

The
Short life
&
Death of
Lieutenant
Ralph. D. Doughty. MC



1891 – 1917



*Ralph's five day-by-day diaries from the Great War
dated from the 5th April 1915 to the 16th March 1917*



Ralph Doughty in AIF uniform

(studio portrait)

Dedication

This dedication was written by E. S. Ellison, (Bill Allison) the writer of two New Zealand books;

Kiwi at Large, and Kiwi Vagabond. Errol had served in World War Two beside Charles Upham VC and bar.

Thank you so much for giving me the opportunity to read these truly wonderful diary's written by your great, great uncle Lieutenant R. D. Doughty MC

They are truly a most unique set of interesting diaries, and are well worthy of publication. The writer doesn't set out to glorify himself or war and writes in such a straight forward style, as though he's writing a letter to family or close friends. The very writing material on which the young Lieutenant writer uses is unusual - the leather horse harness. It also seems a though he wanted the horses to take a part in the diaries, for he began his military life with the horses; but he also took a keen and active interest in all aspects of a gunner's life and it seems his officers soon recognised his worth and his courage, for he soon was made a 1st Lieutenant. He certainly earned his rank and his Military Cross.

His diary notes are certainly the most interesting ones that I have read, they give such a vivid account of real life and death on 'Gallipoli' and in 'Flanders fields'. He doesn't set out to impress, and yet no other diary note's I've read are as true and vivid as his. And I learned from his diary much more than from many of the other histories that I've read, until I read his diaries I was not aware that so many aircraft (on both sides) were used, and so many submarines, nor did I realise that so many other nationalities were involved apart from the British, the ANZACS, the Turks, and of course the Germans, I was surprised to read that Greek troops (some thousands) were also involved, and the French, and French-Africa troops.

Then of course from the hell of 'Gallipoli' he went on to serve in the harrowing mud of Ypres, then to his death in the shambles of 'Passchendaele'. He had a very, very long and hard war. His Military Cross was well earned. I should think he meant to part his diary notes home, for he probably would not have much time to write letters. And thank you again for giving me the opportunity to read these truly unique diaries

Bill Allison

Dedication

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Preface

Ralph Dorchel Doughty was born on 1st October 1891, the eighth and youngest child of William and Susanna Doughty of Stratford, New Zealand. He spent his early years growing up in Stratford and went through the public education system. A few years later (when he was old enough and completed his training), he went on to serve for 5 years in 'H' Battery for the New Zealand Field Artillery service, after which he left at the completion of his service.

Ralph got his first job as a warehouseman in Stratford but he soon decided that when he was old enough he would travel to Australia to seek a job that was more rewarding and better paying - this he did in 1913 at the age 22.

Ralph gained residence in 'Craignathan', Hayes Street, Neutral Bay, New South Wales, but from here little else is known about what his life was like while living in Australia, things like whether he ever managed to get the job he went over the Tasman Sea for.

But while he was there (at the beginning of World War I), he decided to enlist in the 1st Australian Artillery Division, on the 24th August 1914, Sydney, New South Wales, into unit, Field Artillery Brigade (FAB) 1, Battery 2, with allotted regimental number: 193, and the rank of bombardier.

The 1st AIF division was formed and active between the 3rd August 1914, and disbanded on March 1919. It was part of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps (ANZAC) during the Gallipoli campaign, and has existed in one form or another since.

It was not until Ralph entered the military service and records started to be kept that more information was gathered on his life. These military records that are shown below were obtained from both the Australian National Archives (with a total of 94 documents supplied), and from information that was gathered from the AIF project database. Ralph has also supplied his own record 'of his military service', through the entries he placed in his day-by-day diaries '*of his life as an artilleryman (gunner)*', during his time both on the Gallipoli peninsula, The Western Front and on the bloody battlefields of Passchendaele. They show that his life in the service of the AIF was a complete full and rewarding one.

Ralph had served with the AIF up until, when he was wounded in action (from friendly fire) at Passchendaele, Belgium on the 23 July, 1917, to then die of his wounds two days later on the 25 July, 1917, or nearly three years of active service.

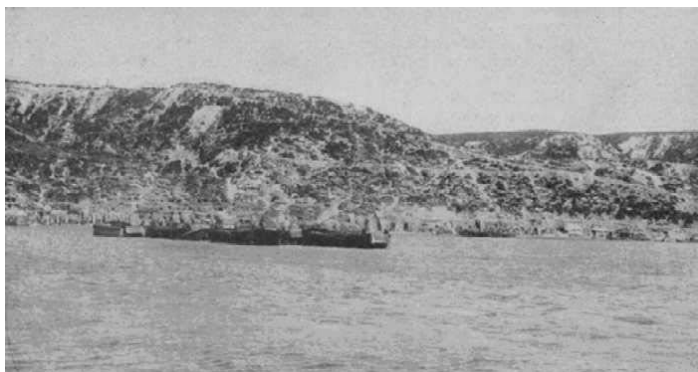
Information on Ralph's fatal wound became available to our family here in New Zealand, 98 years later. Being gathered from the memoir, written by the artilleryman who had been standing next to Ralph at Passchendaele. This story is told in the conclusion to his five diaries.

And it was, that Ralph had managed to place his entries into five lovingly preserved diaries. Diaries that all made it back home to New Zealand and returned to our family.

His diaries have all been transcribed, with the help of some very skilful people, to be placed onto Ralph's remembrance pages, to be read by all who visit the Kivell Family Website.

Shown below is a brief account '*with extracts taken from his diaries shown in italic*' of the areas Ralph served, as well as a description of the his five diaries. With, the now known outcome of Ralph's demise, being supplied through information provided to our family just over one year ago.

After receiving their *'Full Marching Orders'* to go ashore at Gaba Tepe on the 26 April, 1915, servicemen of the 2nd Battery, 1st Field, Artillery Brigade would not have known what lay ahead for them on such an arid



and inhospitable peninsula. But, by reading the diaries of one artilleryman, *'who had spent nearly eight months on the peninsula'* you will gain an understanding *'seen through his eyes'*, with every aspect of artillery and military life entered into his diaries.

Being towed ashore aboard overloaded punts, young ANZAC troops *'men that had never before experienced enemy fire'* were greeted by

a hail of bullets and artillery shells sent from Turkish troops that were stationed in well fortified trenches and forts.

After observing naval fire all that morning, Ralph Doughty was having a quiet snooze when at 1 pm he was woken up by a *'HMS Majestic'* broadside to receive *'Full Marching Orders'* to go ashore. He writes: *'saw to the slinging of horses and got aboard the punt, and was towed ashore by a mine-sweeper. Within a mile from the shore we became a mark for the enemy's snipers. On getting to the shore, rec. orders to go back as the landing was too crowded. Didn't we curse, but orders are orders on service, so back we went. I'd like to have 5 minutes with that particular officer who handed out that order. The enemies snipers got busy again but only splashed the water around us.'* This was Ralph Doughty first experience of being under fire, and the beginning of nearly three years of service for the Australian Imperial Force.

'HMS Majestic served in the Dardanelles Campaign February May 1915, seeing much service in action against Ottoman Turkish forts and shore batteries before being sunk on 27 May 1915 by the German submarine U-21 while stationed off Cape Helles with the loss of 40 of her crew.'



Back onboard the *'SS. Indian'* (steam passenger liner), with Ralph commenting on how; *'Awfully disappointed at not being allowed to land. Woke up at 5.30 this morning by bursting shells. Seems to me they can't leave this craft alone. Four 10inch lyddite shells lobbed in the water close to us, one rang in my ears for sometime afterwards. Their gunnery is rotten, made an awful mess of the water'*, the transport was being used as a target for the Turkish battery's. But no sooner had they

targeted the transport, they were spotted by the battleship *'Majestic'* and reduced to dust. On the 28th April 1915, Ralph also commented on how the AE2 and another British sub had travelled into the Sea of Marmora and sank a transport.

Finally, Ralph's second attempt to get ashore was more successful. Being told that they were to reinforce the 29th Div at Cape Helles, the battery came ashore on 4 May, with Ralph writing: *Arrived at destination 2.30 pm. Started disembarking ashore at 5 pm. Saw to the guns coming off safely. Then Norman, Todd and self went for a stroll, just to see the sights. The foreshore is absolutely lined with trenches and graves. Our*

chaps lost terribly, and were driven back once right on the beach. The bay itself was strongly fortified and barbed wire was placed 80 yds out from the shore under water, so as to entangle the boats. Got back to the Battery and parked our guns. Bunk on terra firma once again.

Moving inland about 4 miles to advanced trenches, *'getting shelled all the way'*, the battery began to dig emplacements for the guns, to commence firing at night: *'only to get peppered in return. No casualties but there was a sniper who nearly scored one hit I happen to know about'.*

Diary History

After his initial training, Ralph embarked for overseas service on 18 October 1914, aboard the Transport 'A8 Argyllshire'. Arriving in the *'Land of the Pharaohs where rigorous training and tons of good fun and High Life generally were the rules of the road'*, Ralph was to begin his first diary on the 5 April 1915. This diary, a large notepad with leather covers cut from a horse saddle and held together by a copper wire stitched through the spine, contained entries of his training while in Egypt, up until the 15 September when Ralph left *Port Alexandria* to head for the *Dardanelles*, arriving at *Lemnos Island* on the 12 April: *'So here's to it and may our little flutter which we are about to have tend in some way to weight his balance against 'His most Satanic Majesty THE KAISER.'*

Diary one contained entries from numerous battle locations on the peninsula, entries that bring home the hardships of life, while also maintaining ones sanity, written on the; *'17th July 1915, Came up here, and are quartered in a 'H' of a hole. In the Turks original 2nd line. The trench for close on a mile is full of dead Turks with but 6ins of earth over them. The ramps of the trench are thick with dead. The odour is, well I won't try and describe it, but it's not eau de cologne. And we're here for 48hrs. HOW ROMANTIC'*

The diary was completed in a dugout with Ralph deciding on who was to receive his first diary. This being of course his mother. *'Rained like blazes last night, but our dug-out proved quite water proof although the mud was particularly sloppy when we got out this morning. Have just rec. orders to expect a move any old time now to go to some new landing, so I suppose things will be extra brisk soon. HURRAH! Have decided to send this to Lottie'*

Between the dates 16 September to 8 December, Ralph had managed to complete two more diaries. Both these being small black and brown pocket note books that also contained entries from in and around the various battle locations on the peninsular like *Shrapnel Gully* and *Lone Pine*. Many entries were added when Ralph was sitting on the 18 lb gun seat waiting for orders to open fire: *'5th October, Arrived at destination (Shrapnel Gully) some unearthly hour this morning. This place doesn't belie its name either. Had a good view of the guns shelling one of our batteries perched away up on a ridge to our left. 29th November, The heaviest bombardment the Turks have given us for months. Sent over 8.2 HE Howitzers. Smashed Lone Pine about. Casualties very heavy on our side. Expecting an attack tonight.'*

Ralph continued to place entries from the peninsula up until the general evacuation order was given to return to Egypt. With the last entry in diary three being placed on 3 January 1916, back in Tel-el Kebir camp Egypt. *'Today I had a look at myself in a mirror the first look I've had for some considerable time, just on a month. I got a shock, believe me, and of all the curios I've yet seen, I'll confess I'm the biggest. GOD SPEED THE CROWS AND FORCE THE NARROWS.'*

Diary four, a hard covered field service correspondence book, was started on 22 March in Tel-el Kebir. Ralph added entries of his voyage over from Egypt aboard the 'SS Tunisican' during which he was placed in charge of two battery horses: *'Both my charges are doing A1. Phyllis recognises me every*



time I pass her, but Beauty is still dubious. Phyllis is a most expensive lady. Costs me a small fortune for lumps of sugar.' The transport arrived at Marseilles, France, on 29 March and after a short rest the battery crew travelled via train, around the outskirts of Paris and onto the town of Le Harve.

From there it was on to the war zone of *'The Western Front'*, where Ralph was to experience his first hate against the 'Hun' on the: *'24 April 1916 (Easter Monday), This afternoon we had our first "hate". Stuck in about a dozen rounds for luck. Our anti-aircraft guns brought down a Taube today. Sunday artillery duels the order of the day otherwise quiet. Its just 12 months back when we were all anxiously waiting for our first scrap, and here now after one year of scrapping we are considered quite veteran soldiers'*

Ralph was to continue writing daily entries around many areas of *'The Western Front'*, with his last entry added to diary four on 11 August while in action around the areas of *'Le Val de Maison'* and *'Poizieres'*: *'Getting straight most of the day. Enjoying this spell immensely. Chas, Richardson and myself went for a glorious ride this evening. Great to be able to cruise around the country without having to dodge shells and craters.*

Thanking the Artillery who made the taking and holding of Poizieres possible. H. B. Walker (General)'

Diary five is also a field service correspondence book with Ralph placing his first entry on 12 August around the areas of The Western Front, namely Vadencourt Wood: *'16th August 1916, Orders to go into the Firing Line. Left Vadencourt Wood at 8am and accompanied the major to our position. Took over the guns and position of the 12th Bty at 1 pm.'* After his time spent on The Western Front Ralph travelled through into Belgium: *'2nd September, On the way we came through Ypres. Saw what's left of the Cloth Hall and Cathedral. Both looking very pretty after their sundry bombardments. Ypres is blown to blazes generally. Must have been quite a decent city once upon a time'*. Ralph was to spend one month of artillery duties around various locations on the Belgium sector before being allowed to return to London, England for a well deserved rest on 25 September. *'Wired Auntie this morning and left London (Euston) by N.W. Express for Manchester. Arrived there at 3.57PM. Went out to MB and gee wizz what a reception I got. The girls were staying down at Blackpool. Honestly it's worth waiting 2 years for.'*

But, no sooner had Ralph arrived to enjoy his rest he was ordered to return to Belgium, retracing the route back across the channel to arrive at Poperinge and directly back into battery duties on 5 October, or just 10 days of rest and relaxation.

Throughout Ralphs five diaries he tried, and succeeded in placing quite comical entries onto his pages, entries that must have taken away the harrowing sites that he witnessed every day; *4th March 1917, An awfully funny thing happened with a patrol of ours consisting of 4 men. They were out in NML (no man's*

land) and got caught by a Hun Patrol of 40 who took them prisoners anyhow both parties got lost in the mist, finally they all walked into our own lines, and we bagged 40 Huns without a casualty.

Ralph continued his battery duties up until 16 March 1917, when he was to place his last entries into his set of five diaries, with a very appropriate ending for an artilleryman who had given his all since enlisting back in Sydney in 1914: *'15th March 1917, Working like a Trojan getting things square. Mud still gloriously soupy and still raining. 16th March 1917, Better day today. Very heavy bombardment on both left, right and centre.*

The final months of Ralph's life spent as an gunner for the AIF was spent in action around various battle locations in Belgium. Ralph was wounded in action at Passchendaele on the 23rd July 1917, when he sustained a shrapnel wound to the abdomen from friendly fire. Being admitted to the 91st Field Ambulance Station, to die of wounds two days later on the 25th July 1917, at the age of 26 and was laid to rest at Coxyde Military Cemetery (Plot I, Row F, Grave No 20), Belgium.



Australian war Memorial – Panel 12

Introduction

Please note: that this introduction contains information written over 30 years ago, mentioning that the ranks of the Gallipoli veterans has thinned. All these brave men have now past on, but the information contained in the article has been left in.

Peter Kivell.

From an article published in the Sunday Express April 1983, New Plymouth.

Written by Murray Moorehead.

The ranks of the old Gallipoli veterans are thinned now to a mere handful, and there would not be much more than a decade left for anyone to get to know, in person, a man who could proudly claim to have played a part in the forging of the great Anzac brotherhood. They have certainly had full lives, these dogged veterans. Those still with us on Anzac Day two years hence will be able to look over 70 long and eventful years since they helped make history on the slopes of an arid and inhospitable peninsula which most of the world had never heard of before.

But it is not only the living whom we may get to know with some intimacy. To the members of the Kivell family in New Plymouth, a man named Ralph Doughty remains someone more than merely some distant ancestor who died in a war that was over long before most of them were born. Ralph Doughty is, in his way, still very much a part of the family. New generations of Kivells feel that they know him almost as intimately as those to whom he said cheery goodbyes as he left Taranaki to seek his fortune in Australia shortly before the Great War broke out. Ralph Doughty was one of those gems of men who kept a diary. He was not unique in that, of course; army records and museums are full of war diaries. But two things make Doughty's record of the war stand out. The first is that unlike most others he kept a record of every day of his war, even the dull days that other diarists might have skipped over, and even had days - apart from those which, through sickness or wounds, he had no recollection. The second is that his diary was born to be treasured by his family. From the oldest to the youngest, members of the family know this man whose portrait hangs in the Stratford War Memorial arcade, for he reminisces with them through the entries in his diary as surely as if he were still with them as one of the last of the old brigade.

The record of Ralph Doughty's war begins in a small pocket pad, protected inside a cover of thick leather and with the pages fixed firmly in place with a weaving of thin wire. It is not easy to follow, even though it is written in a neat and flowing hand. The entries are in pencil and are written to take advantage of every square millimetre of the precious paper. A member of the family is currently working hard to translate the handwriting into a more easily readable typescript. With the pad filled on both sides of each page by the end of November 1915, the chronicle continued in a collection of notebooks, day by historic day, until July 23rd, 1917 when Lady Luck, who had been right at his side on so many occasions during the past 26 months, chanced to be looking the other way. Ralph Doughty died from his wounds on July 25th and was buried at Coxyde [Cosayde] Military Cemetery in Belgium. He died a hero, having been awarded the Military Cross just two months earlier for gallantry.

Stratford

He died an officer and a hero, but he began his war as the most ordinary of men, the most typical of Anzac soldiers. He was born in Stratford and was 22 years of age when he joined the Australian Army in Sydney just a few days after the declaration of war. As a member of the 2nd Battery, 3rd Field Artillery Brigade. Doughty began his diary on April 5th, 1915. Like every other man from down under who landed in Egypt in those heady pre-Gallipoli days, Doughty was itching to get into action. His remarks on his first day on which elements of the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps began their first move from their camps near the Pyramids towards the eventual landing at Gallipoli, show that clearly: *"We got embarkation orders thank God. So here's to it and may our little flutter which we are about to have tend in some way to weight the balance against this Most Satanic Majesty The Kaiser."*

Bravado

The landing was still more than 20 days away and the move northwards was broken by an interlude in Alexandria. Poor Alexandria! It was a boom time for the Egyptians as the young soldiers spent their money with the bravado and abandonment of those about to go into action for the first time. But while they spent they also gave birth to those great wealths of yarns that every man of both the 1st and 2nd N.Z.E.F. had to tell about a soldier's life in Egypt. A few entries like: *"Had an argument with a cabbie, just to show our independence"* and *"Had supper at a restaurant . . . they came of second best!"* give the gist of just what the poor Egyptian had to grin and bear while he raked in the skekels. Doughty's ship sailed from Alexandria on the 10th. *"Don't know where we're off to. Think it's the Dardanelles."*

The gunners missed out on the Landing. They were off Gallipoli with the rest of the fleet and fully expected to go ashore on the 25th. But, on the following day: *"On getting to the shore received orders to go back as the landing was too crowded. Didn't we curse! I'd like to have 5 minutes with the officer who handed out that order."* Nine days were spent at sea, learning what it was like to be a sailor on the receiving end of the heavy and accurate Turkish gunfire before getting ashore at last on May 4th. Perhaps one of the most interesting facets of the Gallipoli campaign was the mental response of those who served on that hellish peninsula. Dare one even consider whether their grandsons would have been able to serve in the same conditions without finishing up psychiatric wrecks?

Accepted

Could any modern soldier kill and be killed as the men of Gallipoli did, live on the verge of death for as long as they did in such charnel house conditions, regard their enemies with such comradely respect as they did the "lurk, leave the place, sick or wounded, with as much reluctance, and finally abandon a lost cause with as much heartbreak? Could such horrors be accepted today as "part of the game" and recorded as the Anzacs recorded them, in such a matter of fact way? The ordinary Anzac soldier was not a clever man, neither interested in nor particularly gifted at composing words to cover true feelings. He wrote down what he thought. His relishing of his role in the Great Adventure was as overt and immodest as it was possible to be. He saw no need to feign reluctance to fight or to take a modest stance on expressing his feelings about King, Empire and Country.

Brashness

Brashness, flippancy and the sense of adventure might have been understandable in the writings of the Gallipoli men at the beginning, but the same attitudes are to be found in their words right up the end. On June 7 Doughty mused in a casual way about a new type of shell fired by 'our friends'. One small J extract

from the musing: *"One has just come over and landed in front of the battery. Several chaps have been blown out. The funny thing about this shell is that it just strolls through the air just like the hum of an aeroplane motor but the burst is terrific . . . one has just struck on the road and out of 30 men 27 are down..."* He wrote in equally casual manner just a few days later of a way of dealing with one of the greatest dangers to life; *"This evening we captured four snipers. Had a firing party, the only thing was that we had the rifles, they didn't. Only way to deal with these chaps, although they are brave men."* The attitude was little changed as far on as November 25th when he described the result of a breakthrough by a party of Turkish soldiers: *"They were met in Monash Gully by some of our lads. The Turks, not that lads, went west."*

Atmosphere

In his writings Ralph Doughty displays a talent for being able to create atmosphere and to be able to present a clear picture of what he is trying to describe with the greatest economy of words. There could be no one day's entry which might be singled out as an example of the average day on Gallipoli. There was really no such thing. But perhaps if one were seeking an example of what a day in action was like, the entry for July 13th would do nicely: *"Up at 4am. Turks counter attacked in force . . . we've just stopped firing for the third time this morning, 6am. Had a glorious time . . . Started again at 6.30am, stopped firing at 9.10pm. Worked the old gun till the springs broke and the piece itself was that hot that the bearings expanded with the heat and stopped the recoil. We fired 1160 rounds. My hands are burnt beautifully. Can hardly close my left. Got a whack on the knee which put me off the gun for half an hour, but it's OK again. "What a day. One of the hottest and best we've had . . . Have just repulsed another massed attack by the Turks. Can't close my right hand, agony to write. We're all . . . absolutely black with cordite smoke and dust. Like Mater to see me now!"* It has already been mentioned that Lady Luck spent quite a bit of time with Ralph Doughty on Gallipoli. Some examples: June 4: *"A shell burst just in front . . . knocked me a bit silly but didn't hurt much. July 24th (The Turks) lobbed one just 12 yards away. We all got covered in sand and stuff but no damage done. Were all going to take a ticket in Tatts when we get back."* And August 22nd *"Nearly had a trip to Alexandria, by the way, per shrapnel."* Doughty survived the bullets and shrapnel, but like almost every man who was there from start to finish, he couldn't escape the scourge of sickness. It is a chilling exercise to be able to follow the record of his illness through the long succession of daily entries. It must have begun on July 17th *"We are quartered in a - of a hole! The trench for close on a mile is full of dead Turks with but 6 ins of earth over them. The odour is, well, I won't try to describe it, but it's no EAU DE COLOGNE! And we're here for 48 hours. How romantic!"*

Reluctant

Not surprisingly, his sickness began soon afterwards, but it was not until July 28th that he collapsed and had to submit to evacuation. His was typical of the Anzac spirit. Doughty was reluctant to go, and once off, reluctant to stay off. He wrote on July 30th *(On Lemnos) "Find that this hospital is . . . British. Applied for a transfer to our Australian hospital but was refused (only a few yards away). Before I'll come away again to an English field hospital they'll have to shoot me. I am cutting out a few days here. Won't record anything. Want to forget this spasm."* On August 4th he was *"Off back again, thank God. Feeling pretty rotten but I'll take my chance in getting better hack there!"*

Violence

Doughty's unit was evacuated from Gallipoli on December 8th, first to Lemnos where the troops became involved in a series of inter-unit rugby matches which, as far as violence was concerned, seemed to lose little in comparison with some of the event of the past eight months. *"Look at me. Both knees minus skin, ditto ankle and nose and a swollen lip. Watson got a bump on the head which knocked him silly for 3 hrs and England got a broken rib. Still it was a ripping match. We beat the Engineers 9 to 0."* This period of time is contained in the second diary. The third diary commenced in March 1916 on the eve of the next Great Adventure, the one which would, for Ralph Doughty, last but 16 months. Even now, after eight months of what most historians would agree on as being close to the ultimate in hellish campaigns, the old Anzac spirit remained unquenched: *"Hur-blooming-ray. Marching orders at last and as pleased as a cat with two tails. This time I leave Egypt as a blooming officer. Am feeling awfully fit, so watch out somebody!"*

Murray Moorehead



**CROSS OF SACRIFICE
IN REMEMBRANCE OF THOSE
WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES
FOR OUR COUNTRY**

Donated to the Citizens of Stratford
by members of the
Stratford and District Returned Services Association
Dedicated 10th November 1957

The appearance of Ralphs Diaries

It is not only a miracle that all five diaries have made it back from the front lines of several campaigns intact, but also of how the diaries came into the hands of my father that needs to be told. This starts with my father as a small boy and this is his story below.

I seem to remember as a child looking at books and maps relating to the Gallipoli campaign and being told that we had a relative who served there. Ralph's connection to me is that my maternal Grandmother was Ralph's sister; there were four sisters and two brothers in the family. Later in life I was given a leather covered diary (diary one). I was never aware of any other diaries until my father had passed away. Then one day my mother said to me that as I had the leather bound diary that I had better have the others. She then gave me three more diaries written by Ralph during his service in World War One (these being diaries two, three and five). Some years later, when as a member of the New Plymouth R.S.A. I was told that there was a letter for me in our club letter rack. The lead up to this letter was that there had been a family reunion for the members of the Ward family (one of my grandmothers sisters had married a Ward). Ralph Doughty Ward, who was named after Ralph Doughty, and who was later to become the New Plymouth R.S.A. President had attended a family reunion and had met a Jane Webster (Ralph Wards niece). Incredibly while speaking to Ralph she had told him that she had in her possession another one of Ralph Doughty's diaries (diary four, the long missing diary). She was then told that there was a chap in New Plymouth (myself) who also had one. Contact was then made between Jane and myself and I was able to tell her that there was more than one diary. We arranged a get together in New Plymouth, and her diary slotted neatly into a gap between diary three and five. We then arranged that I would take all the diaries to her place and through some great work by Jane Webster and Gary Danvers, the whole set of five diaries were transcribed and typed up into a readable format.

Tony Kivell

Ralph's Diary History

Our family was very fortunate that Ralph had had the inclination to take with him through his military service a means to record his personal experiences. This being in the form of five front line diaries that travelled with him through several campaigns. And that he also had had the fortitude and willingness to be able to make day-by-day entries in his diaries that so dramatically and vividly explain what the life of an artilleryman was like during World War One.

One can only gain the utmost respect for every service personal who is prepared to put themselves in harms way so that others may live without fear or tyranny, as Ralph did on many occasions, and we can only imagine what it was like to have gone through 'The Great War', but it is through the reading of Ralph's diaries that you will gain a very good understanding of what it was like for him.

From dawn till dusk and through many sleepless nights, from the heat and sands of Egypt, to the rain and snow of Gallipoli, and then onto the bloody battlefields of The Western Front and Passchendaele, Ralph's set of diaries give a factual account of how he saw the war through his eyes, with every aspect and experience of artillery life placed onto the pages of his diaries so that by the time you read his final entry on the 16 March 1917, you will have gained an awareness of what his life was like during his nearly three years of active service.

Brief information on dates mentioned in Ralph's diaries

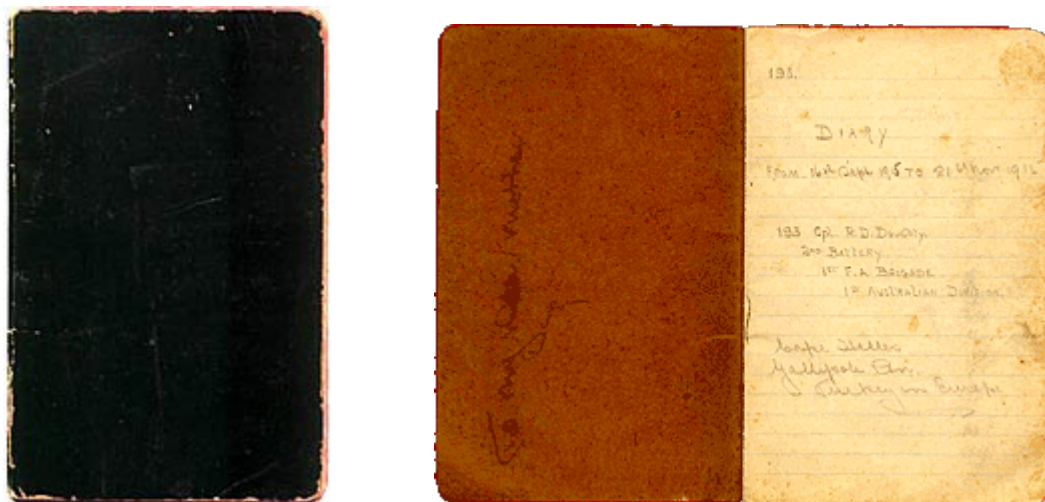
Arriving in the '*Land of the Pharaohs where rigorous training and tons of good fun and High Life generally were the rules of the road*' Ralph was to begin his first diary on the 5 April 1915, near the Pyramids, Egypt, with the entry;

"A brief account of my personal experience while on active service proper dating from April 5th 1915".

Placing his last entry on the 15 September 1915, completed in a dugout with Ralph deciding on who was to receive his first diary. This being of course his mother; '*Rained like blazes last night, but our dug-out proved quite water proof although the mud was particularly sloppy when we got out this morning. Have just rec. orders to expect a move any old time now to go to some new landing, so I suppose things will be extra brisk soon. HURRAH! Have decided to send this to Lottie*'

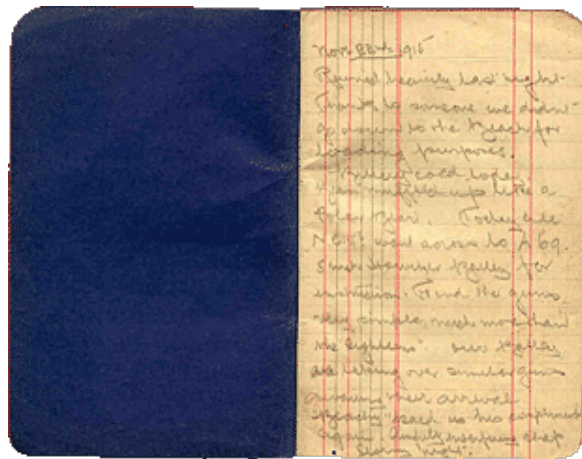


Following on from Diary One, the now Corporal Ralph Doughty placed his first entry onto the pages of Diary Two on the 16 September, with the words *'To My Dear Mother'*. This diary being a small pocket book contained entries from various battle locations on the Gallipoli peninsular. Also entering several incidences, mentioning the planes that flew around 'both friend or foe', *'22nd September 1915, Glorious day again. Early visit from a Taube. One of our planes engaged him with his machine gun, where upon the Taube found he had business elsewhere and turned tail letting rip from his own gun as he went. Heavy naval gunfire out towards Embros'*. Placing his last entry on the 21 November in action around ANZAC cove; *'The hardest work bombarding I've yet done. Reinforcements for our Bty arrived today. Awaiting orders for all night working party'*.

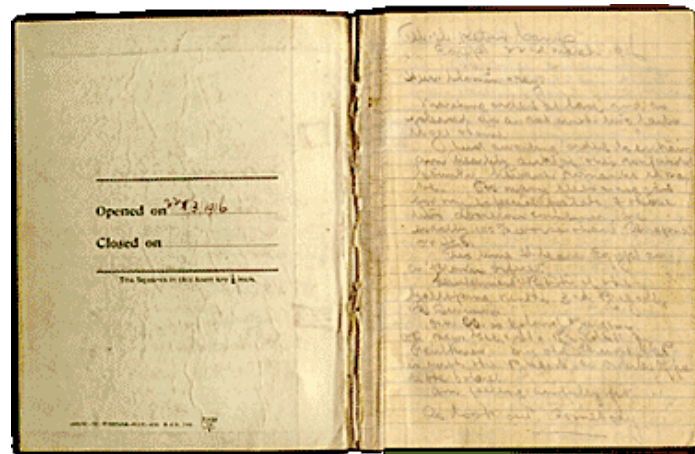
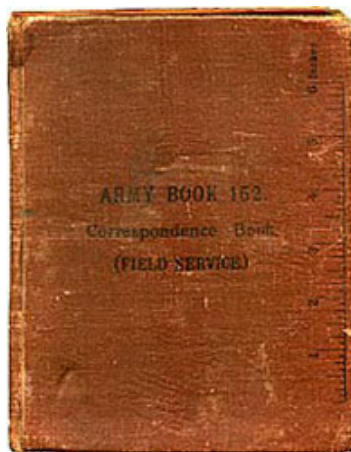


Ralph began placing entries onto the pages of Diary Three on the 22 November. This diary is also a small pocket book and also contained entries from in and around the peninsular like *Shrapnel Gully* and *Lone Pine*. Many entries 'in both these diaries' were added when Ralph was sitting on the 18lb gun seat waiting for orders to open fire; *'5th October, Arrived at destination (Shrapnel Gully) some unearthly hour this morning. This place doesn't belie its name either. Had a good view of the guns shelling one of our batteries perched away up on a ridge to our left. 29th November, The heaviest bombardment the Turks have given us for months. Sent over 8.2 HE Howitzers. Smashed Lone Pine about. Casualties very heavy on our side. Expecting an attack tonight.'* Ralph continued placing entries from Gallipoli up until the general evacuation order was given to return to Egypt, with the last entry being added on the 3 January 1916, back in Tel-el Kebir camp Egypt. *'Today I had a look at myself in a mirror the first look I've had for some considerable*

time, just on a month. I got a shock, believe me, and of all the curios I've yet seen, I'll confess I'm the biggest. GOD SPEED THE CROWS AND FORCE THE NARROWS.'



Diary four, which is a hard covered field service correspondence book was started on the 22 March 1916, in Tel-el Kebir Camp. It contains entries of Ralphs voyage from Egypt to Marseilles, France. Then travelling via train up and through the Champagne Districts and around the outskirts of Paris to arrive in the town of Le Havre. After a short rest at Sanvic rest camp Ralph and his battery crew travelled via train into the war zone of the Western Front, where he was to experience his first “hate” against the “Huns”, with his last entry being added on the 11 August 1916, when he was in action around the areas of Le Val de Maison and Pozieres. *11th August 1916, Getting straight most of the day. Enjoying this spell immensely. Chas, Richardson and myself went for a glorious ride this evening. Great to be able to cruise around the country without having to dodge shells and craters.*



Diary Five was started on the 12 August 1916, and is also a field service correspondence book, but with soft covers. The first entries are from in and around the areas of the Western Front, namely Vadencourt Wood and Ypres. From here Ralph travelled on through into Belgium and onto the muddy bloody battle fields of Passchendaele.

Ralphs last area of reference in his fifth diary was on the 11 March 1917, from the town of Albert (which is 4km south of Brussels), when he visited the officers club for afternoon tea, from here Ralph went on to make his last entry in his set of five diaries a few days later with what has to be a very appropriate and poignant ending for an artilleryman who had given his all since enlisting in Sydney back on the 28 August, 1914.

16th March 1917

Better day today. Very heavy bombardment on both left, right and centre.



As a Kivell family member, I have been very privileged to have seen, and read the five war time diaries that my great, great uncle Lieutenant Ralph Dorschel Doughty placed entries in during his military service in World War One. And I hope that this story on the life that he lived both here in his native New Zealand, as well as during the time that he spent in Australia, and from there onto his service for the AIF (Australian Imperial Force), will pay full respect to him and honour the life that he lived, being that he is such a respected family member.

A whole generation of brave young men lost their lives when one 19 year old assassin from Slavic, fired two bullets. This occurred on the 28 June 1914, in Sarajevo, with the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand - heir to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, along with his wife Sophie. This was the catalyst which then led to the outbreak of World War I and went on to cost 15 million lives, with my great, great uncle being one of them, as sadly his fate was that on the 23 July 1917, he sustained a shell fragment wound to the abdomen (from friendly fire), while 'in action' to then die of his wounds two days later. Ralph like so many other brave servicemen made the ultimate sacrifice for his country far, far away on the field of battle, and will not be forgotten.

After receiving their 'Full Marching Orders' to go ashore at Gaba Tepe on the 26 April, 1915, servicemen of the 2nd Battery, 1st Field, Artillery Brigade would not have known what lay ahead for them on such an arid and inhospitable peninsula. Being towed ashore aboard overloaded punts, young ANZAC troops these brave men, 'that had never before experienced enemy fire' were greeted by a hail of bullets and artillery fire, sent from Turkish troops that were stationed in well fortified trenches and forts.

After observing naval fire all that morning, Ralph Doughty was having a quiet snooze when at 1 pm he was woken up by a 'Majestic' broadside to receive 'Full Marching Orders' to go ashore. He writes: '*saw to the slinging of horses and got aboard the punt, and was towed ashore by a mine-sweeper. Within a mile from the shore we became a mark for the enemy's snipers. On getting to the shore, rec. orders to go back as the landing was too crowded. Didn't we curse, but orders are orders on service, so back we went. I'd like to have 5 minutes with that particular officer who handed out that order. The enemies snipers got busy again but only splashed the water around us.*'

Ralph's second attempt to get ashore was more successful. Being told that they were to reinforce the 29th Div at Cape Helles, the battery came ashore on 4 May: '*Arrived at destination 2.30 pm. Started disembarking ashore at 5 pm. The foreshore is absolutely lined with trenches and graves. Our chaps lost terribly. The bay*

itself was strongly fortified and barbed wire was placed 80 yds out from the shore under water, so as to entangle the boats.’ and men.

Moving inland about 4 miles to advanced trenches, *‘getting shelled all the way’*, the battery began to dig emplacements for the guns, to commence firing at night, *‘only to get peppered in return. No casualties but there was a sniper who nearly scored one hit I happen to know about.’*

Further information on the wound that Lieutenant Ralph. D. Doughty received on 23 July 1917 at Coxyde Bains, Belgium up until his death 3 days later, has been sent to me ‘just over one year ago’, from Australia, by the son of Lt Kingsmill, who had been standing next to Ralph when he received his fatal wound.

Extracted from the memoir of Lt Ken. S. Kingsmill.



20-23 July 1917, I went over to the control pit to see if any news had been received as to what was going on and, as I came round one side, Lieutenant Doughty came round the other and we met at the entrance to the pit. He put his hand behind me and said “Go on, hop in ‘Kingie””, which I did. He fell in behind me. A premature from one of the 12th Brigade guns just behind us had sent a splinter in his back and out his stomach. We got a stretcher, cut down the gas curtain, and sent him off to the dressing station. He was a fine man and a very well-liked Officer. On 23 July, Had news that Doughty was doing well. Got to bed at 4.30 a.m. on 25 July and up again at 9 a.m. Rainy and dull all day and we got word that Doughty had died at the 15th Corps Dressing Station.

7 August 1917, Rode into Bray Dunes again on 7 August, then on to Coxyde Military Cemetery where I planted a small wooden cross on Lieutenant Doughty’s grave and got back to wagon lines at 10.45 p.m.

Now after 95 years ‘to the day’ Donald ‘the son of Lt Kingsmill’ has returned to Coxyde Military Cemetery and has again placed a small wooden cross and poppy on the grave of Lt R.D. Doughty MC, to pay his respect and thank him for what he had done for his family so long ago. Knowing that if positions were reversed back in 1917, he may not be here today.



Taken in Stratford

Ralph's Early Family and Military History

Ralph Doughty was born in Stratford, New Zealand on the 1 October 1891, and was the youngest of eight children born to William and Susanna Doughty. He spent his early years growing up in Stratford and went through the public education system. On leaving school he went on to serve for five years with 'H' Battery in the New Zealand Field Artillery service, after which he left at the completion of his service.

Ralph then got his first job as a warehouseman in Stratford, but soon decided that when he was old enough he would travel over to Australia to seek a job that was more rewarding and better paying, this he did in 1913 at the age 22. Ralph gained residence in 'Craignathan', Hayes Street, Neutral Bay, Sydney, New South Wales, - but from this point onward little else is known about his personal life while living in Australia, things like whether he ever managed to get the job he went over the Tasman Sea for.

It was not until Ralph entered the military service for the AIF and records started to be kept that more information was gathered on his life. These military records were obtained from both the Australian National Archives, who supplied the family with a total of 93 documents, and from military information that was gathered from the AIF project database.

Ralph also supplied his own military records through the entries that he made in his diaries. They show that his life in the service of the AIF was a complete, full and rewarding one. Being assigned to the 1st FAB, 2nd Battery unit in Sydney on the 28 August 1914, and allotted army number 193 (*showing how close he was to being the first to sign up*). He then began his initial training in Australia before embarking for overseas

service from Sydney, NSW aboard the Transport 'A8 Argyllshire' on the 18 October 1914, travelling onto Egypt to complete his training. It was from here that Ralph started his first diary.

Enlistment and Diary dates

Ralph enlisted on the 28 August 1914 to die of wounds received in battle on the 25 July, 1917, this being a total of 2 years, 10 months, and 29 days of active service.

Ralph had starting his diaries on the 5 April 1915 in Egypt, and ending them in Passchendaele on the 16 March 1917. This covered a total of 1 year, 10 months, and 46 days through three major campaigns of Gallipoli, the Western Front and finally Passchendaele.

Ralph's Promotional Record

Ralph's progress through the ranks started when he initially enlisted as an artilleryman on the 28th August 1914 then during the Gallipoli campaign he was appointed to Acting Corporal on the 20th June 1915 to be then made Provisional Corporal on the same day. On the 12th March 1916 on Ralph's arrival in Tel El Kebir, Egypt he was promoted to 2nd Lieutenant and was then finally promoted to 1st Lieutenant on the 13th June 1916 when he was in action at Flanders Fields as shown below from his entry that have been extracted from his diary.

9th July 1916

R.O.O today. Went out exercising horses this morning. Afterwards jumped some of the horses. Several visits from Taubes today. The Colonel paid us a visit today and brought with him the news that my 2nd star has been confirmed. So from now on I hold the rank of a First Lieutenant. What a Dorg.

Ralph was also awarded his Military Cross on the 9th April 1917, for his action at HERMIES (which is situated 16km SE of Arras)

Lieutenant Ralph Dorchel DOUGHTY

"For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when acting as Forward Observation officer. He sent back most valuable information and was responsible for bringing artillery fire to bear on the enemy at a critical time."

Source: 'Republished in the Commonwealth Gazette'

Date: 11th October 1917.

Ralph's Replica set of Military Medals



Military Cross *ANZAC* *1914 - 1915* *British* *Victory*
Awarded 8th May 1917 *Medallion* *Star* *War Medal* *Medal*

The Military Cross M.C. was instituted in 1918. It is awarded to junior officers and senior non commissioned officers of the Army for courage and devotion to duty on active service.

Anzac Commemorative Medallion, was given to every Anzac soldier who served on the Gallipoli Peninsula, or was in direct support of operations there, or his family if he did not survive until into the late 1960s - was entitled to be issued with the Anzac Commemorative Medallion.

The 1914 - 15 Star, this medal was awarded to servicemen and servicewomen who served between August 1914 and December 1915, provided they had not qualified for the 1914 Star. This included service at Gallipoli.

The British War Medal, this medal was instituted in 1919 to recognise the successful conclusion of the 1914 - 18 War. Its coverage was later extended to recognise service until 1920, mainly in mine clearing operations at sea.

The Victory Medal, this medal was issued to all those who had already qualified for the 1914 or 1914-15 Stars, and to most persons who had already qualified for the British War Medal. The Victory Medal is distinguished by its unique 'double rainbow' ribbon. Approximately 6 million of these medals were issued to military personnel from the British Empire.

Medical Record

Along with so many other servicemen at Gallipoli (and elsewhere) Ralph suffered from Pyrexia (severe fever). So on the 27 July 1915 he was evacuated back to a hospital ship and then onto Lemnos Island to recover. He returned to duty, although not back to 100% health on the 5 August 1915 when he was landed back on 'W' beach in the early hours of the morning and was then back into action later that same evening.

Ralph received an injury when he was wounded in action at Flers, France on the 18 November 1916 after a shell explosion buried him and he sustained a concussion blast in the head and an injury to his shoulder and had to be admitted to the 38th Casualty Clearing Station before being transferred to the Ambulance Train No 26 on the 19 November 1916. He was admitted to No 8 General Hospital, Rouen where it was found he was suffering from Trench Feet, which is an infection of the feet caused by cold, wet and insanitary conditions.

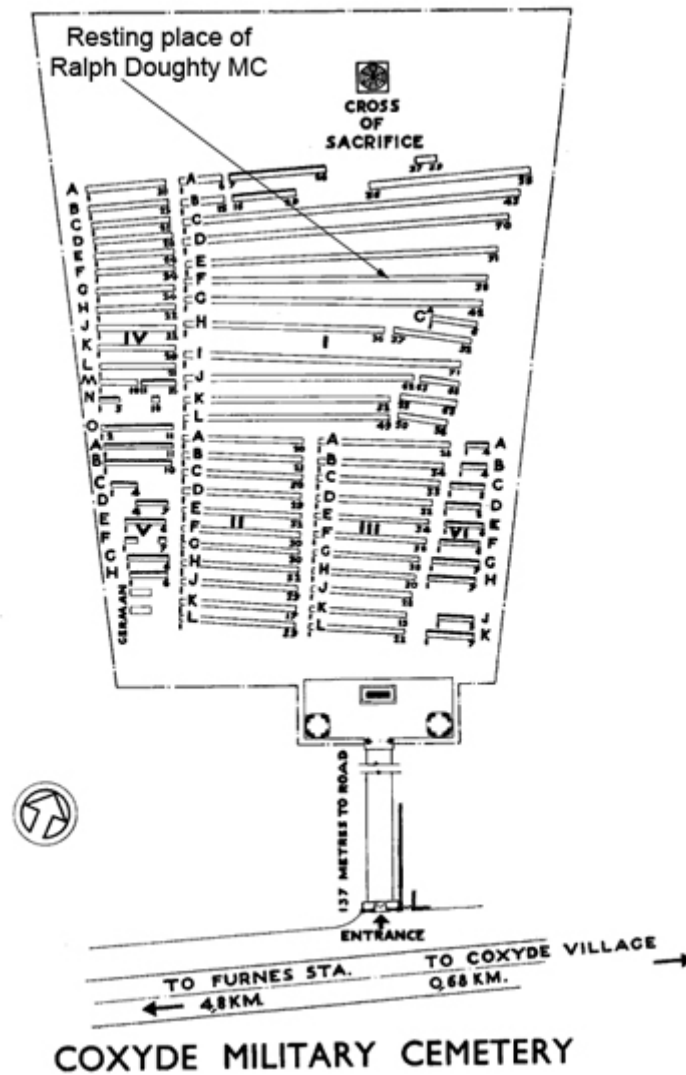
From there he was transferred back to England on the 21 November 1916 and admitted to the 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth on the 22 November 1916, for recuperation.

After recovering from his injuries Ralph was discharged to No 1 Command Depot, Perham Downs on the 27 December 1916 and was marched out to the Reserve Brigade, Australian Artillery at Heytesbury on the 21 January 1917 and preceded back overseas to France on the 31 January 1917 to rejoin the 9th Battery, 3rd Field Artillery Brigade on the 9 February 1917.

Ralph was again wounded in action at Passchendaele, Belgium, on the 23 July 1917 when he sustained a gunshot wound to the abdomen and was admitted to the 91st Field Ambulance Station. But this time lady luck was not with him and he did not recover from his wounds and died two days later on the 25 July 1917 at the age of 26. Ralph was laid to rest at Coxyde Military Cemetery, Plot I, Row F, Grave No 20, Belgium.



His Duty Done



Acknowledgments

I would first like to acknowledge the assistance that Jane Webster and Gary Danvers gave with the transcribing of Ralph's five diaries. Without their skill and dedication the life that Ralph Doughty experienced during WWI would have remained on the pages of his diaries in an unreadable format. It is with gratitude that we thank them both, knowing that it would have taken many long hours of hard work to transcribe the diaries, and for their effort we thank them both very much.

I would also like to personally thank Jane for allowing the family to acquire the fourth diary which had been missing for many years. Its existence was only discovered through sheer luck and now completes the series of five diaries that Ralph was known to have written.

I would like to thank the National Archives of Australia for the care and attention they have given in preserving Ralph's military records during the various Field Artillery Brigades that he was in. From his enlistment with the 2nd Battery, 1st Field Artillery Brigade through to the 9th Battery, 3rd Field Artillery Brigade.

And finally I would like to thank Ralph for leaving such a legacy for current and future generations to read. The information and knowledge that is gained through the reading of the diaries, fully explains just what the life as an artilleryman was like throughout WWI.

You will not be forgotten

**Wreath placed on ANZAC day
Coxyde Military Cemetery, Belgium.**



*They shall grow not old
As we that are left grow old
Age shall not weary them
Nor the years condemn
At the going down of the sun
And in the morning
We will remember them*

Information on the Diaries

With the original transcribing of the diaries some of the words have eluded the transcribers. So they have just left as a series of or there may be a guess as in what the entry was [Gillagan?]. Ralph also made his own comments through his diaries and these were round bracketed (thus). Also explanations and expansions of slang terms were indicated similar to the guesses but without the question mark. Some locations in and around the areas of the Western Front and Passchendaele have also been hard to interpret so these have had to be [guessed?].

After I had read Ralph's diaries several times I have filled in some of the gaps that were unfortunately to difficult to transcribe. These gaps were due to several reasons.

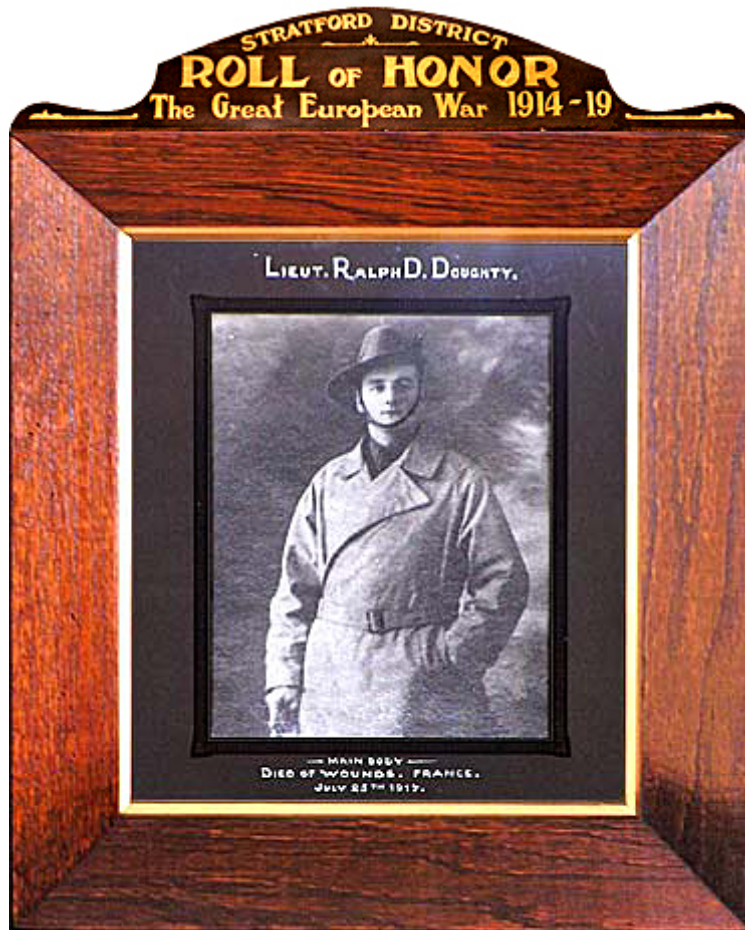
The age of the diaries being the main one, in that they are now over 93 years old and were written with indelible pencil that has faded slightly. These entries are also written in a left hand backward slope format.

The diaries have also been written under various battle and weather conditions, while sitting on the 18 lb gun seat waiting for orders to open fire or while Ralph was suffering from illness or fatigue. So the entries that

Ralph wrote into his diaries are either written with very short entries for his more active days or longer entries during his days of rest.

Peter Kivell

In the Hall of Remembrance



Stratford, Taranaki, New Zealand

Diary One

Dated from the

5th April 1915 to the 15th September 1915



Bound in leather covers, either from a horse saddle or soldiers back pack.

With a copper wire woven through the spine of the diary to keep it all together.

Diary size - 11.5 x 17 cm (still in- tacked today)

Covering the locations of Egypt and the campaign on of Gallipoli peninsular.

Australia to Egypt (Cairo)

A brief account of my personal experience while on active service proper dating from

April 5th 1915

5th April 1915

After having come from Australia per SS 'Argyleshire' and arriving in the Land of the Pharaohs where rigorous training and tons of good fun and High Life generally were the rules of the road we got embarkation orders thank God! So here's to it and may our little flutter which we are about to have tend in some way to weight his balance against 'His most Satanic Majesty THE KAISER'. I was detailed to be in charge of 3 goods waggons in one of Cairo's many railway stations. Having got there, I started looking around for the necessary something to eat. Had a last stroll around the square. Posted a photo to cousin Annie in England. Had a last bath at the National (*awfully tender memories of that place*). The devil alone knows when we'll get another. 7.15pm we started entraining. Had charge of 30 waggons. Loaded one truck in 25 minutes. Have developed into a real nigger driver. Got informed by the entraining officer that ours was the quickest he had seen. What dogs we must be. Goodbye Cairo. 0.45am slept in a truck with the gun stores.

Arrival at Alexandria



Australian troops cooling off by taking a swim at Alexandria (NW)

6th April 1915

Arrived in Alexandria 4.am Woke up somewhere about this morning by a nigger crawling all over me, mistook me for the carriage door mat I think. I knew it was a nigger by the beautiful perfume that pervaded the air when such creatures are at large, also by the yell he emitted when I soiled my right boot. I crawled out in the rain and saw to the unloading of the trucks. Had my first feed of Bully Beef and Biscuits. Gee but it's hard feed. I was on guard all day keeping inquisitive niggers from poking their noses into other peoples

concerns, suits my present mood splendidly. Slept in some goods shed on the wharf. Stone floor, ugh. Darn sight worse than sand.

7th April 1915

I woke up with an awfully stiff back. Had a wash in a horse trough. No extra charge for the oats and chaff which were floating about. Exercised horses most of the morning. One moke [donkey] wanted to give an exhibition of Tango or shake hands with me, and succeeded in planting me one on the leg. Spell to in the afternoon and went into the city at night after having an argument with a cabbie. Just to show our independence. Had supper at a German Restaurant. They came off second best. Remarkable what you pick up nowadays. Norman had an 'accident' he usually does. Leave expired at 9.30. Woke up to the fact that it was nearly that when we observed the time, so made a night of it.

8th April 1915 (Thursday)

Nothing said about last night's jollo. Transformed into the N.C.O. of Police today. Nothing to do so accepted an invitation to dinner with Cairns from the skipper of the White Star Liner 'Canada'. Capt was also the skipper of the Mersey. Remember her in Sydney. Had a great time. Smoked some of his delicious cigars also consumed one or two Dewar's White Label too. Had a bath. Went into the city again at night after being relieved from duty. Mafeesh felice so came home. Wrote home.

9th April 1915

Worked in the stables in the earlier part of the morning then started loading horses and guns. Got orders to get aboard early this afternoon. Got there and can't get back again. Great quarters here. Packed like sardines. On board with us are the B.H.Q. and the B.A.C. Up on deck most of the night. Find that our craft is named the SS 'Indian'. Can't leave anything Niggerish behind me of course. Every time I see those black angels I want to break the sixth commandment. Bunk at 12.

Voyage from Egypt (Alexandria) to Lemnos

10th April 1915

Left the wharf at 12 noon. Saw the last of Alexandria at 2 pm. Great city and absolutely Eastern in appearance. Splendid shipping accommodation. Contrary to expectations we went straight out of the harbour instead of anchoring in the stream for a day or so. Don't know where we're off to. Think it's the Dardanelles. Beautifully calm. Drew one months pay in advance. Wish I had leave ashore tonight!

11th April 1915

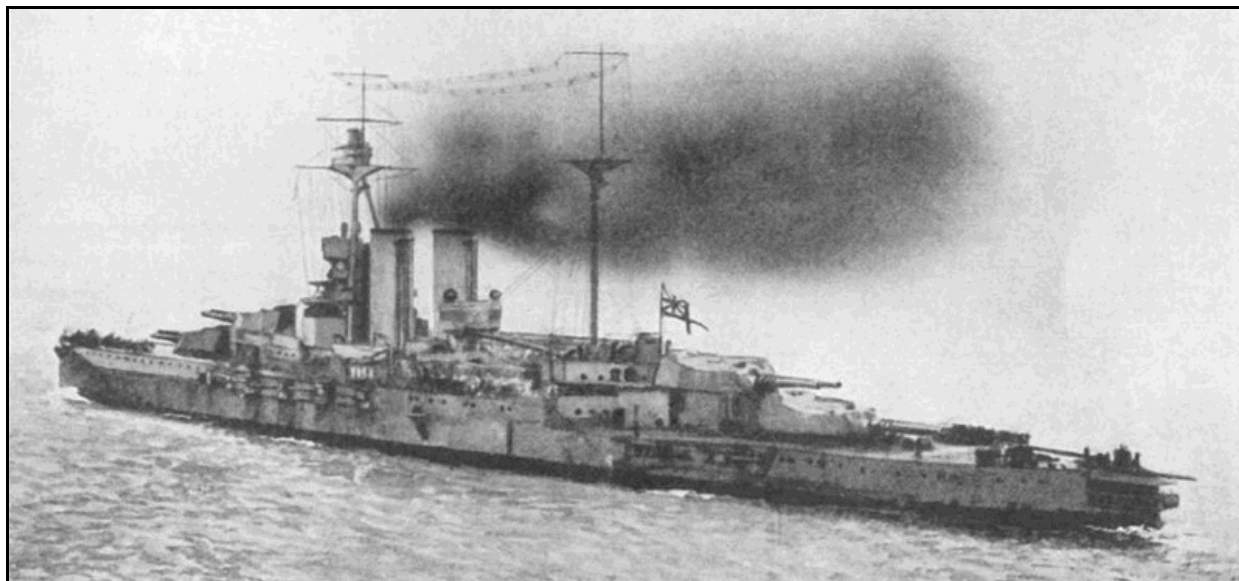
Had charge of the stable all day. Sea still smooth. Norman on sick list. Have suddenly been transformed into a nurse, making lemon drinks chloriodine doses. Bovril and gruel. Passed some island at 6 pm. Had a bath with a slight colouring of 'Phenol'. Guess the cause for taking such strict measures? Played washer woman gag tonight. Rotten hand at it though. Active service doesn't account for a lot of privileges.

12th April 1915

Arrived at Lemnos. Anchored under torpedo protection at 5.30 pm. Splendid naval base. About 50 or 60 ships here now. Transports and warships passed the Askold, two French Monitors and several English warships, including the Queen whose band received us with 'It's a Long Way to Tip'. A first class battleship name unknown but flying the white ensign passed us a short time after we anchored. Splendid sight. Saw one

cruiser, which from outward appearances has been in action. Just got an order 'Enemy's aeroplanes about, douse all lights' so it's bunk with a vengeance tonight.

Arrival at Lemnos Island



H.M.S. Queen Elizabeth used to support Anzac troops at Gallipoli (GW)

13th April 1915

Found out that the unknown battleship of yesterday is the Queen Elizabeth, known generally throughout this Division as just plain 'Lizzie'. Believe she is to support us in our first scrap. Been around several of the fleet today with Lt Selmes etc. Brought a luxury in the form of three loaves of bread. Got it pretty rough coming home. Nelsonian days over again. Got wet through, but didn't mind that as it was a welcome change to that infernal sand. Mail came aboard today. Mine 'nonest'. Heard an amusing thing about Lizzie. She leaves here early in the morning and goes up to the Dardanelles tickles the Turks up a bit, and returns here in time for tea.

14th April 1915

Real NZ day after yesterday's squall. Norman OK again. Arrival of more troopships. Believe we are going to get particular 'Hell' when we land. Let 'em all come. All our 18 lb ammunition fused and ready packed with 1000 rounds per gun. Guess the Turks will think its Christmas or Guy Fawkes night when the eighteens start. Chas and I played 500 with Burnell and Challen tonight. It's a shame what we did to them. Chas and I always did play together and really I reckon we're 'hot stuff'. Got a present of one bottle of wine. Active service uncertainties again.

15th April 1915

Another NZ day today although a bit chilly. Feel it somewhat after being fairly well stewed in Australia and Egypt. Still awaiting the arrival of more troopships. Saw a British Dirigible today. Believe it is to work in conjunction with our forces for observation purposes. Considerable number of aeroplanes and hydroplanes here also. Rumoured that we leave here tomorrow night. Hope so. We're all itching to have a go, more so, because we were done out of that camel affair. On picquet tonight.

16th April 1915

Weather still fine. Went for another pull around several troopships today although was disappointed at not getting ashore. Was alongside our biggest transport, the Minnewaski only 15,000 tons. No word about our leaving as yet. A circular issued by General Birdwood says that our coming fight will be one of the hardest and greatest in the war. Hope so. Lizzie leaves here at 12 pm loaded with 15 inch shrapnel and our friends will be wondering what on earth's up by this time tomorrow. Still waiting for mail.

17th April 1915

Tried to get ashore today. FAILED MISERABLY. Got official news of a scrap somewhere in Asia Minor where our troops routed the 25th Turkish Div. and a cavalry regiment. Some beggars have all the luck. Wish we could shift from here. Can't find out anything. Got a new 'possie' tonight. Slept under the guns. Had a pal come round after lights out, and bought two bottles of G.S. also one of port. Didn't do anything with them either.

18th April 1915

Still here and feeling desperate. Awfully funny to have the desire to slay someone. Got ashore today (Lemnos Is). Had a ripping swim but on the first plunge thought the north pole had shifted. Bought luxuries in the form of bread milk and cocoa. Got aboard again, and varied the programme by driving the port winch, Chas driving the starboard do. At tea tonight had a fine view of our aeroplanes in flight. More comfortable than watching Guillaux at Victoria Park. Just a minor diversion from feeding.



Activity in Mudros Bay, Lemnos, with troopships in the background and French troops in the foreground.

19th April 1915

Last night one of our troopships was chased by a German submarine. They fired three torpedoes at her, none of which took effect. Our troopships managed to get a 'wireless' through to the Queen and a few minutes afterwards three destroyers were going some for the scene of the fun. They didn't half fix things up either, only took quarter of an hour. Troopships and destroyers arrived back safe and sound. Been transferring horses over the side into punts. Great fun. Sealed orders came tonight. Something doing I fancy.

20th April 1915

Lemnos weather woke up and shows what it can do in the way of gales, not particularly warm either. Think the equator must have dropped south an extra few degrees. Nothing great doing today. Had a vaccination inspection. The M.O. had the colossal hide to tell me I had to be done again. Wish he had had the loan of my arm when I was done in Sydney. Anyhow, I'll see him in a much warmer place than this before a second injection eventuates. Done a bit more winch driving today. Really expert at driving such animals. On picquet tonight.

21st April 1915

A continuance of the gale. Raining like Old Nick. A storm in a tea cup at lunch today. Two individuals disputed our M.O.'s right to two certain dixies of tea and supported their argument by planting him a couple, one of which broke his nasal organ and a real silencer on the back of the head. Our fighting men immediately equalised the scene, both pugilists being handled in good old British way. Submarine AE2 passed our port quarter this evening. Beef tea, cards, a lecture by Sgt Olding the order of the evening.

22nd April 1915

Weather a bit better today. Got a great surprise last night. Mail came aboard. Rec one each from Lot and Bert, and some person brought down a bottle of port. Australian mail this morning, caught a few. Informed that our Battery has been chosen to land and get to it first. We must be dogs. Bought some bread and coffee from a bumboat tonight. Preparation for a little select supper tonight. Guests Sgt Gibson, Norman, Chas and myself. List of goods consumed to follow. Lecture by someone who didn't know what he was talking about.

23rd April 1915

Beano almost honest. Couldn't get any sandwiches and Norman dropped a bottle of claret, and of course bent it! Lovely day. Sgt Clowes, Grs Tanner and Brown left here today. Sgt C being detailed to go ashore and direct the shrapnel fire from the warships. Great excitement at present. Expecting sailing orders any minute. All units been detailed for landing. Kept beano up tonight.

24th April 1915

Issued with 50 rounds 303. Individual positions detailed for landing. Weighed anchor at 12 am. Grand sight, must have been 50 warships anchored in there. Escorted by two French subs, and Her Majesty 'Lizzie'. Passed quite close to the famous Triumph. Have several of her crew on board. Had a long yarn with two of them. Gee but they've seen something. Sea smooth as glass. Arrived at rendezvous at 5 pm. Expect to disembark tomorrow morning. Then the curtain goes up and the drama starts. All feeling fit as fiddles 'out yer'.

25th April 1915

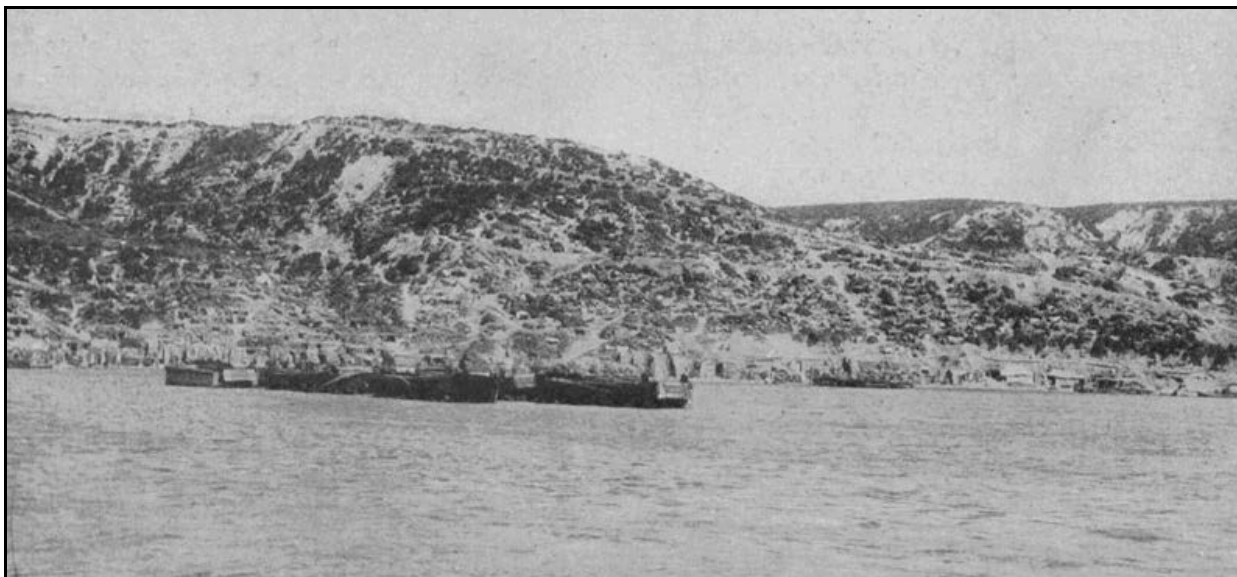
Anchor hoisted at 11.45 pm. Norman and I there to see it come up all right. Had a final beano, very satisfactory. Norman and I partook of supper again at 12.30. Went and did an hour's stoking in the stoke hold. Woke up at 5.30 by the roar of guns. Twelve battleships shelling Old Nick out of the forts and batteries of our friends. Range about 5 miles. Gunfire ripping, execution ditto. It's now 11.45 and they're still at it only a mile away from us. Had to up anchor and get out at about 10.30. The Turks had the hide to range on us and sent over 11 6 inch shells altogether. One shell lobbed 100yds from the next boat to us (about 200yds away)

and threw an immense column of water over her bows. A destroyer about 600yds away nearly stopped one. Thought she was hit, for she keeled over. But she's still going strong. Bombardment lasted until dark. Extra heavy between 5 and 6.30 pm. The Majestic was particularly warming things up. One fort was completely demolished. Haven't had a shot from there since 2 pm. All day long our infantry have been storming the sea front entrenchments. Chas and I took Challen and Burnell down again at night.

First Gallipoli Landing at Gaba Tepe

26th April 1915

Woke up at 6.15 by the 'Majestic's' broadside. Proves a real good alarm clock. Observing the naval fire all the morning. Was having quite a snooze about 1 pm when Gibson woke me up with 'Full Marching Orders' to go ashore. Saw to the slinging of horses and got aboard the punt, and was towed ashore by a mine-sweeper. Within a mile from the shore we became a mark for the enemy's snipers and they served it up pretty hot, one bullet went through Doc's haversack, while another introduced itself to Sgt Gurd and myself as we were sitting together. Missed Gurd's head by a matter of decimals of an inch. Passed close to 'London' as she let go a broadside. Knocked one chap's cap off. On getting to the shore, rec. orders to go back as the landing was too crowded. Didn't we curse, but orders are orders on service, so back we went. I'd like to have 5 minutes with that particular officer who handed out that order. The enemies snipers got busy again but only splashed the water around us.



A view of the Gaba Tepe Landing

Back onboard the SS. Indian

27th April 1915

Went to bed absolutely down and out last night. Awfully disappointed at not being allowed to land. Woke up at 5.30 this morning by bursting shells. Seems to me they can't leave this craft alone. Four 10 inch lyddite shells lobbed in the water close to us, one rang in my ears for sometime afterwards. Their gunnery is rotten, made an awful mess of the water. Got the order to clear out of range. Put back to sea at 9 am. Went SW on some shrewd movement. Cruised about all day and part of the night. Curse that officer. Bunk 9.30.

28th April 1915

Party detailed last night, went ashore by the navy's fire. Didn't find anybody to fight with or dispute their landing so came back. Anyhow a little later a Turkish observation station was located, which the 'Amethyst' reduced to nothing much in two shots, range 6 miles. Cruised around all afternoon, but could not draw the enemy's fire. Still waiting a fitting opportunity to land at the main landing place on Gaba Tepe. AE2 and another British sub got into the Sea of Marmora and sank a transport. Our troops succeeded in establishing themselves 11.5 miles inland. Great praise from the Powers that Be. Naval men greatly taken with the first wild charge. Bunk 9.30.

29th April 1915

Woke up to find a real gale raging. Blowing is no name for it. Cold as charity. Still playing the waiting game, but wish that our landing orders would come quickly. This afternoon played a game of drawing the enemy's fire just south of our landing place. They let drive at us but no sooner had the cruisers spotted the flash than it was good-night Ethel. Had another beano tonight.

30th April 1915

Woke up this morning by a broadside from the 'Queen'. Found out that we were back at our old landing at Gaba Tepe. The Turks main arsenal (in Maidos) has been set on fire by lyddite from the battleships. It's still burning fiercely a few miles inland. Heard today some awful atrocities committed on our wounded. C.O. and Adjutant gone ashore this afternoon. Bombarding 2nd ridge inland all day. Another beano tonight. Something starting with F.

1st May 1915

First of the shooting season at home today. We're still after bigger game here. Heavy bombardment all day. The 'Queen' anchored about a mile away, made splendid practice on an enemy's trench. She fired six rounds at this target, all proving effective. When the smoke had cleared, exit trench. Have quite changed my opinion of the Turks. Always thought they compared favourably with Americans, all boast. But what they have stood in reference to gunfire is marvellous. Message dispatched from G.O.C. to our Divisional C.O. Your Australians have done wonders. Bombardment all day.

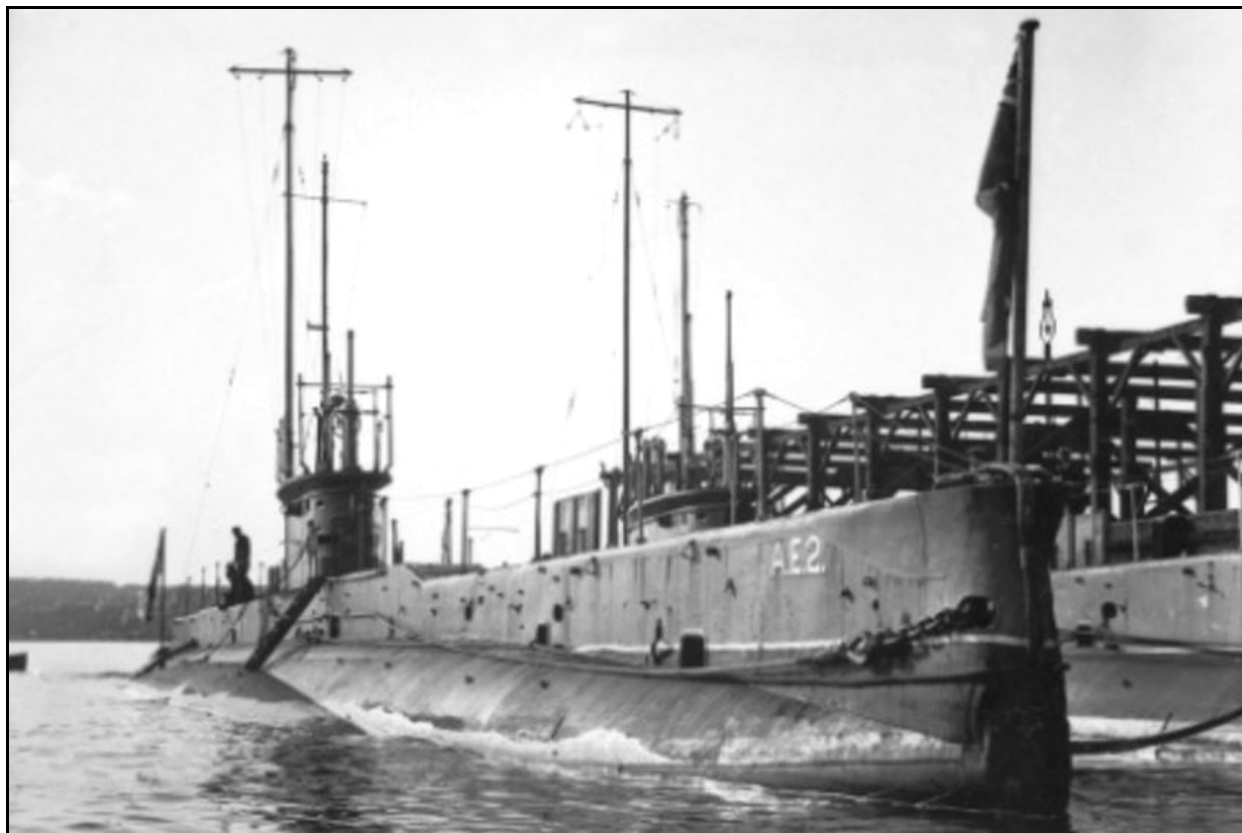
2nd May 1915

Things very quiet on shore today. Only about 50 shells lobbed by the fleet. Our 29th Div effected another landing away on the left called Cape Helles. From all accounts they had a pretty stiff time. Tonight from 6 till 8 the heaviest bombardment commenced. It was glorious to watch. One Turkish battery was blown up with six shots. Had a ripping view of it. The concussion of the guns shook our ship some. The gunnery was marvellous. Aeroplane observation. Casualty list on board 5000 killed and wounded. Sgt Goldring whom I met at Mena, is seriously wounded. Hamish went on board the Murmansk to see his Pater. Lt Col. N. bought back bread, milk, jam etc, and Ye Gods Yummies for all. Big beano tonight.

3rd May 1915

Heavy bombardment this morning. Had orders to get close in and get ready to disembark, when our friends lobbed several shells at us. One chap, about a 10 inch, landed square on the foremost derrick of the boat next to us. Killed and wounded 16. They had our range, and just put them in to their hearts content. Had to put

out to sea once more, and remained there for the rest of the day. Just finished beano tonight when Olding came along and told us we were to reinforce the 29th Div at Cape Helles. Great excitement. All just about mad. Weighed anchor 11.25 pm.



HMAS AE2, in dock in Sydney, circa 1914

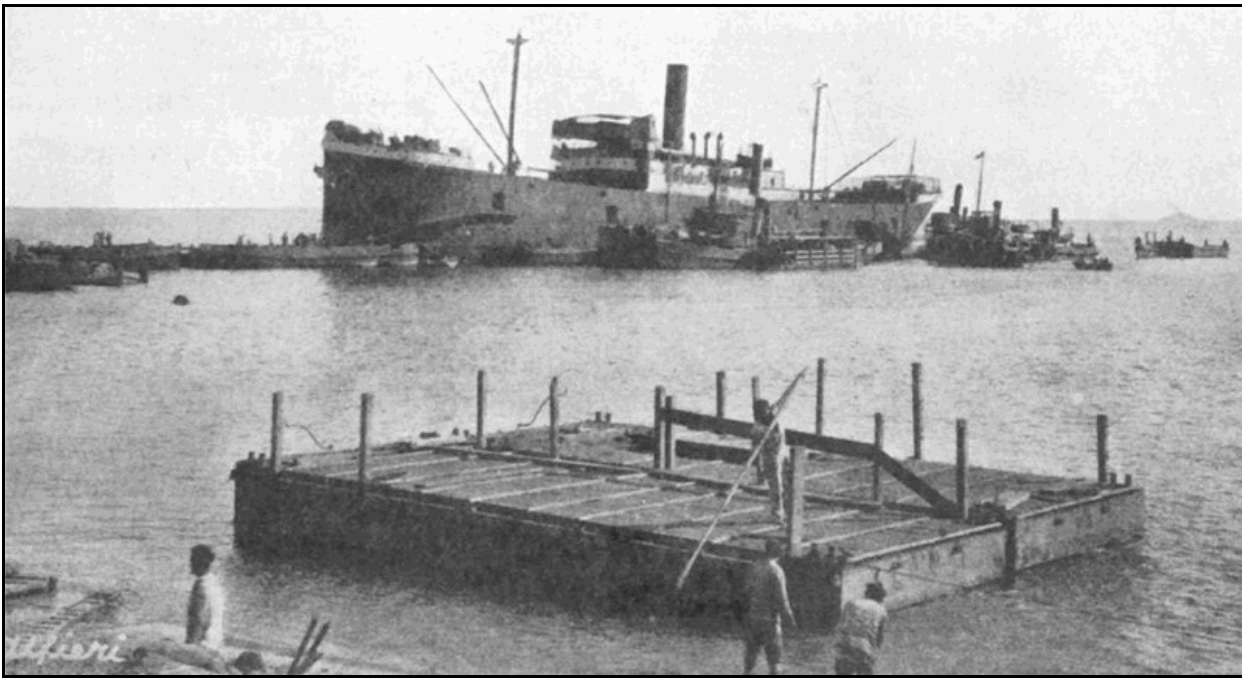
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Landing at Cape Helles

4th May 1915

Arrived at destination 2.30 pm. Started disembarking ashore at 5 pm. Saw to the guns coming off safely. Then Norman, Todd and self went for a stroll, just to see the sights. The foreshore is absolutely lined with trenches and graves. Our chaps lost terribly, and were driven back once right on the beach. The bay itself was strongly fortified and barbed wire was placed 80 yds out from the shore under water, so as to entangle the boats. Got back to the Battery and parked our guns. Bunk on terra firma once again.



The 'River Clyde' after the landing at V Beach, Cape Helles (GW)

5th May 1915

Got orders early this morning to get going. Walked about 4 miles to our advanced trenches. They (the enemy) didn't half shell us too. Saw a fragment of shell fire from 'Lizzies' 15 inch guns about 2 ft long, 2 inches thick and it took me all my time to lift it with one hand. Saw a French 75 Battery in action for the first time. Also passed a 4.5 Howitzer Battery in action. As I am writing the Lizzie is letting drive broadsides about 3 miles away. About 100yds to our left a 75 Bty is also letting drive like mad. Got to our rendezvous and started to dig emplacements for our guns. Relieved the L.Bty of their position. They are further over to our left. Opened fire at night. Got peppered in return. No casualties but there was a sniper who nearly scored one hit I happen to know about. No sleep. We are the farthest advanced Bty in this section fall in, for the best part of their sniping.

6th May 1915

Our first big action. Fighting all day and going some too. Big attack on the town of Krithia and main entrenchments of the Turks. From early morning the British and French wounded have been passing us in a continual stream. This afternoon several infantry chaps were hit around our position and many were dragged into our pits for attention and protection. Sgt Selmes and Gr Gilligan slightly wounded. As I write this seated on the left gun seat waiting for the order to open fire again, they're not half peppering us. Our friend the sniper has our range and occasionally lobs one into our pit. We're after him tonight. Reckon he's had a fairly good innings. Bitterly cold.

7th May 1915

Exit sniper. Under shell fire all day. They got our range early in the morning and won't forget it. Both English and French Battery's on either side of us had a few casualties yesterday. To our surprise we find the enemy in possession of big howitzers, one fuse head fell into our trench and is a beauty. Subjected to rifle fusillades all afternoon, got quite used to the musical noise the bullets make going overhead. Saw Chas today. Hear that Norman is all right. We're only 1200 yds off the enemies first line trench. Quiet night.



A Turkish sniper, disguised as a bush, captured by Anzacs (GW)

8th May 1915

Another big bombardment today. We were in action from 10 am till 7 pm, fired 220 rounds. 120 field guns in action together. Talk about an inferno. The noise was deafening. The naval guns supplied the base. "A" Subs gun layer had to get off his seat and get down into the shelter trench, nerves gone I hear. Regret to have to record the death of one of our most liked boys. G.H. King (Kinky) was shot through the heart while bringing up ammunition. Men from Mons say that the battle there wasn't in it with today's fight. Enemy again retreated. One Bty which we can't locate poured shrapnel into us until they must have been sick of it. Both friends and enemy lost terribly. The Turks had to ask for an armistice to bury their dead. Fierce fighting all night.

9th May 1915

Buried "Kinky" under a hill in the rear of our position. Anyhow he met his death in the way we all hope to meet it if it is to come out here, "In action". Things fairly quiet until 5 pm, when our friends started a counter attack, which came to a sticky end after 2 hours fighting. Aeroplanes report that 2

1st June 1915

Went for a stroll to the beach today. Usual happenings. I really think that the whole Turkish artillery want for me to get out in the open and then amuse themselves by raining every available gun on me. Got into a dust

up this afternoon. Believe there is going to be an attack along our whole front by our friends. We're ready for them. Any quantity of ammunition ready now. Saw Majestic today in an awful mess.

2nd June 1915

The heaviest bombardment our friends have ladled out to us. Haven't they been having a time. Just rec. some high explosive for our next bombardment. Gnr Gibbs killed tonight. Saw Chas tonight, still alive and kicking.

3rd June 1915

Buried Gnr Gibbs this morning beside 'Kinky'. Extremely interesting to know that we have 3 woman snipers now. They are down in the base quartered in a wire cage arrangement similar to what they put tigers in at the zoo. Swim this afternoon, our Asiatic friends couldn't leave us alone again and peppered us with 16 inch Howitzers, several fell in the water near us, while one landed 30 yards away while we were dressing. They can't possibly let us alone. Lt Clowes and Gnr Tanner returned today Clowes wounded in the head, Brown lost one arm.

4th June 1915

Have just got the order for the big fight. The heavy batteries in the rear are letting loose like mad with 6 inch lyddite which is tearing things up a bit in the enemies first line trenches. From the Asiatic side our friends are returning the fire with their big Howitzers. We're all ready to open fire. - 6:30 following morning. Gee, what a day we had. Woke up with a head closely resembling the feeling of "the morning after the night before". We were in action from 5 past 11 till 8:15 and only had 15 mins spell during the whole time. Our gun fired 247 rounds. The whole battery about 900. About 2 pm, Gibson got shot through the head. This was in the heat of the fight while the Turks were bringing up reinforcements. Took charge of the gun and kept firing for 3 ½ hours until Norman came up from the waggon line. The losses up on the left are pretty stiff. Our boys got them on the run, while we peppered them with shrapnel which wrought awful havoc. Our gun got almost red hot. Couldn't touch it unless you got blistered. Unfortunately I touched it. Was walking along the trench during the spell when a shell burst just in front and got a scratch on the left temple. Knocked me a bit silly, but didn't hurt much. Another 4.5 lobbed 3ft away from our muzzle and burst. Blew a portion of our pit away, but nobody hurt.

5th June 1915

10 am. Just fired 14 rounds to let our friends know we're still alive, also to give them a further taste of cast steel and cordite. Believe we are starting the circus again at 12. Hope so.

6th June 1915

9 am. Another good old go yesterday. Mechinson, Shepherd, Moore, Archer and Lee casualties. Their heavy guns plated havoc amongst our troops. Firing on and off all night. Rec. a paper from C.A. Some of our boys rec. boxes of sweets etc. while Rowlings (Motueka) rec. a xmas cake while someone else had a bottle of wine. GREAT FEAST. Very rowdy morning. Got action before breakfast and kept a warm fire for an hour. Immediately afterwards got to it hot and strong. Our gun was detailed to keep reinforcements from getting to the firing line, via a small nullah. And it did. We just waited for them to come over the far crest and they got it. We had them on toast alright. Couldn't advance or retreat and our guns cut off flanking movements by spraying each side with shrapnel. The only thing for them to do was to take cover in a bit of light scrub which they did and we got on to that scrub and searched every inch of it for 2 solid hours. I've just been to the

observation station and had a look at it with the glasses. Not a man came out of it alive. The ground is packed thickly with them. Our Colonel, Major and a few more odds and ends performed the tango with great gusto. I am as deaf as a mule in the right ear and both hands burnt a bit. We're having another go in a few minutes. Our Asiatic friends are paying particular "H" just now, with their big mobile siege guns, one shell has landed 100 away, can't see anything for smoke. Shook the ground like an earthquake. Gnr Sanderson badly wounded. Fighting all night.

7th June 1915

Very hot day. Quiet for us. This morning we find that our friends have brought up new heavy guns. Haven't found out what size shell they fire as yet but it must be easily 9 or 10 inch. They are charged with some new explosive and burnt with an awfully spiteful crack and throw fragments easily 300yds. One has just come over and landed in front of the 3rd Bty. Several chaps have been blown out. The funny part about this shell is that it just "strolls" through the air just like the hum of an aeroplane motor, but the burst is terrific and the concussion can be felt $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile away. Must be a successor to A.A. that was blown up some time back. One has just struck on the road and out of 30 men, 27 are down. Another has just lobbed in a HOSPITAL.

8th June 1915

Practically no sleep last night. We are supporting the Naval Div. in an attack on the left flank. We started at 7 pm and knocked off at 3:30 am. Had the satisfaction of learning by phone that we got the position and still holding it. Slept nearly all afternoon. This evening an aeroplane observed the gun which was firing the big shells, and our chaps got onto it with their heavy siege guns. The first shell lobbed right onto its emplacement but to make sure 9 more followed. It turned out to be a Jack Johnson, but haven't heard it since the pounding. 2 more of our horses hit today, 1 shell went right through one and burst in the second. Have only found its head and 1 fore leg up till the present.

9th June 1915

Our friends woke up again very early this morning. Must have some liver complaint. They have brought another big gun up on the Asiatic side. This one is a 13.5 siege gun firing armour piercing shells. A battleship has just gone over to inquire into things, blazing away from every starboard gun. A big howitzer shell from Ache Baba ricocheted from somewhere handy and lobbed about 12ft away while we were having tea. Fortunately it failed to explode, otherwise it would have been a perfect lesson in aviation for some of us. We went for a swim this afternoon, but they couldn't leave us alone again, one burst right over us and blew out two Frenchmen.

10th June 1915

Our friends started this morning (their innings) again at 4 am and they've been giving our position extra "H" ever since. They've got about three J.J.s stowed away somewhere and they're all firing at once. When these shells explode they send great clouds of earth easily 80ft in the air and dim the sun with their smoke. At 11 am they reached their limit. Was sitting around having a quiet smoke and a chat when those unnatural beggars from Asia lobbed a 5 inch howitzer into my dug-out about 8yds away. Had nick-named my dug-out 'The Cherubs Lounge'. Can only change the name to the 'Devils Retreat' or Hell as it is.. (Later).. Got to work and cleaned away the debris, and made another not so comfy as the first though. The fuse of this shell, after going through 7ft of solid earth, stopped in one of my blankets. Been pestered with flies all day. Bigger nuisance than the Turks. Opened fire at night.

11th June 1915

Fairly quiet day today. More British troops arrived this morning. Believe there are 60,000 on the way somewhere or other. Took the glasses and went for a stroll in the afternoon. Had a good look at our positions gained recently. We've only three more trenches to take on the left, then we've got the top of the ridge, but the hill is less formidable. Was told yesterday that it cost Greece 40,000 men in an unsuccessful attempt to take Ache Baba. Couldn't go for a dip today, our friends from Asia wanted the beach. Heavy fighting all along the infantry front.



Australian 18lb gun of the 9th Brigade under camouflage at Gallipoli – supplied with thanks from Australian War Memorial Museum Collection

12th June 1915

Heavy artillery duels the order of the day. Our Asiatic friends blew up a French 6 inch this morning Can only find a piece of a wheel and a bit of twisted steel off the beach. They couldn't be quiet if they tried. Sent us over 8 6 inch armour piercing shells tonight. Got stuck into the enemies infantry tonight.

13th June 1915

Evidently our friends located us by our flashes last night and have detailed a 6 inch gun to blow us to Australia - perhaps, anyhow from 5:30 til 8 am this morning they've been giving us particular "H", one landed 30yds from 'D' gun and dug a hole 10ft deep and 12 across, but the most remarkable prank played, I think was one of the same breed striking the road in front of our gun entering the ground, travelling 15ft underground coming out again and going for a further 25yds, stopping exactly 7ft in front of the gun, without exploding. Had it done so, 'B' sub would have been hanging on the moon by now. The only one to miss exploding out of 10. Later.... all day long we have been paid special attention by this gun and its associates. A 4.7 and 7.5 "H". No damage done however, only knocked the landscape about a bit.

14th June 1915

What a day we've had. The first man who tells me about 'Generous Asia' I'll shoot. All last night they peppered us making an awful mess of things. I'd like to get hold of the gun-layer on that 6 inch for the space of 5 minutes. Wouldn't care what happened after that. I do love that man. They've pestered us all day and towards evening their field gun took it up but we quickly shut them up, but those big brutes are out of our range. Wanted to go for a dip but couldn't. Only wish Lizzie would put in an appearance.

15th June 1915

They're still going on with the game. Was in my dug-out all morning. Sgt Bradwell has come up to relieve Norman. Sgt Gurd wounded. This evening between 6 and 7 the 4 inch battery that blew 'C' gun up, started on us again. Ron Fillstead wounded.

16th June 1915

Heavy shelling all day. Evidently they intend blowing this battery off this planet if it takes all their ammunition to do it. At one time we had three batteries at us, but we're still here. Our Asiatic friends are busy too. Located our aerodrome and started pestering it severely, so much so, that all the planes have to go up. Going some all night.

17th June 1915

Very hot day. Asia still going strong, our 7.5 engaging them. 3 large troopships at the base with some Scottish troops. Can't get down to the beach these days, Asia wants it too badly, so have turned the course of a creek and made a ripping bath in front of the gun. Battleship in action at night.

18th June 1915

Woke up this morning by a 4.7 throwing dirt all over us. Awfully pleasant, believe me. Awfully hot. This evening the Navy came up and had a word or two with Asia, sent a dozen 12 inch over. Hope they got some of our friends, particularly that howitzer. Heavy fighting all night.

19th June 1915

Shell fire again proves a good alarm clock, although it went off too early for this child this morning. Tried to get some more sleep, but our friends said NO, so that settles it I suppose. Norman and I went for a ramble to see Chas this morning. Had a good screw around, and went up to our old observing station which our Major had to evacuate because things got too hot there. Got back at noon, and received orders to go up to the 1st line infantry trenches as 2nd Artillery Observing Officer, so scrambled up here, after working out my way up by Algebra. Reported myself, and got a new wire run out for the phone, old one was broken by shrapnel, and then did some sniping. Great fun. Believe I'm here for 48 hours.

20th June 1915

This life suits me splendidly. Having the time of my life up here. Only 30yds separates our 'loved' ones and ourselves in one part of the trench, 450yds the greatest distance. Great sport sniping. They're nuts on periscopes though.

21st June 1915

Up at 3:30 this morning repairing telephone wires. Observing all day. French made a big attack on the right. Captured 3 lines of trenches, and a redoubt. Left the trench at 6:30. Got a machine gun enfilading us. Got down to the Bty. had a good feed and bath and feel O.K. Mail arrived last night, none from home. Cpl Evans and Lewis wounded.

22nd June 1915

Woke up very late this morning. Anyhow, I was in time to see 2 points as a

Taube eventually made for home. Unfortunately our Biplane never had enough pace to overtake it. Asia didn't 'Want' the beach today, so went and had a swim. Think that the big 10 inch is silenced. Haven't heard from him in 3 days now. Sing song.

23rd June 1915

Still hot. Got a surprise. Told I could have a few days down at the waggon line as there won't be much doing for a while. Got down here at 11:30. Camping with Challen. Living like a king.

24th June 1915

Very hot day. Enjoying my spell immensely. Went down at 5:30 for a swim. They irritated us again with a 15 pounder Bty. Got Frenchmen and a couple of horses. At dinner today we had a visit from a 6ft snake. Crawled between Challen and myself and into the bushes at the back of the 'Table' before we could get a shot at it.

25th June 1915

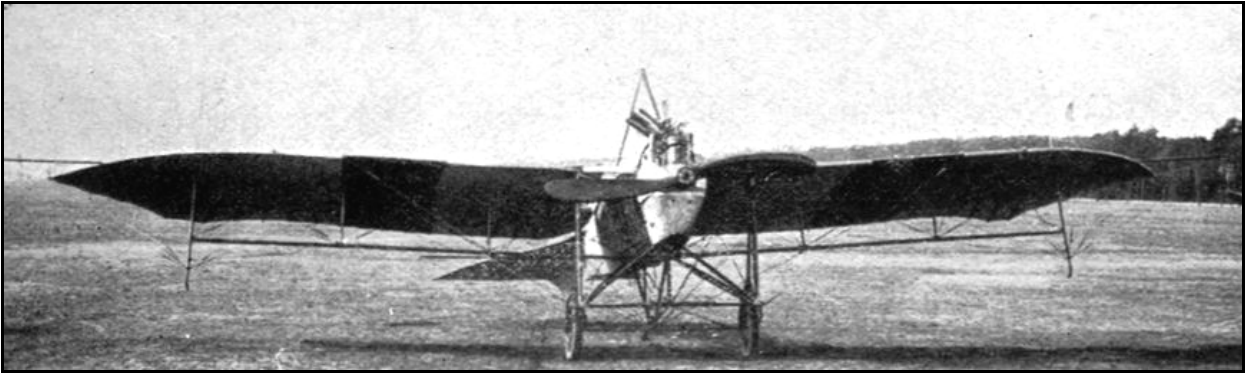
Having a great time although it's awfully hot and the flies pest the life out of you. More mail today, mine nonest. Can't make it out. Beano tonight.

26th June 1915

Wakened by a bomb dropped by a Taube, made an awful mess of a few trees etc. but as usual never done anybody any harm. Also dropped a circular telling us that we have been misled by England and they've had no personal grievance against us. Also that our Navy had deserted us, and further fighting was simply signing our own death warrants, so the only thing to do was surrender. Like to get hold of the chap who edited that. Very hot day almost as hot as the circular. Our answer will be sent over to our friends within the next 2 or 3 days for there's going to be 'H' let loose shortly.

27th June 1915

Was having a very peaceful sleep this morning after breakfast when I got orders to return to the Battery for another bombardment. Would have liked to have stayed here a day or two longer, but you don't catch this child missing a bit of fun. Had the chance of a commission in Kitcheners Army in England, but don't think I'll go for it. Would sooner remain where I am. Got back to the Battery at 11:30 am. Am smarting all over from sunburn, and our aeroplanes went on a raid tonight. Great sight to see them all up.



German Taube reconnaissance plane

28th June 1915

9 am. Have just got orders for the fight starting at 10:30. Up at 4 am this morning and registered another target. All ready to start the picnic. Oh! Oh! Delphine, what a day we've had. For the last 12 hrs we've been at it with vengeance. Our chaps captured 7 lines of trenches, 14 machine guns, 1 Battery, and 500 prisoners. Half an hour after the fun started, you couldn't see anything for dust, flames and smoke. Oh! and didn't they paste us, one of our Batteries had 3 guns blown up. Can put that down to Asia. We are preparing for another big scrap during the next 2 or 3 days. Chas Way wounded tonight.

29th June 1915

Gee, what a day for heat. Had a quiet day as regards scrapping but Asia hasn't. For the last 5 hrs, 6 of their guns have been searching this gully of ours, but so far haven't succeeded in blowing us out, although one landed about an hour ago, which covered us in mud and smoke. Expecting a big counter-attack tonight. Aeroplane reports enemy massing north of Krithia. They don't know what they're in for. A Taube came over this morning and dropped 4 bombs but did no damage as far as we know, made an awful mess though. Got a touch of that infernal fever again. Dosing myself with enough quinine to kill an elephant.

30th June 1915

Bit cooler today. Pyemont and Ron Anderson returned from hospital today. Pyemont only here for half an hour when he was shot in the left arm, so has gone back to hospital again. Mr Olding also returned. Has quite recovered from his knock. Captured two lines of trenches. In the afternoon the Swiftshure came up and livened up Asia because all last night they kept up fire from 4 guns firing every half hour. She poured in about 100 rounds. Made an awful mess of things but don't know what damage she did.

1st July 1915

Had a glorious night last night. Those devils over the water did go some. Had 4 big howitzers in action and gave us salvos every half hour. One big shell landed 10yds away from the rear of our gun but covered everything with dirt but it happened at 12 pm, so all of us were well asleep in our respective dug-outs. Dug a bonzer big hole which we now use for putting scraps in, saves a lot of digging. Mail arrived here this afternoon. Caught a few. General Gourod wounded. A shell burst underneath him and blew off a leg and arm.

2nd July 1915

Had a great bit of fun last night. Got on the nail of 2 spies and after chasing after them for 4 ½ hours caught them in the fire trench of the Hawke Battalion in D. Great sport. Quiet day all along the front, but Asia still

continues to make a nuisance of itself. A couple of destroyers went around tonight, and started an argument with their howitzers. Believe we are going to have a storm. Black as your hat, with tons of thunder and lightning. Got into action this afternoon, and stopped a few reinforcements from getting to their fire trench.

3rd July 1915

What a night we've had. Deluged with water and caked with mud. To make things worse some wag started singing HOME SWEET HOME in the middle of the circus. Gee it doesn't half rain here. Think a reservoir's burst. Rain ceased 10 am. Learned that the prisoners we captured are at present awaiting court-martial at British Headquarters. Wouldn't mind being in the firing party if it comes to pass. One of them said something about one of us in French while we were coming down from the fire trench that night, that under normal circumstances I'd wring a mans neck for. Received a promotion in orders this morning (Cpl).

4th July 1915

Another repetition of last evenings programme. Rain and mud galore. French magazine blown up, while the Turks scored a point by sinking a French transport. Luckily, the troops had been disembarked 3 days before. Sank in 3 minutes.

5th July 1915

Heavy attack by the Turks along our centre and right wing. They managed to take one trench but we got stuck into them this morning, retook the trench and inflicted awful slaughter on its defenders. All this morning we were in action, our friend the 4 inch Battery got on to us again, but did no damage, only blew a hole in our pit wall. Taube amusing itself by bomb dropping all afternoon.

6th July 1915

Fearfully hot day. Asia didn't want the beach this morning so we went for a swim. Their field batteries from Achi Baba wanted a portion of it though and made things just a fraction uncomfortable. A whole Scottish Div. landed here now. Have been expecting another bombardment. All crews on the guns at 4 am today but nothing so far. Went for a ride down to the beach at night on Challen's horse. Awfully funny to be mounted again. Great fun jumping trenches with a few shells dropping about.

7th July 1915

Another roaster of a day. Got orders to go up to (RD) (K O S13) observing artillery fire again. Mr Olding, Clearyland, Cairns, and party, left the Battery at 5 pm. Had you seen us, you would have taken us for a picnic party up Middle Harbour bent on staying no less than a month. Bill and I started cooking tea, made an awful mess of it, had a rotten attack of indigestion this evening. Things very quiet up here. To make matters worse, the K O S13 are all lowland Scotchmen and I can't understand more than 2 words they say.

8th July 1915

Observing fire all day. Watched a .75 Bty amuse itself by knocking sand-bags off the top of the Turks First Line trenches. Also had the pleasure of seeing a big store in Krithia blown up by our 18ins. The Turks were using this as an ammunition base. Didn't half make a mess of it too. A gun called "Quick Dick" paid us his respects about 5 pm and cheered us up somewhat. Peppered a few boards and planks from over our heads, but only succeeded in covering us with dirt. Quiet night.

9th July 1915

Got to be quite an expert at cooking. Bosker at boiling rice. Bill attends to the meat etc. though. Won't trust me. Up in our fire trench this morning. Got 2 bullet holes through my periscope. Got back to the Redoubt and our friend Q.D. got busy and planted 2 percussion and 4 shrapnel into us. Ripped things about fairly horribly. Capt. Callaghan came up to relieve us at 7 pm. Got back to Battery alright. Had a decent bath and a good innings at boiling macaroni. Quiet night.



French battery moving a 75mm gun (CPE)

10th July 1915

Heavy shelling all day, both the Turks and our artillery going strong. They've got a new Howitzer Bty somewhere about and they know how to use it. Have just got the order to draw 1000 rounds of fused shell for another big bombardment which takes place, I believe, on Monday. Bgr Filstead and Daily returned from hospital. Both O.K. again. A battleship came up early this morning and smashed things about in the vicinity of Kum Kale. Scrapping on and off all night.

11th July 1915

Sunday again and our friends have great memories. Always paste us somewhat. Asia has had a fairly good innings this morning. Landed some Lt 3 Howitzer shells on the flat in our rear. Went down for a swim this morning and saw the French 7.5 engaging Asia's Howitzers. Great. We could see the full effect of both sides fire, particularly Asia's because we were only about 800yds from where their shells were landing. No damage done to the French. They're still at it. Seem to have a never ending supply of ammunition. Quiet night.

12th July 1915

6 am. Have just got orders for the big bombardment. For the last 2hrs the warships and batteries on the left have been letting loose and already the air smells thickly of cordite and H.E. We are to open fire at 6:30 supporting the Naval Div. and the French left. Everything O.K. and feeling fit to bombard for 24hrs non stop run.

13th July 1915

Up at 4 am this morning. Turks counter attacked in force and gave us particular 'H' with vengeance. We've just stopped firing for the 3rd time this morning and as far as we can find out, the ground gained yesterday (1000yds) has been held by our chaps. 6 am. Had a glorious time. Started at 6:30 am, stopped firing at 9:10 pm. Worked the old gun til the springs broke and the piece itself was so hot that the bearings expanded with the heat and stopped the recoil. We fired 1160 rounds. My hands are burnt beautifully. Can hardly close my left. Got a whack on the knee which put me off the gun for half an hour but it's O.K. again. Heavy fighting all night. 8 pm. What a day. One of the hottest and best we've had. Got another 3 trenches in the centre, but don't know how the right got on. Have Clark, Adams, Cairns and 2 others all out of it. Later... Have just repulsed a mass attack by the Turks. Can't close my right hand, agony to write. We're all like niggers. Absolutely black with cordite smoke and dust. Like Mater to see me now.

14th July 1915

At it all night. Gee, these Turks are some fighters. They counter attacked all night. Their finest flutter was at 3:30 am. Lasted about an hour, but were beaten back with terrible slaughter all along the centre and right. We fired 100 rounds from our gun in one series only. McCormick wounded tonight. If this keeps on, the original Battery up till tonight who came away with us, we'll be nonest. About 70% casualties already. Got shelled by Asia tonight. Killed a lot of French troops who are in reserve trenches around our guns. Rec. mail, 1 from home, 2 Hossie Rene (?). Very hot all day today.

15th July 1915

Hot as 'H' with the lid off. Managed to get a swim today. About time too. Very quiet up till about 5 pm when the circus started again, the French charging and capturing the last trench this side of Achi Baba. What remains now is the big assault for the hill and when that eventuates there will be a few thousand men won't turn up for break the following morning. It's the worst hill I've ever seen, in some places resembling Mitre Peak or Baldy. Have got to the stage where I can sleep standing up. They don't try to kill us by letting us sleep believe me.

16th July 1915

Another roaster. Our major came down this morning and congratulated the Battery on it's excellent work. Had a ripping afternoon down at the beach. Had a dip and we all crawled out and went to sleep on the beach. Went down the waggon line in the evening and had tea with Rowling and Moore. Learned that Sheppard and Mechinson have died of their wounds. Got back to the Battery at 8, and got into some Turks who were making too much noise in one of their trenches. Quietened them.

17th July 1915

Awfully hot again today. Flies making things not much pleasanter. Got orders to accompany Clowes to the trenches again for observation work. Came up here, and are quartered in a 'H' of a hole. In the Turks original 2nd line. The trench for close on a mile is full of dead Turks with but 6ins of earth over them. The ramps of the trench are thick with dead. The odour is, well I won't try and describe it, but it's not eau de cologne. And we're here for 48hrs. 'HOW ROMANTIC'.

18th July 1915

Up at 2 am, can't sleep. The Turks won't let us. They're only 80yds away, and kicking up an awful din with rifles, machine guns, shrapnel and bombs. 7 chaps have just been knocked out with their shrapnel. Went down to the Battery this morning at 6 am. Back at 8:30. Went all around our first line and mapped out our next targets. Saw things. Won't put them down here. Down to the Bty again for maps etc. at 4 pm. Had a bath. Back again at 7. Got shrapnel poured at us all the way up. Didn't even stop when we got there.

19th July 1915

Good old round scrap last night. Didn't we give them something. The aerial torpedoes played particular 'H'. Got into one bit of a dust up. Great. Had a screw at a probable position for a 15 pounder. Had to crawl out of our 2nd line trench, and must have been spotted by one of their snipers, made things that warm that we had to get back again. Completed our map this afternoon. Got relieved by Mr Olding. Awfully sorry to get down here again (I don't think). Had tea down at the Bty. Quite a change to have a meal without 14 dead Turks within 5yds of you.



Landing at Cape Helles

20th July 1915

Got sent a 6 inch armour piercing shell which landed about a dozen yards away from our dug-out. Failed to explode as they usually do. Didn't hear anything of it though. Too tired. Hadn't had half hours sleep during the previous 48hrs so slept like a log last night. Swim this morning. Utilised a Turkish mine for a diving board. Doesn't go bad at all. This evening Asia started again and blew things about considerably. 2 destroyers have just gone over to see what's wanted. Believe the Turks are concentrating 100,000 men here. What a time they'll have.

21st July 1915

Up at 4:30 this morning, at our observation station on the look-out for early birds. Got a few. Relieved by the major at 9. Very quiet day, although there are a few thousand reinforcements arriving daily. Asia and Chanac woke up this evening and gave us a few, but they couldn't play well at all today. Big beano tonight.

22nd July 1915

Practically no sleep last night, our friends making things untidy by rifle or shrapnel. Fairly quiet morning. Swim ho this afternoon. Saw a destroyer engaging some of the Asiatic batteries. Got a few 7.5 armour piercing shells at us. Lobbed two quite close to the mine, while we were diving off it. Rotten ammunition though never explode. Had a great swim. Expecting great doings shortly. Turks are expected to attack anytime, but we're ready for them. Suicide to attack on their part.

23rd July 1915

Saw an interesting scrap between two niggers this morning. Ripping diversion from annihilating Turks, swim ho later. Been waiting for the Turks to attack all day, but they're not having any. Rec. photos and parcel from Annie and Nellie G. last night while we were in action. Those devils interfered again and put a bullet hole through a writing block they kindly sent me. Wrote them. Heavy shelling on the left tonight.

24th July 1915

Quiet night. Taube over this morning. Dropped bombs. Didn't hit anything in particular, only the peninsular. Got shelled by some insignificant Battery this morning. Got a fine specimen of a shell which I'll try to hang on to. Went for a swim, and Asia wanted the beach too. But we didn't go back until we had had our share. They put 3 H.E. 4.7 into the water, and when we were leaving lobbed one just 12yds away. We all got covered in sand and stuff but no damage done. We're all going to take a ticket in Tatts when we get back. Sent 3 over after us as we were going back to the Bty. But we signalled W.O. each time.

25th July 1915

Sunday again. Usually their day for shelling. Stifling hot and we can't get down to the beach during the day now, Asia wants it badly. One of our monitors came up this afternoon, and pasted Kum Kale again. Our friends must grow tired of bringing guns up there because immediately they do our chaps blow them out. The best bit of Howitzer shelling I've seen though occurred this afternoon. 2 big siege guns got onto our O.S. ridge. Fired about 45 rounds. We had a first class view of it from our gun pits only 700yds away.

26th July 1915

Heavy shelling by the Turks all night. Up at our O.S. at 4:30 this morning. News to hand that Cpl Evans, Dr Shepherd and Gnr Mackinon had died of wounds. Very quiet day. Feeling absolutely rotten. That fever again.

27th July 1915

Spent a rotten night. Couldn't sleep so sat up all night and read some paper printed 999BC. Went down to the Doc in the afternoon, told me I'd have to go out for a time. Beautiful, I don't think. Feel like you do after a night out, and as energetic as anyone with a temperature of 104!

Back to Lemnos Island (Pyrexia illness)

28th July 1915

Was ass enough to go out to it last evening, and Olding and our Major ordered me away, so all last night they spent in getting me down to the beach. Asia couldn't stop firing even then. Got evil designs on me, I think. Got down to the base, and got plonked on a mine sweeper bound for god knows where. Feel awfully cheerful. Came along side an Australian hospital ship and was not allowed to go on board, although British Tommies,

just ordinary cases were. Met a chap from the 8th Battery on board. He was awfully crook, so we asked the embarking officer if we could go on board our own countries ship, but were REFUSED.

29th July 1915

Arrived at Lemnos. Had to walk about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile to what proves to be the most perfect HELL I've yet struck. Was left lying on a road for 3hrs before we got into any sort of tent at all. Couldn't get anything to eat or drink and the tent was so full that we were put on the stones with only one blanket. All day today I've been waiting to see a doctor of some description, saw him finally. Ordered me straight away to bed. That was 2 pm. Nobody has troubled me so far. 3 of us dragged ourselves into a village this afternoon and bought some eggs which we ate raw. That was the only thing I've eaten in 56hrs.

30th July 1915

Somebody woke up that about 6 pm last night, we were on the island and they took us to some show which was once a tent. Anyhow I've still got a bed here. Find that this 'Hospital' is the 16th Stationary and British. Applied for a transfer to our Australian Hospital but was refused (only a few yards away). Before I'll come again to a British field hospital they'll have to shoot me. I am cutting out a few days here. Won't record anything. Want to forget this spasm. 31st July to 3rd August 1915 W.O. [Possible for WIPE OUT.]

4th August 1915

On a mine sweeper off back again, thank god! Feeling pretty rotten, but I'll take my chance of getting better back there than this hell hole. Applied for my hospital discharge yesterday and managed to get it after almost getting down as far as my knees and begging it. Got onto a troop ship on the way over, and had a decent feed, the first time I've had a digestible meal or part of one since I left the Battery. Expect to arrive at Helles late tonight.

Arrival back at Cape Helles

5th August 1915

Arrived at "W" beach and landed early this morning. Walked to our waggon line had 'a break' and Ye Gods; a wash. Got up to the Bty. later in the morning. Thankful to get back. Got into action at night. Believe there's an enormous 'dust up' coming off in a few days. Had a ripping supper, green peas and roast beef, macaroni and milk. Think your at Samuals. Whisky and lemon for a nightcap. Guess I'll be alright again soon.

6th August 1915

Orders for the bombardment to hand this morning. Opened up at 3 pm. The ships and heavies starting at 1 pm. Everything O.K. Left advanced considerably. Fired 214. Bty fired 900 odd. Sgt Selmes wounded.

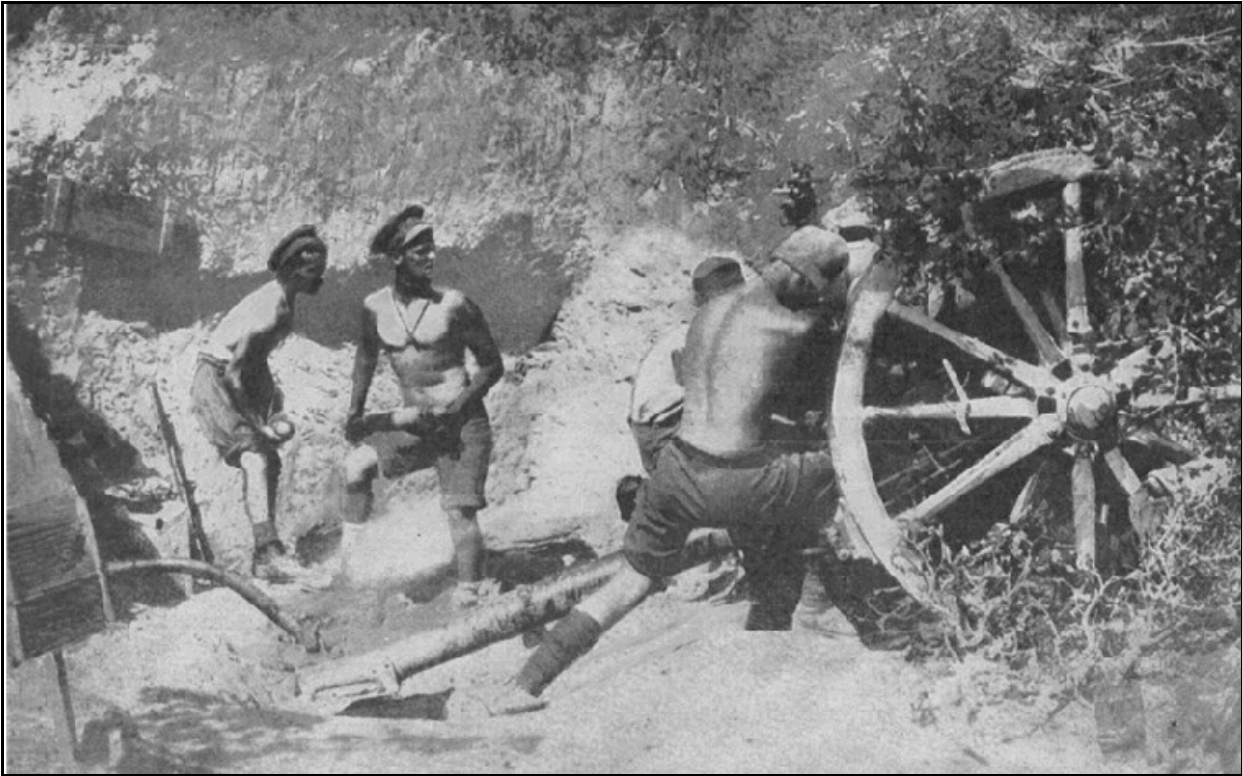
7th August 1915

Bombarding all day. Too done up to write much. Gr Smith wounded. Believe we are to have two more days of this.

8th August 1915

Heavy fighting all day. A few monitors with 14 inch guns came up and helped to paint the landscape hideous. Towards evening the Turks attacked in massed formation. Every available gun was turned on to repelling them which they did with terrible effect. Not one Turk succeeded in getting within striking distance of our

fire trench. The shrapnel just tore long lanes in the advancing lines, and their well planned attack came to a sticky end. Just towards dusk we got 5 14 inch shells at us from somewhere on the map. Don't know where as yet, but gee, they made a mess of the road in one place. British submarine torpedoed Turkish battleship. Fighting all night.



Anzac troops working the guns at Gallipoli (GWS)

9th August 1915

Heavy rifle fire all day. The enemy bombed our chaps out of a small trench last night, and they (the Turks) have been getting particular attention in that section. Later in the day, we opened up this trench with H.E. and played 'H' generally. This evening we had several visits from (Asiatic) Quick Dick. This is a British 6 inch gun with an awfully high explosive, firing Armstrong's ammunition. Well we think the rifling of that gun has gone, because we had five landed around us which came end over end, not point first as they should and they just skidded along the ground on striking, not even burying. Never exploded either, so we have 5 good trophies. Gr Young wounded.

10th August 1915

Very hot day. Heavy fighting up in the infantry trenches all day. Chas and I up to the first line this afternoon. Had a good screw around. The heaviest fighting during the last 4 days has been in a vineyard. The vines are trampled down and torn about with H.E. and shrapnel and interspersed with bodies. Our fellows got it pretty heavy in one corner, but Johnny Turk got it hot too. Got down to the Bty late. Had tea and got straight into action. They switched 3 of their Btys on to us so we had to shut up after half an hours scrapping.

11th August 1915

Very hot again today, so this morning we went for a swim. Asia could only spare us 2 shells, neither of which came very near or exploded so we had a glorious undisturbed bathe also a sun bathe. In the afternoon Q.D.

had another go at our batteries, but failed miserably to do any material damage, but one shell got into a mob of horses, and laid a few out. All last night we were in action until 4 am this morning. Feeling quite fit again.

12th August 1915

Very hot today again. Too hot to go for a swim even, so had to resort to a bath in front of our gun. Opened fire towards evening and our friends Q.D. and Asiatic Annie replied, anyhow they haven't quite got our position and Q.D. has run out of Armstrong ammunition, so they have to blaze their own poor imitation ammunition away. The French have blown up several of their shells which have failed to explode. Great fun watching them at it. Heavy shelling of our trenches by the Turks.

13th August 1915

In action all last night. Turks attacked and captured a portion of our firing line G12. We repulsed 3 more attempts on their part to follow up their first advance. In action from 7:45 until 9:15 on the same stunt. Another 75 blown up today. This makes 12 of their 75 to be blown out on the Peninsular. Mail came to the Bty. today, mine nonest. Very quite night. Decent sleep tonight, I think!

14th August 1915

Got orders late last night to go up to our observing post to relieve the Major for a few hours, so I am up here. Nothing doing. Haven't even seen a Turk this morning. Got down to the Bty. at 9 am break. All our artillery is moving up. In front of us about 100yds is 75 Bty. Behind us about 50yds a 5in Howitzer Bty. (French). Tonight Asia bombarded 'W' beach with 4 new guns which he has brought up and placed in Kum Kale. Our 7.5 and 6in engaged them and soon shut them up.

15th August 1915

Asia had another go about 2 am this morning. I can see sadness setting in for that Bty. today. We have 2 10 inch guns in position now, and the St. Louis is handy, so they'll get a fireworks display for their special benefit. Later... Asia got it. A monitor came up and lifted the lid off 'H' this afternoon. Haven't heard from that Bty. since. Fairly quiet day, but believe we're having a go tonight sometime to get back that Y12 we lost.

16th August 1915

In action at 2:15 am. Going some too. Don't know if we were successful or not as yet. Later... our attack failed last night. Don't know the reason but it did. Several reinforcements arrived here today. 1 Sgt who was attached to our Bty, I found out to be Wid Watson, the N.S.W. rep footballer, a great pal of Bats & Harfords and brother of the No. 1 of our gun in H. Bty N.Z. Had a great yarn with him. Things very quiet all along our front. Our transport Royal George torpedoed with the loss of 1400 lives.

17th August 1915

Very hot all day. Went for a stroll down to our waggon line this morning just for a bit of exercise. Up to the 3 pounder this afternoon, and loosed a few. Thought it was Christmas or Guy Fawkes today. Some kind, beneficent, interfering people sent our Bty. chocolates, biscuits, writing gear etc. Everybody seemed to be quiet for half an hour or so. Started 500 again. Dorgs at it.

18th August 1915

Very quiet day, and awfully hot. Fires ditto. Too hot to go anywhere in particular so lounged around all day. Swim last night with Hollis and Delaney. Quiet night.

19th August 1915

Rain this morning. Didn't last extra long. Nothing much doing, got a few shells over this afternoon but did no damage. Our first touch of winter tonight. Everybody is wearing woollen caps and tunics. Quite a change from shorts putties and boots and nothing else worth talking about. Quiet night.

20th August 1915

Glorious day. Real N.Z. autumn. Swim too, and a couple of H.E. Played 500 all the morning. Things very quiet. Official news through says that there are 3 divisions of Arabs (?) coming over to try and push us about. Poor dears they'll get it. Artillery duel between French 10 in and Asians ditto, saw the effect of Asia's but couldn't see the French inoculation against Cholera. Sing song at night. There's 16in in our group now and we made enough row to frighten all the Turks this side of Achi Baba.

21st August 1915

Feeling fit as the devil himself again. Had a stroll down to the waggon line, and got my boots off. Mail arrived, 1 from home, 2 from Mitton. Intermittent shelling all day. Big beano at night. Chas raided some place and nabbed 2 bottles of fizz and 2 of wine. No wonder I'm feeling fit. Quiet night.

22nd August 1915

Went up with Mac's break this morning. Nearly had a trip to Alexandria, by the way, per shrapnel. Quiet day. Wouldn't know there was a war on. Asia started tonight. Dr Jackson wounded. Wrote Hossie.

23rd August 1915

Blowing like old nick, and pretty chilly with it. Feeling a bit after 18 months perpetual summer. Nothing much doing. Edwards ordered to Alexandria. Pretty crook with fever. Quiet night.

24th August 1915

Still blowing like 'H'. Went for a stroll down to the waggon line in the afternoon. 5 Bty just behind opened up tonight. Gives you a smack in the back like a kick from an elephant. Can see the shell as it leaves the muzzle. Played 500 until we nearly went to sleep. Good news regarding victory in the Baltic and Italy declared war on Turkey.

25th August 1915

Nothing much doing. Wouldn't know there was a war on, but for the occasional shell. Played 500 all afternoon. Quiet night.

26th August 1915

Up at the observation station this morning. Nothing doing baring a few bombs being slung about. Some heavy howitzer has been sending over a few to range on to the 5in Bty in the rear.

27th August 1915

Lovely day. Went for a stroll up to the fire trenches this morning. Nothing doing. Couldn't even get a shot in. Big canteen shipment of fruits and comforts arrived tonight. Found myself playing the auctioneer stunt.

28th August 1915

Quiet day, but a bit of shelling at night. Everybody busy preparing winter quarters. Nothing doing.

29th August 1915

Heavy shelling of counter batteries all afternoon. Second injections of anti-cholera tack. Soon be proof against everything except H.E. shells. Quiet night.

30th August 1915

Quiet day. Artillery duels the order of the afternoon. Pretty stiff rifle fire all night.

31st August 1915

Up at observation station again. Nothing doing, baring the French and enemies heavies belting at each other, and sundry convoys that are kicking about. Heavy shelling tonight.

1st September 1915

Things getting quite interesting again. Counter Btys having quite a little flutter again. Orders out for winter quarters starting tomorrow.

2nd September 1915

Hard at it. Reconstructing gun pit and making waterproof dug outs. Asia started out again tonight. Good 2 hrs bombardment.

3rd September 1915

Still working at pit. Can't close either hand. Blisters galore. Awfully hot day. Great bombardment by the monitors destroyers and heavies of Asia, and our front tonight. Great sight. Seemed as though there was a war on somewhere.

4th September 1915

Great sport today. Our heavies been having shot for shot against Asia and Achi Baba. Got a few over our way between times. Count on Asia remembering that we're still on this particular planet. Quiet night.

5th September 1915

Ditto repeato of yesterday. Nothing much doing along the front.

6th September 1915

Busy night I believe. They tell me Asia was going all night and Achi Baba was shrapneling us. Also that the 5in French Bty about 500yds in rear was firing for an hour. Heard nothing of it. Sleep to well in this country. Inspection by some General somebody. Told us we were to be transferred to ANZAC.

7th September 1915

Still nothing much doing baring the heavies paying each other compliments. Received orders to go to Fire trenches tomorrow. Quiet night.

8th September 1915

Up to the F.T. this morning. Had a screw around on my own. Couldn't see much to shoot at so came back to our Telephone Station. Worst luck our station recalls tender memories, being called B.O. or in telephone alphabet Beer Oh (Rotten). Decent stint on this evening. Saw bombardment of G12 & G13 by our batteries with a few more thrown in, with trench mortars, tossing about serial torpedoes. Great sight. We were in a trench about 100yds from where they were lobbing so had a ripping view.

9th September 1915

Up at 6 am. Cold as charity up here, miss my little cubby house, 2/300yds in rear. Only one blanket up here. 7 down below. Had a run around the trenches this afternoon. Adjutant of 1/5 H.L.I. Mr Olding and self had a ripping bit of sniping. Also ditto repeato of last nights "Hate". Quiet night.

10th September 1915

Up early again this morning. Still cold as Charity. Had to sleep right in a trench last night and by the bruises and the amount of skin knocked off my arms and knees, reckon someone or a battalion or infantry has used me as a door mat. Something more for Kaiser Bill to pay for. Got down to the Bty at 10.30 am. Bath and slept for the majority of the day.

11th September 1915

Pretty quiet again. Getting ready for another move. Got several letters from Generals and a few more 'spare parts' thanking us for our excellent work etc until one really thinks that we're real 'Dorgs'. Got a present of a tin of Egyptian Cigarettes today. God bless Sir Walter Raleigh and Cleopatra. Intermittent shelling this afternoon.

12th September 1915

North Pole still in its furthest south position I think. Preparing for our shift. Don't know where we're off to only know it's somewhere on the map around here.

13th September 1915

Up at observation station this morning. Started slaying early by sticking a snake with a French bayonet. The brute crawled over my arm while I was watching a bit of Hate being vented on the 'Ts'. Walked over to the L.Bty later on. Norm, Pearce, Delaney, & self indulged in cards all afternoon. Several good artillery duels by counter batteries but as our guns are just about worn out (unfortunately) we had to be quiet. Had a go at cooking later. About 7 of the boys are at present suffering acutely from pains low down in the interior. Liable to spontaneous combustion any moment. Asia became very active tonight.

14th September 1915

A bit of hate on the right this morning. Spread to the left later on, when about 8 batteries concentrated on to the T's and sent things spinning for a time. Walked with Delaney over to L Battery to see some pal of his.

Learn that Derbyshire, the only gunner of the three left at the gun at Mons was killed by a shell from Asia. Asia and our heavies been going some all afternoon. Towards evening some insignificant Bty sent us over a dozen but we showed our independence by not replying because their shooting was rotten.



Battery of artillery on the Gallipoli shore (GWS)

15th September 1915

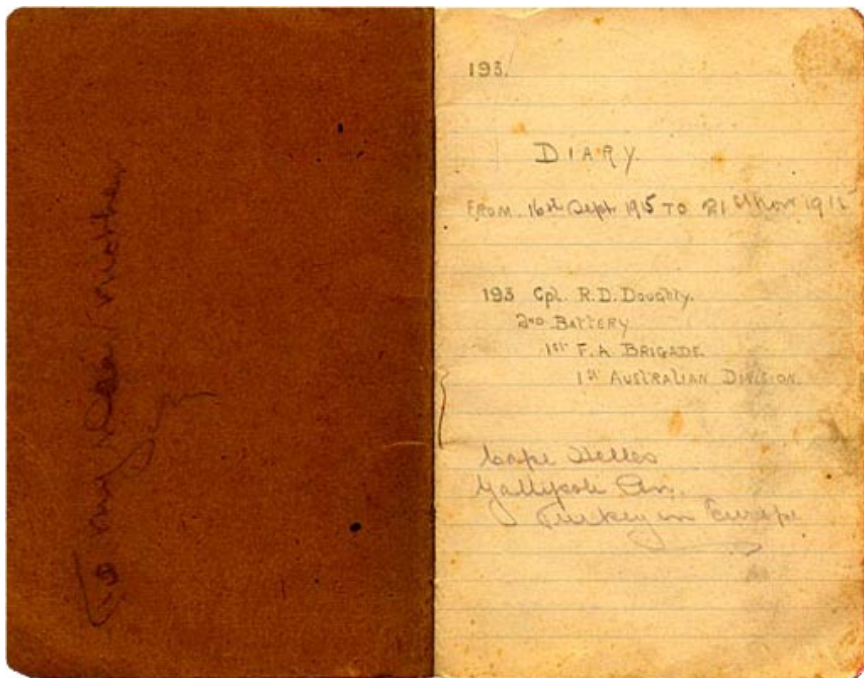
Rained like blazes last night, but our dug-out proved quite water proof although the mud was particularly sloppy when we got out this morning. Have just rec. orders to expect a move any old time now to go to some new landing, so I suppose things will be extra brisk soon. HURRAH! Have decided to send this to Lottie.



Diary Two

Dated from the

16th September 1915 to the 21st November 1915



Small black pocket notepad used for Ralphs second diary during the Gallipoli campaign.

Diary size - 10.5 x 16 cm.

193

To My Dear Mother

DIARY

FROM 16th September 1915 TO 21st Nov 1915

193 Cpl R.D. Doughty

2nd Battery

1st F.A. Brigade

1st Australian Division

Cape Helles

Gallipoli Pen.

Turkey in Europe

Still at Cape Helles

16th September 1915

Heavy shelling of the French Reserve lines in rear of our position by a new Turkish 6 gun battery. Not too much damage done however. After last night's rain the French had put out their blankets & waterproofs today on the sunward slopes of the hill and our friends had possibly taken these for tents. Saw one shell lob into a dug-out. Immediately after a Frenchie came out, dusted himself off and went back in again. Big beano during afternoon & night. Beautiful day after last night's squall. "Quiet" night. Particularly for N.S.H & myself.

17th September 1915

Occasional artillery duels the order of the day - evidently. Things awfully quiet generally "C" got into action towards dusk but only fired 4 rounds. Played 500 with Watson Delaney & Burnett in the evening. Had a visit from 2 of our old Drivers who were quartered in Alexandria. They managed to stow-away on some craft or other and got here via Anzac. Was told by our major that a special club has been formed in Sydney for the express purpose of "filling out" the 1st Brigade Artillery (N.S.W. only) with winter comforts. Believe we will want them here by all accounts.

18th September 1915

Some unfeeling gentleman must have lifted the lid of Hell today. Things moving some all day. Early morning a large Taube biplane came over evidently bent on blowing some of our heavies to Kingdom Come. Anyhow she must have forgotten her mission early for some British Destroyer at the Cape trained a gun on to her, and, well it wants working out by algebra why he didn't come down. Must have riddled his plane. Towards afternoon another enemy aeroplane came over but only waited until a machine gun got going, then headed for Asia. Artillery duels both naval and military the order of the day. Big beano tonight.

19th September 1915

Sunday again, and a Perfect Day. At least what I've seen of it that is. Suffering acutely from some minor complaint usually diagnosed as "The morning after the night before." Had a Champagne Supper with the Sergt's. Got about half way though when we got called into action and spent an hour or so torturing

somebody up ahead. Managed to get some fruit and ye Gods, Egyptian cigarettes today. Active service uncertainties again. British airship due for a nights ramble any night now. Every body has been warned regarding its visit. Quiet night with the expectation of rifle fusillades.

20th September 1915

Blowing like old Nick and almost as cold as Charity. Had quiet day of rest today. Went to sleep in the morning for a couple of hours. Too windy and dusty to do much else. In the afternoon mail arrived. Caught a few from Milton and "Home". I would imagine by all the parcels being sent to me that they will want a special boat to bring them this far. Taube came over in the afternoon (late) and dropped a couple of bombs over on the French Sector, but was driven off by artillery fire. Glorious evening. Fizz Supper again. French artillery opened up during the night.

21st September 1915

Sundry artillery duels the order of the day. Turks replied very feebly. Several of our aeroplanes up for observation purposes. Glorious day. Managed to buy luxuries in the form of sugar (mainly) and milk. Sugar is 6d per lb nowadays. Milk 9d per tin. Always able to get unlimited supplies of the latter. Very quiet night. Cards the order of the evening. Bunk 10-30pm.

22nd September 1915

Glorious day again. Early visit from a Taube. One of our planes engaged him with his machine gun, whereupon the Taube found he had business elsewhere and turned tail letting rip from his own gun as he went. Heavy naval gunfire out towards Embros. Got marching orders at 11am. Packed up and left our position at 8pm. Bivouacked at our Waggon Line. Don't know where we're bound for. Camping with Heydon. Miss my little dug out some. Sat up and yarned half the night.

23rd September 1915

Got leave today and Delaney & myself walked to the beach. En route had a screw at the new 10 inch howitzers which the French have just got into position. They had to be brought up on a specially built railway and are enormous guns. Got into some Haven down at the beach bought some Grapes & apples also 4 bottles of Black & White. Don't half need it nowadays. Just before we arrived a shell from Asia landed square into the canteen and blew things about a bit. No word of our leaving as yet. Very chilly night.

24th September 1915

Glorious day again. Kicked about in vicinity of waggon line. Nothing much doing baring a bit of a rest. Awaiting orders to "get". Wish they would come straight away. "Duel" night.

25th September 1915

Just woke up to the fact that its Lottie's Birthday. Drank to her health immediately afterwards along with Barlow, Hollis Delaney &c. On Guard from 6pm. Managed to get on to a British Warm, a species of very warm overcoat. Sergt Major Barrow arrived tonight. Very heavy firing up at Anzac.

26th September 1915 (Sunday)

Duel day and extra hot. Rec a letter from Annie and answered same. Asia sent over a few towards evening but apart from that rec very little fire. Our Shore naval 6" guns engaged at 3pm. Duel night.

27th September 1915 (Monday)

Aubery killed tonight. Fairly quiet day. Camp routine same as Egypt. Mr Olding left us again owing to sprained ankle. Some Turkish Bty had a few pots at the main road to the beach, which was fairly well populated with waggons & horses, but did no damage. Duel night.

28th September 1915

Glorious day. Asia and our 10 inch and 7.5 guns engaging each other. Could see the effect of every one of Asia's. Had a stroll around the new winter quarters of the French. They're just like cow sheds. Duel night.

29th September 1915

Consistent shelling by Asia & our heavies. Went up and had a good view of Asia's vain attempt to silence the 10 inch howitzers. Taube over at night. Marching orders came to HQ this evening. Soon be at it again. Anzac, I believe our rendezvous is. Great excitement. Seems there is a war on somewhere.

30th September 1915

Packing up all day. Left waggon line 3pm. Got to the beach and embarked guns &c on a lighter. Just about finished loading them when I rec a parcel from Home containing a scarf & a cap comforter. Barlow and Hollis were about the first to put them on, since then they have been put on by half the Battery. Had a swim. Quick Dick had a final go at us. Landed one in the water 100 yards or so from our lighter. Put several on the beach. Left the pier at 8 and got alongside the "Princess Louise" a trouper of 9000 tons. Up all night boarding guns, ammunition & waggons.

Arrival at Embros Island

1st October 1915

Catch a Birthday Wish, That I was anywhere but where I am, because this "Princess Louise" turns out to be a starvation ship. Nothing to eat or drink. Rotten luck. Arrived at Embros this morning at 10.30. Party went ashore to get fruit &c. Saw some of our new Monitors, also a new airship in flight. At present 6.30pm we are moving full speed ahead for Helles again. A few "subs" about these quarters so have to make the pace somewhat. Destroyers on either side of us. Are to pack up the 1st & 3rd Batteries & then Westward ho for Anzac & more fun.

2nd October 1915

Loading 1st & 3rd Batteries most of the night. Arrived at Anzac about 3am. Got the right section of the 3rd ashore but headed back to Embros again because it's too risky to hang about that quarter after day break. Believe we disembark tonight. Left Embros at dusk. Landed at Walker Landing later. Had a good view of a destroyer shelling the enemy positions by searchlight. Disembarked at 4.30am. Got ashore at 5.30am, 31st 1915.

3rd October 1915

Acting Q.M.S. all day. Had a screw around and managed to strike gold in the person of a Staff Q.M.S. who fixed us up royally with food stuffs. Great position here. All cliffs and ravines. Had a swim off the pier and some insignificant Bty shelled us to blazes. Got a few also some mules. Snipers fairly plentiful too. Rest of

right section get ashore later tonight. Slept like a log. Had none for three nights. Taube amusing itself by dropping bombs.



Tending to wounded Australian troops on the Gallipoli shore at ANZAC Cove

4th October 1915

Very hot day. Awaiting orders to shift into position somewhere. Edwards, Gilligan & Glover old members convalesced joined us today. Chas & self went for a stroll this afternoon. Couldn't see anything to shoot so came back before 8pm. Have just got orders to shift. Awaiting teams. Mail arrived. Caught a few. Don't know where we're off to but believe it's Anzac way. Anywhere for trouble suits us.

ANZAC (Walkers Landing) and onto Shrapnel Gully

5th October 1915

Arrived at destination (Shrapnel Gully) some unearthly hour this morning. This place doesn't belie its name either. Had a good view of the guns shelling one of our batteries perched away up on a ridge to our left. Awaiting orders to go into action. No water in this place Get issued with a gallon a day which is to do you for washing, drinking & messing generals. Don't want to spit much. Some talk of being relieved & going away to Lemnos for a spell. Some of our chaps (what's left of them) don't half want it either. Out of 98 men to land 76 are casualties

6th October 1915

Lovely day today. Was down at the beach this morning when a gun nick-named Blacky Bill sent over a couple, & snuffed a couple of mules & a driver. Got news (good) that we are leaving here for our spell. Been getting gear &c packed preparatory to leaving. Things pretty quiet. A few stray shells about. Left bivouac at 9.30pm Got down to the beach (Walkers Pier) at 10.30. Boarded a lighter at 12pm & pulled alongside of a small steamer & embarked later.



A scene in Shrapnel Valley (Monash Gully) as the Turkish snipers at the head of Monash Gully could enfilade stretches of the road; sandbag traverses were built at the most dangerous points

Aboard 'SS Elkahera' and onto Lemnos Island (Rest & Relaxation)

7th October 1915

On board SS "Elkahera" heading for Lemnos. Great beano all morning. Great after scrapping. Quite a diversion from slaughtering. Arrived at Mudros West and proceeded to our Rest Camp. Had a most amusing happening on the way. All of us (about 250) had to wade across a stream about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile wide. Take off all clothing and prepare for immersion. Great, saw a ("nurse") some species of an forgotten race I once knew. Arrived here ok and attended a concert at a YMCA. Didn't half enjoy it either.

8th October 1915

Great day. A bit rainy but is a welcome change. Had a bath in fresh water. Used a bar of soap during operations. Struck several boys from Nelson, who are spelling here after playing the good old game on the P. Saw Bob Woods & had a long yarn to him. At night went over to Queen Alexandra House with Chas, and saw Sid James. Had a long yarn to him and while there a squall came up, and we had to hold the tent up for some time. Coming home after the fun I saw about a dozen tents blown down.

9th October 1915

Lovely day after last night's squall. Things in general look very fresh, except some of the tents which are perfect peaks of nature. Norman, Pearce, & self went for a stroll to one of the villages & speculated in several comforts particularly in the eating line. Possessed of an absolutely ravenous appetite nowadays. Struck Billy Lucre in one. Greek village. Bob Woods came over for tea. All of us went to a concert in the NZ lines at night. Very good. Saw some more "women". Gee, they are strange.

10th October 1915

Chas and I running around the Greek villages all day. Very interesting. Enjoying life to the utmost. Its great to be existing these days. Played 500 at night. Chas & I still experts at the game.

11th October 1915

Playing the Wandering Jew again. Been to every village within a radius of 5 miles from camp. Struck Lucre again. Enjoying this spell to the full. Dr [Driver] Jackson, who was badly wounded some time ago returned to the Bty today.

12th October 1915

"Villaging" all day. Saw W & G Everiss tonight.

13th 10October 915

"Villaging" all day. Lucre came over at night for tea. Spent the evening with us. Dog tired. Tramped about 15 solid miles today.

14th October 1915

Very quiet day, and cold. Lucre came over tonight. Sat up yarning till late. Enjoying spell immensely.

15th October 1915

Another quiet day. Played 500 all morning. Still as cold as C [Charity].

16th October 1915

Very quiet day. Had a look at a soccer match in the afternoon, and had a stroll to the top of a hill at the back of our camp to see why they should build houses up on such places. Found out that this one is a shrine used by some of the Greeks who inhabit the villages.

17th October 1915

Great celebration today. Pay day. Speculated lavishly amongst the many fruits & other "weak points" all afternoon. Lucre came over at night. Played 500 again.

18th October 1915

Accepted an invitation from the Officers of the HMAT Argyllshire. Had a real good old day. Had the best meal of meals I've had since leaving Sydney. Kicked around on board, had a screw at the hole starboard side aft where a French Cruiser rammed her 60 miles out from Port. Came back in their 40 HP motor boat at night. Awfully pleasant day. Today is the Anniversary of our leaving Sydney. Very few of the old Battery left to celebrate it at present. We haven't an officer sergeant major, or sergeant, of the old crowd left. Sergeant Short the last of the Sergts to get knocked was wounded in 3 places by Shrapnel at Anzac 3 days ago. Hollis & Pearce are on the OK list again.

19th October 1915

Villaging all day.

20th October 1915

Villaging again. YMCA concert at night with Lucre & Chas.

21st October 1915

Villaging. Saw both Everiss at night. Cold as Charity here.

22nd October 1915

Bitterly cold. Took on several short walks to handy villages.

23rd October 1915

Orderly Cpl today. Managed to get hold of a few "wantables" tonight in the person of a watch, toothbrush and strop &c. Still bitterly cold. Expecting 5000 wounded from the Bulgarian Frontier. Wish we could get up there.

24th October 1915

Sunday, and no change in the temperature. Villaging again.

25th October 1915 (Monday)

Took on a long walk today. Visited 2 villages one being the largest we've seen on the Island. Done a bit of sea fishing during our ramble. Caught a few. Beautiful day.

26th October 1915

Very wintry day. Too rough to "carry on" same as yesterday. 1st Brigade Infantry left this morning, destination unknown. No news of leaving as yet.

27th October 1915

Still wintry nothing great doing. Attended concert in YMCA at night.

28th October 1915

Two wintry to go villaging today. Kicked around camp instead.

29th October 1915

Better day today. Villaging & visited the no's 1 2 & 3 Australian General Hospital. Saw some more of those almost curios, women.

30th October 1915

Villaging &c

31st October 1915

Joe Everiss sent over a bundle of luxuries in the form of Auckland Weekly's. Being Sunday have been perusing them all day.

1st November 1915

Lazy Day.

2nd November 1915

ditto

3rd November 1915

ditto

4th November 1915

ditto. Pay day. "Speculating"

5th November 1915

Villaging. Got orders at 9.30pm to get ready for I don't know where. Due to leave camp early tomorrow morning.

6th November 1915

Up at 5.30. Packed & left old camp at 8am. Walked to landing at Mudros West. Done some more water walking. At present 11:30 waiting for transport 5.15pm. On SS 'Newmarket' heading for Anzac. Expect to arrive there at 8.

Back at ANZAC (Walkers Landing)

7th November 1915

Landed at Walkers L & proceeded to rendezvous. Got to dugout at 2.30am. Been getting quarters presentable and reading mail. Rec unopened letters. Just read them through for the 100th time. Really great some of them. All talking of glorious summer, & here is as cold as Charity, everything running perfectly smoothly in Australia & NZ, where here, I am sitting in a dug out with a rifle a bayonet. All ready for fun and even while writing their machine guns & bombs are few short yards up ahead.

8th November 1915

Went up to have a look at our position where we go into action. Our range is 1175. Had a screw around and got back to rendezvous later.

9th November 1915 (Monday)

Up digging B.H.Q. all morning. This afternoon had a visit from L-Cpl Jim Mayer from the 10 Sikhs. Very little doing. Light horse captured a trench last night. Casualties very light.

10th November 1915

Our friends must have known that we had done because all this morning they gave us special attention. Sent over about 30 and our "posy" at present resembles a rabbit burrow. Missed our gun and waggon by a matter of feet. At night the machine guns enfiladed our Gully but the bullets were too high to do any damage. Raining.

11th November 1915

Read out in orders that our Major, Colonel & Major King are possessors of the order CMG. Very satisfactory. Some Bty has been giving us particular attention all day again, also have been getting it pretty hot from machine gun fire. Great news Chas has received his commission. Still attached to the 1st Brigade.

12th November 1915

Had a bit of revolver practice today. Scored top hole. Got shelled in return. One splinter of shell came a distance of over 1000 yds after bursting & took a quarter of "C" shield with it. Unfortunately have to record a big miss. Chas left us today. Posted to the 3rd Battery.

13th November 1915

Up at H. Quarters again this morning. Raining a bit. Believe Kitchener is here. Passed several of his staff today. Mail arrived tonight. Caught a few.

14th November 1915

Someone, I think it fell to us somehow, started a circus today, & found the Turks eager to pay attention. Heavy shelling by land batteries, while, at Suvla the battleships didn't altogether like being out of it, so started one on their own. Raining again.

15th November 1915

Down at R.E. Depot all morning. This afternoon extra heavy firing at Helles. They started about 12:00 hrs & its now 4pm & they're still rocking it in furiously. Wish we were down in the old position. "500" the order of the evening.

16 November 1915

Up early this morning. Thanks due to Mr Turk. One of the funniest sights I've yet seen. They sent over 16 what we call plum puddings. They are a big round bomb fired from I don't know what and often roll down a ridge before exploding. They have a case of 1" thickness, and are usually glowing like a red hot poker. One landed down on the track and then a piece in here in my dug out. So got up and watched the rest playing antics. Rec a note from Chas, and went up to visit him. Up at H.Q. Russells Top all afternoon. Blowing a gale.

17th November 1915

Fairly quiet day. Sundry artillery duels. Sea very rough & weather squally.

18th November 1915

Gee what a night. A storm broke about 6pm and didn't stop until 2am. During which time yours humbly sat in his dug out and spent his spare time in hanging on to the roof & bailing water out. Blow doesn't half express it. Today proves a perfect one though very cold. Gives us a chance to dry blankets &c. Sundry artillery duels the order of the day. Played 500 at night.

19th November 1915

Lovely day again. Consistent bombardment by the Navy at Suvla, and the Turks paid particular attention to the beach. We got our proportion of lead in the afternoon. Start rationing today and am ravenously hungry. Quiet night only rifle fusillades.

20th November 1915

Gr Fountain returned today from England. Hear good news of Gibson & Way. Cold as charity. Heavy bombardment of some spot up ahead by a cruiser anchored about 2 miles back. Sent over about 150 rounds from 6" to 10". Food still scarce and water ditto. Active service rations with a vengeance now. Carrying

ammunition all afternoon to 3rd Bty. Like walking up a wall. Saw Chas & had an hour with him in the O Section. Dog tired so bunk at 7pm with a vengeance.

21st November 1915

No rest for the wicked they say must be correct. Got pulled out of warm bed at 8pm after having only 1 hours rest, and dragged our guns & waggons over a ridge that the two horses couldn't face to the beach. What the Devil for I can't even conjecture. Finished that particular jaunt sometime during the morning. The hardest work bombarding I've yet done. Reinforcements for our Bty arrived today. Awaiting orders for all night working party.

[Inside back cover of diary]

1 Tomlinson

2 Izzard Stenes

3 Izzard

4 Anderson

5 McKenzie

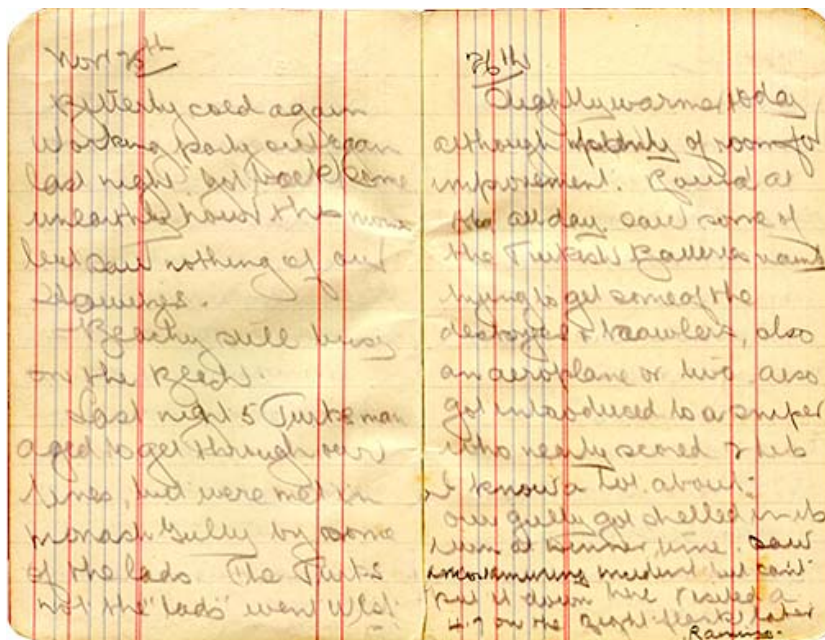
6 Pritchard



Diary Three

Dated from the

22nd November 1915 to the 3rd January 1916



Small brown pocket notepad that Ralph used for his third diary. Covering the areas of the Gallipoli peninsular, Lemnos Is, and Egypt.

Diary size - 8.5 x 13 cm.

193

R.D. Doughty

2nd Battery AFA

1st Brigade

1st Division

From 22 Nov 1915

ANZAC

22nd November 1915

Rained heavily last night. Thanks to someone we didn't go down to the Beach for loading purposes. Bitterly cold today. Been muffled up like a Polar Bear. Today all NCOs went across to A69 5 inch Howitzer Battery for instruction. Find the guns very simple, much more than the Eighteens! Our Battery is taking over similar guns. Awaiting their arrival. 'Beachy' paid us his compliments again. Awfully interfering chap. Stormy night.

23rd November 1915

Along Howitzer Bty again today. 'Beachy' spotted us while coming back and started interfering, also a sniper had his little say. Got a couple of mules but didn't get us of course. Bitterly cold again. Short rationed in everything. Haven't had a wash for 4 days. Played 500 at night. A bit of hate landed at 8 pm but died down about an hour later.

24th November 1915

Party went down to complete loading operations at beach late last night. Forgot to call me. Didn't reprimand them of course. Had another visit to that A69 both this morning and afternoon. Beachy waits for our party now seemingly. We had to take cover twice going round by the beach. Capt Callaghan DCO (our old Captain) at the Bty today. Won't be long before we get our guns now.

25th November 1915

Bitterly cold again. Working party out again last night. Got back some unearthly hour this morning but saw nothing of our Howitzers. Beachy still busy on the beach. Last night 5 Turks managed to get through our lines, but were met in Monash Gully by some of the lads. The Turks, not the 'lads', went west.

26th November 1915

Slightly warmer today, although plenty of room for improvement. Round at A69 all day. Saw some of the Turkish Batteries trying to get some of the destroyers and trawlers, also an aeroplane or two, also got introduced to a sniper who nearly scored 2 hits I know about. Our gully got shelled in it's turn at Dinner time. Saw most amusing incident but can't put it down here. Visited a 4.7 on the right flank later. Raining.

27th November 1915

Raining and quite cold enough for snow. Along at A69 all day. Sea very rough and things looking very black in general. Horribly short rationed with food and water. Too rough for boats to get close enough in for the use of lighters. Can't expect our guns to arrive in this weather. Bunk at 5.30.



Written on the back of the photo - *"The first fall of snow at "Anzac" Sat. evening and. Sunday Nov 27th 1915. This is one of the eighteen pounder guns with which our Australian Artillery is equipped. The temp was 12 deg below freezing point. Note the wire netting with brushes on top to hide the gun from enemy aircraft. Sid"*

28th November 1915

Snowing hard. Started last night at 11 pm and still snowing 6 pm. Cold as Charity with a 30 m.p.h. wind whisking the spindrift about. Lovely sight from my dug out. Everything is perfectly white. But gee, isn't it hot. This afternoon got issued with McIntosh's warm underclothing. Don't half need them either. Managed to pinch some Quaker Oats and had porridge for supper. Wrote Linda. Bunk 9 pm.

29th November 1915

Stopped snowing, but absolutely raw. Tired of being an Eskimo so crawled out into it. From 10 till 2 the Turks have been bombarding our trenches positions, one shell, a 5.9 HE has just lobbed into Shaw's dug out just above me, but didn't explode. He is only bruised. Johnston wounded with shrapnel. Sorry to report that Lt Dixon (Jim) badly wounded. The heaviest bombardment the Turks have given us for months. Sent over 8.2 HE Howitzers. Smashed Lone Pine about. Casualties very heavy on our side. Expecting an attack tonight.

30th November 1915

Contrary to expectations, the Turks never attacked last night. Just an occasional shell lobbed by them and our own reply with Howitzer fire. Saw Jim today, looking very seedy on it, but as 'cheery' as of yore. This afternoon the Lord Nelson and several cruisers and destroyers came up and loosed 'Hell' round the point. At present things are perfectly quiet. Not a gun firing anywhere. Believe the final dash for the Narrows to be made within the next few days. Bitterly cold.

1st December 1915

Heavy frost last night. Turks again bombarded Lone Pine, but stopped after about two hour's flutter. Marching orders came late tonight. Have just got one party away for Lemnos to pick up guns and

ammunition there. Expect to go over tomorrow. Rumoured on good authority that we go from there to Embros. Hope so.

2nd December 1915

Busy packing up all day. Beachy still busy. Expect to leave tonight.

Back at Embros Island

3rd December 1915

Disappointed last night. Still at Anzac awaiting transport. Supposed to leave at minute's notice. LATER. Got orders to leave camp at 9.30. Walked via Walker's Ridge to beach. Got on board a semi-trawler and left at 12.30. Arrived at Embros 5.30. Camped in tents again.

4th December 1915

Spent practically the whole day eating and I am still hungry. Awaiting General Birdwood's return from Cape. Don't know where we are off to yet. Guns and first party on board the Queen Louise. Saw Mr Selmes today. Looking OK. Quite a novel experience not to have to dodge shells or bombs. Plenty of Turks prisoners. Also an aeroplane.

5th December 1915

Still no news as regards shifting from here, so filling in time doing the next best thing to fighting - eating. Delany and myself got permission off DSO to visit the RNAS's aerodrome. Had about 3 ½ hours there this afternoon. Tried to go for a 'rise' but struck hard luck. Having another try tomorrow. Very interesting afternoon.



Walkers Ridge leading down to 'W' Beach

6th December 1915

Missed fire again as regarding having a trip in an aeroplane, the day being rather rough. Had a look around the beach which is strewn with small wrecks, due to the stormy weather of late. Had a good view of the battleships shelling Achi Baba and Anzac. Visited QMS Tabbs, along with Golding at night. Orders in for reveille at 5 am tomorrow. Leaving for Sarpi Camp, Nudros West.

7th December 1915

Couldn't get away today, so made the best of things and kicked around generally. Rec orders for embarkation tomorrow morning at 7.

Onto Lemnos Island

8th December 1915

On board TBD 'Chelmer' heading for Lemnos. Have just got word of hostile aeroplane about. The gunners are on their guns already. Later hour appearance of aeroplane. Arrived at Lemnos and pulled alongside SS Arregon and ordered to Nudros W. Arrived at Camp at 8 pm. Great trip across.

9th December 1915

Getting settled here at our old position. Visited Sonpi this afternoon along with Delany and a chap of the Chelmer. Our party off H supposed to land tonight.

10th December 1915

Guns landed OK also rest of party with the exception of Bradwell and 2 others who are guarding the ammunition. Visited dental hospital later. Saw Golding at No 3 AGH. 500 at night.

11th December 1915

Rebuilding tents etc. Villaging this afternoon and watching football match.

12th December 1915

Getting settled down to Camp life again. Start training tomorrow.

13th December 1915

Camp and training routine similar to Egypt with the exception of having horses. A great number of our troops have been arriving here for the past 24 hours. Nothing definite known but fancy there's a big move somewhere. Glorious weather nowadays. Hear Chas will be over in a day or so.

14th December 1915

Got wet through last night owing to a heavy fog coming up. Didn't awake until 6.30 am. Sleep through anything nowadays. Even artillery or dropping shells have failed to rouse me once I get down. Out for a run tonight. Our battery is playing the Engineers footer tomorrow. Horribly out of form for it though.

15th December 1915

Camp routine same during the morning. Struck a half holiday from 1.30. Our match came off, for reference look at me. Both knees minus skin, ditto repeat ankle and nose and a swollen lip. Watson got a bump on the

head which knocked him silly for 3 hours, and England got a broken rib. Still it was a ripping match. We won by 9 to 0.

16th December 1915

Gee, stiff as a poker, knee looks like a well squashed plum pudding. Gift stores arrived today. Caught a shirt, packets of sweets etc. Several of our artillery details arrived today. Believe we are evacuating Anzac for some greater move. Awfully sorry, for although a warm corner of the planet had a great affection for that place. Can't find out what our next move is.

17th December 1915

Had to visit Doctor today. Knee crook. More details arrived from Anzac today. Glorious days here. 500 at night.

18th December 1915

Still attending the Doctor and am exempt from duty. Just my luck. A match against 3rd Bty on Sunday and am hours-de-combat. Can't play. Visited village today. Had tea with a lady and her daughter. Saw Saunders at night.

19th December 1915

'Footer' match again today. Our Bty played the rest of the FA Div. 8 Batteries in all and licked them 8 to 0. Couldn't play owing to crook knee. Delaney and I visited village afterwards and spent the afternoon with the Greek family.

20th December 1915

Camp routine with a vengeance. Mail arrived today, the first we've had for 6 or 7 weeks. Caught quite a few. Awaiting orders for our next shift.

21st December 1915

Orderly Sgt all day. Knee still out of action. Div inspection by OC. Raining.

22nd December 1915

Visited village and the Greek family today. Spent an enjoyable afternoon with Seymour and Bennett. Saw Saunders again. Pay tonight.

23rd December 1915

Light Horse left for Egypt today. Issued with small arm ammunition so expect to shift soon. Believe we're off to Egypt again. Villageing all morning and afternoon packing. Raining.

24th December 1915

Orders out to leave here Boxing Day. All exciting and bustle. Visited village and took leave of our Greek friends. Dry Christmas sticking out.

25th December 1915

Christmas Day, and I've got a 45/- thirst! Quiet day throughout. Concert at night. Favoured the gathering with a rendition. Cold as Charity again.

26th December 1915

Orderly Sgt for the day. Deleany managed to bribe a Greek into selling 2 bottles of Ale, which we had much pleasure in annihilating. Sent our baggage down to the wharf ready for shipment. Believe we leave here for Lemnos Is tomorrow.

27th December 1915

Departure postponed owing to heavy weather. Nothing much doing.



'W' Beach under fire from the Turkish army during evacuation.

28th December 1915

Our old friends the 42nd (who we were attached to at Helles) arrived today being relieved. They landed a little at a time after us. Our Bty played the crack team of Lemnos (1st FA) Football but lost 9 to 3. Didn't play. Knee still crook.

29th December 1915

Our whole Division of Artillery Details went for a 12 mile route march. Nearly got to Therma. Lovely day and most enjoyable walk.

General evacuation order back to Alexandria

30th December 1915

Received orders at 5.30 am to pack up and get out. Left camp at 7.45. Embarked from Sapper Pier and got aboard SS 'Tunisian'. At present waiting orders to leave port.

31st December 1915

Left Lemnos Island at 4 am. Picked up our escort, a light cruiser. Submarines fairly busy around these parts. Have been steering a Zig Zag course all day. Great beano tonight with Brunnell, Seymour, Pyemont, Bloomfield and Goldfinch. Real surprise for the New Year; turkey, cakes and Bass.

1st January 1916

Had a slight diversion from feeding at 2.30 am. Submarine reported on the Port bow, started doing evolutions which must have turned Samson green with envy had he seen them. Managed to dodge the sub all right. Had several visits from French destroyer. Altered our course quite half a dozen times. At present are heading SE to S which means Alexandria.

2nd January 1916

Sailed at high speed all night. Arrived off Alexandria at 6.30 am. Got to the wharf at 9.00am. Got disembark orders at 9.30. At present 12.30 am. Things doing.

3rd January 1916

3.30 am. Arrived at Tel-el Kebir, and walked about a mile and a half to our camp. Snatched about an hour's sleep. Had a wash and nearly murdered a couple of Saudis. Saw B.G.P. Rec a big mail. 3 parcels from England. Kicked around all day taking shots of things. Bunk at 9 pm. Here I finish. Today I had a look at myself in a mirror the first look I've had for some considerable time, just on a month. I got a shock, believe me, and of all the curios I've yet seen, I'll confess I'm the biggest. At present can push the scale up to just on 13 stone, am as brown as a nigger, and feeling bodies fit enough to slaughter a score of Saudis before each meal. Will finish now. Carry on when we get into more trouble again.

GOD SPEED THE CROWS AND FORCE THE NARROWS.

Must record 36 hour leave in Cairo. Went in with Reeks. Chas didn't manage to get in as arranged. Had a great time but felt like a fish out of water.

SLEPT IN A BED WITH SHEETS!

Still at Tel-el Kebir, but expect to leave here within the next 3 or 4 weeks.

FINNIS

[Inside back cover of diary],

Bedford

Harrington

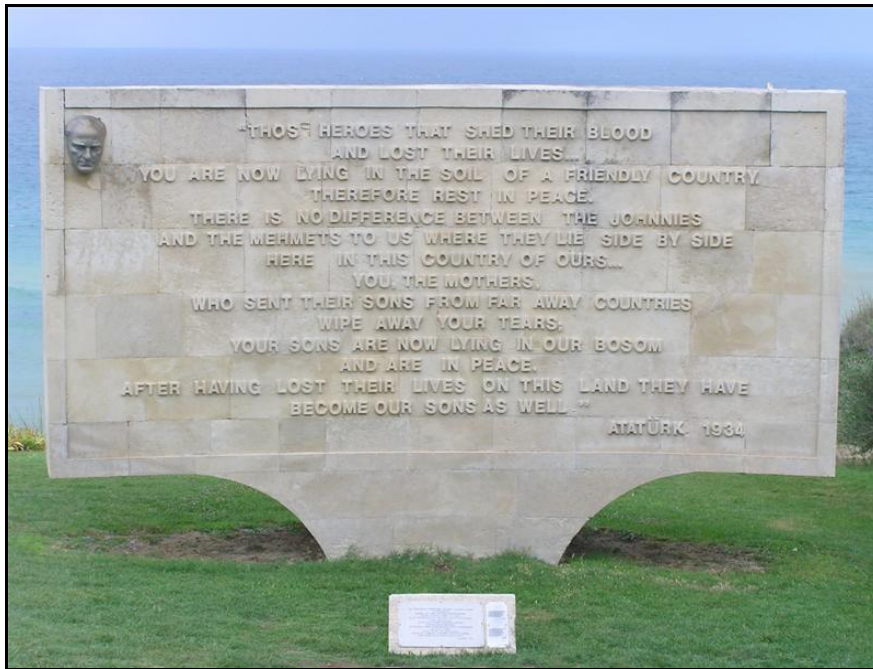
Booth

Buchannan

Corrigan

Dingle





***“THOSE HEROES THAT SHED THEIR BLOOD
AND LOST THEIR LIVES...
YOU ARE NOW LYING IN THE SOIL OF A FRIENDLY COUNTRY.
THEREFORE REST IN PEACE.
THERE IS NO DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE JOHNNIES
AND THE MEHMETTS TO US WHERE THEY LIE SIDE BY SIDE
HERE IN THIS COUNTRY OF OURS...
YOU THE MOTHERS,
WHO SENT THEIR SONS FROM FAR AWAY COUNTRIES,
WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS.
YOUR SONS ARE NOW LYING IN OUR BOSOM
AND ARE IN PEACE.
AFTER HAVING LOST THEIR LIVES ON THIS LAND THEY HAVE
BECOME OUR SONS AS WELL”***

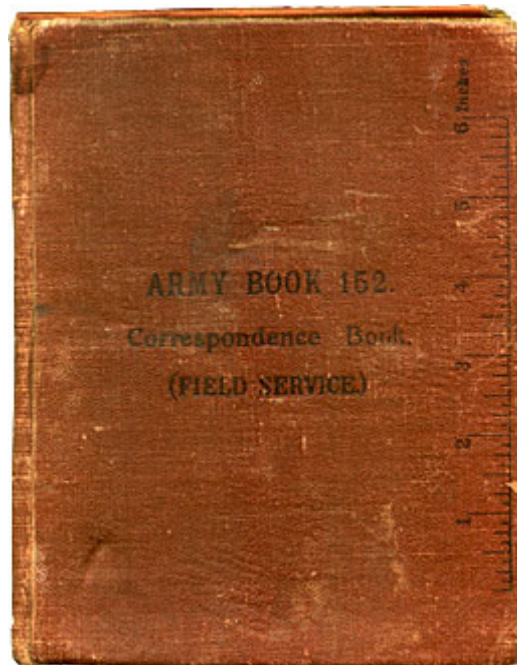
- MUSTAFA KEMAL



Diary Four

Dated from the

2nd March 1916 to the 11th August 1916



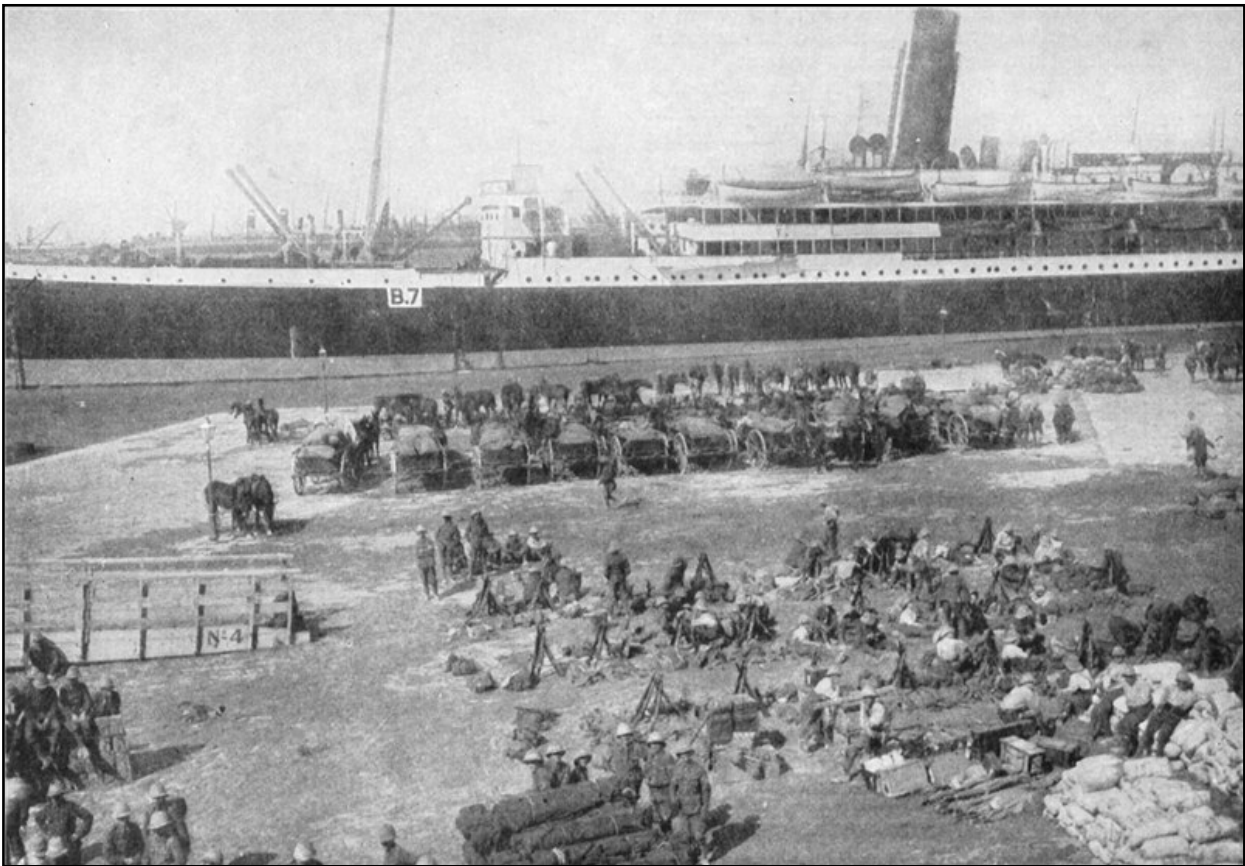
Ralphs fourth diary, ARMY BOOK 152.

Correspondence Book (FIELD SERVICE)

Covering Egypt and the campaign in France (Western Front).

Diary size - (Hard Cover) 16 x 20 cm.

Tel-el Kebir Camp, Egypt



Alexandria quay: allied troops preparations for embarkation (GWS)

22nd March 1916

Hur-bloomin-ray. Marching orders at last, and as pleased as a cat with two tails to get them. Just waiting for orders to entrain. Am heartily sick of this confounded Country, however remarkable it may be. Too many flies and niggers for my special palate and those two abortions combined are exactly 100% worse than Shrapnel or HE. This time I leave Egypt as a 'Blooming OFFICER'. Lieutenant R.D.D. of the Galloping Ninth, 3rd Brigade, 1st Division. Our CO is Colonel Burgess, OC Major Gee, and Randall and Faulkner. My old chum C.G.P. is with the Brigade, as Orderly Officer to the Colonel. Am feeling awfully fit, so look out somebody!

From Tel-el Kebir to Alexandria

23rd March 1916

Left Tel-el Kebir at 1am this morning. Arrived at Alexandria at 7am. Had a ripping good sleep coming down. Travel 1st Class nowadays. Officer you know. Unloaded horses and gear in next to record time. Started embarking same at 10am, finished at 12.40pm. Been trying to get into the City but the CO won't hear of it. This time we go to France I believe. Nothing definite known as yet, but I really think that's where we'll bring up. At present on SS Nessian of the Leyland Line of boats. Have a dinky cabin amidships, sharing same with Major Gee and Faulkner. Chas is on board, only a couple of cabins away. Left Alex at 8pm. Picked up with a destroyer escort 10pm. Plenty of 'tin fish' around here. Select little beano with Captains McIndoe and Raymond, and Chas and Faulkner. Sea very calm and, many thanks to someone, the thermometer's down a few. Had a last look at Egypt. Hope it's not my lot to visit there again. Bunk at 12pm.

24th March 1916

Up at 6.30am and down in stables. Horses doing fine not one accident to any of them yet. Destroyer still with us. Food on board splendid and plenty of it with good old English Bass as an appetizer. Beats 'Brassiere des Pyramids' (Pyramids Brewery) into a cocked hat. In stables pretty well all day. Things looking rather clean and shipshape now. Give me Australians every time when there's work to be done. They are the very essence of 'Ginger'. This afternoon have been allotting boat stations to our Battery. Everything OK on board, with the exception of one duty and that is that you can't move a yard away from your cabin unless you've got a lifebelt on. Received a message from our TBD Escort while at dinner, to the effect that an officer would board us after dark. Since then our course has been altered. Sea even smoother than yesterday, and temperature still normal.

25th March 1916

Up with the larks again this morning. Find that during the night we have picked up a few more transports. Our escort picked up some wreckage today. Haven't found out what it was. She left us at 12 o'clock. Went back to Alexandria. So at present we're on our own heading, I believe, for Malta. Expected to arrive there sometime during the next 30 hours. This afternoon it rained a bit and fog has been coming up for the last 6 hours. We also had several visitors today in the form of birds. Can't be very far away from land because our feathered friends are just ordinary house sparrows and wood-doves. Have developed an enormous appetite. Positively ravenous. Chas and I between us consume as much as 6 men would normally. Had a warm salt water bath today. I really think that civilisation is not quite extinct yet.

26th March 1916

Sunday, by all that's marvellous. Gee, the weeks do slip round nowadays. What's more, this proves to be a real wet one. Have been in the stables half the morning, and eating, and then pacing the boat deck with Chas the other half. It's a welcome change being at sea with just enough sun and wind to make the thermometer behave itself after months on the infernal sands of Egypt. (Ugh). Both my charges are doing A1. Phyllis recognises me every time I pass her, but Beauty is still dubious. Phyllis is a most expensive lady. Costs me a small fortune for lumps of sugar. This afternoon Chas and I were inoculated against Para-Typhoid. Feeling anything but cheerful. Considering the number of times I've been done, I really think that shrapnel won't hurt me now. The Doc has just been telling us how many millions of microbes are contained in one dose. I've just multiplied that by 7 and have come to the conclusion that I am really one big microbe.

27th March 1916

Passed Malta at 11 o'clock last night. Received orders there and at present we're obeying some by heading for Marseilles. The breeze has increased until it's blowing a tidy little gale but the rain has gone. Just been up on the boat deck enjoying things. Chas and I are both down to the inoculation. I've a head like 'the morning after the night before' stunt. Hardly left my cabin all afternoon. However, I've got one consolation. The Doc has been doped too, and he's a fraction worse than I am. Late this afternoon we passed quite close to the coast of Tunis. Rather mountainous country. Received a signal from the lighthouse. Passed a Greek steamer toward evening. We've averaged 11 ½ knots since leaving Egypt and would be in Marseilles now if our course had been the usual one. Tonight's glorious. Dead calm and beautifully cool.

28th March 1916

Ships Orderly Officer today. In charge of 40 men who compose the Submarine Guard. All the morning have been on the boat deck listening to the skippers funny stories. Under normal circumstances we should arrive at Marseilles tomorrow. Passed Sardinia this afternoon. Quite a large island and looks even more forbidding than Tunis. We should pass Corsica tonight. At present we are in the Gulf of Lyons, and know it too. This old tub has behaved rather well up to now, but the tidal roll here is upsetting her somewhat. The Major and Faulkner have been down to it. Passed a couple of boats towards evening. Just had a glorious bath. Don't know when we'll get a chance of another one.

Arrival in Marseilles harbour, and train trip to Le Harve

29th March 1916

(Château d'If) My first glimpse of France at 7am. My first impression of same, is that it's uncommonly like NZ particularly the South Island. All morning has been spent scanning the coast in hopes of picking up Marseilles, and just now 10.30am we got our first glimpse of that city. Coming up the harbour (which is magnificent in the extreme), we passed the Tower from which the Count of Monte Cristo was thrown somewhere about the year 'umpteen'. Also passed a beautiful church perched away up on a hill. On the largest steeple of the church is a fine gilded statue which dazzles your eyes even though you're a few miles away. Tied up at the wharf at 12am. Disembarked at 4pm. Had dinner on the 'Nessian' and then walked to camp about 2 miles from the wharf. An absolute brute of a camp too. 2/5th under water. Chas, Faulkner and self managed to get up town for a few hours at night. Great beano and no questions.

30th March 1916

Up with the sparrows this morn. Gee, its cold here. Woke up at about 2 am and thought the North Pole had shifted a bit. Awaiting orders to entrain for some unknown spot. Randall joined up with us again. The Major, Chas, Raymond, and self cruised over to a Hotel and had cafe au lait. For dinner we got into a Restaurant which was unmistakably German. (Pirated). Exercised horses in the afternoon. No leave granted. Anyhow at 7 pm we called a muster and found that 100 men of our particular Bty had sealed out. No orders for shifting yet. Believe we go north from here, a 5-hours train journey via Paris. Learning to talk French like a Parrot.

31st March 1916

Three fifths of the Bty up before the beek. Chas and I went on leave at 3.30 pm. Struck some English people in a Restaurant and received an invitation to go out to their place tomorrow night for a ball. Great beano at night. Picked up Randall at 6.30 and also struck H. Hobbs and Parks. Had dinner at Coif Maud. Glorious evening.

1st April 1916

Arrived in Camp at 06.30. Exercising most of the day. At night Chas and myself had our best night for quite 18 months. Visited the Home of Mr Beckell, Villa Virginia, No 8 Rue Marie Currie. Had a most enjoyable evening and met real English people there. Appreciated it incredibly. Danced and talked up till about 2.30 am and then got back to camp.

2nd April 1916

Sunday again, and most enjoyable. Quiet day in Camp. Chas and myself got leave and went to keep an appointment with one of the many English friends we met last evening. Met the party at 2 pm and went out to their place and played tennis all afternoon. Managed to strike form at once and gave a fairly good account of myself. Big beano at night. Ask us who 'Maude' is. Wouldn't mind a month here. Got home at 06.15

3rd April 1916

Randall, Chas and myself left camp at 10 am and visited friends in the City. Went out to lunch then got a motor launch and saw Marseilles from the water front. Got back to the wharf at 5 pm. Reported to camp and had dinner at 8. Another beano. Who's Puppett.

4 April 1916

Out exercising horses all morning. Went out into an outskirts of the City. The houses are real palaces and nearly every one has magnificent grounds. Slept during the afternoon. Went into the City at 8 pm in charge of a Patrol of 28 men and 4 NCOs. Had a great time. 'Supper' with A.P.M. Got back to camp at 12 pm. Great City believe me.

5th April 1916

On leave from 10 am with Chas. Went by train and visited No 7 Hangar Ordinance Depot. Met one of the chaps who was at Tennis last Sunday and went to afternoon tea with him. Dinner at Le Novelty Bar. Lost Chas? Very early to bed 11 pm The earliest since arriving in Marseilles.

6th April 1916

Raining like Mad. Got orders at 10.30. Packed and left Camp Fournier at 7 pm. Entrained at 9.30. Visited Maude, and had dinner at her place. Picked Randall up there then accompanied by Lula and Maude we travelled to the station. Left there at 11.15 pm. Up to our knees in mud. Awful sorry to leave.

7th April 1916

Our first stop at Orange after travelling all night. Stopped at Marcon at 2.15. This is a lovely trip. The Major, Chas and self in a very cosy sleeping car. Travelling through magnificent country. Stopped briefly and fed horses at night. Managed to supplement ourselves. Champagne etc. Slept like a log all night.

8th April 1916

Travelling all day. Gee, this France is beautiful. Passed through the Champagne District this afternoon. Chas being in charge of the commissariat Department procured drinkables and cooked pheasant. Passed Paris about 3.30 but did not see much of the city. Went round through the outskirts. This country is the most beautiful I've yet seen. On the whole it seems to be one big beautiful garden. Everywhere the troops either travelling or massing on the railway stations, or doing sentry on roads, bridges or railways. Every station we've been through we've been cheered and farewells waved from everywhere. The French people seem to be very much attracted to our boys and they likewise to them. Expect to reach our destination (Le Havre) early tomorrow morning. Bitterly cold tonight. Early to bunk.



As a troop train carrying Australian soldiers from Marseilles to Le Havre makes a rest stop, the soldiers have disembarked to stretch their legs on the tracks beside the train, rest on the embankment (right) or pick wildflowers to decorate the train carriages.

Le Havre

9th April 1916

Arrived at Havre at 2 pm today. Cold, that's flattering it. Great station here. Must be about 400 yards long. Fell out and detrained horses and stores. Left the station at 5 am and walked 6½ miles to camp. No 2 (Sanvic). There are quite a number of batteries waiting here. Amongst them are several of my old chums from the 1st Bde. Working like a nigger all day. Getting lines down and picketing horses and a hundred and one other things which behove a Bty Orderly Officer. Chas and myself went into the City for dinner about 7 o'clock. Give me Marseilles before this City. Although this is rather pretty and well laid out; Marseilles for preference every time. Hunted all round the place in hopes of getting a bath but our luck must have been out. The City is full of troops representing all the Allies. At the Hotel where we dined were several Belgian and French officers in unlimited quantities.

10th April 1916

Randall and the Major at ordinance all day seeing to our guns, waggons and general equipment. Quite a pleasant day today. More like the South of France. Had a view of a French dirigible in flight. Came round over our lines. Randall, Chas, and self went into town tonight, after the same old complaints, a bath and dinner. Got the latter but again missed the former. Went to a music-hall later. Ask Chas? Cold as Charity tonight.

11th April 1916

Raining like mad. Went into ordinance this morning at 8.30 to draw our guns etc. Got back to camp at 1.30. Had to bring the Battery and B.A.C. out myself. Worked it out by algebra and a few other things. Got wet

through of course. We have a great mess room here. In reality is a hay loft converted. Anyhow it can boast a stove, which make's up for a lot of things.

12th April 1916

BOO today. Been out in the rain all day. Busy equipping etc. Mud up to your knees. Still, I'd sooner that than sand. Packed up this afternoon. Believe we leave here within the next 36 hours. Hope so.

13th April 1916

Weather a slight improvement, no rain, but blowing a cold gale. 1st Brigade arrived last night. Joined up with us this morning. Went into the City this morning for a bath. Got it. Marching orders to hand. Left camp at 5.30 pm and got down to entraining station at 4. Started entraining at 7.30 finished at a quarter to nine. Randall a I went into the City and had dinner, then came back and had supper with the major and RTO. Left Le Havre at 10 pm. Got a cosy compartment.



A view of the village of Borre, in Northern France, showing the church in the centre, and the house to the right which was used as 1st Brigade Headquarters.

14th April 1916

Travelling all night and still at it. Pulled up at Auzéville-en-Argonne at 7.30. Watered and fed the horses. Struck 2 carriages of Australian nurses on a side line, who are going to work near the firing line. We are now in the War Zone. Every cottage along the line is a billet for troops. Everywhere are French soldiers, a great number of them working in the fields with the crops. Arrived at our destination Borre and packed 8 mules along a road knee deep in mud. Left the station at 8 pm and got out to our billet at 10.30. We are quartered in a French farmhouse, from which the sound of the guns are quite audible, and all night long the sky is brightened by their flashes. The room where I am writing this was once the HQ of some German troops who were quartered here. The daughter of the house speaks English and she has been telling us of the fighting which took place about here after Mons. Bitterly cold and raining.

15th April 1916

Got to bed sometime this morning. Slept the sleep of the just. In a bed too. Our boys are quite comfortably quartered on a barn feet deep in snow while the 4 dorgs have beds and bedrooms. This is undoubtedly the coldest thing I've yet struck. This morning it snowed and to cap the lot there's a knife-like gale blowing at

about 40 knots per hour; which tickles you up some believe me. Raining most of the day, snowing the rest. Towards evening the wind abated and it stopped snowing and many other things, in fact it behaved itself so well that 2 Taubes came over and attacked our stationary observing balloon. Our planes went up and there was skin and hair flying. The Taubes dropped several bombs which were ineffective while our anti-aircraft guns made the sky hideous with puff of shrapnel. The Taubes soon tired however and escaped in a mist. Give us quite an appetite for dinner. Living like a fighting cock and feeling awfully fit and well.

16th April 1916

Glorious day today. It can be fine here sometimes. Went out on Beauty today. Glorious riding about the country lanes. All night long our "heavies" have been pasting things up-ahead. One continual roar of artillery all night. Received two letters from Annie today. By the way, I wrote to several people I used to know, last evening. Home, Horsie, "Undoona" Kream, and 48 M.R. Chas came along from H.Q. today. Faulkner dug up a farmhouse where you can get Champagne for 5 Francs a bottle. Of course we didn't spend any Francs. Orders to hand tonight for the Major. Myself with 30 men to go into the firing line tomorrow. Have been getting maps and gen prepared in readiness to move off. Look out somebody.

Onto the Firing Line

17th April 1916 (Pailly our la Lys)

Raining like charity. Left Borre at 10 a.m. Boarded a motor transport with 7 others set out the 12 mile ride to the firing line. Got here about 12 a.m. after the "muddiest" and "jolliest" ride I've had and I've been for quite a few. Its just like being at war again here. Something that I used to be quite used to once upon a time. At present the Major and I are quartered in some French homestead just about 1000 yds from the Bty position. Believe we take over tomorrow. Randall and Faulkner are behind in Borre while we are here with 4 complete gun detachments. Met two genuine Aus. Officers who have been trying to break their respective necks to make us comfortable. Our "heavies" have just been having an evenings hate with somebody up ahead using 9.2 and 6 in. howitzers. My batman [officer's assistant] was kind enough to lose my bed and clothing today so here's for a cold night.

18th April 1916

Sundry "hates" all day. Spent a most enjoyable night last night I don' think. Almost froze. Managed to "thaw" about 8 a.m. today. The Major and I reported to 2nd Div B.H.Q. at 10.30 and met and had lunch with an old acquaintance Col. Loyde who used to be Adj. 1st F.A. Bde. Had a long yarn to him about Helles while settling in his cosy quarters. We had to ride up from here, don't think we could have walked it. Mud's too thick. Had lunch with Major Williams and Lt. McPherson of the 15th Bty. We take over from them tomorrow. In the afternoon went up to the gun position and got the "hang" of things there. Boarded a horse and got back here again at 4.30. Gee this is a wet, cold show. Rain, mud everywhere and gee isn't it hot? Our friends are playing rather an expensive game just now. They're firing combustible shells at our billets and setting fire to the same. Jove, but their artillery are accurate. Never seem to miss. The owner of the house we are at present quartered in, was taken prisoner by the Germans last Sept, 12 months. All this place was in German hands.

19th April 1916

Rec. orders from the Major to report at once. The 15th Bty kindly supplied me with a horse which, if everything in this world was in its proper place, would figure in a wild west buck jumping show. Had a most

amusing ride. The orderly with me turned out to be a chap Hollis that I dined with at the show ground in Sydney just prior to leaving Aus. Reported to the Major and 'ate' first of all. Spent the afternoon cruising about the trenches with Major Williams and Capt. Morris. Visited our OP. Two are in ruined houses and one up a tree. On our way round noticed plenty of "houses" which must have looked very pretty once least say so now. The trenches are thick with mud and if you chance to slip off the boards you will have a bath in at least 2 ft of water. Sundry artillery duels the order of the day with machine guns chipping in at night. Morris and I managed to get hold of a bottle of Cham tonight. Great night cap in this climate.

20th April 1916

Still raining. This morning the Major and I overslept our respective selves. Must have been the lobsters. Studying maps etc. all morning. This afternoon Capt. Morris and myself went up to the trenches with the idea of visiting our OP. Just got up near there and discovered that our friends were making a nuisance of themselves by shelling it like blazes, so just made ourselves comfortable and watched them. They sent over about 150 shells from 77 mm 4.2 to 5.9 H.E. Made an awful mess of it. Tomorrow we have got to go and look for another one somewhere. Visited the 13th Battery later. This particular Bty has been shelled out twice within the last few days. There are about 100 shell-holes around their last position. They're regular dorgs these Huns when they get going. Machine guns busy on our own sector. Heavy firing towards Armentieres.

Return to Borre

21st April 1916

This morning got orders to go back to Borre on duty. Left base at 9.30 walked to Outtersteene (about 6 miles), boarded a goods train and got out at Hazebrouck and walked from there to Borre. Saw Chas who is looking anything but well. Left on the return journey in the midst of pouring rain at 4.30. Rode Phyllis down to the station. Boarded a passenger train at 6.30 and arrived in Steenwerck at 7.15. Got hold of some Tomey Ambulance Sergt and after Sunday drinks bribed him into getting a motor waggon and running me part of the way home. Got home at 10 pm wet through.

22nd April 1916

Ordered to go with the Adjutant to get the rest of our Bty billeted in Gestaves. Raining like old nick. Got a horse from the 15 Bty and "used it". Billeted the Ordered to go with the Adjutant to get the rest of our Bty billeted in Gestaves.

23rd April 1916 (Easter Sunday)

Up with the larks this morning. The Major and self went up to the OP. and watched a bit of "hate" on our friends trenches. Afterwards, not to be done out of any fun they opened on to ours, and we got the "overs". Tons of aeroplane scraps during the day. A plane has hardly time to get up nowadays before it's got about 30 or 40 shrapnel and stie puffs around it. We brought down one of theirs yesterday and today they equalised the score by winging one of ours. This afternoon Major and myself rode into Le Pailly after pay and a few other things. Successful thank heaven. Got back at 5.30pm. At present am up at Kalallin at 2. G.A.O. for the 14 and 15 Btys. Had quite a pleasant time this evening so far. At present there's a Rosch M.G. making a fine target of this old house. Awfully interfering "cuss". Doing no earthly good but riddling the tiles on the roof, making an awful dust. The first really fine day since I've been in France.

24th April 1916 (Easter Monday)

Another fine day. Ye gods. Got down to the pay Bty at 8.30 had breakfast and look over my guns and store from the 15th Bty and put my own gun's crews on them. This afternoon located a new OP. and spent several hours mapping out a scheme whereby we can make it habitable. Its in an old ruined farmhouse about 300 yds in rear of our first line trench and its shelled out of all recognition of a house. This afternoon we had our first "hate". Stuck in about a dozen rounds for luck. Our anti-aircraft guns brought down a Taube today. Sunday artillery duels the order of the day otherwise quiet. Its just 12 months back when we were all anxiously waiting for our first scrap, and here now after one year of scrapping we are considered quite veteran soldiers.

25th April 1916 (Anzac Day)

Just 12 months ago today since I had my first baptism of fire at sea. Was on board the S.S. Indian then lying off Anzac waiting to land. Another glorious day today. This morning had to go to Bac St Maurit to locate a temporary waggon line for our Battery. Did so. Was also out after the Field Cashier, missed him but found Chas who had just come out of Hospital, and was looking for H.Q. Had dinner together at our billet, and then went up to our OP. and took over from MacPherson of the 15th Bty. Sundry artillery "hates". We fired on one battery and shut them up with 16 rounds. Came down to our billet at 6.30. Chas came to dinner. Cracked a bottle with the Major and Chas to celebrate the "Day" and came up here to Battalion H.Q. Thank someone I am not 6 ft long.

26th April 1916

Left Batt H.Q. at something to 7. Got to David House and had breakfast. Afterwards went up to our forward OP. Was employed making ourselves comfortable when our friends started throwing 5.9s into us so we had to get out. They fired 60 rounds into it and then shut up. Blew things about a bit but I can still use it as an OP. Got back to the Bty on being relieved by the Major and went down to Bue Sis-nair and guided the Bty into their new W.L. Got back to the Bty at 9.30. Coming home "they" threw some of their gas shells about. This gas makes your eyes water and smart like one thing. The appearance of my eyes this morning was such as would suggest that I had a glorious beano, or night out. Orders through that Randall has been transferred from our Bty. Our next officer is Lt. Richardson from the 7th.

27th April 1916

Glorious day again. Been working like a nigger all day. Down at the waggon line all the morning straightening things out. Up at the Bty all afternoon. Missed a trip to England today by just a hairs-breadth. Anyhow that will keep. Faulkner came up today which relieves me somewhat. Tonight Chas, Adj. and CO had just finished a little "stunt" and were just preparing for bunk when we got the SOS signal from the front line, signalling gas attack. Donned our gas helmet and got into action in no time and strafed for an hour and a half. Have just come in from our stint. The wind has changed so I reckon "they" will have to don their gas bags. Everything perfectly quiet save for an occasional burst of machine gun fire. Had a bath.

28th April 1916

Chas and myself went for a short cruise this morning around Fleurbaix. Found something. Down at waggon line in the afternoon checking gun stores etc. Have to take my two guns somewhere near Armentieres tonight. Left W.L. at 7 got to 12th Bty position when we had a gas attack signalled. Turned out to be only a

scare. Picked up an officer of the 12th who guided us to our rendezvous where I handed over guns etc. Got back to Fleurbaix at 11.45 p.m. Got two letters. My mail has gone mad and got lost somewhere.



Fleurbaix battle front

29th April 1916

Up at OP. all morning, but not in it all the time. Got shelled out of the forward OP. so went back to the reserve D.O (dug out) and got shelled out of that. So spent a comfortable 2 hours peaking about the trenches while "they" carried on and amused themselves. My Sergt Brown and self nearly got buried by the roof and a few beams, I don't mind how many shells they throw about, but I bar sand bags. Reported to Batt H.Q. tonight.

30th April 1916

Got down to the Bty from B.H.Q. at 9 a.m. Have been working like a nigger all day. Visited waggon line this afternoon. Tonight at 7 p.m. "they" opened up on one of our heavy batteries and pushed out about 50 5.9s. Made an awful mess of things but didn't get the guns. Last night "they" made an attack north of Armentieres preceded by a gas stunt but gained nothing. Artillery hates all day.

1st May 1916

Up at OP. all day. Strange as it may seem, its true that we never got a shell at us today. An occasional artillery hate and rather good target practise made at aeroplanes, but apart from that nothing much doing. At night we got the gas signal. Pumped in a few rounds, but found out finally it was a false alarm.

2nd May 1916

Glorious day. My turn at the Bty today. Had to go down to the waggon line this morning. This afternoon had two hates of 20 rounds each. The Major controlled the first one, but got blown out of his OP. station 5

minutes before the second one started, so I carried on. Nothing much doing barring a few more farmhouses being strafed. Wrote M and Mr Blikeli tonight.

3rd May 1916

Spent the morning looking for a new OP. old blown out again. At present am observing from a tree about 900 yds in rear of our first line. Got a temporary station at the 24th OP. Up at Batt H.Q. at night.

4th May 1916

Down at the Battery all day. At 11 a.m. I got word to fire on a target that a scouting aeroplane sent down. Got into action immediately and got a hit with the third round. Put in about a dozen more for luck. Aeroplane report to hand says effective shoot. Same believe me. At night the Colonel, Chas and Morris visited our billet. We had a phonograph records and Champagne so had an awfully jolly night.

5th May 1916

Just going to bed after a glorious little 'hate'. Have been up forward observing all day. Our friends ranged on to pretty well every trench in the 24th and our own sections. Thought there would be something doing tonight, and there was. Had just dined, and was having a little bit of music, when someone let hell loose on our sector. Our friends concentrated all their available artillery on us and gee wizz, didn't he knock it in. We've just finished firing. Everything is quite normal again but for two hours it was like old Helles again. Our boys stuck it well. Trust the 1st AIF for that, although for every shell we loosed off, they sent 7 back at us. Were expecting a repetition early tomorrow morning. Hope they come, because we've got such a painful surprise awaiting them.

6th May 1916

Our friends evidently thought better of it and didn't try any more funny business this morning. Rather a disappointment for us because we had several painful surprises up our sleeves but they'll keep. Got more than he expected I fancy. All our chaps wanted to rush his trenches., but unfortunately orders are orders. Up at OP. all day. Had a couple of visits around the trenches. In one small sector they got over 400 shells into it. Got down to the Battery at 7 p.m. Had a visit from Chas. Everything O.K.

7th May 1916

Down at the Battery all day. Sundry little hates the order of things but nothing much. Busy fixing up night lines of fire for our guns. Expect to start registering tomorrow.

8th May 1916

Up at OP. all day. Bitterly cold, in fact it has been hailing most of the day. Started registering this afternoon. Had my first experience of controlling fire from OP. Registered my own which the Major persists in naming after me (Doughty's Road). 10.15 a.m. Just sitting in my dug out writing this. Expecting trouble. To the right someone's lifted the lid of Hell and they're playing the Devil. Its as light as day with the flares and gun flashes. Glorious night for a scrap, nice and chilly, and dead calm, so come on dears, do. Saw Randall tonight.

9th May 1916

Although expected something last night was disappointed. Nothing doing. Turned out to be a bit of a midnight "hate". Down at the Battery up till 6 p.m. During the afternoon had a decent little "hate". Reported

to Batt H.Q. at night. Raining like old Nick. Had a most pleasant evening with Col. Bennett. It rages and other officers of the good old 6th. Quiet night.

10th May 1916

Up at OP. today. Nothing doing in the morning, but in the afternoon the Major and I had a little "hate" on our own. Their 5.9s opened on the old OP. and sent over 60 at it. Gee, its in a mess. We were up a tree observing during our little hate and was paid particular attention by one of their snipers. Awfully cheeky chap, but a rotten shot. Glorious evening.

11th May 1916

Down at the Battery all day. Consistent shelling by the enemy of sundry points of our sector. We had a nice little hate this morning and also a sortie this afternoon. "Strafed" a house or two which happened to be occupied also "stroked" a working party or six. Fritz scored one hit today. Brought down one of our "planes" not very far from our position. This evening he nearly got another. Real hard luck he didn't. The shooting warranted it. Saw Chas tonight. Went into Fluerbaix and teased some French girls. The most innocent bit of fun we've had for a long time. Major, Chas and I had a Fizz Supper. Glorious war this.

12th May 1916

Up at OP. all day. Had a "dig" at a working party on my road. Caught a few. Sundry shelling on both sides. Ran No 4 out tonight. Took her up about 1400 yds. 8th Batt turned out in force to help.

13th May 1916

Down at the Battery all day. Raining like Hell. Suture on has by M.O. 2nd Bde. Done a bit of strafing later on in the afternoon. Went up to Batt H.Q. for dinner with Rogers. Had a most enjoyable time up there. Tea and toast at 11.30 p.m. Quiet night up ahead but quite a noise up Armentieres way.

14th May 1916

Up at OP. again. Cold as charity. Quiet morning, but "they" started hideous noises during the afternoon, so gave them something back and shut them up after a few rounds. Got a few direct hits on Maisach Church and house alongside of it with our mobile gun. Bde orders tonight contain a list of officers leave. Wonders never cease. Fancy giving officers to the 1st Art. Div. Leave. Rotten part about it is that Chas goes early next month while I get away on the 23rd.

15th May 1916

Down at the Battery all day. Still raining and this Flanders mud is so affectionate. Had a bit of a "strafe" this morning and got something. Lt. Robertson reported for duty to our Battery. The Major insists on it that I go down to the waggon line for a few days spell, and as its an order I go down tomorrow morning. Nothing much doing.

16th May 1916

W.L. Arrived here at 10 a.m. this morning. A little quieter than the Battery, but still within range of their "heavies". Its great here. Everywhere along the road and in Bai St Maurit are little restaurants owned and run by French people where they sell refreshments and a little bit of everything. Both my charges are fine.

Haven't had a chance to ride either of them yet. O.C. Waggon Line has too much to do. 8th Battery got their share of "strafe" today. Its going up. 7th first, 8th second, 9th (our turn next).

17th May 1916

Glorious day. Aeroplane duels the order of the morning. Their heavies making hideous noises during the afternoon. Tonight we had to "stand to" on account of receiving a Gas Alarm. The sector attacked is South of us and at present 9 p.m. there is an extra heavy bombardment down that way. Got a letter from Annie today. Gee my mails gone mad. Haven't had a letter for years I think.



Australian 18lb battery gun stuck in Flanders Mud

18th May 1916

Glorious day again. Aeroplane stunts as usual. Still at Waggon Line and having a deuce of a time. Great night tonight. At the invitation of Madame Grace (our billet proprietries), young ladies of Flanders come over to entertain us. Sang French songs (in the English version mostly) until I was quite hoarse. One of the visitors was a Belgian girl whose father was killed early in the fighting. Aeroplane squadron after, gone at midnight tonight.

19th May 1916

Major came down today bringing with him good tidings. First of all that we're expecting a real good rough up shortly. And that I can get up to the Battery in a day or so. Mail arrived, but mine "nonest". Wrote Annie. Got shelled this evening. Don't exactly know if they were after us or an observation balloon which was up close to us. Anyhow they didn't get either. Very heavy bombardment down toward Neuve Chapelle.

20th May 1916

Glorious day again. Sundry artillery "strafes" and aeroplane "stunts". This afternoon Chas came down to dinner. Randall also blew in and had a "cup of tea". Big mail arrived last night. Mine still nonest. Nothing much doing.

21st May 1916

A few small hates and aeroplane stunts the order of things. Getting quite hot here. Our friends shelled a portion of Fluerbaix today, but did practically no damage owing to faulty ammunition. Visited Bte 8 H.Q. tonight. Rode up on Phillis. Chas came back with me. Had quite a nice little evening with the aid of three "mademoiselles" and cham. Glorious news tonight. Am going up to the Battery Tuesday morning.

22nd May 1916

Constant strafing all day long by both sides. Still quiet down here until this evening when they ranged on to the road about 6000 yds away from our stables. Thought we would have to "runski" but they soon tired. Put over about 50 shells but didn't do much damage. Chas down tonight. MacIndo, Moody, Chas and I had "a night assisted by the aforementioned mademoiselles.

23rd May 1916

General Hobbs inspected our W.L. this morning. Had a great turn out. Complimented on it in fact. Quite a "dorg" believe me. Reported to the Battery at 8 p.m. and ordered to go and report to Battalion H.Q. at once. They expected a "strafe" this evening, but it didn't come off. At present we have 3 officers and 30 men from the 6th Bty quartered with us. They relieve us when we go out for our spell about the 30th of this month.

24th May 1916

Great day. Got down to the Bty at 7.30 a.m. and just going to have a bath and a few other things when we got into action and strafed at the same time. "They" set one of our billets on fire and strafed the road rather prettily. Anyhow we had a rather hot half hours hate and then knocked off for dinner. This afternoon I was sent up to OP. and had a few "pots" and started a war with some of their Batteries. Located one of them and strafed it properly. Shut them up in rather quick time with No. 4. Chas came up to see me, so we had a war on our own.

25th May 1916

Up at the OP. again this morning. Started another row with our friends. Gave poor old Le Maisnil a few and pasted the cross roads rather well. No 4 seems to have got them thinking. Can't locate her anyhow. Had an accident with her in the afternoon and had to get new springs into the buffer. Have been "strafing" a good deal with her of late. Beano at the billet tonight.

26th May 1916

A glorious little war today. Went up to OP. this morning and strafed all and sundry. Major came up later on and our joint ambitions and doings set things going. Have become quite an expert on knocking houses about. Real top hole on the roofs. Went down and paid the lads at the Waggon Line this evening and came back and done likewise the Battery. During my absence "they" strafed our billet, Battery and No 4. I am (27) Just came back from running No 4 into a new position. Too hot over in the old one.

27th May 1916

Went up and plotted out a new zero line for No 4 this morning and spent two or three hours giving somebody up ahead the benefit of all doubts. Down at the Bty all afternoon getting things ready to hand over to the 6th Bty. Sundry hates the order of the day. Tonight one of our aeroplanes went for a trip over the enemy's lines and caused quite a stir. Must have had 400 shells at it, but it managed to evade all of them.

28th May 1916

Getting ready to hand over the 6th most of the day. With Chas, visited the 2nd Bty and saw some of the old boys. Had dinner with Capt. Olding, Regg Morris. Got home at 8 p.m. Something tells me there's going to be dirty work about tonight. Later just had a champagne supper with Major, Chas, Faulkner, Robertson and 4 officers from the 6th. Bunk at 11.30.

29th May 1916

No rest for the wicked. Behold in me the "wicked". Got an urgent this morning at 2 a.m. and have been supplying the Huns "urgently" since. Got into a beautiful little "strafe" and started quite a small war on our own. I think we won on points because they "ceased fire" first. This afternoon Lt. Duffy and myself rode via Sailly-sur-la-Lys to our new waggon line where we are to "spell". Fixed things up for our arrival. Went into Estaires and had dinner, and a little diversion from being shelled. Got home about midnight after the darkest ride I've ever had. Had to take our bearings by the light of the German flares. Raining.



Street and church interior of Estaires

30th May 1916

Busy getting ready for our move all morning. Handed over to 6th at 5pm. Left Fluerbaix at 7. Walked down to W.L Bac Saint-Maur and left there at 9.15. At 8.30 our friend opened up played the Devil. Thought we would have had to go back and strafe but was disappointed. Arrived at our new W.L. at 11.15. Lovely ride. Am getting to know my way about Flanders.

31st May 1916

Quite settled down in our new billet which happens to be a rather big farmhouse. This place also was used by Uplans early in the war for a H.Q. The father of the family at present living here was shot in his own garden.

The morning taken up with getting things straight. This afternoon Chas myself rode into Estaires. Had a pleasant afternoon. Struck an English Leuit in there, and he showed us around. Walked back and got it doing so. Arrived home at 11 p.m.

1st June 1916

Rode into Estaires with Robertson today. Bought several things for the mess. Saw our English friend again. On arriving home the Major informed me that his leave has been stopped. Quite hard luck as he was looking forward to getting away the day after tomorrow. Richardson takes his place. Chas goes on Sunday night. Very heavy bombardment over Laventie way tonight.

2nd June 1916

Glorious day. Orderly Officer today. Went out exercising this morning and had to stay in camp the rest of the day. Something unusual occurred tonight. Got a letter. Chas visited us tonight. Wildly excited about his approaching leave. Wish it would be kind to use once in a while and let us both get away together. Never mind mine comes 20 days after tomorrow. Considerable strafing going on up ahead although we don't hear much of it down here except the dull roar of the guns. Would sooner be up into it again though. Gets awfully monotonous down here. Anyhow will be up amongst it tomorrow. The Major and myself are going up to pick out new gun positions if fine.

3rd June 1916

Glorious day. The Major and I left here at 9 a.m. this morning and went looking for reserve positions. Visited the old 2nd Bty in the course of our wanderings and had morning tea with Captains Olding and Sandford. Saw some of the old boys again. Got into Estaires about 2.30 p.m. and had dinner at the Hotel De Ville. Visited our English officer friend and had the rest of the afternoon with him. Managed to get on to my base kit today. Not before I wanted it either as I've been going about in rags for the last month. Richardson leaves here tonight for his furlough. Chas was in a great state of excitement because he leaves here tomorrow night. General Hobbs visited us today. I've had about 6 hours in the saddle today and am as stiff as a poker.

4th June 1916

Had a visit from Generals Hobbs and Birdwood today. Chas came along and had dinner at night and left for England afterwards. Very heavy bombardment on right Group all night. Expected a call but none came.

5th June 1916

Orderly "dorg" all day. Went out exercising this morning and got caught in a heavy shower so had a ripping gallop home. Nothing very interesting here. Wish we were in position.

6th June 1916

Raining like old nick. Cleaned up towards evening so got on Phillis and went and saw Capt. Raymond (RAC). Had a lovely ride. Brigade orders out tonight bring rotten news re leave. Lord only knows when I get to England now. Just feel like getting up to the OP. and starting a war. Major got a late call last night. Glorious night.

7th June 1916

Took the Battery for a 10 mile route march this morning. Thoroughly enjoyed it. This afternoon Faulkner, Raymond, myself went on to Estaires for a little diversion. Had it. Mrs McKeon and the 4 of us went and had dinner at the Hotel De Ville. Glorious ride home.

8th June 1916

Kicking about the Bty all day. Randall paid us a surprise visit bringing with him the news that he was just going on furlough. Morris Fame had dinner with us. Sent the Major into Estaires with the Colonel. Handed over one of my guns to 6th Bty. Raining like old nick.

9th June 1916

Visit from Raymond this morning. Exercised horses and served my county well by getting waggons and guns cleaned ready for handing over. Sent for by the Colonel and told to report with Faulkner and 6 O.R. to 2nd Bty gun position. Left Waggon Line at rest billets at 8 p.m. arrived 9 p.m. Reported to Capt. Olding so here we are arranging to take over position and guns. Billeted in a farmhouse just about 40 yards away from the guns.

10th June 1916

Too misty today for any observation work so went down to the waggon line of the 2nd Battery. This afternoon we had a nice little strafe. Fired about 200 rounds on to their first line. They replied rather feebly.

11th June 1916

Sunday again. Went down to report to the Major who is acting Colonel at present. Stayed to dinner and had a "small" gram afternoon. Got back at 3.30 p.m. About 4.15 we got mixed up into rather a neat little scrap. Went on a visit to nest at night. Quiet night.

12th June 1916

Raining old boots. Four of ours reported here last night. Put them in the pits this morning. This afternoon went for a gallop into Estaires. Got lost for a while. Had a lovely little "hate" later on this morning. Dry heavy firing towards Armentieres. The good old 6th are out on a raid tonight. Expect something doing about 1 a.m.

13th June 1916

Something happened last night or this morning rather. Things rather busy down Fluerbaix way, but although we expected something up this way it didn't come off. Rotten luck because we stood to from 12.30 p.m. Report from Army corps to hand. Congratulations on the success of the raid also for the co-operation of artillery fire. This morning went up to OP. Came down to the Bty again and carried on as battery fire control officer. This afternoon the programme, by laying and firing 5 rounds. Am taking the case of one of them to England. Major came up tonight but returned to waggon line later.

14th June 1916

Had a bit of variety today. Shot the old 2nd on my own. The climax of a being a gunner from Cpl Sgt of 2nd Bty. Major came up and he took over at 3.30 p.m.

15th June 1916

Had a lovely little 'hate' at 2.30 a.m. Got a "wire" from the 10th Batt and strafed heavily all and sundry in trenches and dugs on my sector. CGP (Charles George PEARCE) (Chas) arrived back from England today. Just getting out of bunk when he blew in. All this day he has been yarning over his trip and is everlasting by quoting leaders and its people. We yarned up till 12.15 a.m. (after a phonograph evening). Major's stiff again. Got his leave stopped to for the second time. Don't know when I'll ever get mine. Heaven help some of the Bosches if they open tomorrow.

16th June 1916

W.L. B70 I don't know if Heaven did help the Bosches today. I hope not, but they "opened" and our shells left this end all night. Chas came up today. Eccles, Eccles, Eccles. Nothing more. Got things ship-shape today. Hate this afternoon the Major got a message saying he could go on leave tonight so that's why I am down here at the W.L. Richardson being the senior is O.C. Bty while I at present am Acting Captain and its no good to me. Not much of a joke being strafe and not being able to retaliate. Our friends opened on us tonight, but they got slightly mixed. The 101st opened the same time as we did and they fill in for the strafing. Jove these Huns do get annoyed when they start. Threw 77 mms and 5.95 over until they got too tired. Don't know how the 101st got on but think they've had a bad time. Wrote Nellie.

17th June 1916

Very first real gas attack and it was a beauty. Had just gone to bed and fell asleep when the sentry on guard woke me up and gave me the message. Didn't need any messages the smell was quite enough. Roused everybody up and managed to get 3 glorious whiffs of the blankey stuff. Coughed and spluttered a bit but got my helmet on before it done me any harm. Several of our chaps got slightly gassed, but nothing serious. The gas was quite visible just like a thick morning mist and white in colour. Passed off after about an hour. Gave them as good as they gave us. For every cubic foot of gas they sent over we gave them 1 H.E. so I think someone would be sorry. Our QMS hit today. Stopped a shrapnel bullet in the head from an anti-aircraft gun. Nothing serious. Busy straightening the W.L. all day. Chas came down to dinner tonight. I've got a lovely billet here. Almost resembles the old flat at Lunit Bay. Wrote Annie.

18th June 1916

Sunday again. All the morning. Jove there's some toll to be done to. This Flanders mud is about the most loveable stuff I've yet struck. Sundry artillery duels the order of the day and aircraft fairly busy. Gave the boys and all a days spell they don't half warrant it either.

19th June 1916

Damn all Huns. Don't mind them bombarding of a night because all the noise they kick up never affects the rest of this child, but with gas its different. Got roused out of bed at something past 12.30 this morning by a gas alarm. Had to stay up until 7 a.m. until everything was normal again. Fortunately for us the wind changed $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour after they liberated the poison cloud. In fact it blew right back over their lines. I don't wish them much harm, but I hope some of them have a throat and chest similar to mine at present. The last attack has left me with a beautiful cough and sore throat. Been swinging a pick and a shovel the majority of the day to try and get the full use of my lungs again. Had a visit from Randall this afternoon.

20th June 1916

Still another call last night. Some silly blighter at Z8 made himself believe that he could smell gas so the call went all through the line and I had to crawl out at 12.10 till 1.30. Found out that it was a false alarm. Still toiling. Horses and mud are parting company rather well. Rec a letter cousin A. Wrote one in return. Had a visit from Chas Randall and McIndoe today. Our Bty got into a hate today. So much so that two guns are not of much further use for firing out of. Had to send a team to the 2nd Bty at Doullens to get another gun. No 4 arrived at 2 W.L. late last night.

21st June 1916

In stables all morning. Got leave and went into Estaires in the afternoon. Saw McKeown and spent the majority of the afternoon with him. Managed to procure a pair of boots and sundries. Got home about 9.30. Pretty heavy strafing tonight. Saw 6 planes come back from a raid. Must have been 1000 shells tossed at them.

22nd June 1916

Visited the Bty this morning. Got back at 11.15 a.m. Glorious summers day today. Glorious scrap about 5 tonight. Things were warm. Another gas attack from D3 at 11.40 p.m. but it didn't reach this far.

23rd June 1916

If everything had been in order should have been well on my way to Manchester by now. The glorious uncertainties of war personified. The Lord only knows when I'll get leave. At the present rate of going, not for another month or so unless something unforeseen happens. This afternoon it rained like old boots. Chas came down after dinner.

24th June 1916

Still raining. Had to shift our horse lines again. Mud up to your knees. Glorious country this. Either get eaten up by "skeetos" or suffocated in mud and slush. Visited by Hogan, Chas and McIndoe. Artillery duels the order of the day. Major still absent. Believe he is held up at Boulounge.

27th June 1916

Got orders to go up to the Bty at 12 p.m. Reported here in time for a lovely little hate. Major and I went up to OP. and strafed for about 2 hours. Fired about 220 rounds. Set a fire going in Fritz's trench. Still going strong at 8 p.m. tonight.

28th June 1916

Raining like mad. Supposed visit from Gen. Hobbs today which didn't come off. Glorious hate this afternoon in conjunction with trench moves. Up at Battalion H.Q. (51 Inf Bat) tonight. About 11.30 had a devil of a row. A raiding party from the English line out. Shelled consistently for 3 ½ hours. No sleep of course. Just like a fireworks display in Luna Park.

LEAVE STOPPED DAMN

1st July 1916

Glorious day today. Quiet morning but had scheme 8 this afternoon with the assistance of T.M. An aeroplane raiding party went over "their" lines tonight and dropped bombs on their stationary balloons. Got 3. The

Huns fired hundreds of shells at the planes but they all returned safely to the aerodrome. 10.30 p.m. Awaiting the time for our big coup. Our Bty is the centre Battery of a pretty big stunt tonight. The 9th Batt are raiding their first line about 12 p.m. and where're supporting them. On our immediate right the Huns have opened. Been going for quite an hour and a half.

2nd July 1916 (at OP.)

Lord what a time we had. The fun didn't commence until 2.30 but it was worth waiting for. Our friends were extra nervous. Must have had an idea we were going to "hate". They had 2 enormous search lights playing all over our lines and sent up dozens of lights every minute. No 2 got a jammed breech after firing about 50 rounds. Went and got her into action again. When we had finished all the guns were just about red hot, just like they used to be at Helles. The scrap only lasted about 28 minutes, but the guns were going like mad all that time. Our friends sent over a few 5.90 at us but they all landed a bit short. Details of raid to hand. Congratulations by CO 6th Batt on splendid barrage. Prisoners taken 20 R and F, 1 Officer, also 2 machine guns. Number of kills. With regret have to report the death of Chas's cousin who was the officer that led the raid. Up at OP. all day. Nothing much doing. Major Rogers (8th) and I had a hate on our own about 9 p.m. Big hate coming off tonight.

3rd July 1916

Another glorious evening. We started the ball rolling at 12.30 p.m. to the second. Jove it was some show. Our left section was attached to the 7th for the night so I had to do 4 gun battery's work with my two guns. And they didn't fail me. Had complete control and believe me we did strafe. Swept 1 and searched 300 with T.S. Our first barrage about 160 rds of H.E. breached their firing line along a front of 300 yds. You could almost have boiled a "billy" on the muzzle of either gun after we had finished firing. They were scorching hot. The paint blistered and burnt, but gee it was great. No 1 jammed only once but the delay was only for 15 sec's. Our "friends" annoyed us with shrapnel and H.E. but didn't get any of our boys. Got to bunk at 3 a.m. Woke up at 9 by a salvo of 5.9 tearing things about just down the road. Sent over about 50 but only got one hit on one of the 22nd Batty pits. Not much damage done.

4th July 1916

Orders out that we leave this position early Wednesday morning. Being relieved by the 37 Bty. Busy getting stores etc. ready to hand over. Brigade orders say that we are chosen for rather a neat little stunt. The 61st English Div are making two big raids tonight and we are causing a diversion and blowing down 20 of their first line parapet. Ranged on to it tonight and were all ready. Oh! Delphine. Gee but I am tired as the deuce. We got into action at 11 p.m. and for 20 minutes kept up a steady stream of shells at the salient RYF 6 secs. Then they ranged on us and gave us a fireworks display. No casualties but were awfully luckily. At 1 am I had the extreme pleasure of taking part in one of the most glorious "rough ups" that ever was. We started off with 2 rds BYF 5 sec and then for 35 solid minutes kept at gun fire. Talk about an inferno. All 4 pits were full of empty cases 2 jammed after quarter of an hour's intense firing. One stuck it out rather well, although the spring went. About 5 minutes to cease firing. We put through 992 rounds. Five of the boys in a pit were overcome with the fumes and had to be pushed out in the open air, so was in my glory for a time loading. Jove it was fine. They rained shells back at us 77 mm and 4.2. Got a direct hit on No 4 pit and punctured the landscape rather well. They were only about 20 yds out of range, but their shrapnel splattered all the pits. Left Bty position at 3 a.m. Walked to Waggon line, got our horse and came on here (Doullens) where we are

massing preparatory to making a move north. Have just awake after 6 hours sleep (2 p.m.) Busy bathing, sleeping and packing kit during the afternoon. Chas came up and fed with us. Bunk at 8.30 p.m. A German prisoner who was captured by the 9th Batt in their raid, on being questioned by Provost Marshall said that if the German Infantry in this part of the one caught a 1st Divisional Artillery man they would crucify him (how nice).

6th July 1916

OO today. Busy getting things ship shape again. Every time we move it seems to rain like the mischief. Our horses and waggons are covered in mud, but managed to get them rather presentable by night. Went into Estaires at 6 p.m. and came out again at 9.30. Saw McKeon. No orders to shift yet.

7th July 1916

Major left early this morning with the Colonel to pick our new position. In last nights orders it mentions that my good comrade Lt. Rogers 6th Batt has won the M. Cross. Went into Estaires again this day. Went and said goodbye to Ronduel who I met through McKeon. They have a beautiful home in the heart of Estaires. Had a famous time. Major returned tonight. Have to be in readiness to move at a minutes notice.

8th July 1916

Busy getting things ready for a move. Contrary to expectations we go south. Had a bit of revolver practise at night. Chas and I went into Doullens at night for an hour.

9th July 1916

R.O.O today. Went out exercising horses this morning. Afterwards jumped some of the horses. Several visits from Taubes today. The Colonel paid us a visit today and brought with him the news that my 2nd star has been confirmed. So from now on I hold the rank of a First Lieutenant. What a Dorg.

10th July 1916

Went into Beauval for a ride today with Chas and Morris. Had a great blow round. Managed to buy several things including a rain coat and 2 rather decent hand-worked hats which I sent to 48 MR. Arrived home at 11 p.m.

11th July 1916

Marching orders to hand. Don't know where we're off to but its south (some way) somewhere. Left Waggon Line at 8 p.m. and entrained at Beauval West at 10.45. Left the station at 1.24 a.m. and arrived at our railway destination (Doullens) at 6.15 am. Had a decent compartment all the way shared same with the Major and Richardson.

12th July 1916

Left station at 8 a.m. and set out for a 16 mile ride to our billets. Glorious country here, and beautiful old houses everywhere. At present we're in rotten billets. Had hard luck in not being quartered in a lovely chateau overnight by a Countess (French). At present is D.A. H.Q. It's a lovely home. Don't know how long we're here for, but I'll be very thankful when they push us up a bit further. "Bathed"

13th July 1915

Slept like a log all night. Up with the larks this morning feeling awfully fit and well. Great climate here. Down in stables all the morning. Horses stood the journey rather well. Out for a 10 mile route march this afternoon. Went through several villages among which was Flesselles. Every little village, no matter how small can boast of a church. In the evening Chas and I visited the chateaux and had a saunter through the House Park. Gee it's a paradise. There's one long drive through one portion of the Park which is the most magnificent I've yet seen and I spent 8 days in Marseilles. Mail arrived tonight. Managed to catch one from H.R. "Hossie" and "Bream". Awaiting orders to move up to the line. Wish they would hurry up and come to hand. Can't settle down to a quiet existence. Utterly impossible.

14th July 1916

Orderly "dorg" today. The Battery out for a route march this afternoon, but did not accompany them. Sent No 1 and No 3 to workshops today. Had another stroll through the chateaux grounds.

15th July 1916

Out for another route march today. Mail arrived this evening. Caught a few. Chas came down to tea. Afterwards repeated last night's programme and visited the Chateaux. Saw the countess's two daughters and spoke to them. Struck Major Riggall and passes the evening with him. Still awaiting orders to shift.



Château de Flesselles

16th July 1916

Orders to Imski to hand at 4 am. Packed up and left billets at 9.30. Our column was 6 ¼ miles long. Arrived to get in on all the other crowd for a decent waggon line. Bivouacked for the night. Raining. Major, Richardson, Faulkner, Robertson and Sele in a hay-loft feet deep in straw. Pinched a couple of ducks.

17th July 1916

Awakened several times in the night by the sound of heavy firing. All night long our heavies were going. Still raining. Mud everywhere. Still awaiting orders to Imski.

18th July 1916

Orders to hand at 11 a.m. to "get". "Got" at 2 p.m. Trekked along a road up to the horses knees in slush. Got to this village Harponville about 6 p.m. Devil of a noise here. Bombardment day and night. Awaiting orders to go into position. Chas camping with us.

19th July 1916

Quiet day. Kicked about stables nearly all the time. Orders to go into position to hand at 6 p.m. Left at 6.30 trekked along road to Albert. Arrived at temporary W.L. at 11.30. Got out to Bty POD with CTA at 2.30. Slept in German 3 line trench (what was) among bombs to.

20th July 1916

(Becourt) Playing at war again. Gee, don't they strafe down this way. All night and all day without ceasing. All kinds and conditions of shells. From 9 pounds to 19 inch hows. Things are in a mess here. The dead are thick and equipment and gear almost as bad. At present I'm in a German officer's dug-out about 30 feet underground. Their beds are still intact so hope to get at least 2 decent hours rest tonight. We're even cooking with their stores and using their phone wires for our phones. The trenches are just a mass of cracks and blown about earth. One dug-out is full of dead Germans. Fixed up one trench of five for my guns and opened at 3.30 pm. Saw two good sights today. The Germans stopped one of our planes and tonight one of our planes got a Taube. Saw Chas today. In fact, strolled along for a break.

21st July 1916

In action all night. Absolutely no rest here. At it all day as well. Gee, if they bring many more batteries up here the shells will jam in the air. Our friends got one hit today. Got a hit on a pit just in front of us and blew out a few. Been firing all day.

22nd July 1916

Just got to bunk at 10.30 when I had to bet out and strafe. Made things merry until 1 am. Stood to until 2 am and them managed to get about 2 hours sleep. Went up to OP after break and had the extreme pleasure of knowing that the whole blinking German artillery were bent on one stunt only that was blowing the OP and the trench to blazes at once. One big coal box firing HE with sulphur fumes, kept landing at precisely every 2 minutes from 1 pm 'til 7 pm. Gee things were in a mess. Had a decent days shooting however. Got down to Bty at 8.30.

23rd July 1916

Oh! Oh! Delphine. What a night. About 9 pm last night we got the order for the attack and at precisely 28 minutes past 12 the circus started and I think I can safely say that last night I saw the biggest fireworks display I've ever seen. Gee, it was hot. Had the extreme pleasure of being slightly 'gassed' again. Those confounded beggars on the ridge shot over gas shells and made things rather interesting. Our own cordite fumes were such that you could cut them with a knife because the wind happened to misbehave itself and blow back on me. It's now 3.45 pm and we're still in action firing slowly (about one round every 2 minutes).

Had to go up to the OP just after daybreak to strafe owing to a wire coming through to the effect that the Huns were massing for a counter-attack in rear of Pozieres. So hated, rather considerably. Managed to get my clothes off for a couple of hours but willingly exchange my lungs, throat, ears and eyes for those of any cow or horse ever turned out to graze. Can hardly see out of my eyes and am as deaf as a post. Details of the advance not to hand as yet, but our chaps (1st Australian Division) seem very successful. They have captured all the trenches they set out to take and $\frac{3}{4}$ of Pozieres itself. At present the Huns are reinforced with infantry and artillery and are creating merry Hell but I don't fancy they'll play any funny business until tonight. Then I daresay we'll have another 'box on' in repelling them. The English troops who last night charged on our right have had to come back, impossible to hold on, but our chaps are hanging on like the proverbial bulldog. Mail arrived tonight. Caught quite a few letters also a box of 'Chairman' cigarettes.

24th July 1916

Stood to all night expecting trouble. The beggars up ahead (over the ridge) playfully sent over some more gas shells to annoy us. Down at the Bty all day. Managed to get to sleep at 3.30 pm but at 5 the major woke me to and go up and register barrage lines for some stunt or other. Went up to OP and registered. Got down to Battery again and had just finished the first course of a rather appetite satisfying dinner when Fritz started an attack so rushed up to OP again and strafed him somewhat. His attack failed miserably and he got a beautiful hiding. Later. Orders out at 11 pm tonight for a further advance. Have just finished measuring out my guns' angles and ranges and waiting for the time 1.58 am to come. The attack is going to be something big. The objective being to capture the town of Pozieres and the 3rd lines of German defences beyond it. The English troops tried three times to take it but failed. Tonight will be a real test of the 1st Australian Division against the best German regiments on this front.

25th July 1916

We win, but at a pretty rotten cost. All night long (24th) we stood to waiting for the assault. It came at 1.58 am. This is the biggest inferno I've been in yet. The bombardment was terrific. At 3.30 it reached the climax and our infantry charged. At present we hold the town and the trenches to the right and behind it. This afternoon the enemy increased his bombardment at a terrific pace and blew our trenches to nothing. In some places there are no trenches at all and the infantry are in shell craters but sticking it out. Immediately on our troops occupying Pozieres 'their' artillery bombarded it with heavy stuff, and for 4 hours the town was invisible. Had to send No 2 away this afternoon. Only have one gun that we can fire with safety. The rotten part of the whole thing is that we can't get ammunition. The English system again. It's always the same. People at home do nothing else but talk. As yet they don't seem to realise what ammunition means.

26th July 1916

In action all night, Managed to get a paltry 400 rounds up to the Bty. If the Huns only knew they could waltz through and take the Pozieres without much trouble, and then this place would be like a butchers shop. They're bombarding like mad and we're not firing a round. Neither are any of the batteries around us and the infantry have been sending down SOS for support which we can't give them. Only wish that we were permitted to get rifles and go up to reinforce them. Took advantage of our rotten system and slept for a few hours. Have had 6 hours sleep in the last 96. Later. Hur-bloomin'-ray. Ammunition arrived in any quantity so celebrated the occasion by strafing heavily. A very complimentary circular to hand from General Walker, warmly praising the 1st Australian Division on their splendid achievement. Also one from the GRA

commenting on the splendid work done by our batteries. Feel 100% happier than I did an hour ago. Even went out of my way and had a bath. Was about half way through with that pleasant operation when Chas came along and was calmly yarning away when a shell burst right over us (a 4.5 how) and we both found ourselves on the ground but unhurt. The Hun found our Battery today and strafed us with 4.2. Didn't get the gun though. Sent quite a lot of GSP cards away today. Feeling awfully fit and well and ready for another 36 hours scrap. Got an estimate of the number of rounds we've fired since we came into the line in France. Out of four guns we have fired about 12000 rounds all together to date.

27th July 1916

In action all night but as ammunition is plentiful for once strafed right royally. Up at OP at 6 am. Got there and coughed for about 2 hours afterward. The Huns were sending over dozens of gas shells and poor old OP got the benefit of them. Things fairly rowdy during the morning but at 3 pm 'til 5.20 pm things reached a climax. 'They' shelled Pozieres and Contalmaison to blazes with 5.9 and 9.2 HE. Couldn't see Pozieres for over an hour for smoke and spume while in Contalmaison they obscured it with gas from the shells. On our right a devil of a bombardment has been going on all day. Hope it's a prelude to an attack by the English and French troops. As soon as they advance further we will be able to go ahead again without fear of being cut off. Got hold of a Parisian paper today. They're just about going mad with delight over our taking and holding Pozieres.

28th July 1916

'Strafing' as per usual. Glorious day. Down at the Battery. Tried to get a little sleep this morning (after being up all night again) but the Hun didn't want me to have any spell evidently so I missed. Artillery duels all day. At 4 pm our esteemed friends liberated two gas clouds, but owing to the high wind blowing at the time didn't do us any harm here. Wrote McKeon.

29th July 1916

Got the order for a further attack at 12.15 am. Opened up and supported the 2nd Division in their attack on the German positions north east of Pozieres. Our friends found our Battery and strafed it rather well but missed getting the guns. Our chaps had to abandon the attack owing to the wire being too thick in front of Fritz's trenches. Up at OP all day. Pozieres and Contalmaison getting their full share of shells. Artillery hates all day.

30th July 1916

Very hot day today both as regards to heat and getting strafed. Nothing much doing. In action up 'til 5 am this morning. Down at Battery all day. Had 3 hours sleep this afternoon. At 6.10 pm the English troops out in Marez Woods way attacked. Don't know how they got on. Paid Randall a visit this evening.

31st July 1916

In action all night and half the morning. Our friends sent over quite a number of gas shells, some of them Lachrymatory which make your eyes and nostrils smart like blazes. Had to get into helmets again which is a rotten performance all together. Ordered to report to 19th Batt. HQ near Pozieres this afternoon. Got there at 5 pm. Just in front of BHQ there's a team of German horses hitched to an ammunition waggon which one of our shells found out. Sat up half the night and yarned to the OC and his commanders. They are all Sydney chaps so passed quite a merry night during which Fritz was quite annoying with his barrages.

1st August 1916

Ordered to report to Bty today. Got down here at 12.30. Had a 'strafe' this afternoon, also a bath. Don't half need it after kicking around the trenches. 1st and 2nd Brigades are relieved today. As a matter of fact our Brigade is the only 1st Division unit not yet retired. That's what comes of being a 'pet' Brigade. We're to stay here until another big push takes place and if successful we go out immediately afterwards. At least what's left of us. Fritz done an awfully silly thing this evening. Attacked in mass and we got him just as he left his trenches. Never got within bombarding range of our lines.



Reserve line at Pozieres

2nd August 1916

In action all night. Got 'strafed' again. Went up to OP at 6.30. Nothing much doing only 10 minute lulls until this afternoon when we started a devil of a strafe. Opened up with pretty nearly every available gun along our 3 ½ mile front and blew Fritz's trenches to blazes. Several good aeroplane duels today. Got an SOS from the front line at 9 pm and created merry H. Complimentary orders out tonight. Reproduced at end of 'Diary'.

3rd August 1916

Down at Bty all day. Usual night stunt last night. Got 'strafed' three times again today. Artillery duels most of the day. Expecting trouble within the next 36 hours.

4th August 1916

In action all night, managed to get to bunk at 4 am. Had a fairly quiet day today. Orders out this afternoon to the effect that we are to advance again. Hoo-bloomin'ray.

5th August 1916

(At least I am able to get into the old dug-out and write up this in my diary.) Well, we score another big win. OG1 and OG2 are both captured by us and now the way for another 10 miles towards Hun territory will be comparatively easy. At present we occupy the biggest ridge around this part of the country so can observe their every movement. The scrap lasted about 4 ½ hours and was intense in the extreme. At 2 am I received orders from HQ to go up to the front line to map out our gains and try and get communication through to Brigade. Got stopped by their barrage before reaching Copse Av but managed to get to Advanced Batt. HQ a little later and from there went into the firing line. The Huns suffered enormous losses. Their dead are thick

between and in the captured trenches. We took hundreds of prisoners. At 4.30 they counter-attacked in masses but our maxims and Lewis guns just mowed them down as they advanced. They only reached our trench in one place where our chaps awaited them with the bayonet. Their supports couldn't face it so returned and came under our artillery barrage and were mown down in scores. Some of the prisoners who came in later were just about mad. One party in particular about 60 strong walked in with their hands up. When the German artillery opened on them and got the lot. All day long their artillery have been raining shells from 7.7 to 9.2 on our new position and at 3 pm we had to come out of OG2 and back into OG1. The majority of our casualties occurred while hanging on. Couldn't touch our wounded at all because the barrage put up between the trenches was too thick. The fire died down about 5 pm when our chaps went back into OG2. The 4th Division (Australian) took over from the infantry at night. Expecting word for our own shift. Got down and reported to Brigade HQ tonight. Had the unique experience of being buried today.

6th August 1916

No rest for the wicked. Gee how bad we must be. Last night (and this morning) from 11 pm 'til 4 am we have been paid particular attention to from a 77 Bty two 4.2 guns and two 9.2s. Our Battery position is just a shambles. Three of our pits are just about level with the ground and the whole place is one mass of craters. Several of our boys got buried but managed to get them out all right. Orders out this afternoon to advance another 1500 yds and dig fresh position. The major and Faulkner have gone up with support guns. At present I am OC Battery here. Have my two guns in action and am thoroughly enjoying myself. Believe we are to be relieved during the next 3 or 4 days. We've had the position of honour during all the scrapping of been in action since the stunt commenced, and well up in advance of the other batteries.

7th August 1916

In action all night and got heavily shelled by 5.9, 9.2, and 11 inch guns. They came over every 4 minutes so between times we used to get off a few rounds gun fire and then 'streak' for cover usually in one of the craters because our pits were blown away. Huns attacked in mass at 5 am and succeeded in getting into and holding OG2 until we dropped onto that and blew them about. Then the infantry charged and advanced another 150 yds over OG2. Our position is in an awful mess. There's one crater here made by an 11 inch shell that would accommodate a railway engine. Orders to hand at 2.30 that we are to be relieved. The Lahore (Indian) Division are taking over from us. Left the position at 5.30. Got on to the road and got shelled to blazes. Got to waggon line and came to Albert via Maretz Wood. Camped in a tent at night. First decent night's sleep I've had for ages.

8th August 1916

Up with the larks this morning. Made an awful mistake last night by thinking I would have a night's rest. Got pulled out of bed at 12.30 to attend to Bde orders and also out at 5.30 to prepare for another hate. Left Albert at 9 am and arrived at Le Val de Maison in the evening. Roads coated with 6 inches of dust which all but chokes you but it's much better than gas.

9th August 1916

Left bivouac at 9.30 and trekked to our new posy, St Legerles Domant. Great joy. Met most of the old boys of the 1st Brigade. Gee, but we've lost some good men during this last scrap and the taking of Pozieres. Great quakes here. Slept out under the stars at night but hope to get billets now as the 1st and 2nd Brigades are moving out.

Extract from Brigade Order issued on the night of the 9th August 1916.

1st Australian Division

3rd Field Artillery Brigade

HQ

St Seger

9/8/1916

To BCs

Officers

and all other Ranks

Simply expressing, most sincerely, to every one of you my grateful appreciation of your work during the last twenty days.

(signed) W.L.H Bung . . Leuit. Colonel Commanding 3rd FA Bde

10th August 1916

Raining. Inspected by General Walker and Hobbs this morning. Got warmly congratulated on our work which makes up for a deuce of a lot of hardships.

Saw Chas at night.

11th August 1916

Getting straight most of the day. Enjoying this spell immensely. Chas, Richardson and myself went for a glorious ride this evening. Great to be able to cruise around the country without having to dodge shells and craters.

Thanking the Artillery who made the taking and holding of Pozieres possible.

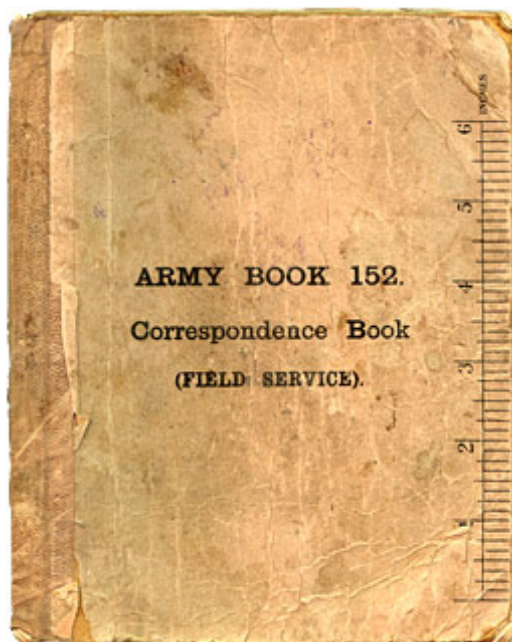
H. B. Walker (General)



Diary Five

Dated from the

12th August 1916 - 16th March 1917



Ralphs fifth and last Army Book 152 Correspondence diary

With entries from the Western Front and Passchendaele

Diary size: (Soft covered) 16 x 20 cm.

12th August 1916

Still spelling. Everything as it should be even the weather is behaving itself.

13th August 1916

Sunday again. Still spelling. Beginning to get fit again.

14th August 1916

Out for exercise most of the day. Rumours afloat that we return to the Firing Line tomorrow. Hope so. Too quiet out here. Have got so used to the noise by now that whenever we get to a quiet spot you've got an idea that the earth is ceasing to revolve, and the sun's going out.

15th August 1916

Marching orders to hand. Left St Seger at 10 am this morning. Arrived at Val de Maison at 2.20. 'Fed' in the rain. On the move again at 5, arrived here Vadencourt Wood at 7.30. Raining like old Nick.

16th August 1916

Orders to go into the Firing Line. Left Vadencourt Wood at 8am and accompanied the major to our position. Took over the guns and position of the 12th Bty at 1 pm. Received by the Huns with great gusto. Sent over several salvos of 4 H.I to herald our arrival. Annoyed by 77s all night.

17th August 1916

Things pretty damp this morning. At barrage work all night. This morning happened to see one of the finest sights I've yet seen since we started playing war. An anti-aircraft gun brought down a Taube from a great height. Saw the whole show through the glasses. The shell exploded right under the tail, and set the body on fire and he came down beautifully on his planes alone until within 1000 feet of the ground when he turned a "sevens" and landed in our lines, adjacent to the Bty.

28th August 1916

Gee wizz, in clover again. Hope D.A. will forget all about us for a few days. Got a beautiful billet. The ladies of the house can't do enough for me although they start trying at 6.30 am and finish at 9.30 pm. Got a double bed and a bonny room, and living like a king generally. Went for a ride tonight. Am getting my hearing back gradually.

29th August 1916

Raining like blazes Major Faulkner left to review our next "posy". My luck was in for once the Major thinking that I needed a spell so took him up on it. Glorious billet. Here they do look after me. Went out to see Goldfinch tonight. Got soaked through coming home. Mail arrived. Caught a few. Morris came round this morning and shafted the plan.

30th August 1916

Still raining and mud up to your knees. Have been wet through 3 times today, and the ladies of the house are trying all they know how to spoil me and keep me in dry clothes. (If they leave me here for a week I will gladly go through another 20 days at Pozieres.

31st August 1916

Rode into Armentieres (Ypres way) for Pay. Great ride. This afternoon rode into Bailleul. Had dinner there.

1st September 1916

Marching orders to hand. Left Godewaersvelde at 1 pm and arrived at Reninghelst at 4. Awfully sorry to leave the billet back at Godewaersvelde. The people were really great. This place is like the proverbial pig sty, mud and slush everywhere. And not a billet, what's more it's raining like blazes. Expected to go up to the Bty tonight, but orders came round 10 minutes before we were timed to leave to cancel our going. Expect to get up tomorrow night.

2nd September 1916

Decent day today. Went to 27th Bty A W.L. and handed over 4 guns. Rode into Poperinge later on. Got back to W.L. at 6 pm. Orders to hand to take my section into action tonight. Rode up to rendezvous and "embarked" on a G.S Waggon and was driven up to the Position. On the way we came through Ypres. Saw what's left of the Cloth Hall and Cathedral. Both looking very pretty after their sundry bombardments. Ypres is blown to blazes generally. Must have been quite a decent city once upon a time. Our guide lost himself completely so had to engineer my way out by map. Got within half a mile of the Battery when we got a gas alarm signalled, but it missed us. Damn these Stun machine guns.



The town of Godewaersvelde

3rd September 1916

3 Gas clouds last night but just missed us. Could see them quite plainly. Busy getting the hang of things today. Find that we are in the Ypres Salient (noted for gas, 15 inch Hows, and machine guns). Just about 1600 yds from our friends. Nothing much doing at present. Got a bonny dug-out all to myself.

4th September 1916

Getting maps to fix up today. Visited Batt 2 this morning with the Major. Believe we have to teach the Huns up this way that they're not dorgs and that their not the only people around Belgium. Reported for duty (Liaison) to 3rd Batt at night.

5th September 1916

Nothing much doing up here baring a few shells floating about. Also a machine gun or six, and a few snipers. Camped in the RSM's dug-out. Mine got blown in with a "minnie". Raining like blazes. Trenches up to your knees in mud and water. Glorious stunt plodding through it. Never got relieved until 8.30 pm so had a beautiful walk down in pouring rain. Spent a pleasant time falling into craters and treading on rats while a Stun machine gun played all over the track.

6th September 1916

Decent sort of a day again. Several aeroplane stunts and an occasional artillery duel. Down at the Bty all day. Reported to O.P. tonight.

7th September 1916

This place beats cock fighting. It's right in no man's land between ours and the Huns first lines, and infested with rats. Last night one of our patrols called in on us, and the night previous a patrol of Huns (8 all told) were taken prisoners about 100 yds from here. Strafed a bit. Came down to Bty at night.

8th September 1916

Glorious day. Mail arrived. Caught quite a few. Visited by General Hobbs and Colonel Anderson. "Strafed" Aeroplane hates all day interspersed with artillery hates. Gas attack on the left.

9th September 1916

Had a little hate today. Strafed Fritz rather badly. Nothing much doing. Went up to O.P. at night.

10th September 1916

Had a war on my own today. Located a wall of sandbags which happened to obstruct my view of a road used rather consistently by Fritz so got No 1 on to it and blew it about. Got a hit with HE the 3rd round. A deuce of a lot of sniping up here with machine guns spraying every yard of no mans land. Got down to the Bty tonight.

11th September 1916

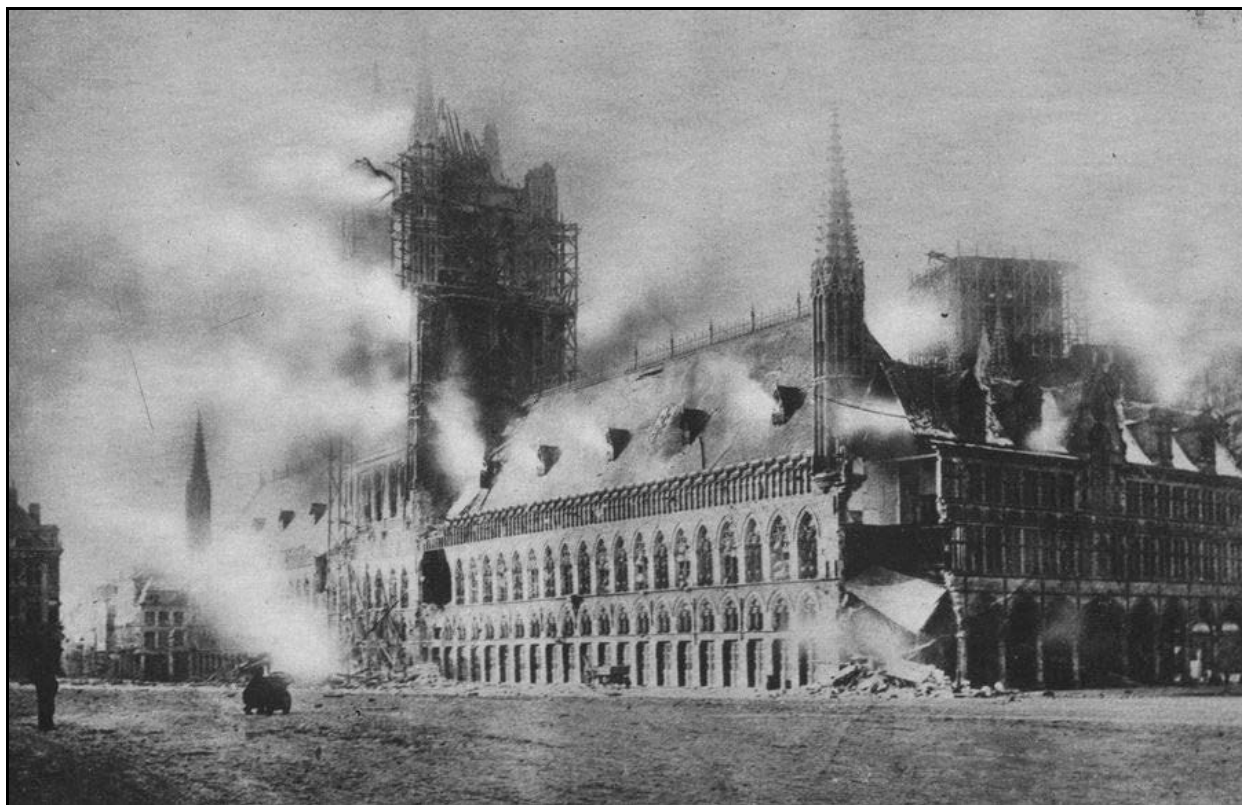
Down at Bty all day. Visited the Detached Section this morning also saw Delaney of the old 2nd. Visited by General Johnstone today. Came and had afternoon tea in the mess. Went up to OP at night.

12th September 1916

Machine guns still busy up here. Riddle this place about every $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour, but the rats are the worst. Tried all I knew to get to sleep but the rats say "no" so that settles it. Wrote Don, and worked out range tables all night. Started a war at 12 o'clock which lasted all day. Blew a considerable portion of "Bty" trench away and strafed a working party rather prettily. Got the OP strafed in return but they can't make it look any worse than what it is. The only rotten part about it is they cut our wires to blazes. Came down to Bty at night.

13th September 1916

Orders to hand to get out. Handing position over to 12 Bty. Visited an old 2nd Bty comrade, Harry Gund, OC 38 Bty. Had a glorious dust up this afternoon. Quite a merry night with OC 12th and Rees and Packman.



The destruction of Cloth Hall, Ypres, Belgium

14th September 1916

Busy handing over all day. Left Gun Position at 5.30 and walked down to Waggon Line 8. Lovely in the pouring rain. Passed through Ypres by route. Saw what remains of the Cathedral and also the Cloth Hall. Both must have been beautiful structures before "strafe" was started. Got wet through before we got to Bty also covered in mud. Area as charts.

15th September 1916

The sun came out and reported itself today. Visited by the Colonel this morning. Believe CGP is still away at a signalling stunt. Don't know where we're off to this hop, but we're on our way.

16th September 1916

Richardson and self floated into Poperinge this afternoon and had dinner there. Saw Morris today. Believe I go on furlough on the 24th of this month. Hu-bloomin-ray.

17th September 1916

BOO [Battery Orderly Officer] today. Still awaiting orders concerning our future movements. General Hobbs abroad today and Faulkner.

18th September 1916

Raining like blazes all day. At night accepted an invitation for the Bty to attend an evening given by some English Regiment who think the living world of our chaps. Went down to the YMCA at Reninghelst and spent an enjoyable evening. This English Regiment can boast of quite a few "artists" of no mean order. Had a visit from Teddy Randall. Believe my leave is OK.

19th September 1916

BOO today. Sun out once again. Tonight we have a Bty dinner at an establishment along the road.

20th September 1916

Gorgeous night last night. Got rather lurid towards 12 pm. Guests Major Richardson, Faulkner, Rolston McMullen 4th, McIndoe and self. Raining like old nick all day. Visited Poperinge this afternoon. Nothing much doing.

21st September 1916

BOO today. Still sunning. Faulkner and myself rode in to Poperinge this afternoon. Got back for dinner.

22nd September 1916

Aeroplane raids this morning. Visited Poperinge with the Major and Richardson. Had dinner in there and visited 2 Picture shows. Great war this.

23rd September 1916

BOO today. Getting ready for LEAVE. Teddy Randall came along and brought my pass this afternoon. Hoo-bloomin-ray.

24th September 1916

(Written after returning from leave) Left Poperinge at 6.15AM. Met Major James 1st Pioneers and Capt Parkinson 12th FA. Arrived at Hazebrouck at 8.15. Had a break at some hotel or other. Left Hazebrouck at 10.15. Saw Chas. who was returning from St Omer. Arrived in Boulognestraat at 1.30. Had dinner at the officers club. Couldn't get a boat across the Channel so put up at the Folkestone Hotel with the Major and Capt. Visited the 2nd H.G.H. Had a pleasant evening eh what?

25th September 1916

Left Boulognestraat at 10.30AM. Escorted across by umpteen destroyers. Arrived at Folkestone. Self, came up through Kent and Sussex. Arrived at the village of London. Some city believe me. Doc and I put up at the Regent Palace. Major's staying at the Grand. Visited the Pay Office and strafed the withdrawal form. Went out to Fulham and sent my trunk on to 48 M.B.E. Major Doc and myself fell into the TSOC for dinner after that. To be continued in our next.

26th September 1916

Wired Auntie this morning and left London (Euston) by N.W. Express for Manchester. Arrived there at 3.57PM. Went out to MB and gee wizz what a reception I got. The girls were staying down at Blackpool. Honestly it's worth waiting 2 years for.

27th September 1916

Left this morning and came on to Cleveleys just outside Blackpool. Ran the girls to earth and since then haven't had a moments quiet. Took them all over the place and got to where they were staying about 11.30 pm then returned to the "Clifton" where I am staying. Going some.

3rd October 1916

Putting up at the Regent again. Am waiting word for when my boat goes. Hope the German High Sea Fleet comes out and blocks the channel.

4th October 1916

Visited Pay Office and struck Smith of the 8th. After that a blank please.

5th October 1916

Left London at 9.50. Arrived in Folkestone and left there at 4.20PM. Got to Boulognestraat and came right through to Poperinge. Walked 2 ½ miles on a beautifully muddy road (at about 2.30 am) but what's the odds. I've had my leave and enjoyed every moment of it.

6th October 1916

Trying to reconcile myself to things generally but its no go. Major and Faulkner left tonight for the Salient. We take over position from the 3rd Bty tomorrow night. Thank Heaven something exciting is going to happen.

7th October 1916

Had a visit from N.S.H. today. He has also just returned from leave, and like me is feeling absolutely rotten. Received orders from H.Q. to report up at the Battery this afternoon. Came up here via Ypres. Great little position. Hope they don't shift us again for a few months. We relieved the 3rd Bty this trip. Chas came over at night and - well we yarned until some unearthly hour.

8th October 1916

Getting straight at Battery all day. Awfully funny being amongst guns again and hearing noises. Chas came over for dinner.

9th October 1916

Still straightening out the Battery. Faulkner got his leave today. Robertson has been sent to attend a school so that leaves the major and myself to run the Battery. Liaison Officer at 12th Batt H.Q. tonight.

10th October 1916

Left Batt H.Q. at 9.00 this morning for O.P. Stayed up there all day. Our O.P. is in the first line trench. Plenty of "minnies" and rifle grenades floating about. Strafed this afternoon. Got back to Bty at 6.30PM. Gun Officer tonight.

11th October 1916

Gun Officer all day. Nothing much doing only trying to forget London. Tres Bon, I don't think. On duty tonight.

12th October 1916

F.O.O. today. Hated considerably. Blew their front line about and searched the country in rear rather well. They had the colossal hide to blow down a few yards of our line with minnies last night, so we equalled the score. Tonight on getting back to Bty hear that there's a raid on and got mixed up in a neat little set up at 6.30. Quiet night otherwise.

13th October 1916

Raid proved a complete success. Killed quite a few and caught one or two prisoners. Down at Bty all day. Chas came over at night, also received hurried orders to hand over to 17th Bty A.F.A. Their O.C. and one sub came along and are at present staying with us.

14th October 1916

Up straightening out lines of fire and registering barrages. Made a mess of the railway over in their lines. Returned to Battery for dinner and went up to Batt H.Q. for Liaison duty. Done a 300 yds sprint along the line because they spotted us and made things lively with wizz bangs. Very Turkey. About 7pm they bombarded very heavily with artillery and trench mortars succeeded in busting up the trenches rather well and made things dashed uncomfortable for a while. Got word through to our Batteries and had half an hours fun on my own. We won easily. Gave them particular H.

15th October 1916

Returned to Bty this morning. Have been getting ready to hand over. Handed over complete and left Bty Position at 8.30. Major and OC rode down through Ypres. Glorious moonlight ride. Arrived at W.L. later.

16th October 1916

Left W.L. as a complete Div of Artillery this morning. Trekked to within one mile of where we stayed for the night. Slept between sheets once more.

17th October 1916

On the move from 6.30 this morning. Arrived at Bonnay at 7pm. Passed through the Town of Corbie which is some place.

18th October 1916

Still at BOO today. Don't know where we're off to, but we're on our way.

19th October 1916

Raining like blazes. Mud everywhere. Sergt Bradwell and Elliot presented with their ribbons today. Enjoying things all day.

20th October 1916

B.O.O. today. Glorious and fresh after the rain. Frost this morning and some cold too. Orders to hand for our move down the Somme way. Leave on the 22nd. Wouldn't mind staying at this billet for a month. Awfully decent people.

25th October 1916

Ordered into position on the left. The most busy night I had in my life, at least one of them. Got hurried orders early this morning to take my section into position. Given a map ref of the relieved Bty W.L. and set off in pouring rain mud knee deep. Arrived at 13 Bty NZFA Waggon Line at 12.30. Met several Nelson boys I knew. No water or feed for my horses. Left again at 3pm for the Bty Position. Didn't think roads could be so bad. All along for miles they are shelled to blazes. In some places for 50 yards they are just pulverised into quagmire. Got held up by vehicles getting bogged a dozen and one times. Took us an hour and a half to go a quarter of a mile.

26th October 1916

Still having a H of a time. Mud and slush knee deep everywhere. Even our Gun Pits are half under water. Managed to get 'B' Gun up and into position this morning before daybreak. Getting 'A' Gun into a crater and at present she is about 400 yds along the road, but daylight beat us as we are in direct view of the Huns. Went up to OP and strafed during the day. Had some fun. Battery got shelled during the afternoon and we had to withdraw detachments. Faulkner got up to Bty tonight with his two guns, and as 'A' is in position too, let the war go on. Up at OP tonight. Got lost on the way up, to say nothing of getting 'bogged'.

27th October 1916

Huns got very cheeky last night and early this morning. Threw quite a number of Gas shells about so we had to teach them a lesson again. Things still resembling a Hopeless Dawn etc. Up at OP all day. Strafing a road rather well. Tonight at 4.30 the Huns gave us what oh for an hour, so we sent back quite a few stamped receipts. They got into the Bty and also the OP and blew things about a bit. Still raining and as cold as Charity. Can't walk in the trenches so have got to 'risk it' out over the parapet. Awfully exciting, believe me. Got down to Bty tonight and had a feed. The first one since early morning. Am going to live up at OP in the future I think. Too many shell craters to fall into between the Bty and OP.

28th October 1916

Up at OP all day. Fairly fine but the mud is well rotten. Strafed a bit and got shelled by 5.9 at once. Cold as Charity. Had dinner with Capt Taylor, OC 2nd Bty. Went down to Bty for tea. Sleeping at OP tonight and Gee, isn't it cold.

29th October 1916

Still residing in my Palatial Residence. PR amplified means a trench knee deep in mud, a dug out which leaks like mad, and not wide enough to turn around in. Major Rogers came up this morning, and we both vented our sentiments on Thillooy and Ligny-Thillooy. Rain and slush still going strong. Haven't even got a dry change, and have been wet through for the last 4 days. Still, they tell us we're winning, so what's the odds. Some cheerful infantry chaps, hardly recognisable through the ample coating of mud, have just passed singing like mad 'Are we downhearted, no we're not'. Dined at Bty tonight and came up here before dark.

30th October 1916

Gee, what a Devil of a night. Sat up in a dug out with water 6 inches deep. Got an awful cold. Cleared up a bit today thank Heaven but all this trench has fallen in. Quite a war on today.



Map of Ligny-Thillooy showing the trench system

1st November 1916

Fairly dry today. Devil of a strafe on all round. Mr Hun very busy with 5.9s and 8.2 all day and paid us particular attention with the former. Believe there's to be another push here shortly and we're to be in it. Hope so, because the sooner it's over the sooner we can get a 2nd decent wash and into dry clothes once more. Mud still going strong.

2nd November 1916

Still raining like H. Heavily shelled with 5.9 and 8.2 all day. Still up at OP. Recalled to Bty tonight. Believe I am advanced to OO tomorrow for a big strafe. Huh-bloomin-ray.

3rd November 1916

Rotten luck. Strafe cancelled so returned to OP this morning and have amused myself by strafing a working party and knocking a house over on their lines about. Got a hit on the wall with the first round at 4800 yds. Positions both shelled with 8.2 and 5.9 tonight. They made things very willing.

4th November 1916

A fine day at last. Have been taking advantage of the weather and building a new OP. Ross of the 8th badly wounded tonight. The usual evening strafe tonight. Orders out for the attack at 9.10 tomorrow.

5th November 1916

Gee what a night. Had just about completed the OP when it rained in torrents. Got flooded out again. Everybody wet through to the skin. Went down to the Bty at 12 pm for dry things and a sleep. Bitterly cold but still we're winning this war, so what's the odds. Returned to OP to survey the ruins this morning. Got word that our attack starts at 9.10. Later. Again we win. Although not so decisively as previous. Our left and right got hung up but the centre got there alright. Devil of a H. Got shelled to blazes tonight and suffered a few casualties. Still fine thank Heaven. Worked on OP all night.

5th November 1916

Finished OP this morning sometime. Things still normal. Had a great time strafing Huns. They got excited and came out over in the open and I done what I left Aus to do, namely killed them. Got one party on the road leading to Thillooy and played merry H. Quite a few stretchers were required. Got a few in Trap Trench also along the road behind Thillooy. OP looking awfully decent.

6th November 1916

Raining all day. Dug out standing it well. Sundry hates but nothing much. Slept the majority of the day.

7th November 1916

What about sniping? (This is in the darker script of the 8th) Gee wizz what a day. Got orders to report to Bty HQ at 6.30 this morning. Reported and was sent up to the Front line to register the 8th and 9th Btys on a ticklish bit of Hate. Gen Holmes up here and under his directions brought

our fire right down to within 35 yds of our line. Gee it was some shoot. Got complimented on it too. Our trenches are in a Devil of a state. We waded through one sap up to our waists in water and slush. Got back to Bty at 6 pm; came up to OP.

8th November 1916

Decent day today. Sun conspicuous by its presence once more. Still its horribly muddy yet. Reported to the Colonel at HQ this morning and gave him all the information I had got during my trip up forward. Saw Chas. Had a screw at High wood. Knocked about slightly. Got bogged four separate times but am still alive. Decent observation for once. One house over in their lines which I used to love strafing has been turned into a Hospital so won't be able to strafe it any more. Got a ring from the major this afternoon and he passed on the following message: *From OC Basket to OC 'Blow' WB15 From General Willis. Thanking the artillery Liaison Officers for the good work done yesterday. Please convey congratulations to Lieuts. Hogan, Shaw, Doughty.* Some doings eh what. Glorious hate this evening.

9th November 1916

Sundry artillery strafes but nothing very interesting.

10th November 1916

Great day. Bty got heavily shelled with 8.2 this morning. They had to leave the guns and get out for an hour. Blew everything to blazes but never got the guns. Had a strafe this afternoon.

11th November 1916

Very misty today. No good for observing so kicked about the OP all day. Admiring the scenery etc. Down to the mess tonight and the major insisted on Faulkner and myself tossing to see who goes down to the Waggon Line for 2 days to let Robertson come up and I lost so down I go the day after tomorrow. Rotten luck but it's a toss.

12th November 1916

Very misty again. Sundry Bombardments all day. Becks, Harvey, Allan and Hassel went west last night.

13th November 1916

Huh-bloomin-ray. Nothing doing about the W.L. Robertson came up all right but we've just got orders to shift to the other side of Flers so I stay up and do some more work. Very misty, no good for observation.

14th November 1916

Gee Wizz, what a Hell of a time. We attacked early this morning. Got dashed sudden orders, but hopped into it to time. Results very satisfactory. Our chaps took Bayonet trench, while the Guards had a big advance capturing over 3000 prisoners. On our little sector we took about 700. Bty got Hell today. The whole detachment went west or nearly all. Strafed a Hun aeroplane that happened to come down in their lines also sprayed the road to Thilloy with shrapnel, and the ambulance was

wanted several times. Got pasted with 5.9 and 8.2 ourselves later on, but all is still merry and bright. Had another attack tonight but don't know how we got on. Fancy it was OK.

15th November 1916

Bitterly cold. Huns threw over hundreds of Gas shells this morning early, result, we had to wear gas bags for an hour or two. Visited new Position this morning. Rotten 'Posy'. Can't call it anything else. Absolutely unapproachable by road. Horses just sink out of sight in the mud and slush of the shell craters. Got bogged of course. Visited HQ this afternoon. The officer of the returning Bty staying with us.

16th November 1916

Handed over to returning Bty at OP. Reported to new Position during the afternoon and took over four guns etc. Bitterly cold. Major got over late at night.



Infantry from the 2nd Battalion, Auckland Regiment, New Zealand Division near Flers.

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17th November 1916

Major crack on the head. 'Knocked' Funny things that happened . . . *18th November 1916 to 8th February 1917 [These pages are pinned into the diary.]* Don't remember much about getting knocked with the exception of seeing a beautiful 'solar' sun then somebody turned out the light. Got to the 8th General Hospital in Rouen after being carried out from the line during a snow storm and after a short 14 hours there, was sent direct to England via Boulognestraat on the way across. Channel run Hospital ship picked up survivors of the City of Mexico, a steamer which had just been sunk by a Hun Sub. Managed to get a glimpse of the Sub, but it didn't molest us. Arrived in Southampton and was put in 'Z' ward and got special attention. Thanks to it and decent constitution managed to get out in three weeks or so. Also able to get out of going to a Convalescent Home, but got a fortnight leave instead. Met the train and went to Manchester. Stayed at 48 M R then went back to London for another Board. Stayed out with Capt. Richardson whom I met in Hospital. Had a gorgeous time. Was given another weeks leave and made the most of it. Had Xmas dinner with Dr. John Broadbent. Left for Perham Downs about New Year time. Tried to get straight back to France from London but no go. After annoying everybody and with assistance managed to get away on the 1st. Went up to London at night. Left the next morning for Portsmouth. Stayed at the South Western while awaiting a boat. Visited Capt (I of M) one day. Left next day for Le Harve. Detained there for five days also received a request which was sent by the CO on Dec 31st for my return to the Bty in reply to my application to be sent back. Swore a few. Major worked a good scheme and we got to Le Harve by passenger boat. Got to Rouen and told that it would be at least seven days before we could get back to our unit. Anyhow we were desperate and by further scheming managed to get back on the 8th via Paris and Amiens. Had a great 24 hours in Paris. Saw quite a good bit of the city. General Brown motored us from Amiens to our HQ. Find on my return that we are made into a 6 gun Bty and have another officer available to us. Cooper is his name. Anyhow here we are and Hurrah for more strafe.

9th February 1917

Went up to the Bty today also reported to Brigade HQ. Ordered to rejoin the old 9th again. Saw Chas who has been in Hospital since I left with flu. Got back to W.L. again and got packed up and ready to move to the Bty. Bitterly cold.

10th February 1917

Left W.L. this morning for the Battery. Got up there in time for a strafe. Had to leave the position twice because the Hun made things too hot. Still bitterly cold. Snow and ice everywhere.

11th February 1917

Firing all night. Got shelled again this afternoon but no damage done. Saw Chas again today. Everything OK here only bitterly cold. Strafed a machine gun tonight.

12th February 1917

Left Bty at 11.30 am and walked down to W.L. Intend staying down for a few days to adjust sundry things. Still as cold as Charity.

13th February 1917

Still cold. Getting to work on organising my W.L. Sundry artillery hates but nothing much doing.

14th February 1917

Still at W.L. Went down to the new W.L. this afternoon. Coming home met the major who imparted the rotten news that I am to remain down from the guns for another 2 or 3 days. Big raid on our front tonight by 'us'.

15th February 1917

Reorganising like blazes or trying to.

16th February 1917

Exciting day. Early this morning a patrol of Huns raided us. Set fire to a big ammunition dump on our right, and all day its been going good, just like a Guy Fawkes night display. The Taubes got awful cheeky. Came right down close to the ground and strafed our roads rather well with machine guns. Down at the new W.L. getting thing ship shape. Quite a Spring day today. Colonel Burgess presented with the Legion of Honour.

17th February 1917

Raining like blazes. Mud knee deep everywhere. Just about finished at W.L. Off up to the guns tomorrow.

18th February 1917

Rode up to the Guns this morning. Nothing much doing with the exception of getting bogged. One or two small hates. Otherwise quiet.

19th February 1917

A bit of a war on today. Had afternoon with Chas. Mud glorious.

20th February 1917

Brigade F.O.O. today. Went up to the Front Line and had a bit of a war on my own. Trenches thigh deeps in mud and water. Tried to register Z barrage but couldn't get communication. Having another go tomorrow. Got lost coming home owing to mist. Another stint tonight.

21st February 1917

Major came up today. Cooper returned to W.L. Went up with Major Rogers to register Z barrage. Got caught in a Hun barrage and had a couple of hours side stepping in the mud. Registered all right although a sniper nearly got one hit in that I know of. Mud still glorious. Got back to Bty late. Wet through of course.

22nd February 1917

Down at Bty all day. Still wet and muddy. Reported to a new O.S tonight. Old one full of gas. On liaison duty.

23rd February 1917

Spent a comfortable night last night, I don't think. Got shelled early this morning of course. No gas shells though, for which many thanks. Sundry hates all day.

24th February 1917

Great fun last night. Just going to bed when Mr Hun started making things uncomfortable by bombarding the Bty with 8.2 Hows. Awfully exciting while it lasted. Had to get all the gun crews into funk pits while the Major, Richardson and myself beat a hasty retreat into the telephone pit, until the bombarding was over. He gave us a half an hour excitement then evidently satisfied himself. Made another attempt to get to bed, but he started again so had to crawl out again and he had another little bit of fun.

25th February 1917

Up all night awaiting a stunt that didn't come off. At least it came off but without us adding to the fun of the show. Our infantry on the right had an advance but met with no opposition but we had to stand to all night in case we were wanted. Passed the night in preparing several suppers and consuming same. Went up forward this afternoon. Got bogged umpteen times. Also paid particular attention to by a Hun machine gun which gave us a good run for our money over a sunken road 2 feet deep in slush. Got up to an advance Lewis Gun Position and spotted a lovely target which I hope to have a good say in blowing out. Its a nice bit of work, a brand new trestle bridge in Le Transloy. Have more to say about it later I hope. Saw a nice bit of Hate at 8.00 also got something back. Got back to battery late.

26th February 1917

Damn everybody, particularly Brigade HQ. Received orders late last night to report to 7th Bty for duty. That means I am transferred from the 9th. The major has just strafed BHQ but to no avail so its a case of obeying orders like a 'good' soldier and lumping it. Have exhausted all my swear words so won't say any more but will endeavour with the Major's help to do things and it also means that that bridge doesn't get strafed. Rotten luck. Reported to 7th Bty Captain Crisp OC. Ordered to report to 14th Inf Bde HQ. Came up here. Am acting as Liaison Officer. Believe I am here for a week. This is quite a change from getting bogged in the trenches. Am quite a glorified telephonist now-a-days. Relieved Capt Manton of the 8th.

27th February 1917

Took it out of Mr Hun today. Must strafe somebody. Turned the heavies on to some of his batteries who had the cheek to drop a few about. Got quite a decent crowd here, Brigadier-General is CO and is an awfully decent chap. Rumour has it that our friend Mr Hun is evacuating the line here. Just trying to emulate our stunt at Anzac but I'll wager quite a lot that it isn't as successful. Anyhow hope he is in no hurry because I want to be in the dash forward, if there is a dash. Have always wanted a real good 'go' in the open. Leaving with the Staff Captain. Wisdong, a Sydney chap.

28th February 1917

Another war today. Caught a few around Cemetery Circle. Artillery hates all day. Gas alarm tonight; also a Hell of a scrap on the left. Enjoying things generally.



Beaulencourt

1st March 1917

Up early this morning to relieve the Brigade Major Things quiet generally this morning. Things slightly different this afternoon. Evidently the Huns had a big relief on and they came along a road to the right of Beaulencourt. Got word through from BOP and put the Batteries on to them and didn't they get it in the neck. Got a ripping report from the Inf. Major. Got right into a patrol of over a hundred, and didn't they get it. Several other patrols came along later and they also got a contribution. Gas alarm tonight. They sent over gas shells round Bty 2 but it didn't reach this far.

2nd March 1917

Fairly quiet morning misty and inclined to rain. Got a call from the Front Line this afternoon Ye Gods of Angels in Heaven. Will you send over a few bars of love' which amplified meant that the Huns were manning Heaven Trench (their Front Line) and would we open fire. We did. Result quite a lot got Huns. Later At 8.10 our worthy friends attacked Runsay Trench which we pinched from them last night. The guns got going 2 minutes after the first S.O.S. went up. Result again they got it well in the neck. Just got a report from the Front Line, and it says that the attack completely broke down under our fire. One Hun Company of friends were bagged to a man.

3rd March 1917

Very wintry today. Sundry artillery 'Hates' but nothing much doing. Tonight we had two gas alarms. The first was a 'dud' but the second was O.K. only shell gas though. Was pretty thick up here for a time but nothing to worry about.

4th March 1917

Managed to get my hair cut today. Not before I wanted it either. Still cold, but fine. Artillery hates all day. Very heavy shelling on the right early this morning. An awfully funny thing happened with a patrol of ours consisting of 4 men. They were out in NML (no man's land) and got caught by a Hun Patrol of 40 who took them prisoners anyhow both parties got lost in the mist, finally they all walked into our own lines, and we bagged 40 Huns without a casualty.

5th March 1917

Up at 3 A.M. to relieve the Brigade Major and Staff Capt. Snowing like blazes. Glorious sight outside. Very heavy fall this time. Have just got a glorious fire going so it can snow quick and hard if it likes. Decent sort of a day after the fall, so decent that quite a number of Tanks came over and provided us with a little amusement. Sundry hates all day.

6th March 1917

Sundry aeroplane stunts today. Our planes sank 3 Taubes and they got one of ours which isn't a bad percentage for us. Had a visit from Shaw today. Believe we shift from here tomorrow sometime. Pestered with a few 5 gs about 1pm, but got a Bty to work and it put a stop to their pranks.

7th March 1917

Up early this morning getting ready for our shift. Left old Bde HQ and came over to this one. En route had rather an exciting time. Four of us the G, Major, S.C. and myself were sneaking along when the Huns sent over a few salvos of 4.2 Two came too close for us to get the splinters but the G and I both slopped a bump of earth apiece. Nothing but bruises though. The rotten part about it though is that the explosion made our ears ring like fury. As a matter of fact mine are still ringing as though I'd swallowed a gigantic telephone something or another. Got rather decent quarters down here. Sundry hates all day, but over too quick for any decent work.

8th March 1917

Nothing much doing with the exception of getting an occasional burst of Shrapnel over and snowing like blazes.

9th March 1917

An occasional strafe and more snow about. Nothing much doing.

10th March 1917

Cooper came up to relieve me today. Said 'cheerio' to BHQ Staff, après lunch and reported to Bty via Ginchy. Got strafed with wizz bangs and 8.2 coming down. Called into HQ and reported to CO. Received instruction from OC. Capt Crisp to relieve Healy at WL. Left guns moved about 4pm into the 9th WL and caught some mail. Arrived at 7th WL late.

11th March 1917

Getting a knowledge of things with Healy. Had a ride into Albert this afternoon. Visited the Officers Club there and had afternoon tea. Got mounted on a rather fiery steed which did its best to throw me.

12th March 1917

Healy left for Bty this morning so I'm down here for a while. Nothing much doing. Rather quiet, but the mud is still thick. Caught some more mail today.

13th March 1917

Raining like blazes as per usual. Rode up to the 9th's WL this evening and had dinner with Faulkner. Got back about 8.30pm. Rode the SM horse. Some charger.

14th March 1917

Still raining and mud knee deep everywhere.

15th March 1917

Working like a Trojan getting things square. Mud still gloriously soupy and still raining.

16th March 1917

Better day today. Very heavy bombardment on both left, right and centre.



Epilogue



Coxyde Military Cemetery

Here ends the last known diary entry of Lieutenant Ralph Dorchell Doughty, and it is with the greatest honour and respect that his set of diaries are now being looked after by members of the Kivell family so that Ralph's memory will never be forgotten.

It also seems unlikely to me that Ralph would have given up writing entries in his set of diaries, having done so almost continuously since the 5th April 1915. This would have been his sixth diary, and if it existed it would have covered the remainder of March, all of April, May, June and most of July 1917. The reason for him not continuing with his diary entries is not known, maybe his commitment to busy army life did not allow Ralph to make entries in any more diaries.

I personally would like to think that if there was another diary that it is keeping Ralph company when he was laid to rest in Coxyde Military Cemetery. *R.I.P*

Peter Kivell.



IN MEMORIAM

DOUGHTY, - In loving remembrance of
Lieutenant R. D. Doughty. M.C.
who died of wounds in France, July
25th, 1917. His duty done.

Inserted by his loving father, sisters
and brothers.

Ralph's Army Record



AUSTRALIAN ARMY

CENTRAL ARMY RECORDS

Regimental number: 193

Place of birth: Stratford, New Zealand

School: Stratford Public School, New Zealand

Age on arrival in Australia: 21

Religion: Church of England

Occupation: Warehouseman

Address: 'Craignathan', Hayes Street, Neutral Bay, New South Wales

Marital status: Single

Age at embarkation: 23

Height: 5' 10.5"

Weight: 154 lbs

Next of kin: Father, W M Doughty,

Broadway, Stratford, Taranaki, New Zealand

Previous military service: Served for 5 years in 'H' Battery, New Zealand Field Artillery; left on completion of service.

Enlistment date: 24th August 1914

Date of enlistment from Nominal Roll 28th August 1914

Place of enlistment: Sydney, New South Wales

Rank on enlistment: Bombardier

Unit name: Field Artillery Brigade 1, Battery 2

AWM Embarkation: Roll number 13/29/1

Embarkation details: Unit embarked from Sydney, New South Wales, on board Transport A8 Argyllshire on 18th October 1914

Rank from Nominal Roll: Lieutenant

Unit from Nominal Roll: 3rd Field Artillery Brigade

Promotions:

2nd Lieutenant

Promotion date: 12th March 1916

1st Lieutenant

Promotion date: 13th June 1916

Fate: Died of wounds 25th July 1917

Age at death from cemetery records: 26

Place of burial: Coxyde Military Cemetery (Plot I, Row F, Grave No 20), Belgium

Panel number, Roll of Honour, Australian War Memorial 12

Miscellaneous information from cemetery records.

Parents: William Mamby and Susanna DOUGHTY, Stratford, New Zealand

Medals: Military Cross

“For conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty when acting as Forward Observing Officer. He sent back most valuable information, and was responsible for bringing artillery fire to bear on the enemy at a critical time.”

Source: 'Commonwealth Gazette' Date: 11th October 1917

Other details War service: Egypt, Gallipoli, Western Front, Passchendaele

Joined Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, Gallipoli, 20th June 1915.

Appointed Acting Corporal, 20th June 1915;

promoted Provisional Corporal, 20th June 1915.

Admitted to 11th Casualty Clearing Station, 20th July 1915 (pyrexia), and transferred to Hospital Ship; rejoined unit, 5th August 1915.

Disembarked Alexandria, 3rd January 1916 (general Gallipoli evacuation).

Promoted 2nd Lieutenant, 12th March 1916; Tel El Kebir.

Taken on strength, 9th Battery, 12th March 1916.

Embarked Alexandria to join the British Expeditionary Force, 23rd March 1916; disembarked Marseilles, France, 29th March 1916.

Promoted Lieutenant, 13th June 1916.

Wounded in action, 18th November 1916 (buried by shell: concussed, head and shoulder), and admitted to 38th Casualty Clearing Station; transferred to Ambulance Train No 26, 19th November 1916, and admitted to No 8 General Hospital, Rouen; transferred to England, 21st November 1916, and admitted to 3rd London General Hospital, Wandsworth, 22nd November 1916. Discharged to No 1 Command Depot, Perham Downs, 27th December 1916.

Marched out to Reserve Brigade, Australian Artillery,

Heytesbury, 21st January 1917.

Proceeded overseas to France, 31st January 1917; rejoined 3rd Field Artillery Brigade, 9th February 1917.

Awarded Military Cross.

Wounded in action (second occasion), 23rd July 1917 (gun shot wound, abdomen), and admitted to 91st Field Ambulance.

Died of wounds, 25th July 1917.

Medals: Military Cross, 1914-15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal

***From the
Australian Army Records
and the
A.I.F. Project Database***



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Died of wounds, 25 July 1917.

Medals: Military Cross, 1914-15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal

Sources: NAA: B2455, DOUGHTY Ralph Dorschel

Commemorative Scroll



He whom this scroll commemorates was numbered among those who, at the call of King and Country, left all that was dear to them, endured hardness, faced danger, and finally passed out of the sight of men by the path of duty and self-sacrifice, giving up their own lives that others might live in freedom. Let those who come after see to it that his name is not forgotten.

Lieutenant Ralph Dorschel Doughty M.C.
3rd AFA Brigade Australian Field Artillery

Below is the website address to view the original diary transcriptions.

Diary One

Australian troops cooling off by taking a swim at Alexandria (NW).	20
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Listed below are the source publications used to provide the photographs available within this section. Each photo is believed to be copyright-expired except where indicated.

Additional photographs have been generously supplied for inclusion by site contributors: these have been similarly identified where used.

CPE - Collier's Photographic History of the European War (New York, 1916)

GW - The Great World War: A History edited by Frank A. Mumby (Gresham Publishing Company, five volumes 1915-1917)

GWS - The Great War: The Standard History of the All Europe Conflict (volume four) edited by H. W. Wilson and J. A. Hammerton (Amalgamated Press, London 1915)

NW - The Nations at War by Willis John Abbot (New York, 1917)

AWM - Australian War Museum

Completed on the 27th March 2010

**HONOURING THE SACRIFICE MADE BY A FALLEN SERVICEMAN
95 YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH**

LIEUTENANT KEN. S. KINGSMILL

Enlistment on the: 22 September 1914 and returned to Australia on the: 12 April 1919

Dear Peter

My father, Lieut Ken S Kingsmill, spent the years from 1914 to 1919 in the Australian Artillery in Egypt, at Gallipoli, and on the Western Front.

He kept a diary (not all of which has survived) and he wrote almost weekly to his parents. In the early 1960s he used this material to write a memoir. In recent months I have been getting the letters and the memoir into suitable digital form in order to ensure their preservation. It has been an interesting task, particularly when, from time to time, some mention in the texts has caused me to turn to the Internet to look for further information.

I noticed that, in 1917, there were five mentions of Lieutenant Doughty, and when I looked to see if I might identify him further I was delighted to find your memorial website.

Just in case it is information that you may not have had from other sources I am sending you, below, the five extracts from my father's memoir in which Lieut Doughty is mentioned. I hope that, so many years having passed, you will not find them too hard to read.

Incidentally, your website mentions that Lieut Doughty's last diary was not found among his effects. As I understand it, the writing of diaries was forbidden to all Australian troops. If that was so, his diary might have been removed by a colleague in order to avoid possible trouble.

Alternatively, it could have been confiscated by someone in authority because it was it was written in defiance of orders.

Best regards,

Donald Kingsmill
Canberra

LIEUTENANT KEN. S. KINGSMILL

Enlistment date: 22 September 1914 - Returned to Australia: 12 April 1919

From the memoir:

[13 July 1917]

We established our wagon lines at Ghyvelde which is 6½ miles east of Dunkerque and about two miles from the sea. The Royal Naval Air Service (as it was then known) had its aerodromes all along the coast at Bray Dunes near here and the officers often came and dined with us and we with them. Some of our chaps went up with them on occasion and had a look at our targets from the air. It was raining all day on 14 July when Major Crisp and Lieutenant Doughty went up to reconnoitre the gun positions. They returned at 10.30 p.m.

[15 July 1917]

Had heavy rain throughout the night but it fined up a bit on Sunday, 15 July. At 6.30 p.m. Major Crisp, Lieutenant Doughty, Roberts and I, together with the right section, left for the gun positions about fifteen miles away. Went through Nieuport and arrived at the battery position at midnight. After unloading I brought the wagons back to Coxyde Bains for more ammunition, finally getting back to the wagon lines at 6.10 a.m. on 16 July.

[20-23 July 1917]

I might mention that, with the exception of the Heavy Batteries, we were the only Australians up in this direction and we had English and Scottish Regiments in front of us. Taubes were busy on 20 July and the Hun shelled heavily a couple of hundred yards behind us.

His planes were busy again on 21 July and they were so low we were firing at them with rifles. Our heavies were successful in blowing up a couple of his dumps too. Major Crisp went on leave; Roberts went down to wagon lines and Hely came to battery. At about 10.30 p.m. 'Fritz' opened up with 77 mm for about an hour and later put down a barrage of gas shell in Nieuport, There were from 1500 to 2000 casualties in this town itself and I got a slight touch of gas (for the second time) myself. We had an S.O.S. at 11.30 p.m. and went on until 2.30 a.m. on Monday, 23 July. Then again at 3.10 a.m. until after 4 a.m. About 3.30 a.m., when things slackened a little, I went over to the control pit to see if any news had been received as to what was going on and, as I came round one side, Lieutenant Doughty came round the other and we met at the entrance to the pit. He put his hand behind me and said "Go on, hop in 'Kingie'", which I did. He fell in behind me. A premature from one of the 12th Brigade guns just behind us had sent a splinter in his back and out his stomach. We got a stretcher, cut down the gas curtain, and sent him off to the dressing station. He was a fine man and a very well-liked Officer.

This left only Hely and myself at the battery. I managed to get some sleep at 6 a.m. on 23 July but was up again at 10.30 a.m. and went to Pelican Bridge to see about some decauville line and barges for bringing up ammunition. Had news that Doughty was doing well and Roberts came up for lunch. Was busy all night at

Pelican Dump with ammunition which I brought up the canal on barges. 'Fritz' was shelling the bridges about 50 yards from our guns and, at 10.30 p.m., I got caught (with Lieutenant Hamilton, Royal Artillery) in a barrage of 77 mm gas shell and had to shelter for a while in some trenches near the bridge. Fogg rejoined the battery. Got to bed at 4.30 a.m. on 25 July and up again at 9 a.m. Rainy and dull all day and we got word that Doughty had died at the 15th Corps Dressing Station.

[7 August 1917]

Rode over to Bray Dunes on Sunday, 5 August and round La Panne looking for new wagon lines on 6 August. Rode into Bray Dunes again on 7 August, then on to Coxyde Military Cemetery where I planted a small wooden cross on Lieutenant Doughty's grave and got back to wagon lines at 10.45 p.m.

[On the following day, 8 August 1917, Ken's eldest brother, Major H.F. Kingsmill D.S.O., was killed near Ypres.]

***HONOURING THE SACRIFICE MADE BY A FALLEN SERVICEMAN
95 YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH***

In May 2012, Donald Kingsmill took his family over to Belgium and visited Coxyde Military Cemetery. The family were there to pay their respects to Lieutenant Ralph Doughty.

Having located his resting place the family then placed a small wooden cross [that they had made and taken over with them from Australia], laid some poppies [for our family] by his headstone and thanked him for what he had done for their family 95 years ago.

Donald thanked him for saving both his fathers life (Lieutenant Ken Kingsmill), (and his) and also for the family that had travelled over with him, that would not be here today, just by Ralph Doughty saying these five words 95 years ago, 'Go on, hop in 'Kingie'.

On the wooden cross were the words:

**ADMIRIED BY HIS FELLOW OFFICERS AND REMEMBERED WITH HONOUR BY THE
KINGSMILL FAMILY IN AUSTRALIA**

Entered into the visitors book are the words:

**LIEUT. R.D.DOUGHTY MC. DIED BESIDE MY FATHER. SEVERAL DAYS LATER MY FATHER
RODE OVER AND PLACED A SMALL WOODEN CROSS ON HIS GRAVE. I HAVE TODAY
DONE THE SAME THING, 95 YEARS LATER**

On the poppy label:

HONOURED AND NEVER FORGOTTEN BY HIS FAMILY IN NEW ZEALAND

With grateful thanks from the Kivell, Ward and Doughty families.

Photos Shown Below

**HONOURING THE SACRIFICE MADE BY A FALLEN SERVICEMAN
95 YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH**









Date	Signature	Name (please print) and address	Comments
24.6.2012	<i>8 Mike Juliane</i>	Suey Jane Price Cartref, The Street Middle Trafford CHESHIRE	What a delight we shall to these brave men tomorrow Somme to find my granddad
5.7.12	DONALD KINGSMILL	CANBERRA AUSTRALIA	LIEUT. R.D. DOUGHTY M.C. DIED BESIDE MY FATHER. SEVERAL DAYS LATER MY FATHER "RODE OVER AND PLACED A SMALL WOODEN CROSS ON HIS GRAVE. I HAVE TODAY DONE THE SAME THING 25 YEARS LATER
6.7.12	June + Mike Pemberton	LANCASHIRE ENGLAND	none of our relations lie here but all brave people who shaped world
7-7-12	RAE + SANDRA BONES SCOTLAND	(130 P 63) SCOTLAND	WISH WE HAD KNOWN today. YOU UNCLE JOHN BOSLEM X X
7-7-12	<i>PS</i>	Bouré Voim Opsky Mol	Ruse im vrede
20-7-2012	PAUL MUTERT	PETER MUTERT	?RACHTIG!





R.I.P