

PRIVATE HENNINGSEN.

Private H. P. Henningsen, also an early arrival in the trenches, writes to his parents Nov. 6, 1915, from 'McNeil Lane, Anzac, Gallipoli.'

As you asked me to tell you something about this place, I will, although there is a good deal to tell you, as we advanced 150 yards two nights ago. Well, between bombs, bullets, and shells, we feel it is not our own good management that we don't stop something. We feel that if we were not sent out in a righteous cause, we would not stand five minutes, as the bullets come like a shower of rain. Where we are camped the shells come so that we could catch them in our hands; if they did not carry with them such force, they are so close one could do it nicely. We went out to the new trench, and threw a record quantity of bombs, that is, the most thrown in a night's fight yet over there; but of course that is letting them go all night; and it plays up with the Turks. The Turks attacked three times, but they never got any chance to do any damage to us; we lost very few (the censor does not allow us to say how many). The Turks can't make us out, how we fight so well. It has got them beaten; they say we can get to their trenches, and bomb them out, but they can't get us

bomb them out, but they can't get as far as our trench. let alone bomb us. I think they have an idea that we can run fast. It is only a shame that all the lads will not come over and give us a hand to beat them. If they can go and play football every Saturday, why can't they come over here? I would like to see some of them when I come back. Well, you could not have any idea what a charge is, it is not the best thing in the world to be in, and at the best of times we are not too safe in our dug-outs as they can throw bombs a long way by aid of special guns for the purpose. But we get used to it all. I will now close with best wishes and best love from your own boy at the front. I am all right, don't worry for me.