taken part in the greatest Cavalry ride known in the history of Warfare.

The Capture of SEMAKH by the 11th Regiment, "C" Squadron of the 12th Regt., and the Machine Gun Squadron, was carried out in a dashing manner worthy of the traditions of the Brigade. This was the first time we had used the Sword, and the magnificent charge of two Squadrons of the 11th Regiment in the face of 10 Machine Guns quite justified the use of that weapon. This was the stiffest fight of any mounted Troops in the whole campaign and whilst our casualties were to be regretted the importance of the place and the loss to the enemy of 25 Officers and 341 O/R's captured, and 100 killed besides a large amount of material more than compensated for our losses.

The Capture of TIBERIAS was brilliantly carried out by "C" Squadron of the 12th Regiment in conjunction with a Squadron of the 3rd Brigade when 13 machine guns and 95 prisoners were taken.

The passage of the JORDAN below JISR BENAT YAKUB was accomplished by the 4th Regiment over most difficult obstacles and under heavy machine gun and rifle fire.

The advance from KUNEITRA to DAMASCUS of the 4th and 12th Regiments under the Command of Lieut. Col. M.W.J. BOURCHIER D.S.O., and known as "Bourchier's Force" was worthy of great praise. The engagement at KHAN ESH SHIHA, and afterwards the splendid mounted charge of these two Regiments at KAUKAB smashed the last stand of the Turkish Army and opened the way to DAMASCUS, which they were the first to enter.

Whilst "Bourchier's Force" was at DAMASCUS and the remainder of the Brigade at KUNEITRA all ranks had to live under very trying conditions and suffering heavily from the scourge of influenza and also Malaria. The untiring efforts of the 4th Field Ambulance under Lieut. Col. SINGLE and all Medical personnel to deal with the wounded and the great number of sick called for the gratitude of every one in the Brigade.

In JUNE and JULY, 10 Officers and 459 O/R's were evacuated sick, and from 19.9.18 to 1.12.18. the number of patients from all Units of the Desert Mounted Corps dealt with was 1229. In addition to this the Immobile Section of the Ambulance, under Major. Parry, dealt with 610 sick in the French Hospital and 527 at the English Hospital, both in DAMASCUS.

The 4th, Field Troop rendered valuable assistance in arranging water supply and the maintenance of roads and bridges.

The communications of the Brigade were maintained in a very satisfactory manner by the Signal Troop, and reflected great credit on all concerned.

Owing to the rapid advance on DAMASCUS a large number of disabled as well as wounded animals were thrown on the 9th Mobile Veterinary Section who handled them in a capable manner.

My Staff have carried out their duties in a most capable and cheerful manner and the energetic Supply Officer Lieut. L.G. COLE kept the Brigade supplied with Rations at all times, even under the most trying conditions.

It is with deep regret that I record the following casualties within the Brigade during the recent operations:-

	<u>Killed.</u>	<u>Wounded</u>	<u>Died of Wounds.</u>	<u>Injured.</u>
Officers	3	7	-	-
Other Ranks	15	49	3	8

Captures by the Brigade from 19th September, 1918 to the date of the surrender of the Turkish Nation are as follows:-

	<u>Officers</u>	<u>Other Ranks</u>
German	19	627
Turkish	299	12001
Field Guns		36
Small Field Guns		8
Machine Guns and Auto Rifles		96
Trench Mortars		2

Several trains, Wagons, 1 motor car, 1 Aeroplane, Wagon loads of machinery and electrical appliances, Medical equipment, Hospitals, Cookers, etc., were among the miscellaneous assortment of Captured Military material.

In conclusion I desire to express my admiration for the way in which you have won through many a hard fight from BEERSHEBA to DAN, and on to DAMASCUS, and through your deeds have assisted to drive the TURK from PALESTINE and SYRIA and thus help to bring about that PEACE which you have striven for so valiantly for the last four years.

(Sgnd.) W. GRANT Brigadier-General
Commanding 4th. A.L.H. Brigade.

"S E M A K H"

A Tale of the Taking of "Semakh", Sea of Gallilea.

- (1) Resting, they lay, when midnight's hour came round.
Many awake, tho' some were sleeping sound.
Brief was the spell, the stillly silence made
A restful bivouac for the Fourth Brigade.
- (2) Two hours of rest, and then, a whispered word,
Or friendly touch, the sleeping troopers stirred.
No bugle blast, or whistle blowing shrill
To wake an echo in the distant hill.
- (3) Softly they arose, and true to bushmen's ways,
Each to his horse, a simple word of praise,
A loving pat, given with caressing hand;
A sign both steed and trooper understand.
- (4) With practised hand, the girth strap to adjust,
Then to his noble friend he gives a crust,
A crust of bread or biscuite from his store,
Which makes the petted charger look for more.
- (5) With rifle slung, and well-filled bandolier,
"Prepare to mount" the order loud, but clear,
Comes from brave lips, that ere the night shall cease,
Shall close in death, in glory, and in peace.
- (6) "Prepare to mount", and then, "Get mounted, boys,"
"No smoking and, remember lads, no noise."
Troop after troop, the gallant Fourth Brigade
Moved out as coolly as upon parade.
- (7) Silent they rode, in sections knee to knee;
Troop after troop, in graceful majesty,
Fearless and free, with lightly handled rein,
The jaunty plume, the gently tossing mane.
- (8) Passed, where the roar of Jordan waters told
Tales of brave deeds, performed in days of old;
Passed the cascade, that sang so plaintively,
A sacred song brought down from Gallilea.
- (9) On, on they rode, the faintly shining stars
Memories awake within these Sons of Mars, ---
Visions of Home, the silence of the bush,
Thoughts of their loved ones, far away, but, ---"Hush."

(10) "What is that sound?" A challenge softly cried,
Comes from an outpost on the mountain side.
The briefest halt, then passed from front to rear, ---
"Move on again" the message comes "All clear."

(11) Through mountain pass, with frowning rocky sides,
In winding form, the column slowly rides.
Perched up above, on rocky crag so high
An Indian outpost looms against the sky.

(12) On to the valley, where the waving corn
Tells of a breeze, the herald of the morn.
There, in the East, an ever-changing glow
Peeps o'er the hills, yet all is dark below.

(13) Now, in the valley, regiments divide;
Squadrons of horse are moving side by side,
Troop leaders turn and lead their men by sign,
Till battle front is formed in one strong line.

(14) There, on the right, the Eastern hills are crowned,
Each with a cap of gold; Upon the ground
The shadows fall; and, riding in the shade,
Troop after troop, in battle form arrayed.

(15) There in the western hills, the glow of dawn
Throws flickering lights, that seem to play and fawn
On rugged rocks and sparsely growing trees,
That bend so gently to the morning breeze.

(16) Down in the valley, spread from side to side,
Silent and swift, advancing like a tide,
Screens well thrown out, as they, with bated breath,
Rode on to conquer, victory or death.

(17) With sudden bark, machine-guns break the strain, ---
Death messengers, and messengers of pain;
Whistling they come; the empty saddles tell
How true the aim, our boys, they stand it well.

(18) There screams a horse, in agony of death,
There lies a trooper, gasping with each breath,
Falling like leaves, amidst the waving grain,
Yet, faltering not, they onward press again.

(19) Seconds pass on, and with the growing light,
The hail of lead increases on our right;
Till, like a clarion call, the order came, ---
"Now, open fire" flashed across the plain.

(20) Fighting, advancing; dying as they fought,
Facing a deadly hail of lead for nought;
Till from the centre, where "A" Squadron rode, --
"Charge", came the word, and charging up the road;

(21) Brave met the brave, for who shall ever say
That easily our troopers gained the day.
Hard fighting still, and pressing on yet more,
They reached the fringe of Gallilean shore.

(22) Brave led the brave, straight to the German guns.
Fierce was the fight, and then Australia's sons
Dashed in the fray beside the railroad track,
Victory in sight, the foeman falling back.

(23) Victors, and vanquished, fight with eyes aflush,
Whilst dawn breaks out with golden crimson blush,
Dust smeared, and sweating, straining life for life,
Point blank the range, and hand-to-hand, the strife.

(24) There a white flag is held with treacherous hand;
Troopers cease fire, they cannot understand,
The dastard trick, ingloriously done;
The punishment, and then the fight was won.

(25) And there amidst the waving golden corn,
Whilst from the East, another day was born,
Rifles reversed, stuck grimly in the ground,
Led to the spots where heroes could be found.

(26) See, there, a steed, with plaintive eyes that stare
Down at the ground, his master lying there,
Noble in death, his friend forever passed;
Victory in sight, tho' ere he breathed his last.

(27) War worn and tired, the proud survivors stand
To wait the roll-call: Here a helping hand
Given to a comrade, wounded, cheerful still;
There comes the sunlight peeping o'er the hill.

(28) Softly the light, with radiating sheen,
Spreads o'er the corn-field glittering gold and green;
And, to the North, in peaceful slumberous hue,
Tipping with gold, - The Gallilean "blue".

(29) Peace with the day; and on Tiberia's shore,
Peace with the dead; aye, peace for evermore.
Guarded by mountains, monumental, grand, --
Sacred Australians, in a sacred land.