LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

"HAPPY AS LARRY."

Mrs. J. McKay, College-street, Portland, said yesterday that Private A. J. McKay, her son, who was wounded at the Dardanelles. He states that he is getting on all right, but there's no need to worry about him. He is happy as Larry, as he has gotten a bit tougher when we landed. Our boat was sunk by a shell and the private lost a lot of men, but he says he has a lot of boy's in the lines, and that he will be all right as long as he has a chance to fight. The he goes on to say that he wishes to do a lot more fighting.

A SPLENDID CHARGE.

Mr. F. J. Stevens, of Jette road, Glenelg, received a letter from his son, Private P. W. Stevens, who is with the 3rd Australian Army Service Corps attached to the 3rd Division. The letter, written on the Galipoli Peninsula, he says, is a splendid one. The private says that the Australians are up to the top of the world, and that the morale of the machine gunners is very high. He says that the men have been very brave and that the gunners have been very brave and that the gunners have been very brave. He adds that he is doing his best to keep the Germans away from their trenches, and that they have been very successful.

FIVE BULLETS IN ONE SOLDIER.

Private W. O. Oates, of Gawler, writing to his father and mother, says that he was in one of the first boats to land on the Dardanelles. He says that he landed on the Sunday morning, and that he saw a wounded soldier in the water. He says that he went to the aid of the wounded soldier, and that he helped him to get to safety. He adds that he was very happy to see his friend again.

LIVELY TIMES.

Private W. J. Jordan, in a letter to his sister, Mrs. H. R. Wattlewell, says that he was in one of the first boats to land on the Dardanelles. He says that he was very happy to see his friends again, and that he was very happy to see the world. He adds that he was very happy to be with his friends, and that he was very happy to see the world. He says that he was very happy to see his friends again, and that he was very happy to see the world.

You can tell all friends I am all right, and I don't want you to worry. I will have done my duty to the Empire.
LETTER FROM COLONEL WEIR.

Mr. W. C. Caffey of the Sacred Heart, Weir, dated (Nullipara, Miss. Colonel Weir, Weir, and return.

He states that he was a prisoner of war for four and a half years, and that the only times he was able to see his family was when he was allowed to go out on leave. He says that he was able to see his family twice a month, and that they would come to the camp and visit him. He says that he was able to see his family twice a month, and that they would come to the camp and visit him. He says that he was able to see his family twice a month, and that they would come to the camp and visit him. He says that he was able to see his family twice a month, and that they would come to the camp and visit him.

The Australian Spirit.

Private J. T. Danks, writing from Turkey to his parents, says, "I have just returned from leave and found that our battalion is about to be relieved. We have been in the trenches for four weeks and have been under fire for the past two days. We are facing a strong enemy and the fighting is severe. I am confident that I shall return home in good health and spirits, and hope to see you again soon."
TURKS RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES.

Private Stuart F. Ford (wounded), in a letter from Osiro Hospital, says: "I have been in hospital about three weeks, but expect to be back in the trenches about two weeks from now. I don't know you, but if you could see some of our poor chaps, they would make you feel worse. Turks running for their lives over the hills, with our chaps after them. So it is not quite a holiday for our poor fellows rolling down the hill." The Turin, don't hold the old cold steel, and I guess if we could only get even, our charges would be blowing the Old Warboys into the sky. The Turks are using hand grenades, and we have had many wounded among us. On our left flank a German officer with one German soldier, while our machine guns were firing at some of our machine guns. They have charged and jumped out and got our bayonets right through the officer; all the rest of them ran, but one of them I heard a poor fellow calling out: 'Where is my Queen?' She sets out her batteries and fires on us. But I can't, close my hand yet, I have not seen him die. I have just to go and see what I can."
THE AUSTRALIANS ARE THE BOYS.

In a letter to his family from the Hobart Hospital, formerly the St. John's Convict Barracks, Mr. Edward Claffey, tailor, of St. John's, said that about 3,000 fed. Lieutenant-Governor Baily, in a letter dated April 10, in reply to the report of the Committee of the Hospital, mentioned that the staff was extended to include a military hospital should one be established. The Australians are the boys to show them how to do things. Great credit is due to Mr. Elsmore, the medical officer, for his efficient work.

THE REGISTER, ADELAIDE.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1915.

AUSTRALIANS AT WORK.

Clearing Out the Turks.

LONDON, June 22.

Mr. Asquith Backett, war correspondent for several London newspapers, reporting incidents of the fighting on the Gallipoli Peninsula, says that the General George Sanders, in attempting to advance his Turkish force to carry out his threat to drive the British into the sea, received another repulse on Monday. The Australians and New Zealanders. The defeat resulted in Turkish losses of at least 7,000 and 5,000, wounded with another 5,000 killed and wounded. The ground occupied by the Australians and New Zealanders consists of two semicircles of hills. The outer one is higher than the inner one and rises to 600 ft. in some places. A great valley runs north-eastward up the centre of the position, dividing it into two sectors, both characteristic with a great many high, rocky, rough-cast and covered with scrub or earth-coloured sandstone. The position facing north is called Walker's Ridge. It follows the perimeter of the defense around the line again strikes the coast. To the south there is a range of hills, up to 1,000 ft. in places, prominent in the form of a mountain and covered with scrub or earth-coloured sandstone. The position facing east is called Gorgon's Hill, Backett says. He adds that the Turks are strongly entrenched almost around the position except where the guns of the warships keep them off the coast. Generally the trenches are in an open position, well established, and higher than those of the colonial forces; those to the south and southeast are lower. The average distance of the position is about 200 yards, though it may be a quarter of a mile and sometimes over 20 yards. The Turks are strongly entrenched between Walkers Ridge and Gorgon's Hill and stretch every one who goes up the valley.

Positions Well Sustained.

The Australian and New Zealand position resembles a prosperous mining camp. There are good roads from the front line and these are bared where they are exposed to shrapnel. Snipers are found in every sector. The position is well established and there are unlimited supplies of ammunition. Whenever Gen. von Sanders attempts to attack the British he is stopped in his tracks by a torrent of machine gun fire. The British would not communicate further, but the Turkish position is determined and final attack was made by Gorgon's Hill. He brought up five heavy resists.
Smashing the Enemy.

LONDON, June 22.

Reuter's correspondent at the Dardanelles reports that the Turks have once more been attacked by the enemy's gun boats. The shells fell on the trenches of the Australian and New Zealand military corps which repulsed the Turkish attack with heavy fire.

The word of battle between the two sides is that the Turks have been driven back to their own lines. It is stated that their loss is very heavy.

Our boys' gallantry.

The Turkish dead everywhere. A few yards from the trenches in some places the body of a Turkish soldier was found with his arms in the air, as if he had been killed in the act of throwing a grenade. The German shells have been very heavy and have caused great loss among the Turks.

The Turks have tried several times to drive back the Allies but have been repulsed with heavy losses. The Allies have been able to hold their position.

The battle is still going on and the Allies are expected to make a powerful counter-attack.

The death toll among the Turks is said to be very high. Many of the dead are lying in the trenches, while others are being carried away to the rear.

The Allies are determined to hold their position and are ready to make a counter-attack at any moment. The battle is expected to continue for some time.
MILITARY HONOURS.

Gen. Birdwood Knighted.

LONDON, June 23.

In a long list of military honours just published, General Birdwood, commanding the Australians on Gallipoli, has been made a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

The Distinguished Service Cross.

The two intrepid young British airmen, Flight-Lieutenants Wilson and Miller, who destroyed a German airship and shot down the German gunboat, have also been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

C.B.

Companionships of the Bath have been conferred upon:

Col. N. J. Hoven, V.C., of Sydney, Australian Director of Medical Services.

Col. Hayes, a Victorian.

C.M.G.

Companionship of the Order of St. Michael and St. George.

Miss I. G. Owen, Matron of the Australian Army Hospital, has been mentioned in dispatches by Sir John French, and has received the decoration of the Red Cross.

The Victoria Cross.

LONDON, June 23.

The Victoria Cross has been posthumously awarded to Col. Dougherty-Wyke and the A.D.C. of the 2nd Brigade, Capt. B. H. R. B. Weller, who fell in the Dardanelles, and was slain at the height of a gallant charge, has also been posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross.
AUSTRALIANS' LEADER

A Popular Knighthood.

The knighthood of Major-General Sir William Russell, K.C.M.G., P.P.F., C.B., D.S.O., will be popular as a recognition of the enthusiasm of the Australians at the recent Gallipoli Gallantry. The popular leader was appointed in November last to his present position. He was previously Secretary of the Government of India in the Army and was a member of the Legislative Council. He is in his fifty-sixth year, and has four sons, all of whom are on active service.

SOLDIERS' LETTERS.

Happy as Larry.

Messrs. McKay, College street, Portland, Port Adelaide, has received a letter from son, Private McKay, who was wounded at the Dardanelles. He stated: "I got a mattress from the wounded soldier in hand; but I am just as well now. We got a lot rotten stuff and I think I am going to get better than I am now. This is all my eye that I get a bit of the first time I see the field, and the football match. Don't worry about us. We are as healthy as Larry."

Col. Weir's Experiences.

The following letter, written by the Rev. C. Weir, Gallipoli Peninsula, May 15, 1915, was dated: "I have just got a letter from you and am glad to hear you are well, if not quite as well as I am. My health is not the best of the world; but I am not quite as well as I am now. This is all my eye that I get a bit of the first time I see the field, and the football match. Don't worry about us. We are as healthy as Larry."

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"Turks Won't Reap the Barley."

Following are excerpts of a letter from Capt. Kasper, 23rd Battalion, to his wife, written from trench lines, to the east of Poznania, near the Polish town of Poznan.

"... It is evident that our lines are going to hold here for the next 5 weeks, possibly even longer. We are getting well entrenched, and shelled those of the enemy who doesn't."...
HERO'S SIMPLE STORY.

Wounded Adelaide Boy.

How He Tried to Save His Lieutenant.

One of the best-written stories of the Australian War has come from Signaller W. M. O'Donnell, who has returned to his home in Adelaide. The story is as follows:


text content of the article
No sooner had we retired that the word was passed to cancel the order for relief, and I was summoned to the death, and was not to be thought of. We found ourselves working around the trench and occupied a strong position. Some of our wounded comrades had been carried back by their mates. Severely wounded and in agony. The water bottles were the only comfort we could offer. I came upon a wounded man in a shell hole, expecting to fall, but he finished X. The thought of the wounded falling in the face of the enemy was not pleasant. I could not explain, because I had not a thought of the terrible, and that the reinforcement was coming. Of all the horrors of war nothing is more to be avoided than this tragic request, and it was with tears in my eyes that I lingered over the map of our plans, and the battle, and the command of our country's army, and 'digging in' facing left. From the shallow shell holes we could see our gunnery rounds with a range of 300 yards at scattering figures of the enemy.

Water, Water.

All the time they maintained the same terrific fire. One of our maxim guns was close to our present position, and apparently working without damage. They were trying to silence the maxim, but could not get the exact range. The officer who had shot the gun, went back to the battery, saying, 'More than half our men are killed or wounded. We can't hold this position.' I ordered the gun to be taken down. It was useless, we must hold on to the last man. The sergeant ran up and said, 'We can't hold on to the last man. He was not a fit man to take care of the men. He was drunk, and was in no condition to look after the men.'

As he was shot in both legs and in the left side, I had no alternative but to order the gun to be taken down. It could not be got under him. Then the gun was carried to another position and given to a gunner who was next to me at the time. He said, 'Lieut. Byrne, drink me a bit of water.' I handed him a drink. He was lying out in the open, so I had to crawl to him. I reached him, but it was a lump of quick sand, and it was not possible to get to him. The bullet had passed through his body, and it was not possible to use his leg. The bullet had passed through his body, and it was not possible to use his leg. The bullet had passed through his body, and it was not possible to use his leg. The bullet had passed through his body, and it was not possible to use his leg. The bullet had passed through his body, and it was not possible to use his leg.

Back to the Firing Line.

Wednesday, 8 a.m. — I shall have break. We are not to go on orders to embark at 8 a.m., and I hope to be able to go in time.
AUSTRALIA'S TOTAL TROOPS

Melbourne, June 24.

In the Senate today the Minister of Defence told Sir Albert Goold that the number of troops dispatched from Australia in the Expeditionary Forces was 63,552, and the number about to embark and in training was 18,978.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT.

BARBAROUS TURKS.

The Rev. John Pearce, of Brighton, has received a letter from his son, Sergeant Pearce, who is in hospital in Egypt, in which he says:—Jack Virgo arrived from London last Saturday, and came here on Sunday afternoon. With a little bit of fixing I managed to play the piano for him. He started off, Alexander style, with 'He will hold me fast.' All the hospital is whistling it now. He also came on Wednesday and sang Harkness' song, 'Are we downhearted? No!' Of course, this took on fine. His address on each occasion was listened to with rapt attention. I expect to be here another fortnight, and then I go to the Convalescent Hospital, which was the palace of the Sultan's late father, until I can properly walk. The wound is closing rapidly now, and will soon be right. Then the bones have to settle down again; a piece of splintered bone has been removed. Did I tell you of the coincidence of our landing at Gallipoli at the same time as you were having service at Brighton? We are exactly seven hours behind Adelaide time, and when I looked at my watch it was 10 minutes past 4, so it was just 11 a.m. in Adelaide. I remembered this, and when the shots came thought, 'Father is praying for me exactly at this minute.' There was a time on Sunday when we had to retreat on account of the Turks' deadly machine guns. When our men retook the ground on Monday the bodies of our wounded we had left behind were terribly mutilated and their identification discs taken, so that it was impossible to identify them.