

"Kings Own Avenue,"
Anzac,

Gallipoli.

9th Dec. 1915

Dear Auntie,

Many thanks for your long letter dated 2nd October which arrived yesterday. I was very fortunate as I got in all fifteen letters, and numerous papers and small parcels. All my old friends ~~seem~~ ~~to~~ remembered me. We don't get very much time to write over here as they keep us hard at it from daylight until dark, but we always seem to be fairly happy. I am trying to write this in a small dug out just behind our trenches. Our trench is separated from the Turks by about ~~100 yards~~ ~~so~~ so there is no beastly bombing throwing done so we have that much to be thankful for. We usually get two nights sleep in every three, that is if everything is quiet, and they usually are. There is very little fighting done

during the day time, but towards evening things ~~generally~~ get more lively. I can't say that I have hit a Turk yet, but I guess I've scared something. They very seldom show themselves, so we get very few ~~off~~ chances. I have had dozens of close shaves from snipers and stray bullets. One bullet spattered the dirt in my face when I got too inquisitive, and poked my nose too far over ~~the~~ the parapet.

We have been here a month now, and have had very few men hit. There was a fairly heavy fall of snow here about ten days ago, which made things very unpleasant for the time being, but it has all melted, and we have had grand weather since then. I had to sleep out in the first night's snow, and the second night I was on our post duty. It was my first night in the trench, but I was

too numb and frozen to feel scared. Out-post work is a job that tries ones nerves a bit, especially when you can hear the enemy moving about in front of you and yet can't see him. One can't fire at him or you give your position away, and then things get warm. I'm quite used to ^{the} ping of the bullets and the screech of the shells as they fly over head, but I can assure you that I didn't care for them for the first few hours after we landed here.

I am as "fit as a fiddle" except for a slightly frost bitten foot, which I got ~~up~~ in the trench some time during the snow fall, but it's gradually getting better.

We had a short church parade in a small gully just a few yards behind the firing line, last Sunday afternoon. It seemed very strange having church with the rifles crack-

