Y Ngus.

Editorial Committee.

Major Fitzgerald.
Lieut. Mackay.
Sgt. Masters.
Sgt. Wardle.
Pte. Lawton.

Lieut. Davidson.
Lieut. Kennedy.
Serge. Golden.
Pte. W. Brown.

"Y" NEWS.

No 2 4th October 1915.

Foreword.

On Monday September 27th 1915 appeared our first issue of "Y" News. There were certain lines laid down for guidance of contributors as to what kind of matter would be acceptable for incorporation in its columns.

We have all read that issue and what think we of it? Well it is truly said that it is a wise father who knows his own son, and as we all father this paper, perhaps it were better if we know what in the first instance others than ourselves think of it. On all hands have been congratulations, on all hands appreciation and from all the sincerest wishes for long life and success. This is most gratifying and should stimulate those, who have, by their efforts contributed to this success, to further

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energies and those who have so far not contributed, to make an effort to share in providing this mutual entertainment.

The Editorial Committee had hoped for some degree of success but feel that the standard set by our first issue has surpassed all expectations, and call on all members of the Station to assist in maintaining this. They particularly wish to impress on contributors that there must be nothing which could by the closest censorship provide an excuse for the discontinuance of our paper. There must be no mention of official movement of troops, of casualties, of engagements, no question with regard to regulations. These are matters which are entirely outside the sphere of our paper and must of necessity be refused by the Editorial Committee. Only by strict observance of these limits, can we carry on our paper. The Committee feel sure that these limitations have only to be mentioned for them to be distinctly adhered to.

In years to come we shall look back on the time when we did our little bit for dear old Britain on the Gallopoli Peninsula.

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The thought will stimulate feelings of sorrow and of pride. Sorrow for the many dear friends who have given their lives in the struggle, and there are many of us who have lost our dearest pals here, and sorrow when the thought recalls the anxieties, heart yearnings, and distresses which our absence from our dear ones at home caused. Proud we shall ever be of the fact that we were able to help in this great struggle and proud that the work which we did was adjudged well done. This pride will be particularly the just due of those whose work as bearers placed them constantly into positions of danger.

Yet mingled with thoughts of this big thing there will also arise, as there inevitably does in connection with any big thing in our lives, thoughts of the smaller things in connection with it, and we are sure that by no means the least of these small things which we shall recall to mind will be the issue of "Y" News. Its recollections will give us pleasure; To think of the amusement which this and that query stimulated, the "whispers", the advertisements &c, all will

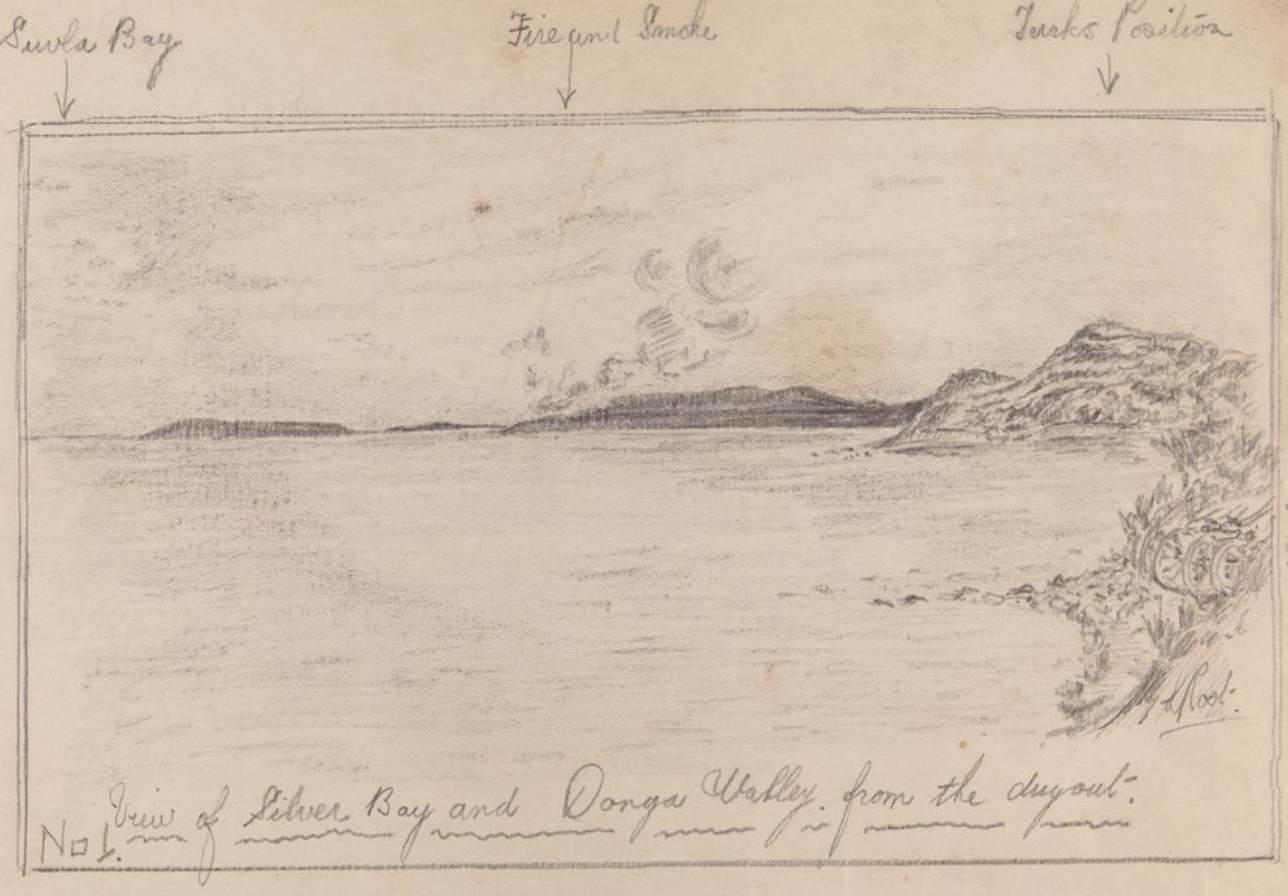
call up to mind this or that member of the Station, will perhaps remind us that this or that friend was made at that time.

The first issue was a success and has given us many happy moments. We hope this same spirit of kindly feeling and mutual respect will mark all subsequent issues.

Here's to the flag that's there every morn;
Flying so proudly though tattered & torn;
Symbolic of justice, mercy and grace;
It's time we'd another sent up from the Base.

How much wood could our cook chop, if our cook could chop wood?

Bill had a board-bill and Bill had a bill-board. Bill's board-bill bored Bill so much, that Bill sold his Bill-board to pay Bill's board-bill so Bill's board-bill bored Bill no longer.



No 1. View of Silver Bay and Donga Valley from the dugout.

Scenes of Gallipoli as we see it.

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Gallipoli - A pedestrian's impressions.

Leaving camp one early morning, I went for a stroll round the Peninsula, and no matter which way I turned, north, south, east or west I had abundant evidence of a terrific struggle, of a great battle for freedom and liberty, for justice and right. The first thing which caught my attention were a few simple spars washed up by the tide. Simple, aye! and yet not simple, for what a tale could those spars unfold, they that were once a boat, holding dozens of brave souls, who had cheerfully given everything they possessed, even their lives, in the noble cause, were now gathered by their comrades and utilised for the preparation of food, put on a fire whose bars were bayonets & pick handles and even when as charred embers were used to clean out mess-tins &c. Farther along I next came across the bodies of some half dozen mules and horses mangled and torn by the rocks and waves. These animals had played their part in the struggle acting as

willing assistants to our van-guard by providing them with food & ammunition. As I walked on dotted about the ground were pieces (some large some small) of huge shells telling to everyone the awful tale of destruction. Turning inland my gaze rested on a number of simple crosses denoting the graves of men who had nobly done their share. A little to my right were a number of men carrying some poor stricken soul to that haven of rest, the Hospital. A screaming, whistling sound is suddenly heard overhead, a loud clap as of thunder and then a hail of bullets, pieces of iron envelope me. I am happily untouched but it served as a reminder of my position. I moved and entered into a ravine or gully and the ground beside me is littered with old discarded rifles, bayonets, ammunition, clothing and equipment of all kinds. I stoop and pick up something shining brightly and find the nozzle of a time-fuze shell.

I wend my way home

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accompanied by the throbbing of engines from the aeroplanes above, the messenger on his motor and arrive in camp in time to see the Hospital Ship leave with its burden of wounded warrio's.

If Kitchener broke his arm, what great disaster would it represent?
Kitchener's arm is (army's) smashed.

The Winter's "Blast"

A voice just wails, it's Five to Seven;
To parade we'll have to stroll;
The Sergeant walks up, mutters "Shun"
And "Answer me the roll".
"Dismiss", in tones of sleepy sound;
And round the bend we ran;
To shelter from the cold, and hope
The sun will catch each man.
Though soft it seems but I must say;
I feel a little better;
When up he comes and shouts along
In stronger tones "Up's Brekker".

Official Communiqué. 27.9.15.

At early this a.m. a determined frontal attack was initiated from "Y" Beach on the new position which was to be held at the head of "Y" Ravine. After a preliminary bombardment by the "picks" of the advanced party our Infantry under the able leadership of L/Cpl. J. Harrop made a determined and well-sustained attack with spade and shovel and succeeded in demolishing the first line of the enemy territory and in maintaining their position in spite of all counter attacks. The remainder of the day was spent in consolidating the ground gained. It is much to be regretted that the attacking party were deprived of the services of the N.C.O. above mentioned owing to the necessity of redressing his many wounds but he has been able to return to lead his forces and further marked progress is hourly expected.

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW No 4.

Who after a double issue of S.R.D. wanted to go over the PARAPET.

She - "Why didn't you 'phone me you were coming?"

He - "Where's the fun in whispering in your ear with your mouth 20 miles away.

I had a stroll down to the Landing Beach the other day and came across a middy sitting on the cliff side overlooking the sea. The following dialogue took place. "What's that big boat over there?" A cruiser. Who are those people on board? M. The crew, Sir. What drives the boat along? M. 21's screw, Sir. 21's looks very spic & span. M. Oh, yes, they're continually cleaning it, otherwise the dirt & dust would accrue, Sir. Where's she going now? A cruise, Sir. You're a very smart lad, where do you come from? Crewe, sir, and the boy crew with delight, how cruel.

The New Dressing Station.

Along a boulder-strewn path, which follows the foot of the cliffs often hidden in sea-weed, often covered by the windflung waves, rough,

primitive and difficult, we pass on our way to the new Station. Rounding several points, which standing boldly out, seem to fling a proud defiance at the hungry restless sea, we catch in the distance, our first glimpse of our lately acquired home; nestling under a commanding outcrop of the cliffs, whose sheer precipitous sides rise several hundred feet in height, we see the white tents of hospital and officers, dwarfed by the heights behind. Approaching closer we see evidences of wild nature struggles everywhere, at some time, probably eons upon eons of years ago when the tortured burning earth was in process of formation, this great crag rose upright in its agony, its mighty ribs outstanding, rain-worn, sun-scorched, gale-swept it is scarred and marked by the ceaseless warfare of the mighty elements, the far flung strata standing perpendicular gives it the appearance of some huge mammoth of which the petrified bones do but indicate roughly to our small eyes its far off grandeur. Such is the rock which overshadows our Station. We must turn now to the work of human hands - we pass first the shallow dug-out set apart for the waiting squad, the long low platform

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extending many yards forward, sheltering all too often those who in the struggle of the nations have not been able to bear the hardships entailed and whose faces set one thinking of the foolishness and tragedy of war which has drawn these men here to face untold danger, the harsh vigourous mills of war has drained their strength to the utermost and many will be the days before they regain all they have lost again. We reach the cookhouse round which from time immemorable verbal conflicts have waxed and waned, the birthplace of the Army's far famed strength imparting stew, a curious haphazard collection of ovens, fireholes, dixies, enamelled pots of all designs and shapes, and lastly but not least the perspiring figures of the wielders of all these mysteries, self revealed - the mingled odours of their various masterpieces seemed to have stamped themselves indefinably, but none the less indelibly upon their clothes, hands and faces, a short plank bench shows the spot where day in and day out men have come and gone, satisfied and dissatisfied, curious indeed to watch the various expressions -

pleasure, indignation, surprise, disgust, cynicism, wrath, - all these manifest themselves in the faces as the men are served.

The cookhouse past, we tread quietly past two tents, the first of which houses the C. C, the person under whose care and command all these men dwell, and whose word is as the ancient laws of the Medes & Persians, unchangeable, irrevocable, and in whose hands rest the cold scales of Justice. How many men have shivered under his stern eye when they have stood before him, however trivial the offence. The second tent is less awesome though still appertaining to that same class which is so curiously often deservedly reverenced by the British Tommy - in no other country do you find the same spirit of reverence and ready obedience so prevalent. This tent is the Officers' Mess, where so rumour has it there was once an eight course dinner, and men heard and wondered. Beyond this we pass the Stores with a door like a five-barred gate where bread, and that chief mainstay of John Bull's soldiers, jam, is issued. Be it on

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the slopes of the snow-crowned Himalayas or Central Africa with its mighty tangled forests and awful damps and heats, be it la Belle France or sea-girdled Gallopoli, where the Englishman is sent, so long as he has jam all is well. This fantastic and grotesque looking hut is overawed and overshadowed by the small but dreaded Orderly Room. Tell a man he's wanted at the Orderly Room and down through the windows of his soul you see his spirit casting furtively back into his past life while his brain torments his conscience with the half-pleading, half-defiant question, 'What have I done, or what have I left undone?' The Orderly Room, visions of parades, a medley of offences, a guilty sense of a tarnished button, a spotted tunic, an unshaved chin, all these float in quick succession through the brain, the Orderly Room. From its mysterious depths, from behind the business like sheafs of papers, printed forms, array of pens and pencils, from under the hand of the smart looking Clerk comes the news of good or ill and the orders for the day.

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But all these sink into insignificence before the new phenomena, the Station paper, here we have the headquarters, the heart as it were of our new treasure, into it the veins pour their rough notes, diamonds often though creased and fingermarked, which the Editorial Staff reject or accept, round and polish until it comes out, the neat, aspiring, successful "Y" News. Much more could be written of the all important Orderly Room but the Editor's scissors are sharp and sometimes ruthless so we may not linger longer here. A step or two and we front the variously made, irregularly constructed dug-outs which shelter the men, who carry and sweat and dig & run the station. But of them and their houses perhaps someday we shall write again, for the present we shall bid our readers adieu.

Heard in the Sergeants' Mess.

Sgt. Kneen - "This is a good cigarette, Masters"
Sgt. Masters - "Good heavans! have I given you the wrong one.

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Heard on the latrines

Q. What is the 1st Field Ambulance composed of?
A. Why, Officers, N.C.O's and "B" Section.

Lancs. Rambler (to one who knows) "'Ere, what's these 'ere glass baws floating abeaut for?"
One who knows (without hesitation) "Why! (with much gusto) they're fert keep minis up int wather."

Heard on the Tram.

Urchin "Inn's a regler."
2nd do. "Garn"
1st do. "And him's a Terrier, cos he's "pants like what our Jim get "int thosptile in Glipli."

Tongue Twisters.

I know a chap and he had a goat and called it "Nearly" because it was "All but (t).

The same chap had a dog and called it "Sausage" because it was half-bre(a)d.

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Trials of the Editor.

Q. Could not the Station promote Concerts at least once a week. I think this would liven the men up a bit.

"Nuisances"

At home in England one is disturbed at nights by the cats. Here in Gallipoli we are disturbed either by the persons in the next dug-out having a sing-song or a fight.

Will the persons concerned either sing in whispers or fight without making a row, or best of all stop having rum issues.

Le Reverie

Night had fallen in my little dug-out in Gallipoli, I had ensconced myself between my blankets in readiness for a night's sleep and was already beginning to doze when suddenly the whistle sounded the "Fall in" and the Orderly Sergeant tore up and down the path rousing out

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.? No 3.

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the stragglers. Grousing & grumbling we fell in on the Parade Ground, the only smiling face being that of the Chief Clerk, Sgt. Knuckle.

The O.C. read out the special Order, the cause of all the fuss "You will rejoin the Unit at 0700 to-morrow at G-B- in readiness to embark for home." Cheer after cheer rent the air and all down the ravine men turned out to hear what the good news might be, and the Turks fearing a charge began a wild fusilade. Next morning all the way down to the Embarkation Beach, the fresh troops lined the way, presented arms as we passed and in the offing we saw the ship that was taking us home. Our fate led up to the M--e-t-n i a the huge Transport greyhound and oh! the luxury of a nice hot bath, a tablecloth, new clean clothes and a bed. For five days the ship rushed on and then came proudly to rest alongside the Princess landing stage in Liverpool, a thousand steam whistles saluting us while the thunder of the welcoming guns brought back to mind our days at Clapham Junction. Fatigue

parties for our kit, cigarettes and papers all bakshees, and K-t-h-n s-on was hidden from view by the crowd of admiring females who came to welcome him. Into Manchester we rolled to see a city ~~and~~ en fête, streets lined with people and guarded by Kitchener's Army. Bunting and flags adorned each building and we marched between the lines of cheering people to the Town Hall where a banquet had been prepared.

Just then the Orderly Sergeant got hold of my shoulder and I wakened to find myself late for the 7 a. m. parade and 2 days C. B. on my Pay Book.

Once a Chaplain on the Peninsula was exhorting his congregation to "flee from the wrath to come" in the usual lurid way. "There will be weeping & wailing & gnashing of teeth" he cried "We have no teeth" shouted several members of "B" Sec. "Teeth will be provided at W "Beach" roared back the resourceful Chaplain.

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It is whispered -

That issue No. 1 was a great success and that greater things will follow;

That the members of the Editorial Staff feel quite proud of it and also of themselves;

That the Winter Dressing Station will be ready for occupation by Christmas 1916;

That the men engaged on the above job will be allowed a daily issue of lime juice;

That the Officers are having their saddles, stirrups &c. cleaned up in readiness for our return to civilisation;

That the Editor will not vouch for the accuracy of these "whispers" as most of them were overheard on rum issue night.

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Personal.

George. Will be at the corner of Rue de le Dispensaire same time. Bring spiked shoes and digitalin. Danger.

P.O.V.O.

Sgt. Major. All is forgiven. Panic died down.

R.I.P.

"—" Will the Lancashire Private who took the shirt and tops of sacks off Mrs. So and So's line kindly come back for the buttons as I have no shirt to put them on now.

Things Our Readers Want To Know.

What the terms are for putting an advert in the "Begging Column".

We'll inspect your valise and see what you have (Ed.)

? ? ?

If it is a fact that the British Government have commandeered the

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW No 5.

How many went to
AUNT ANNERLEANER'S
for a 4D breakfast-

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"Little Britain", owned by Messrs Jennison of Belle Vue, to carry home the remnants of the East Lancs. Div. from the Dardenelles.

This "liner" has been broken up and used in the construction of dug outs (Ed.)

? ? ?

If it true that a certain man in the R.A.M.C. sat on his false teeth and they bit him.

False, quite false (Ed.)

? ? ?

Are the cooks waiting for the return of currants from the last "Plum Duff" in order that they can make another.

"Plum Duffs" have been dispatched and are expected daily (Ed.)

? ? ?

If our Q. M. Stores is aware that there is a bakshees issue of currants (c) at the Kritria Elec. Supply. Co.

Will our questioner please supply samples. (Ed.)

? ? ?

If it is true that the Hosp. Orderlies are too weak to do any

digging.

Wait and see. (Ed.)

? ? ?

If the Main Dressing Station can get anything up to beat "Y" News.

Yes! Stone walls. (Ed.)

? ? ?

How many men in "B" Sec. would object to paying 5 piastres for a pint of Salvoes now.

None, not even teetotalers. (Ed.)

? ? ?

How much wood intended for cooking purposes is utilised in the construction of dug-outs.

An assessment is being made. (Ed.)

Notice.

Owing to the large number of contributions received this week, several of them have had to be left over until the next issue.

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Answers To Correspondents.

Inquisitive. No, the Sergeants' Dug Inn, as it has been called is not a rummy show. It is a nice homely place where you can be accommodated with everything you require including the well-known tonic - C.B. and it is not mixed with brandy."

Adsum. No, it's not true you can read a newspaper through the Hospital beef-tea.

Athlete. No, the soldier who jumped off the stretcher at Shrapnel Point was not afraid.

Curious. "Bakshesh" is the name given by the S. S. C. to all rations issued to the R.A.M.C.

Cook. Yes, strong tea is bad for the nerves. Glad to hear that you are so thoughtful for the health of the men.

Mancunian. No, we have no desire to return to England. It is much warmer out here.

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Advertisements.

Wanted

Wanted a good home for a Dixie of Pobs with Currants in.
For full particulars apply –
N. C. O. i/c Cook-house Dabs.

Permanent 10/6 per week – Bus – a smart stern looking young man for issuing cooked bacon mornings only must be weak in the arms and strong in the mouth.
For particulars apply –
Box G.B. 291.

The man's name who fetches the most rumours to "Y" Beach.

Before Oct. 31st. Two good travelling rollers. Apply –
"Civil Isife".

Wanted.

Recruits for the Royal Army Mule Corps.
Must be good diggers and not impartial to Stew Diet. – also – good climbers – urgently needed.

Found.

A reputation answers to "Y" Rews.

Lost.

An appetite – how to regain see apouncement on page 25.

Scenes of Gallipoli as we see it.

Shrapnel Corner at evening time

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Wake Up! Wake Up!!

A Dream Competition.

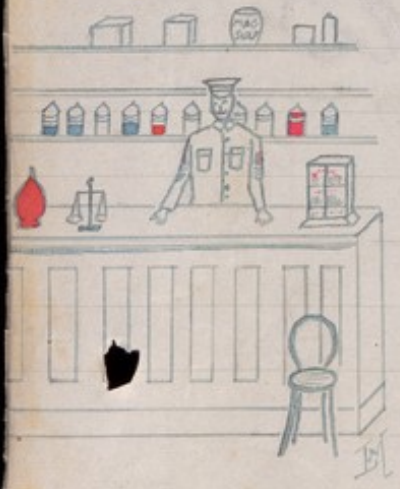
For the best dream – real or manufactured – Note the following **Prizes** that are offered –

1st – 1 Tin Kippered Herrings

2nd – 1 Tin Sardines

Note – The dreams must not be too long.

The Old Firm



Sgt. Kneen begs to announce to his many customers that he has just got a special brew of **Mag. Sulph.** in stock.

Free Samples given away between the hours of 7·0 & 7·30 A.M. daily.

Guaranteed safe and sound, sure cure when everything else has failed.

A well known R.A.M.C. officer writes :–

"I was so ill that I could hardly walk, but one dose made me run."

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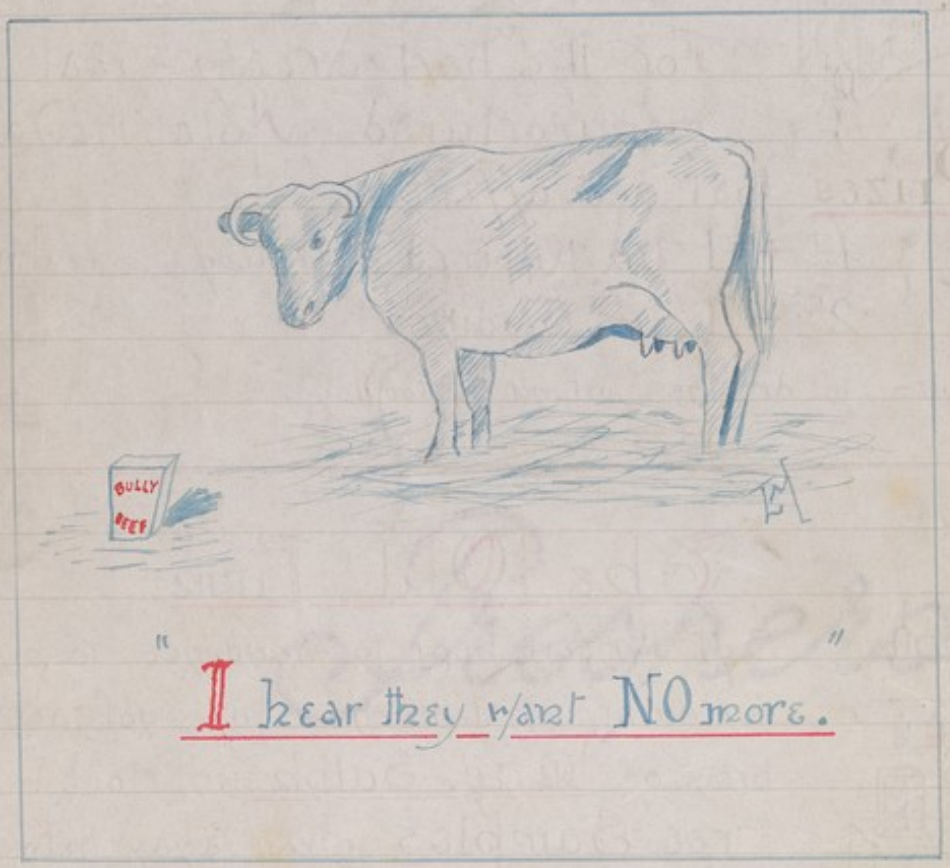
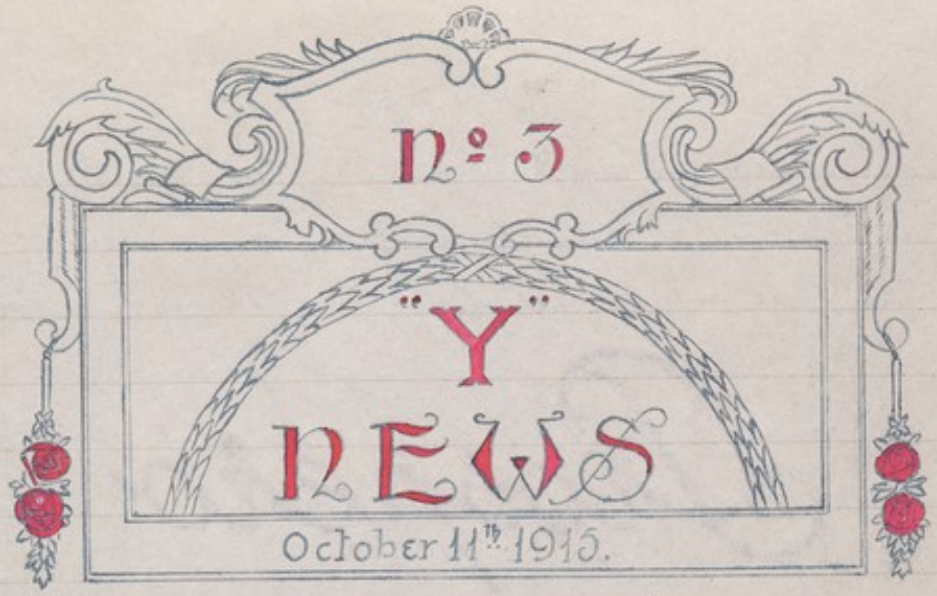


THE END.

From a painting by Claude Hayes

SCANTY PASTURE
A BIT OF OLD ENGLAND.



We have had two copies of our paper provided and feel we have been amply repaid for the energies expended on their production. They have given us the pleasure we hoped for and have therefore fulfilled the object for which the paper was started. The second copy has been distinctly better than the first, but whether we can go on improving or indeed maintaining this standard of excellence well entirely depend on the members of the station. We looked for efforts from quarters other than those who participated in making our first two issues so successful. In this we have been disappointed to a considerable extent. We want more men to send in short stories or articles, as our hope is that all and every man at

this Station may have a hand in contributing enjoyment or entertainment for his comrades. The importance of this effort cannot be too highly estimated for it will greatly assist in convincing those of us who have thus far overlooked or refused to recognise - it matters little which - the fact that no community or collection of men can be carried on to the best advantage without certain essentials, nor are these essentials the production of the moment. Mutual respect, mutual help and reliance cover broadly all these essentials. Discipline demands the respect of the Officer for the soldier first as much as it does that of the soldier for the Officer. Without this mutual respect and trust we are not dealing with true discipline, but merely a biassed demonstration of power by the one or a forced submission on the part of the other, and obviously neither of these can possibly satisfy the demands of a properly organised community. To demand - as the tramp does - that all help should come from others and none from himself again

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marks a contradiction of those essentials of a good community, good in the sense of sound or wholesome. He is always a negligable member of every community for this very reason. Equally objectionable is the member of any collection of men whose character is such that no reliance can be placed on his word or on his course of action. He may satisfy himself, and possibly, indeed frequently does, satisfy others of the same kidney, But a moment's thought must convince one of the poorness of the meanness of the position such a man should be given when ranking men on their standard of manhood. These are all ideals, but without ideals there is nothing left to us. We all play our diminutive parts in life, diminutive when considered as going to make up the sum total which constitutes the company, or any other word which describes the collection of people to which we belong when playing that part. The small part each of us plays, however, must be as complete and correct as it is hoped the part played by the collection of all the parts

should be. By this is meant that unless each member of a community contributes his best to that community, the community cannot be of the best. This is of course markedly true, the smaller the community is for those who dissent from the ideal are more noticeable and their influence correspondingly greater. To force these ideals on others is most trying and such a duty imposed anyone responsible for their observance in any company or collection of men carries with it a responsibility that cannot be lightly regarded. To have them carried out without penalties, the inevitable result of them disregarded, is again an ideal devoutly to be hoped for.

It is seen how absolutely we depend on each other in general. This is a very small collection of men and therefore the dependance is so much greater.

A chap once had a frize cockerel and called it Robinson because it Crusoe.

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Official Communiqué.

The latest reports indicate that the stress and strain of holding the position at our Advance Station has not abated one bit. Re-inforcements in the Commissioned ranks have been received and are momentarily expected in the non-commissioned ranks, if indeed they have not already arrived previously to going to press. If our position during the forthcoming climatic conditions is to be maintained it will be only by energetic attacks on the territory which still remains to be overthrown. Thus far good progress has been made but our Winter consolidation is a long way from complete. On the whole the outlook is hopeful, though progress is slow.

Not So Dusty.

She was only a scullery maid and had never seen a "D" on a dust-bin before, so being a bit inquisitive she turned to the butler and said "What does that "D" on the dust bin mean?" The haughty

butler replied "Damsel, the "D" displayed on the dust-bin denotes that the deserving domestics of this detached domicile desire that the deserving dust-men will deem it their delightful duty during their daily diversions to dislodge deliberately and deftly the dirt and dust deposited in that disagreeable dust bin.

Tit for Tat.

An Irishman named Micky Flynn whilst turning a sharp corner, bumped into a rather robust and military looking person, who immediately became indignant and the following words ensued:-

Robust Person "Do you know who I am?"

Mick "No!"

R. P. "Well, I'm a Knight, a Borough Knight, a Knight of the Garter".

Mick "Well, do you know who I am".

R. P. "No, I do not".

Mick "Well, I'm Micky Flynn tonight, to-morrow night and the night after.

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Out West.

When trade was slack and the country was troubled with strikes I made up my mind to go west. I sailed for New York on the S.S. Franconia. All went well until we arrived at New York, and of course as we all know, there is a lot of trouble getting through the Customs. It was Sunday morning when we arrived, about 3·30, the bell rang for breakfast at 5·30 and we were told that we had to be ready to disembark by 6·30. After breakfast was over we all busily set to packing our traps ready for off. I have no doubt you can understand the hurry and bustle of every person on the ship, everybody seemed to be in everybody else's way, until at last we got the order "Everybody to the top deck". By this time it was nearing 9·0 and we slowly disembarked on to a large landing stage. Here the Customs Officers lined us up the full length of the stage in single file. This being done and every person off the boat, all hands got to work

unloading our luggage. While this was going on we got the order to lay out all the personal belongings that we had with us. This being done and every person inspected we were told to look for our luggage coming up out of the hold, and when we found it we had to open it and wait for the Customs Officers to examine it. Well of course these Officers are very "gentle" with your belongings, so gentle that you have to pick all your things from the floor where they have thrown them, and make a fresh start to repack them, and get ready for another journey. Presently we found that we had to board another boat to take us to the Customs House which is situated on what is called Ellis Island. We disembarked again and climbed about 50 steps and then went through a turnstile. We went into a large cage and waited for an hour, when an Officer came and let us out, two at a time. We went in front of a Doctor who looked at our eyes and passed us on to another cage. We again went in front of another Dr. who questioned us as to what illnesses we had had also also looked into our eyes. We next went into a

large Hall where our tickets were examined. At the end of this Hall is a small office into which we went one at a time. We handed in our identification sheet and they compare you with it, the colour of your hair, eyes &c.

They then place you on a machine & take your height and weight. This being done they ask you for your destination & when I told him it was Knife River, Minnesota he remarked that I had a long journey in front of me. I passed out into another large Waiting Room, and I was told to find my luggage. On looking round I could see nothing but piles of boxes and trunks, in fact it looked more like a large warehouse storeroom than anything else. After about 2 hours search I found my boxes and had it weighed and ticketed for my destination. By this time it was 8 o in the evening and I began to realise that I had actually got through the Customs House. A small ty-boat took me straight to the Station in New York where I was informed that my train would leave at 2-15 the next morning.

A Tale Of The Local Canteen.

When it came to Pte - - - - - - - - - - - (the Reg. growser) to hand in his order at the local Canteen (recently held at the Station) he found to his disgust that only tinned fish were available. Of course he commenced to growl. "What's wrong man" exclaimed one of his mates angrily. "Don't you know that fish of any kind is most nourishing? In fact it's the finest thing out as a brain food, it makes brains. Pte - - - - - - face looked gloomier than ever as he replied "Fish makes brains, does it? Then I wish to goodness I'd eaten some before I listed."

Quips.

Witness giving evidence against prisoner for theft.

Judge. "Did you see the accused commit the offence?"
Witness "No, Sir, but I heard about it."
J. "Stand down, you're no witness."
(Witness leaving Court laughs loudly)
J. (Calling him back) "What made you laugh."
W. "Did you see me laugh"? J. "No, but I heard you" W. "Well you get down you're no witness."

11

I join the R.A.M.C.

War having been declared and an earnest appeal throughout the country for men and still more men I decided to join the Army as I considered it my duty as a British subject & for this purpose I proceeded to the Barracks on the morning of Dec. 5th 1914 and on my arrival there I noticed many groups of men all with one object and discussing the position of affairs. I proceeded to one corner of the large Barrack Square to wait for the Drs. At last we were passed as Medically fit and took the oath together. After about a month's training at these Barracks we were ordered away to proceed with our training at one of the popular seaside resorts, and we steamed out of the local station to all kinds of music and we were all very lighthearted & happy.

Women, wives, mothers, sweethearts &c. were all crying very bitterly as they thought that perhaps it was the last time they would see us. On arrival at our destination we were met by Officers of the R.A.M.C. already stationed there and ordered to march

to Headquarters where they read orders out to us for the following day. We were then split up into different parties and taken into billets already prepared for us. After a few days in our billets we wrote home in glowing terms of our contentment of the Army. As each month went by every man was allowed to spend the week-end at his home. Life in billets became very tame after a while and we began to wish for something exciting, active service, in fact; then one morning a party of us were called out and taken to the Orderly Room and there informed that we had been picked out to proceed to Egypt with a view to taking part in active service. We hailed this news with delight and we were all envied by the remainder of our comrades

We were allowed a few days for the purpose of bidding our relatives and friends a last good-bye and at last we started on our journey. At first the inconveniences &c that we had to contend with were very hard but we soon fell in with the position and found that it was

best to be as cheerful as possible and make the best of circumstances. If I am spared to return once more to civilian life I shall look back with a certain amount of pleasure at the time I spent with the RAMC.

Late one Sunday evening horrible moanings were heard to be coming from a house in Water Carthane. Judging from the noise there seemed to be more than one poor sufferer in the place and with first aid not at hand and volunteers scarce they must have suffered terrible agony. On hearing the news that a concert was in progress, no one dared to budge, for trouble seemed to be on boiling point, but we are glad to state that at 2159 Brigade Time, they all dispersed evidently contented that their vocal prowess had spread, and with thoughts that further engagements would be forthcoming and their services eagerly sought for. We have not heard of any other glee party that would care to challenge these budding artists.

but trust that at an early date, a party of the German Band type will make itself known and push our present minstrels off the high pedestal on which they now stand.

("With apologies to Berry's Blackings").

Practically Forgotten.

In our papers we read;
Of the Infantryman;
His daring and danger and risk;
But there's one little Corps;
They all seem to miss,
One of whom is the writer of this.
This Corps shares the danger;
If not quite so great;
As the Infantryman and his lot,
Their work is not charging or holding a trench.
Or handling a rifle and shot.
Their work it begins;
When the bullets have found,
Some person who is often in pain,
Whom they dress and remove from danger's gone.
Then back they go again.
And as they continue their noble task;
'Till all the cases are cleared;

15

But their little lot is not mentioned in fact
At times they are looked at and leered.
They don't handle rifle or bayonet;
In the fight they take no active part;
But I think all the same they do their bit;
And are honoured without chronicled fame.

Things Our Readers Want To Know.

Whether the filter next to the Stores is sacred.

No, but it is holy (Ed.)

? ? ?

Whether the Post Box is of standard pattern.

(Ed. who has a cold) No, but I didn't think it battered.

? ? ?

Who the soldier was who wrote home to his wife "I hope these lines find you as they leave me at present, I've got a bullet in my jaw."

Pte. N. Peck. (Ed.)

? ? ?

Why the German sailors don't like Beer.

They would sooner stick to Port (Ed.)

? ? ?

If the branch so conspicuously displayed over a certain dug-out is meant to represent the Emblem of Peace - the olive branch.

We are informed that this is a sacred plant and only flourishes in warm climates (Ed.)

? ? ?

Why the Kaiser will not allow his troops to drink lemonade out of a glass bottle.

Because there's an ally in it. (Ed)

? ? ?

Who is Huchs.

The printer of the red tickets to Blighty (Ed.)

? ? ?

How it is that married comrades cannot sleep at night.

Because they have lost their old sleeping partners. (Ed.)

? ? ?

What Old Moore predicts for the East Lancs.
"Nil Desperandum" (Ed.)

? ? ?

Where we could get a good tip for the Winter Handicap.
"Incinerator" is a good tip (Ed.)

? ? ?

Answers To Correspondents.

Fleush – Yes, it is a shame that the "Bully-on" this Peninsula is wasted so much when they are wanting it at the Bank of England.

Dissatisfied – Yes, you can work your tickle with "ringworm" but you cannot get this by trying other men's hats on.

Constant Reader – The Rumour thing having now arrived Messrs Bolwell and Sadler are struck off the strength accordingly.

18

Announcements.

Lost - In the vicinity of Manchester, a good home. Missing twelve months. Owner would like to find same before Christmas 1915.

Notice - Any man found mixing with the opposite sex on the Peninsula will be brought to Orderly Room and awarded 2 days B. C.

Notice - Any man wanting his Mother to nurse him please apply to O. R. and he will be allowed to go home instead.

For Sale - Fishing rights in Turkish waters, a guaranteed quiet stretch of about 5 miles, plentifully stocked with all kinds of fish, sharks, sticklebacks, bream, octopuses, French, English and Turkish bullets, shrapnel and shell.

Apply Box A. P. 93.

Advertisements.

Wanted

Good porters to bring their vehicles round to the R.A.M.C. 'Y' Beach as we are moving shortly to new premises.
Business as usual, during alterations.

Education

Do you wish to enlarge and extend your vocabulary?
Join our special digging excursion.
Cars start from the 'Orderly Hotel' three times daily.

Fashions

Special lines in Ventilated Trousers
This week only.
Hucks' Emporium.
Gallipoli.

Have you been in for our Drawing Competition yet?

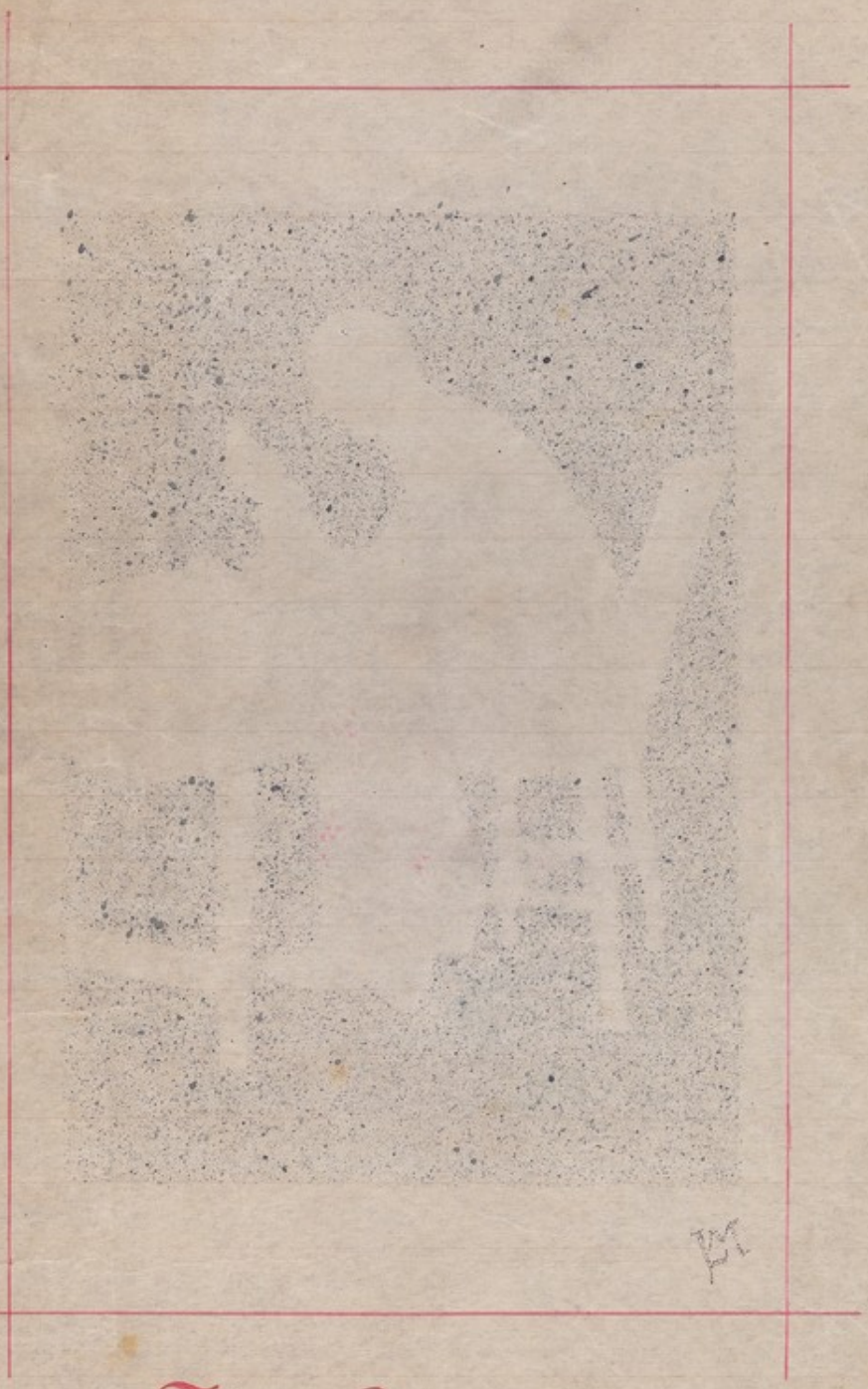
Haircutting

Messrs. Usher Shears & Co.
Barbers and hair erasors beg to state that with the aid of Mr Shears they can undertake to make any member of the section as bald as sixpence in a very few minutes.
Many testimonials can be seen on application to the Orderly Room Staff etc.

Notice

Owing to the scarcity of dreams sent in, the competition is extended for another week.

The End.



The Censor.

"Y" NEWS

No. 4 October 18th 1915.

We are pleased to find in our current issue are included contributions from a larger percentage of the members of the Station than has been the case in any other copy. Some of the contributions are, it is true, indicative of harder work than others. Indeed were we to take some of our camels seriously we would appreciate how hard has been the work expended.

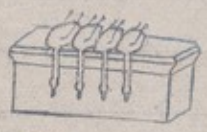
It has been a source of great anxiety on the part of some of the Editorial Committee and has given them many moments of thought to decide which camel was most like the genuine article. At the start there were a few presented that were so little like camels and so much like — well if we find out by the time of our

next issue we shall inform our readers - that we wondered if the word camel had been misread as meaning some prehistoric animal. We found, however, that the word was quite legible in the original advertisement. We were somewhat shocked to find when these grotesque productions had been discarded that they were the product of the Editorial Staff. However, as we said camels in our advertisement we have to stick to camels.

Since our last issue was compiled, as the members of the Station know, we have lost the services of our Special Artist. We regret his loss to us, as readers of "Y" News, but also as a member of the station where he did unfailing good work. We make special mention of his cartoons as readers of "Y" News as all must realize as far as the success in production of our paper is concerned we have so far been dependant on himself and just a few others, and we can't afford to lose these if our paper is to go on and maintain the standard to which it has risen. We

would still urge on the members of the Station the need of assistance from each and all of them if we are to maintain our "Y" News.

Corporal (to soldier reporting sick) "What's the matter with you"?
Tommy Atkins - "Pains in my Habdomen
Corpl. "Habdomen be 'anged, Stomich you mean. It's honly hofficers as as habdomens".



Motorist - "How much are chickens to day"
Farmer - "Dinner or damages".

S.R.D.

Here's to the rum that's issued
To keep poor Tommies from cold; bi-weekly;
But if it could be;
That we could have three;
To civil life we'd never get rolled.

My First Impressions Of Ras-el-Tin.

Happy recollections of pleasant though perhaps impatient months spent at Ras-el-Tin flood the memories of most of our comrades. Will any of those who landed on that memorable Sunday evening in last year ever forget their first acquaintance with the curious mysterious East? The march through the winding narrow streets, the multi-coloured crowds, the curious ramshackle buildings with their divers styles of architecture, every house different ~~to~~ its neighbour, and seeming to vy with it for the most ruinous condition, the smoking, flaring oil-lamps hanging inside and out the booths, the indescribably peculiar odours, which characterised each street, the broken uneven pavements with their dirt and garbage, the numerous noisy, dirty and wierdly clothed children, who stared and lauged and pointed impudently at us as we marched past, the

Stern N.C.O. "What's this ? I thought you'd reported sick!"

Pale Private. "Ye-es, Sergeant. but they told me off for light duties!"

excited, gesticulating street vendors with their curious, high nasal singsong cries - all these presented a kladeisocopic picture which will remain indelibly with us. How we emerged from the narrow noisome streets into the quietness of an intense white moonlight which flooded everywhere with radiance, into a broad expanse of asphalte road leading us past the stately columned entrance and under the high and massive stone walls of the Khedive's Palace. Away in the distance we caught the wide sound of the sea, and its clean cool air blew on us freshly, and seemed so good in contrast to the unreal fevered nightmare we had just passed through. Again we could hear the reassuring steady tramp of our comrades as our khaki column passed beneath the clear cut shadows of the massive wall, on our left rose a bank of wild undergrowth. A few yards more and the road opened out upon a wide stretch of sand dotted to our ~~right~~ left with numerous big fourfold tents. Far in front on our right the flooding moonlight revealed the sea, wide and dark save where the tossing "white horses" caught the

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moonbeams and shone bright against the waves. A few sharp orders and we had left our kit in our allotted tents and were marching to the barracks near by, through the great portals past the guard we entered the spacious barrack square near by to receive an issue of blankets. The unwanted exercise, the weight of our kit, the strange sights and scenes we had passed through & the new climatic heat all combined to make us extremely tired and glad indeed were we to get back and get down in our tents, even then we had not done with the East, many of the men had to hunt and kill the numerous large beetles and ants which actively resented our trespass upon their domains. New wonders started early in the morning for the Khedive's Band had an unpleasant habit of practising each morning at 5.0 and the weird conglomeration of resulting sounds soon roused the vie and sarcasm of we newcomers. Music? No, you could not possibly give its weird, unearthly noises any such name and many indeed were the gibes and jokes made at

its expense, and even to-day more than 12 months after, if you mention the Khedive's Band to any member of the 1st Field Ambulance, you will win a smile and a jest and perhaps a few flat monotonous notes which were won in time from the medley of sound and often are hummed by them in remembrance.

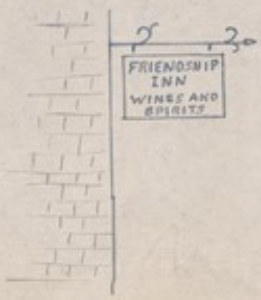
Near our camp stood a large Military Hospital bounded on three sides by the waters of the sea and harbour, ~~in~~ the inside of which, many of our men as orderlies were destined to know. On one side of us lay the huge harbour, a forest of masts and ships, and on the other the waves of the Mediterranean pounded and beat ceaselessly while close by the great white dome and enclosing walls of the Palace shone in the morning sun. It was not long before we ceased to wonder at the strangeness all around and we soon settled down into the routine of our training - left, right, left, right, left, left, left.

Ode To The O.C.

O. C! in one verse I can't
Do justice - e'en a particle,
So I'll simply, say in journalese
That you're the "leading article".


Mr. Mudd. "Now where the dence is that carburetter?"
Mrs. Mudd. "Why John, I heard you swearing at it, so I threw the horrid thing away".

Spirit Kneen "What was your occupation on earth?"
Spirit Masters "Robber."
Spirit Kneen "Coal or Gas."



Official Communiqué. 11/10/15.

Since my last communiqué of Oct — there has been a spell of quiet along the portion of front line held by our troops with the exception of one night when the enemy made several futile surprise attacks on our front line. Our men gallantly withstood the onslaught of the enemy but at one spot were forced to evacuate a dug-out owing to breaches in the defending sea wall and the pressure of the enemy who at one time were no less than 6" deep.

The enemy finally retired soon after dawn. On investigating the damage in the light of day the casualties on our side were found to be very slight and on investigating the condition of our cookhouse it was found that the force of the enemy onslaught had broken the woodwork of our bathing pier and deposited it safely close to the kitchen fire. The booty was considerable. Our culinary staff obtained munitions sufficient for

the next week, thus removing a grave danger, and in addition not only improved their dug-outs but also built a table from the jetsam thus secured.

Otherwise there is nothing further to report.

B'lisel - An Appreciation.

Who was it that we used to tease
Who's leg we pulled with gentle ease
Who used to bathe - up to the knees.
Bill Lissett

Who was it that on parade would talk
Who had the bantam rooster's walk
Who took his beer with knife & fork
Bill Lissett

Who twice his share of trouble got
Whether he was to blame or not
Who slept on guard & wasn't shot
Bill Lissett

Who carried stretchers through long days
of shells & bullets, heat and haze
Who never got a word of praise
Bill Lissett

Who was it when by shrapnel hit
hirpled down the Gully bit by bit
Helping a wounded comrade, it
was LISSETT.

Across The Plains.

The train journey to Knife River, Minnesota.

About 2-0 next morning I boarded the train and the conductor informed me that I would change at a place called Buffalo and after 2 days & 2 nights in travelling I arrived and to my joy I found a restaurant, and I might say I was not long before I was having a good meal. Of course my next job was to enquire as to my next train and they told me to go across to Nichle Plate Junction as my train started for Chicago in an hour. I arrived at the said station about a quarter of an hour later and as luck fell my way I happened to get into conversation with the conductor who was waiting to start duty on the same train and he told me that it would be in Chicago on Thursday soon after six, well we both boarded the train and I must add that my new friend was very kind to me. He asked me to dine with him and his company was most enjoyable, he told me that he had been in the States for 25 years and that he came from Sale near

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Manchester. He was a farmer and took it into his head to emigrate and he congratulated himself very much on the way he had got on, as he was just like myself without friends or relatives in England, so he had determined to plough out for himself. I arrived at Chicago on Thursday morning as my friend had told me and on making enquiries I learned that there was no connecting train for me until 6-0 in the evening, so I decided to have a look round Chicago. On leaving the Station I turned to my right, making sure of my way at the same time, so that I could find my way back, as you all know it is a very busy city. I strolled on, being very much interested in the large buildings, which are large I must say, though not quite so large as some people say, the largest building I saw being Libby's, the corned beef works.

As it was getting time my train was due I made tracks for the Station, which I found a little difficult to find, but with the aid of a friendly policeman soon was right and ten minutes later was

Rum Issue
Night

No
Mail.

13

in the train again travelling for the twin cities of the States known as St. Paul and Minneapolis. I arrived there next morning, this being Friday. This time I had a little more luck as the connecting train was waiting and I was soon in it. I left Minneapolis en route for Duluth, which place I was informed was the last large town before reaching my destination. Duluth is a large port situated on the largest fresh water lake in the world, this lake being known as Lake Superior. I arrived at Duluth only to find that the last train for Knife River had gone so I had to settle down for the night in a Hotel. After breakfast next morning I enquired as to what time I was likely to get a train and I was informed that I could catch one in about an hour's time. I made my way to the Station to finish the last twenty miles of my journey. On arrival at Knife River, which was my destination, I anxiously looked for my Aunt whom I expected would be waiting for me, but as luck happened she was

not there. I walked round and to my surprise I could see nothing but wooden huts scattered about here and there. These huts are known as shacks and I made my way to the one in which my Aunt lived and was greeted with joy. This completed a long and interesting journey which lasted 6 days and nights. The distance I travelled by rail from New York being 2,498 miles.

A Grocer, (shy mad) saw this inscription on a tea box - PUFF - PUFF - DRAW UP - DRAW UP - PUFF - DRAW UP -

Thinking perhaps he had solved a great problem he watched and found his noble assistant aged 13 studying it. "What is it, Sonny" he said. "Oh, it's only God save the King on the mouth organ" said the boy.

Excercises for Officers, N.C.Os, & Men.

With due respect I submit the following excercise to Officers, N.C.O's and men: —

Telling The Time. — For this a wristlet watch is required, not necessarily one that will go, for you can always obtain the time by a common-or-garden watch worn out of sight. Wristlets are so ornamental and unreliable.

"One" Shoot the left arm forward to it's full extent, horizontally, back of the hand upwards.

"Two" Bend the elbow, bringing the wrist directly under the eyes, preferably, but as pointed out not necessarily watch upwards, at the same time bending the head forward slightly and taking a quick glance in the direction of the watch.

"Three" Cut the arm away smartly to the side and raise the head.

This must be smartly carried out to be at all effective.

Where singleness is bliss;
'Tis folly to be wives.

✡ ✡ ✡

A stitch in time saves Orderly Room.

To A Comrade.

When work for you is ended
And, scorning your poor soul
You leave it undefended
And say - It missed the goal

The Judge will just ignore you
But heed, as it ascends
In loving triumph for you
The verdict of your friends.

◎ ◎ ◎ ◎

The wages of gin is breath.

↑ ↑ ↑ ↑

Look before you sleep.

17

Rum - Beware!

It was a pitch black night and I was tired and weary. I had just had my rum issue (and incidentally that of two of my teetotal friends) and I wrapped myself in my blanket and slept.

I was awakened by a jolting sensation and opened my eyes only to find myself being carried on a stretcher to some place unknown. I tried to speak to the men carrying me, but found that I couldn't, my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth and I was dumb. I was carried into a Hospital and placed on an operating table. I screamed with horror as I saw two Drs approach with terrible looking instruments and one of them said distinctly "Poor beggar, I'm afraid it's too late." They approached nearer and I felt a sudden sharp pain all round the lower part of my skull and suddenly felt as if the top of my head was being lifted off, a sudden gush of some liquid stopping my cries

and I sank into a comatose condition. I remained like this for some time and was then carried to the Hospital Ship. I was put in a bed and left there for about 24 hours without food. I was taken from here and placed on a cold marble slab and I began to wonder if I was dead. I don't know how long I was there but I was shivering with cold when two men (sailors) approached me and proceeded to envelope me in some kind of canvas. Iron bars were placed between my legs and I tried to scream aloud in my agony but my tongue refused to move. I next heard a confused murmuring of voices and someone had just uttered the words "therefore commit the body to the deep" when I felt myself sliding and woke to find myself rolling down the dug-out with the blanket all round my head and beads of perspiration on my forehead.

Turkey had a little fort;
She called it Sedd-ul-Bahr;
The "Lizzie" dropped a shell in it;
and blew it up afar.

 19

A Fragment - "Mother."

From the beginning the life of a mother is one of self sacrifice and never-ending felicity to those whom she holds dear. You may not be able to discern these acts of sacrifice, that are for ever going on in the ordinary domestic life, but they are there nevertheless, in many cases only trivial things. When necessary she would forgo her all in the path of duty. Take the case of our present struggle, what has she done in her ceaseless unselfishness? She is straight-away faced with the problem of parting, a fight between love and duty, but in the end her son goes forth, to what; he or she does not know, but she sacrifices her loved one in the country's hour of need. How during his absence she will pray to a Higher Power for His protection. How eagerly she will scan the lists of casualties. What a relief if his name is not there, but on the other hand what consolation can she find, except the fact of duty, well and

nobly done. What mental agony she under-goes, it is far harder than any man has to endure. It is all she can do to give her loved one, perhaps for ever, for the sake of others, but yet she bears it, the greatest of all sacrifices, even like unto His Sacrifice who said "Greater love than this hath no man that he lay down his life for his friends.

When Sir Ian met with more than he'd
reckoned;
To the land of the Pharohs he beckoned;
Saying safer than banks;
I shall find the East Lands;
Forward, double, the brave Forty Second.

"Was" You.?

She really was a pretty girl;
Her figure was O. K.
I loved her, yet I jilter her, because;
This maid divine, this female pearl;
I much regret to say;
Used to mix each blessed;
"Were" up with a "was".

Things Our Readers Want To Know.

If the rum issue well account for any entries in the camel competition.

We think so, but hope they don't send two camels in at once. (Ed.)

? ? ?

If some of us do not mistake our G. M. Stores for Whiteleys.

See either the Porter at the door or the lift man (Ed.)

? ? ?

If the reason why we never got a second issue of eggs was because there were so many "shells" about.

I eggspect so (Ed.)

? ? ?

Can the old saying about "man coming first and woman following" be applied to this place.

Surely there are enough old women here already. (Ed.)

? ? ?

If there is any truth in the statement "that jam has arrived and

Plum and Apple is to be struck off the strength accordingly."

Plum & Apple having been awarded the Long Service Medal is placed on the Reserve strength to be called up in case of National emergency. (Ed.)

? ? ?

If the Editor can throw any 'light' on the identity of the person who 'waxed' so generous as to give us candles.

This must be kept dark (Ed.)

? ? ?

Answers To Correspondents.

Cheerful Idiot. – Yes, we believe Adam lived in a dugout.

Artist – The fuze given in connection with the drawing competition is ordinary condensed and not Camel's milk.

Gunner – Shrapnel is named after its inventor it can be used as

22

an expletive.

Soccer. – We understand that all seats in the Grand Stand upon the occasion of the final for the Dardanelles Cup have been secured by Enver Pasha. Apply personally to him.

Greece. – Yes, butter is scarce and expensive out here. To economise kindly call at the Stores once a week for a candle or to use the bukshee dubbin.

Epicure. – The first Iron Rations came into use when Alfred the Great burnt the cakes.

Van Dyke – The term "Old Masters" used in the Literary Review you have been reading does not refer to one of our Sergeants.

Taffy. – No, Haggis is not an island.

Anxious Mother – Cant make out your writing. Is your son missing or missesing.

24

Announcements.

Watercart Lane Field Naturlists Society.

Saturday next, Oct — . Krithia to Maidos. Book single to Krithia. Fare 1 Lead Bullet. Members are requested to send in their names, with cheques, as quickly as possible.

Masonic Hall - Krithia.

Monday Oct. — Admission 5 Piastres. M. Ghoolam will lecture on the noble art of chiselling.

We recommend our readers to attend this very instructive lecture.

Seddil Bahr Hydro.

260 Dugouts. Unique position All sea view. Special lead treatment for diabetes. Certain cure. Mouth-organ Orchestra, Evenings only.

Special Winter terms.

An Appreciation.

The occupants of the dugouts on

"Y" Beach wish to congratulate our cooks on their productions lately in the way of Roasts, the improvement on previous Stews is much marked and much appreciated and we wish to thank the cookhouse staff for their endeavours in this direction.

Notice To Ye Cammelle Drawers.!

Passing reference to the camel competition has been made in our foreword but we feel impelled to say a word or two again on the subject. The prizes have been awarded as follows. The first to No. 19 and the second to No. 18.

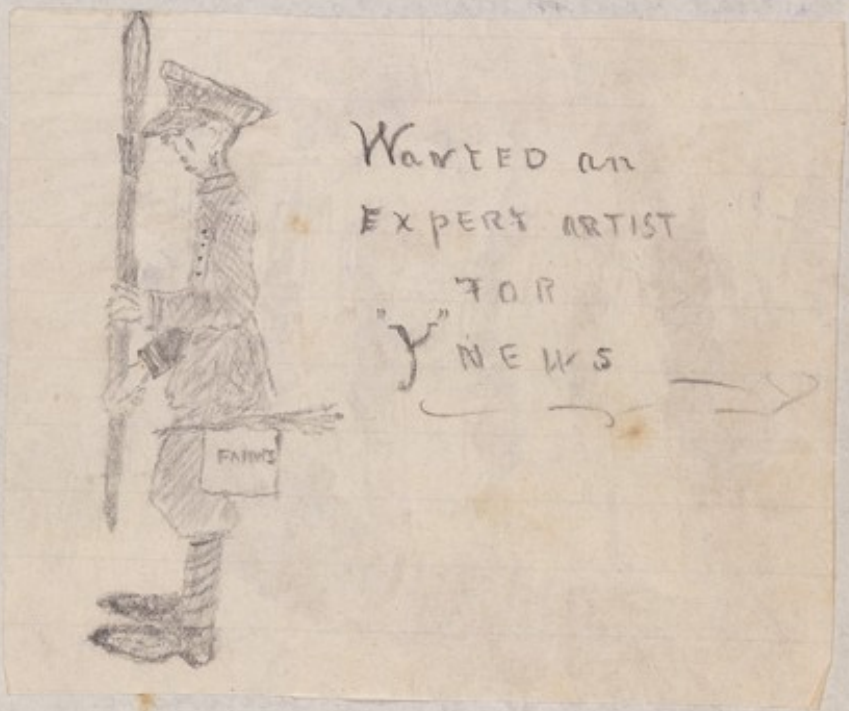
As well be seen there are many sorts of camels and camels with many sorts of humps and feet. There are also camels of wood and would be camels. With so weird an assortment it is readily recognised that there was some difficulty in coming to a decision.

We are more than pleased that the competition has been given such admirable support and has incidentally enabled us to discover fresh talent in our

midst.

Our Dream Competition has not been taken up so that we have withdrawn it and shall announce on our Notice Board later the nature of our next competition.

The camels we have had are worth studying.

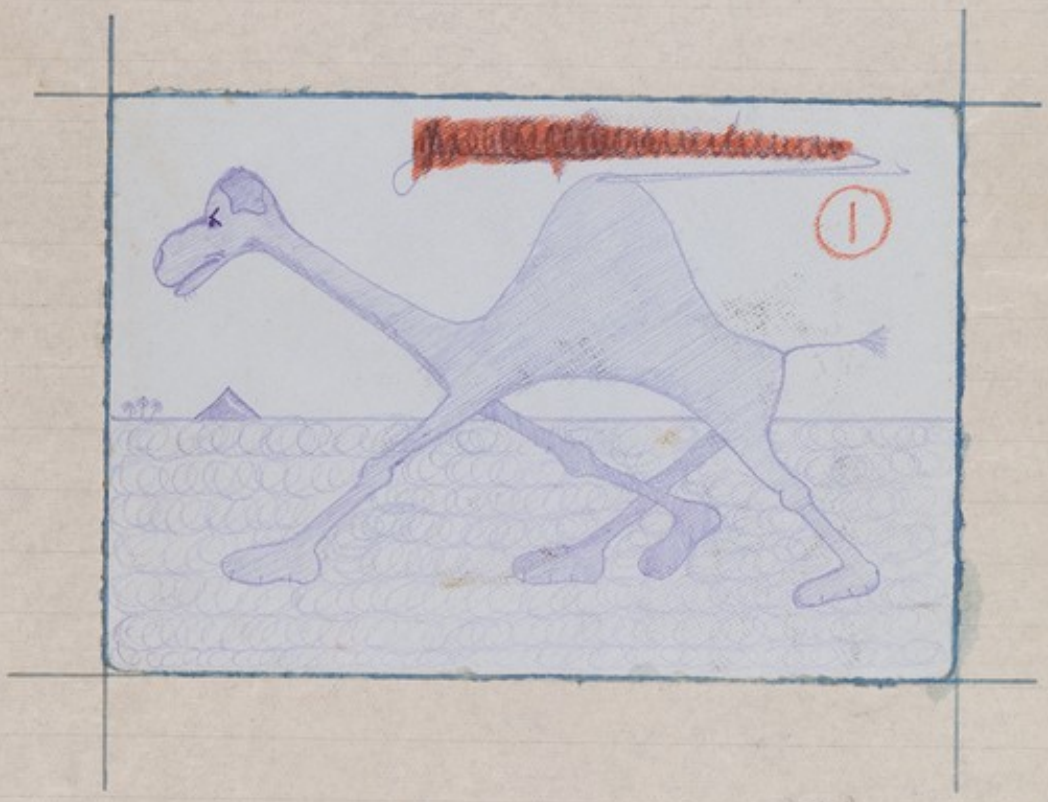


To Let.

Good roomy, extensive dugout.
Suitable for concerts, lectures,
and music etc.

THE END.

26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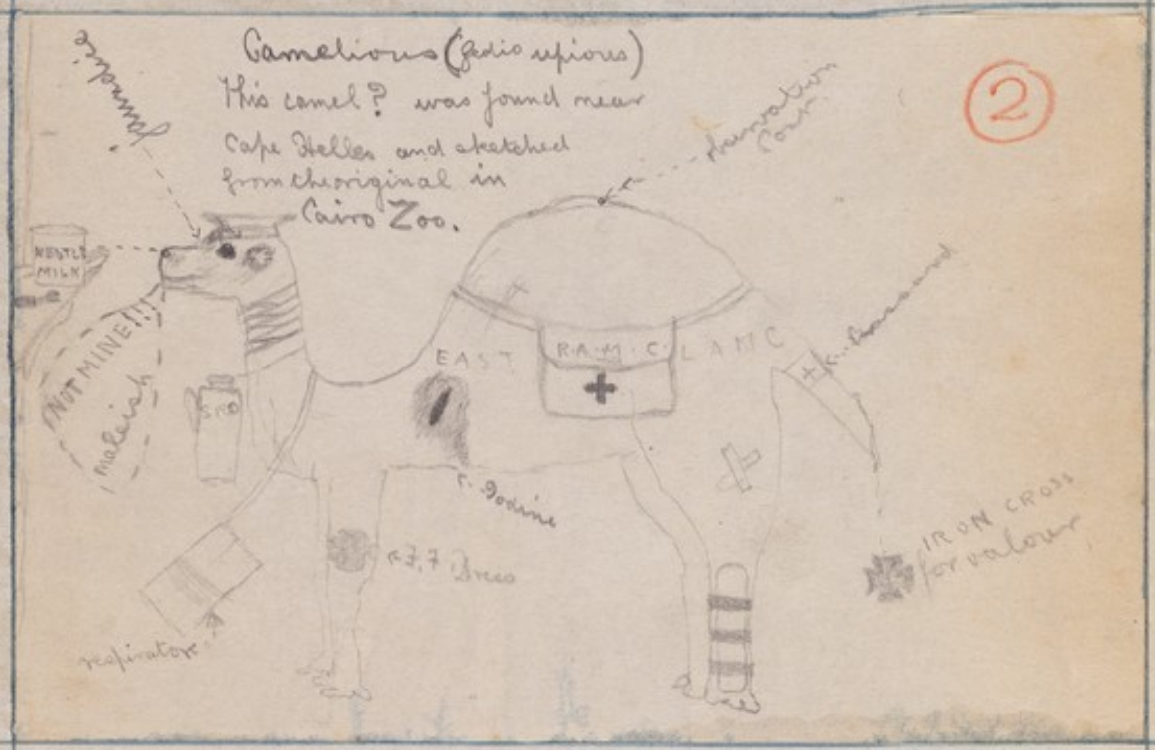
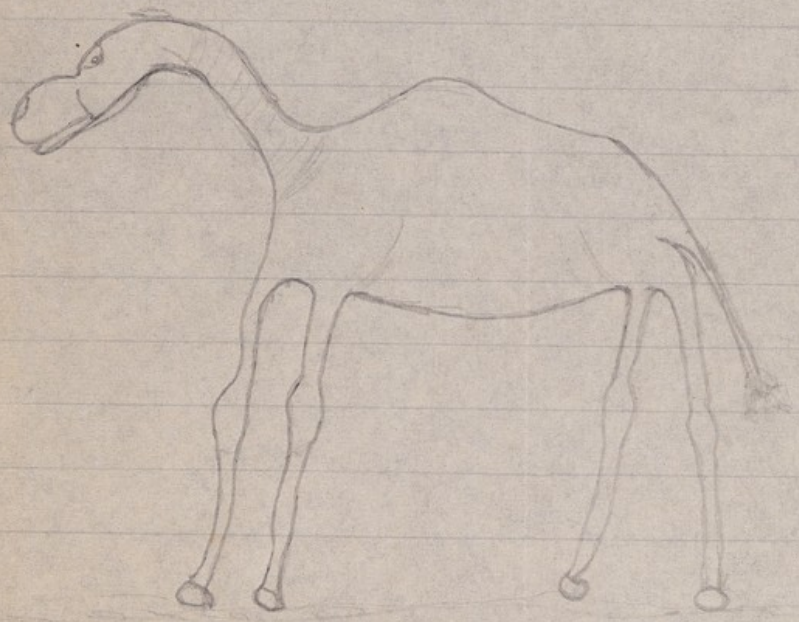
Camelious (Radio spiorus)
This camel? was found near
Cape Helles and sketched
from the original in
Cairo Zoo.

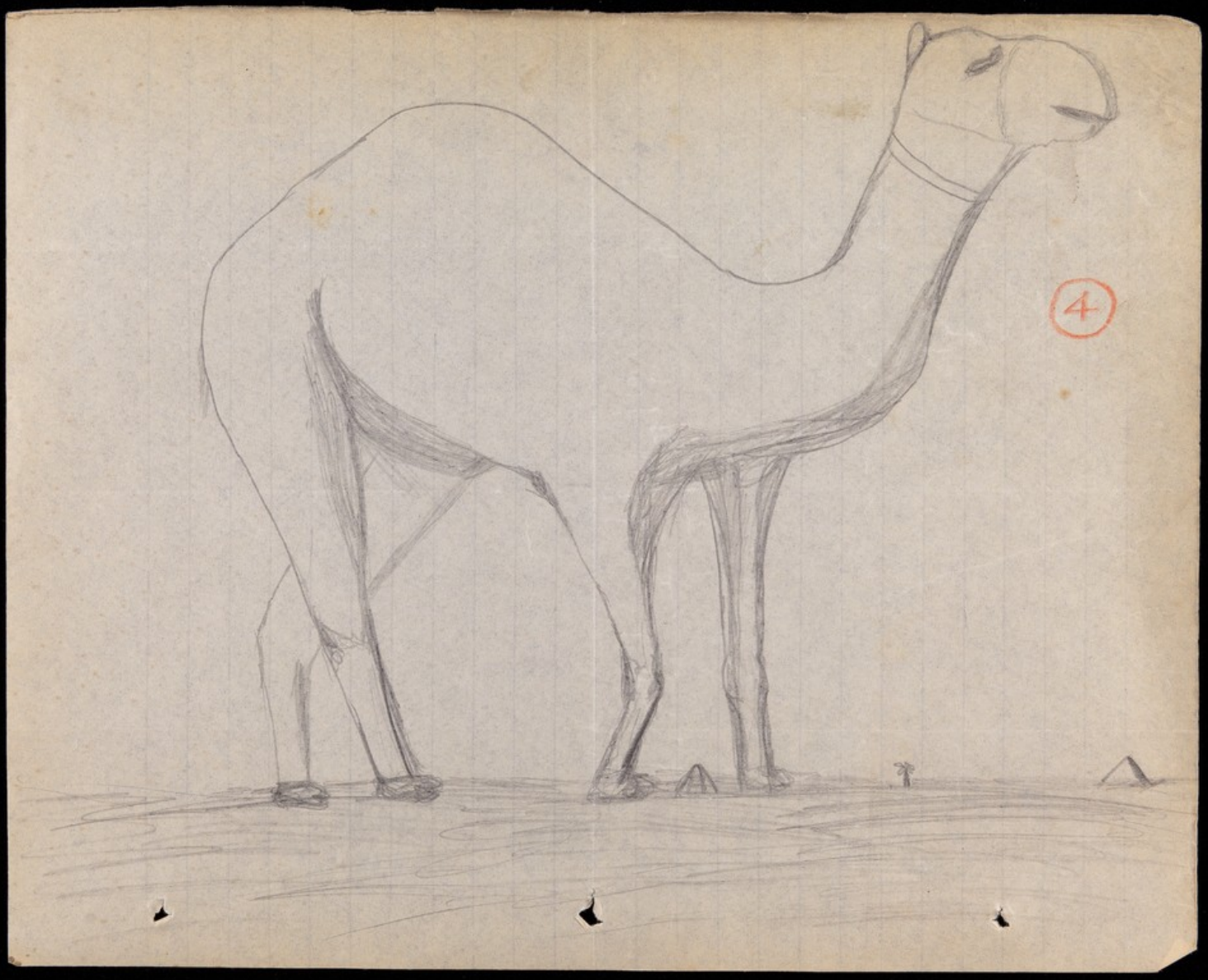
2



a camel

3

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5

GOOD - PEDIGREE

CROSSED - BY - ELEPHANT. HIPPOPOTAMUS
AND. RHINOCEROS.

ARTIST - has the hump & not the Camel

8 - DAYS
WITHOUT - WATER

WITH APOLIGIES
TO - JENNISON.
BELLE - VUE - MANCHESTER

I can draw my breath & draw a Cig, but
I'll be hanged if I can draw a camel.

PERHAPS - THE - CAMEL - CAN - DRAW
Better than KASSIE

With all apologies to the camel tribe from

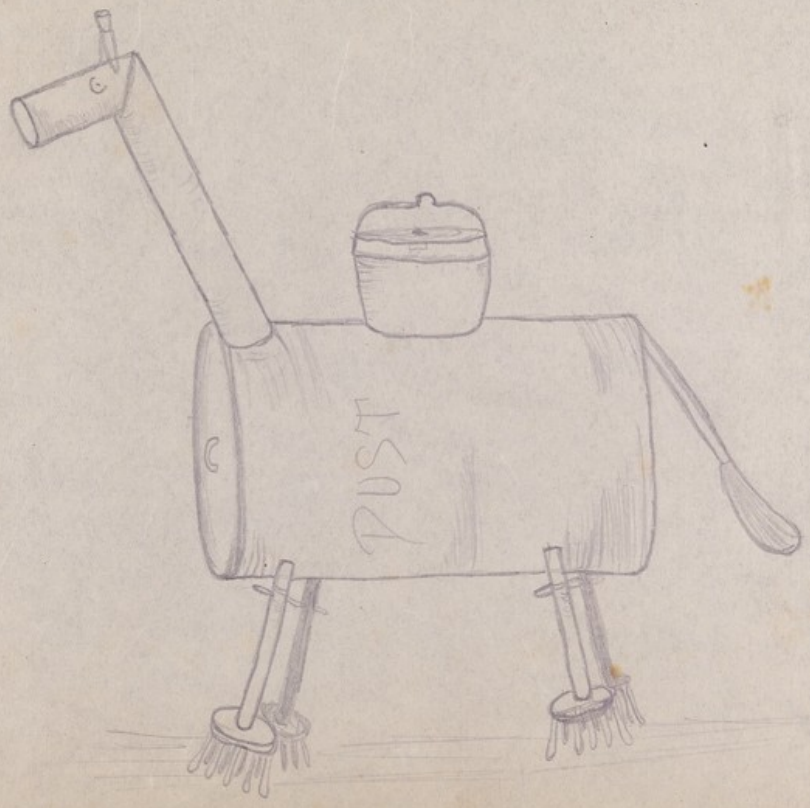
[redacted]

6

The Camel

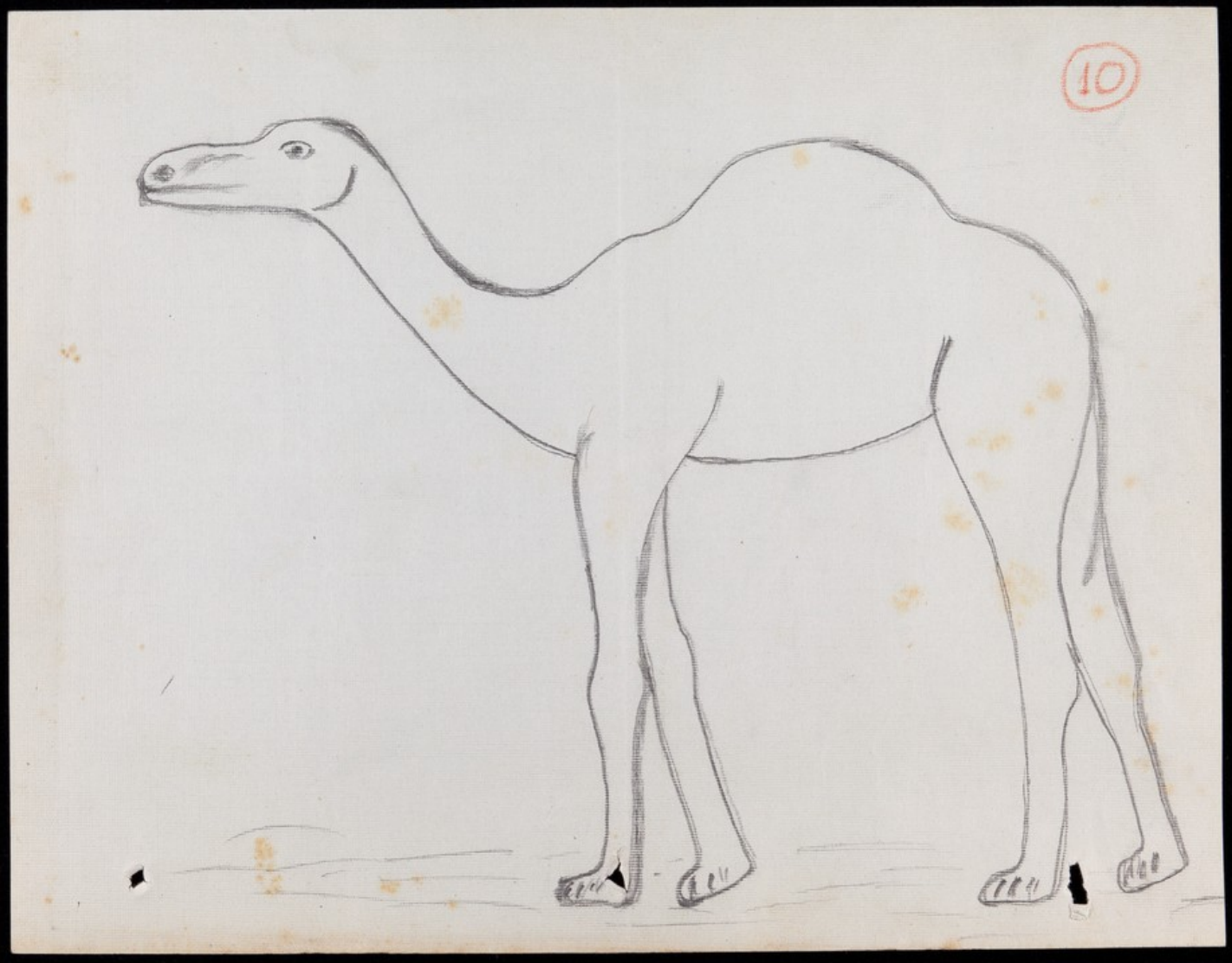
7

8



Le Camel (a la Domestic)

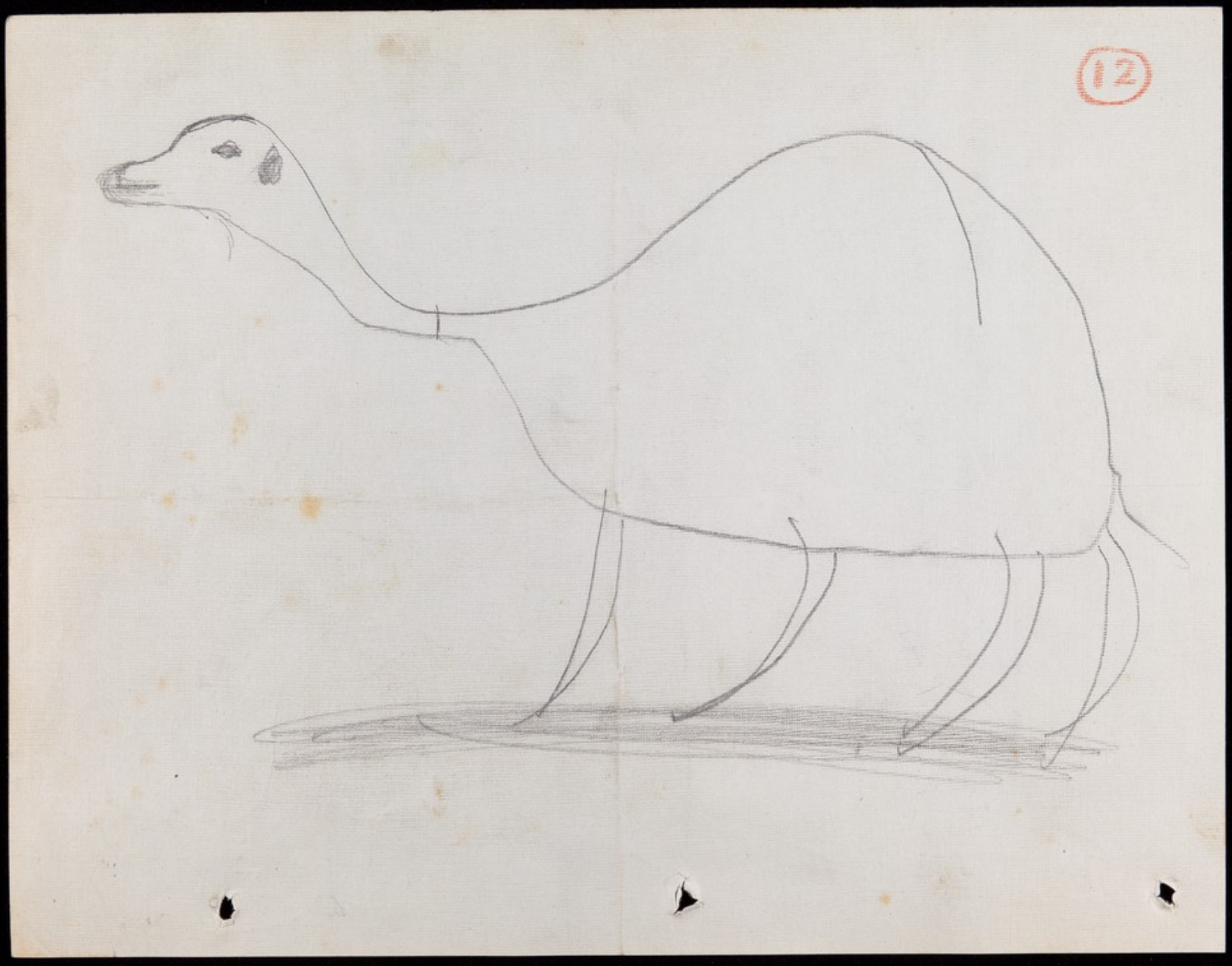
Wakad Camel. Buss.


10

A CAMEL

11

P.T.O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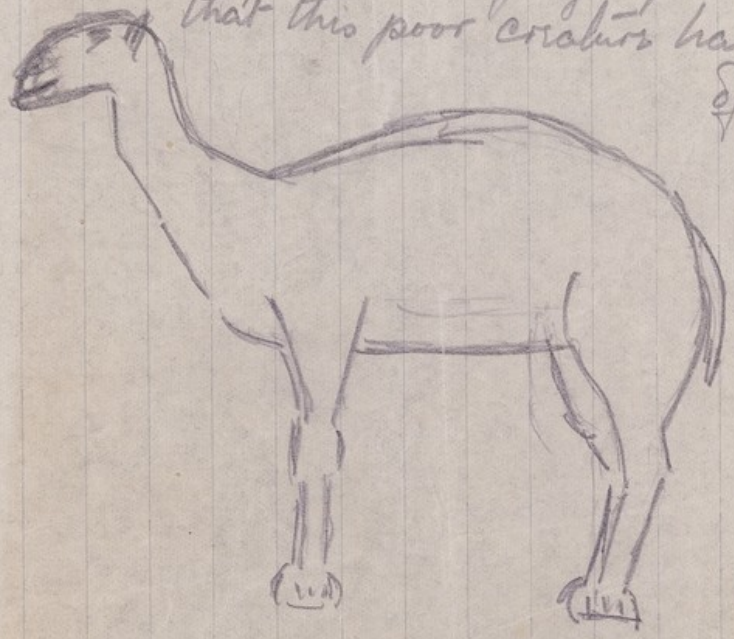
This alledged Camel is perfectly harmless & has no desire to give anyone the 'hump'. Will the Judges please bear in mind that this poor creature has seen a great deal of active Service.



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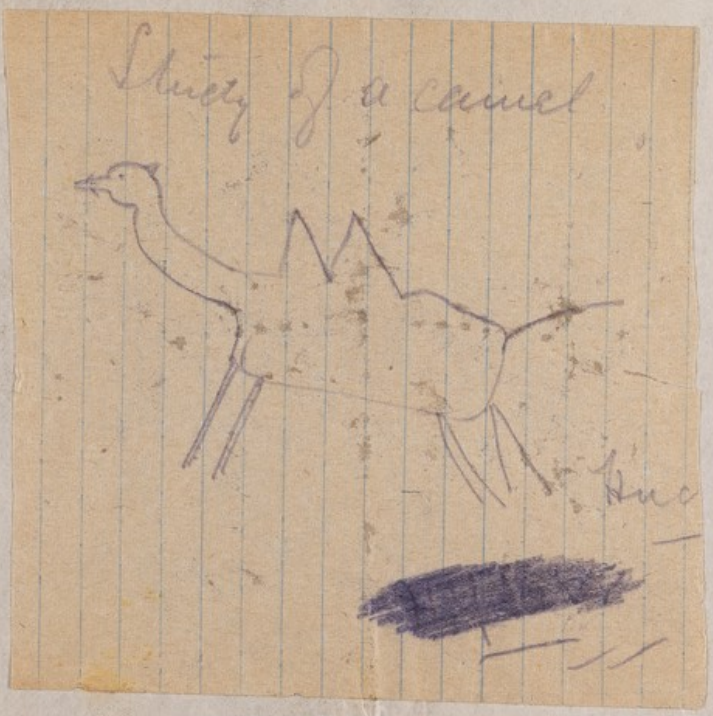
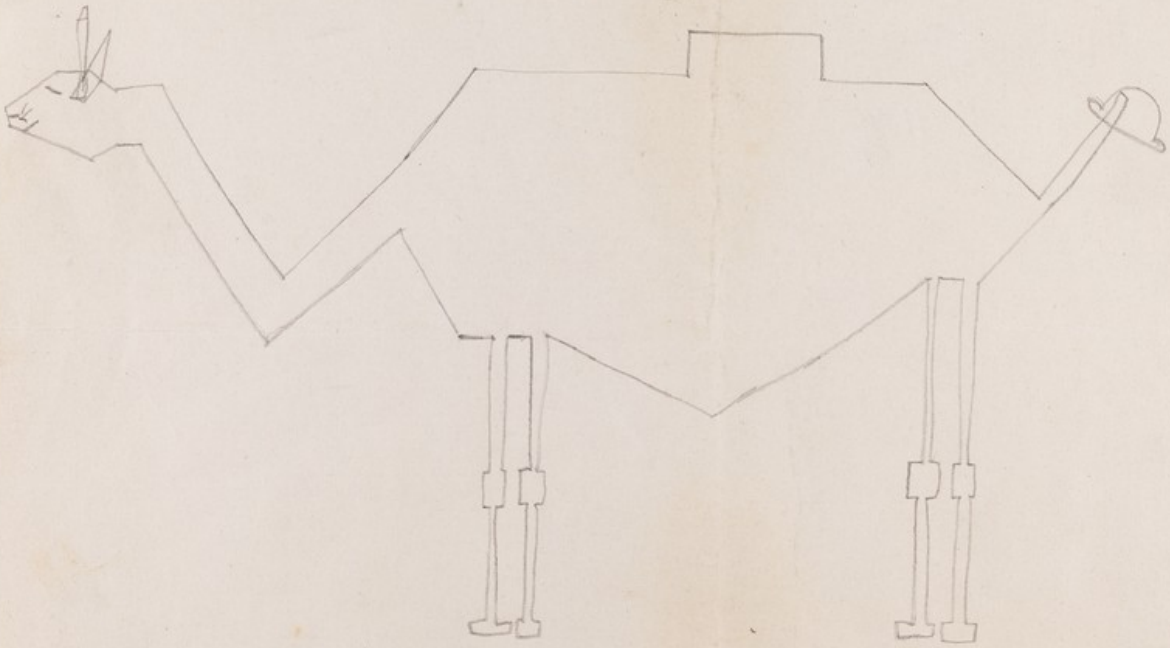


THIS IS A CAMEL
NOT
A POTATO MACHINE

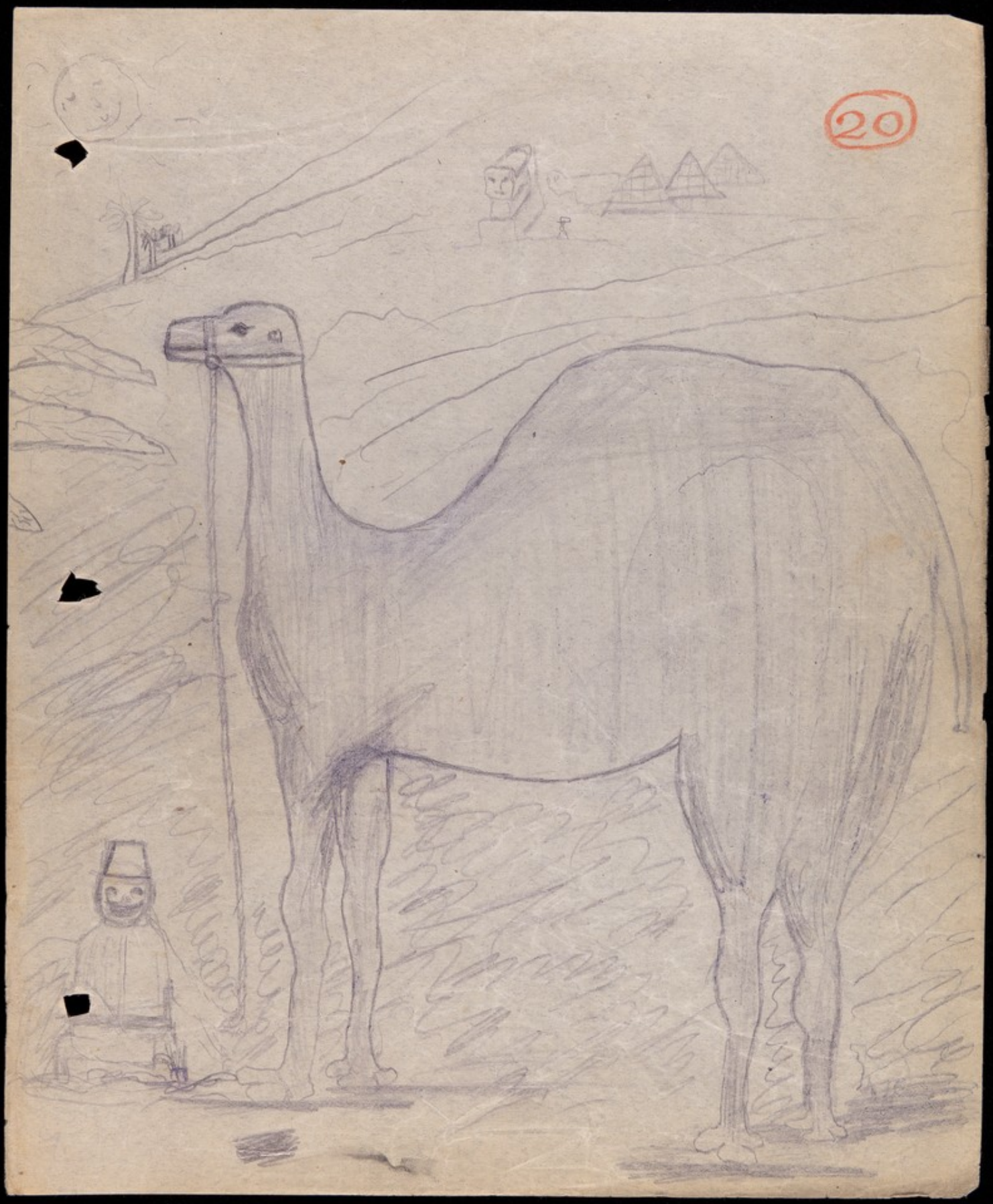
15




16


"A Camel"
17

A. CAMEL.?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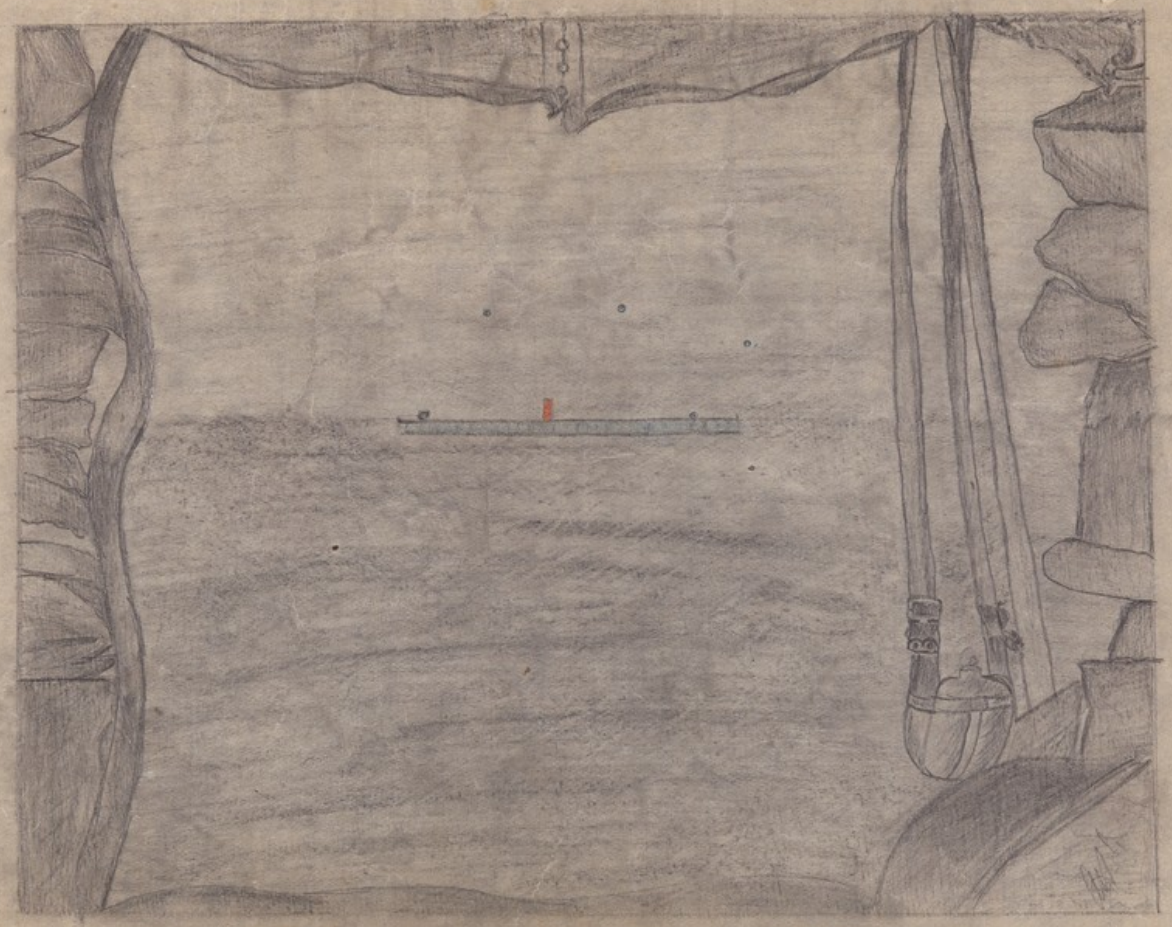


A. Hospital Ship, as seen from a Dug-Out.
by Night.

"B" Items.

No. 5. IN ARDUIS FIDELIS OCT. 25th

A distinct change has come over the prospects of our paper. A couple of issues ago there was more than evident reason to fear that collapse was about to set in. The robust aspect of our firstborn appeared to be vanishing, it's pulse was getting weaker and it's temperature steadily pointed to dissolution. If it was to survive, blood - fresh blood - would have to be transfused into it. This threatening dissolution was fortunately recognised by others than those immediately responsible for the preparation of its nourishment, and they have so generously given of the life saving element, that there is strong reason to think that not only will death be arrested but a fresh lease of life obtained. In it's rejuvinated state, however it may be responsible for the developement of weak

points among our contributors. Every man has a weak point somewhere. He may think he possesses this or that talent and make himself positively boring to others in consequence of this idea, nor can the recognition of an allied weakness in another remove his idea with regard to himself. Youive men think they can sing. We have all of us heard these thinkers singing, others think that they can speak and these too, like those who think they can write we have had experience of. They have all had a start sometime. Perhaps some misguided person started their self-estimation by quite good-humouredly, and perhaps pressed by politeness, complimenting them on some song, speech or article written. From this casual start the weak point has grown to unrecognisable dimensions. The complimented is soon, in his own estimation, a full-blooded speaker, writer or otherwise and has unfortunately at the same time, assumed the position of the critic. These are common experiences and we therefore feel compelled to warn our contributors to our annual competitions to beware of weak points. Don't - we earnestly plead with them - don't allow their striking productions to lead

them to compete for a place among the R. A's of England, Germany or even Turkey. Such Artists as ours are above the distinction R. A.

Small Boy to Newsagent:- "Y" News.
Newsagent:- "Y" not.

Here's to "Y" News
That's published every week;
The first of it's kind,
Let's hasten to speak,
Success, long life, everything perfection
Is the wish of every member of "B" Section.

o

Success, adversities & all trials of life
In every new-born are sure to be rife
But "United we stand, divided we fall"
Is a well-known motto, the knowledge of all

o

This motto in our paper
Let's resolve well fathers;
"Fall in" contributions
What say you "Rather".

New Experiences in the West.

On arriving at Knife River, I made up my mind to have a week or two's rest, as I must admit I was very weary after such a long journey. After I had rested for a week I got a bit restless and thought it was time I was getting to work. My first job was a simple one, I had only to chop wood for the kitchen stove at a gentleman's house for which labour I received 2 dollars per day. The gentleman I worked for was the Manager of the only place of employment in the village. It was a logging Company trading under the name of the Duluth & Northern Minnesota Railway Co. After chopping wood for several days, the gentleman asked me if I was a machinist. I replied "No, my last employment was in a Cotton Mill. "Oh!" said he "you must not tell anybody that, if you want to get on in this country, you must take whatever comes to you or try to at least. When he came home he paid me up and remarked "Come to the roundhouse in the morning at 7 o'clock, and I will find you a job" I thanked him and went home to the shack.

After tea I began to ask questions, being anxious to know what he meant by the round house. My Aunt told me that he meant the Engine House. I was there next morning a little before the appointed time. Of course I had to wait until all hands had started, then he came to me and said "You're not going to start work in those clothes are you, I guess you'll soon make a mess of them. You had better go to the Stores in the village, my lad, and get yourself a suit of overalls, clothes are very dear out here and you'll have to make them last. Come back to me again when you've got them. I went back dressed in my new suit of overalls and was greeted by the Manager, who said to me "I want you to mount Engine No. 5, she is standing in the yard". I have no doubt you can imagine what I felt like when I got the order, but he took me on the spot of the moment and we went on the footplate together. "Now, open her out and take me to the dock and we'll coal her up." I told him it was my first time on the footplate, but if he would explain the levers to me I would do my best. "Oh!" he said "I like to hear you talk like that, well

we will get to business. The first thing you do is to clean the fire bars and stoke up again so that you will be able to get steam up". After doing this I received a lecture as to the working of the engine. This I was very interested in and by the time he had finished, the steam gauge indicated that there was 160 lb. pressure of steam. Noticing this he told me to open out the cylinder cocks and throw over the reverse gear lever, and back her over the point. I did so with a terrible feeling of nervousness. "Now shut her off and we will throw the points, throw over the gear lever again and well travel straight ahead up the main line; there is a signal box just ahead on the crossing, call him up when I tell you." Things went well until I got the order to call for signal. "Now give the whistle two blasts and stop here until you get the signal" It fell just as I stopped and he told me to answer him back with two more blasts. We passed over and down the incline to the dock on the side of Lake Superior. I was then asked if I knew what the two blasts meant. Of

course I did not. He told me the first two meant "Points, please" and the second two "Thank you". Having coaled the engine up we returned to the yard which was a very large one. I was told to carry on. My duty for the day was to switch wagons about the yard, receiving my orders from the Yard Foreman, so you see they did not give me much time to learn to drive an engine. It was my duty to shunt the wagons loaded with logs which came down from the woods on to the siding of the State's Railway, which is known as the Duluth & Iron Range Railway Co. From there they are taken down to Duluth to the firm's sawmills, and after going through many processes they are ready for export.

I've seen an elephant on stilts;
I've seen a dancing bear;
I saw some fleas once performing in town;
I've heard a monkey whistle;
And I've seen a codfish run;
But I've never seen a fly sit down.

"Y" Alphabet.

A is for Anderton private so red
B is for Barker who cuts up the dead (animal meat only, lol.)
C is for Chisel good Corporal Jim
D for the Diers he fills to the brim
E is for eggs that sometimes we buy
F for the curse of our lives, that's the fly
G is for Golden, who's only just come
H for the horses that on the beach hum
I is the Indian who brings rations up
J is the juice of the lime that we sup
K is for Kneen our Sergeant so straight
L is for Lawton and then comes his mate
M is for Millar, not Harold but J.
N for the Navy that still rules the sea,
O is for Openshaw lengthy and thin
P is for Porter the spores he is in
Q is the quarter of each loaf we get.
R is relief that hasn't come yet
S is for shrapnel & also for shell
T are the tales that we someday will tell
U is for Usher his Christian name Harry
V for the Vaccine of Typhoid we carry
W the wounded were here to look after
X is xitement (could rhyming be daffy)
Y is the name of Y Beach where we live
Z is the zeal that our country we give.

Sentry (one of new draft) "Halt, who goes there"
C.C. (in an indignant undertone) "Dammed idiot."
Sentry "Advance, dammed idiot and give the Countersign".

Official Communiqué.

21-10-15.

Since our last report quiet has reigned in the region of the centre held. Fortifications have been practically at a standstill owing to our strongly dug-in positions. The enemy has been at all times threatening. At one time he did attempt an advance, but was forced to retire without laurels, owing to the timely warning received by our O. C. and his acumen in obtaining the necessary amount of oil-sheets to combat against this very versatile foe. No booty was of course obtained. We regret the energies that have had to be expended by our cookhouse staff owing to the failure in this respect.

Reinforcements having now arrived an early success is expected.

Wicked Bill Kaiser
Fondled his razor
The blade it had never been keener
Then at poisons and gun
Gazed the crime-sodden Hun
But he finally chose St. Helena.

Grief.

It was the garden of an ivy-grown grey-gabled English home. The lawns neatly mown, edged by wallflowers and broken here and there by winding brown gravelled paths, looked beautiful in the last hours of the afternoon sun, here and there trees sheltered cosy seats and forms, away in yonder bowered corner was a rockery, covered with masses and softened by the clinging, climbing hanging tendrils of many hardy plants.

A woman sat at a light table on which stood a vase of cut flowers. In her hand she held a letter, written by the Soldier Commander of her son, whose death it proclaimed. Just a few simple lines telling how he had fallen bravely fighting for his country, but what a desolation, what an agony of suffering they had meant for her. What was this new sense of loneliness that had come so suddenly between her and the sunlight and the birds' songs? Her eyes were full of unshed tears, her face showed so plainly the marks of deep sacred suffering, her whole attitude was one of great sorrow.

as of Rachel weeping for her children, and they are not. A sudden impulse made her bend her head, and, burying her face in the fragrant flowers, great flooding memories pictures made her sob again. How these lawns had rang to his merry, boyish laughter, and now, they were so quiet. The very trees seemed to whisper that he was dead. How often he had clambered on these seats and asked of her childish questions. How she had hung as mothers do on every tone and cadence of his voice, and now — she would not hear his voice again. How eagerly he had gathered flowers and brought them to her with "Mother, look!" On his young lips, and now the quiet old garden would never know his step again, never hear his familiar voice echoing along its pathways. His glad fingers would never-more pluck flowers for her — he was dead — Away to that far land he had gone amidst all the horror that war ever has. Death, moaning overhead as the great shells pass, whining cruelly in the swift lead bullet, bursting from the ugly bomb. All these he had faced for his country's sake and now — death had claimed him.

The mother with a last great sob, kissed the flowers which seemed to speak of him and as the long shadows from the trees stretched kindly hands towards her, seemed to gather strength from the quietness of the garden, from the ending of the day, and – as if strength were given her of God, strength that would help her bear the new day – old Cross of Grief and Desolation, she rose up calmer with the dignity of Grief. Somehow one knew an unseen Power had helped her lift her Cross and the beauty of patient bearing transfigured her loving face. Around and above her were the Invisible Helpers, guiding, comforting, healing, till the great tides of Sorrow were assuaged, and peace came to the broken heart, because of the accepted Sacrifice.

An amusing conversation was heard beneath the Hospital tarpaulin the other day. A certain Pte. in "B" Sec. (who by the way acts as undertaker for the Station) was waiting to see the M.O. when another Pte. went up to him with the following jocular remark:-

"Hello! —— are you in partnership with the M. O."

"No" replied —— gravely "I just carry his work home".

Turks and Turkey.

BY THE OFFICE BOY

I nose a lot abart Turkey. An unkle of mine uster go there, a lot. He told me uster what they call toor Turkey, spent his holidays there like, but that was afore he went to live at Crumpsall Workhouse. He don't bother much now. Turkey is in two parts, one in Urope and one in Asher. The Asher's part's biggest. You see other cuntris has been punchin bits of the Urope part for a long time past and there aint much left now. Berry says we're goin to punch whats left; but he said we was goin home in September, so that dont count. The ruler of Turkey is called the Sultan. He's a big pot. Same as Lloyd George, only the Sultan being a Turk is a poligamist and tother chaps a polytishon. All Turks is Mohameds. The chief place in Turkey is Konstantynopul. They dont

have any Sanitary Inspekters there. You throws all your rubbish outer the front door and at night when all the pubs is closed, the authoritys lets a lot of dogs loose and them being starved eats it all up. They has harems there. These is alright, bettern Picture Palaces. I'm having one when we get there. Me and Heath. The women here has half their faces covered. Same as the respektabul ones did in Egipt. If they dont have face coverings on you has to be dishrete. These face coverings is called Yashmaks. They drinks a lot of Sherbet in Turkey. This is somat fizzy like Sedlitz Powders, but it wouldnt be much use in our Sergeants' Mess. If a feller falls out with the big pots in Konstantynopul they collars him and puts him in a bag and chucks him in the Bosferous. Unkle once said as if we had a Bosferous in London there wouldnt be no Soshulists. Turks is grand fighters, somes good at rastlin too. They can go for a long time without food. When we first came to Gilipoli they was starvin. That was nearly 6 months since and theyre stil doin it. If Turks was to come to England Sacco wd soon lose his job, and Ma Pank. wd have to find

a new weeye for gettin outer quod. All Turks uster be lousy. Theyre not now, no not since the East Lancs. came. Turks is very much like Gippows ony they dont root in dustbins so much. They sells a lot of Turkish Delight. This is made in Ancoats and sent out here to have the sugar put on it. They dont have no football nor bull-fiks in Turkey. They has massakers. These is good sport. Turks usually wins. The Turks Sunday is on Friday so they get their washin day two days sooner than us. There cheaf eksport is Turkish cigeretts, towels and Turkish Baths, and cheaf imports troops and amunishun. At present we are trying to force the Narrows. One of our new draft had a letter last mail from his grammother and she says her gardner says it aint no use tryin to force Narrows, as they do better if left alone, Perhaps he's right.

"B." Sebastian.

Officer to Cook "Sorry to trouble you cook, but I want my breakfast to-morrow at 5.30."
Cook - "No trouble, sir, if you'll knock nothin over cookin it and dont waken me up."

The following is a copy of a letter received by the mother of L/Cpl. W. Hughes and speaks for itself:-

The Salford Brigade
Lancashire Fusiliers

Dear Mrs. Hughes,

I want to write you a line if you will let me to congratulate you on the very distinguished honour of the D. C. M. won by your son for his excellent work done on June 4th. All of us in Salford are proud that your gallant son should have won this splendid distinction and we all of us rejoice at the honour conferred not only upon him but on the Borough through him. Please let him know how gratified I and all those concerned with the Borough are at the great honour he has achieved.

Yours sincerely
C. B. Montagu Barlow
M. P. for South Salford
Raiser Salford Brig.

THINGS WE HAVE MET ON
OUR TRAVELS

A Warning

It is suggested that some men work their tickets by gently biting the mercury bulb of the thermometer when their temperatures are being taken. Indeed this method of escape has been highly recommended by certain experts. To those who are not adepts at this wonderful cure for monotony the following may be offered as a warning. The bulb usually breaks and the mercury "goes down".

Little Willie from his mirror
Licked the mercury off,
Thinking in his childish error
It would cure his whooping cough.

⊙

At the funeral Willie's mother
Sadly said to Mrs. Brown
"It was a chilly day for Willie
When the mercury went down."

There was an extraordinary run on "Pick me ups" at a Glasgow Political Club one day and after a little judicious

fervening it was found that the demand had come from the Smoke Room where a member had flung this on his unsuspecting friends

If

You stick a stick across a stick
or stick a cross, across a stick
or cross a stick, across a stick
or stick a cross, across a cross
or cross a cross, across a stick
or cross a cross, across a cross
or stick a cross stick, across a stick
or stick a crossed stick, across a crossed stick
or cross a crossed stick, across a cross
or cross a crossed stick, across a stick
or cross a crossed stick, across a crossed stick

Would that be an acrostic?

It is Whispered:- That the mobilisation of the "Camel Corps" in last week's "Y" News was a great success.

That the Red Cross flag on the beach is like "B" Section a bit worn, but still efficient.

That Rumour has come to life again.

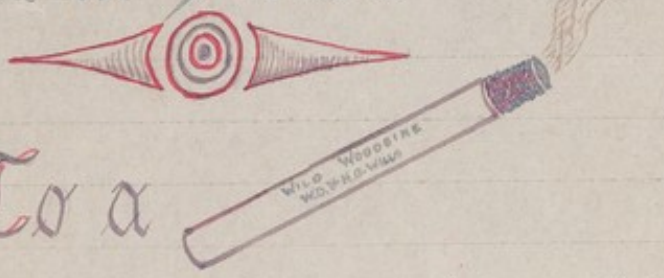
That all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but Tommy seems to thrive on it.

That all orders for the Canteen will be fulfilled if we can only wait long enough.

That "there is a happy land far far away.

That the "Rocky road to Dublin" is outclassed by the road to Gully Beach.

That we have great pleasure in welcoming the newcomers and trust that before long their contributions will figure in "Y" News.



To a

They say you do me harm old weed
And that we've got to part
That you have put me off my feed
And will affect my heart.

The Drs say you are a curse
To every living soul
You ruin both my health & purse
And shake my nerve control.

And yet you're all in all old weed
My true and trusty friend
My solace in my time of need
My comfort to the end.

So yet old chum what eer betide
Come rains or suns or snows
Your place is ever at my side.
Despite your carping foes.

Things our Readers want to Know.

If the Apricot Jam will account for an increase in Jaundice.

I am too prejudiced against this particular complaint to give you a satisfactory answer (Ed.)

? ? ?

Why the first prize given last week wasn't appropriate.

Because it was "Ideal" and not camel's milk I suppose (Ed.)

? ? ?

Why our Artist's stays are not long.

"Corsets" the climate (Ed.)

? ? ?

If the egg issue has anything to do with the nonentity of dysentery cases recently.

I am too dysenterysted to answer (Ed.)

? ? ?

If the Royal Academy of Arts has had an influx of members recently.

No, the President has the hump (Ed.)

? ? ?

In the event of only one man of the 1/1st E. L. F. B. being left on the Peninsula, all the others having worked their tickets, to whom would he apply for Rations.

Hucks (see Issue No 3) Ed.

? ? ?

Answers to Correspondents.

Insomnia ——— Strange that you only sleep well on Mondays and Thursdays. We have the same feeling. It's a rum business.

Helper ——— Thanks, but we are afraid we cannot adopt your suggestion and give the vacant post as "Artist" to the man who "draws" the rations.

Swinburne Junr. ——— Your poem "The wash of the Ægean sea" was much too long. Make it as short as the morning wash of the RAMC. and in it goes.

Recruit ——— Indent for a fugaree. You will find this far better for your mess tin than the shirt you have been using.

Constant Reader. ——— Hello! have you turned up. No. the Corporal you name is not an Artist in civil life. Any Moor?

Pinch 'em ——— Sorry we cannot insert your story, we are a respectable paper. Will come round to your "dug-out" and hear it some night.

Worried. ——— If he won't return the Bloater Paste he owes you, pinch his candle issue.

Sandown ——— Physical drill is a grand thing but we should not advise taking patients off the stretchers and giving them the many exercises, especially at Shrapnel Point.

M. E. F. No, Wesley hasn't served in the life Guards.

Newcomer. No, Blighty is not a new disease discovered out here, but (R) humourous reports are very prevalent just now and it seems to be catching.

T. T. —— No, the Rummy issue on Mondays and Thursdays is not endangering the water supply.

Canteen. —— Of course you can buy things on the Peninsula. Have you not seen the long price list on the Notice Board?

Lime Juice —— See reply to T. T.

Heating. —— We have it on good authority that Noah called at Gallipoli shortly after the dove's return but what he left behind him is not stated in our report. Doubtless they were the creeping things that have been so popular of late.

24

Football.

Dardanelles Cup – 1st Round.

Saturday Nov. –

Grand Football Match on the Aviation Ground

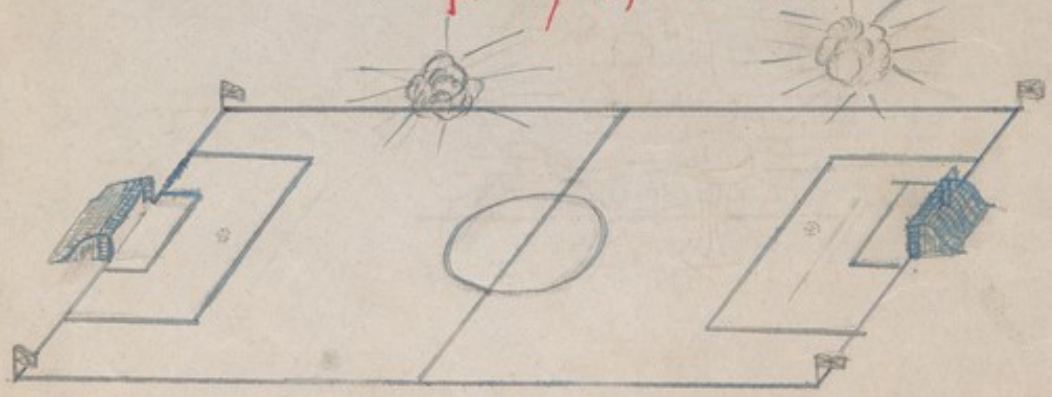
Household Cavalry.

V

Wife Guards

Kick off:- 1500

No charge will be made on the ground
except by the Turks.



Our Competition.

The elephant seems to be a most popular animal and one which has received a considerable amount of attention, if one may judge from the drawings sent in.

They are very good - some of them indeed so good that it was with difficulty we were able finally to decide that the 1st prize should go to No. 1 and the 2nd prize No. 2.

Our next competition will be announced in next issue.

Advertisements.

Wanted:- Volunteers to join sewing class. The objective being a new flag for the station, the old one having been affected by the last draft.

Wanted:- by wounded man, one trouser leg to complete kit.

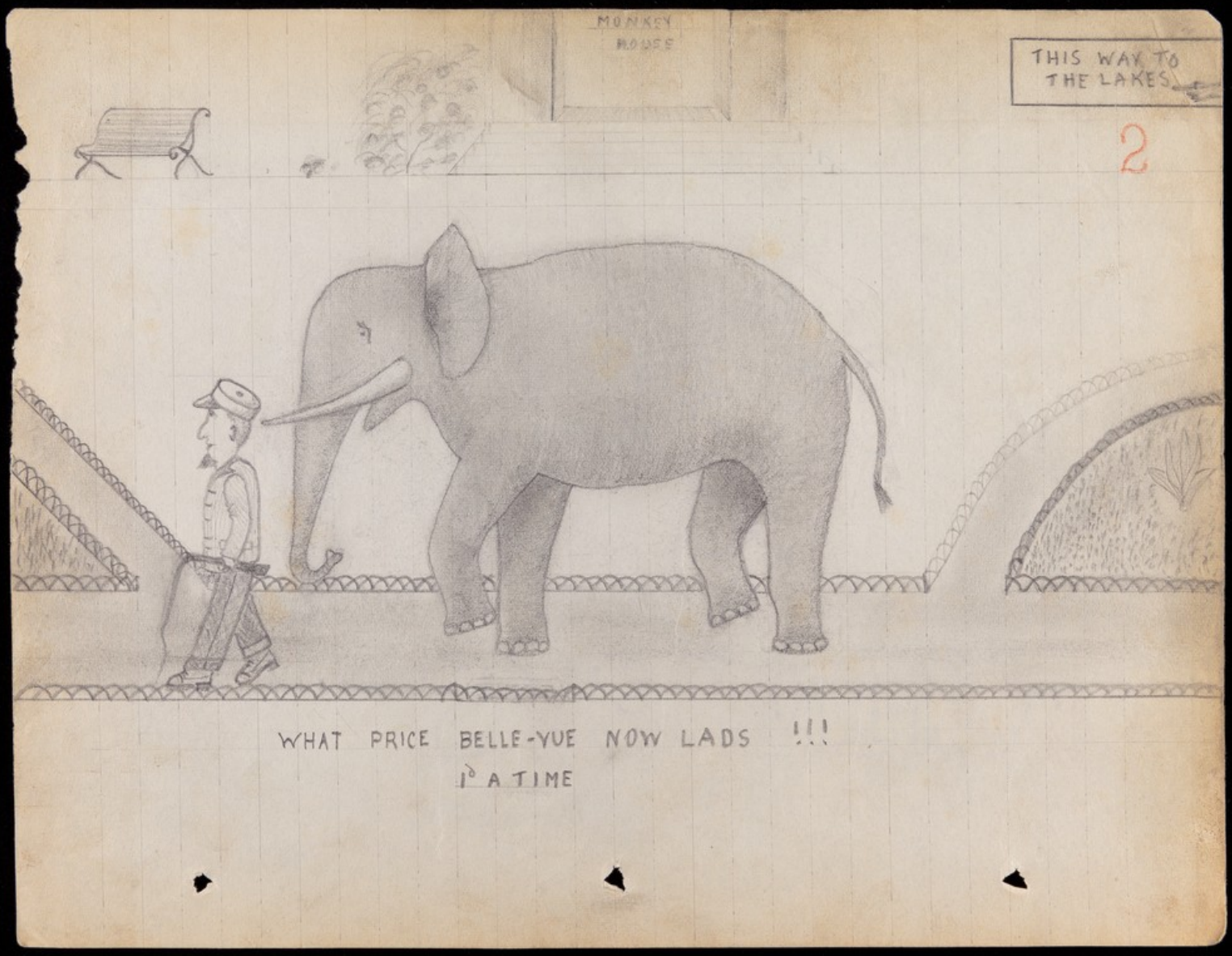
For Sale:- An old check waistcoat also sunblind and little swagger cane formerly used by a "regular" (Knut.)

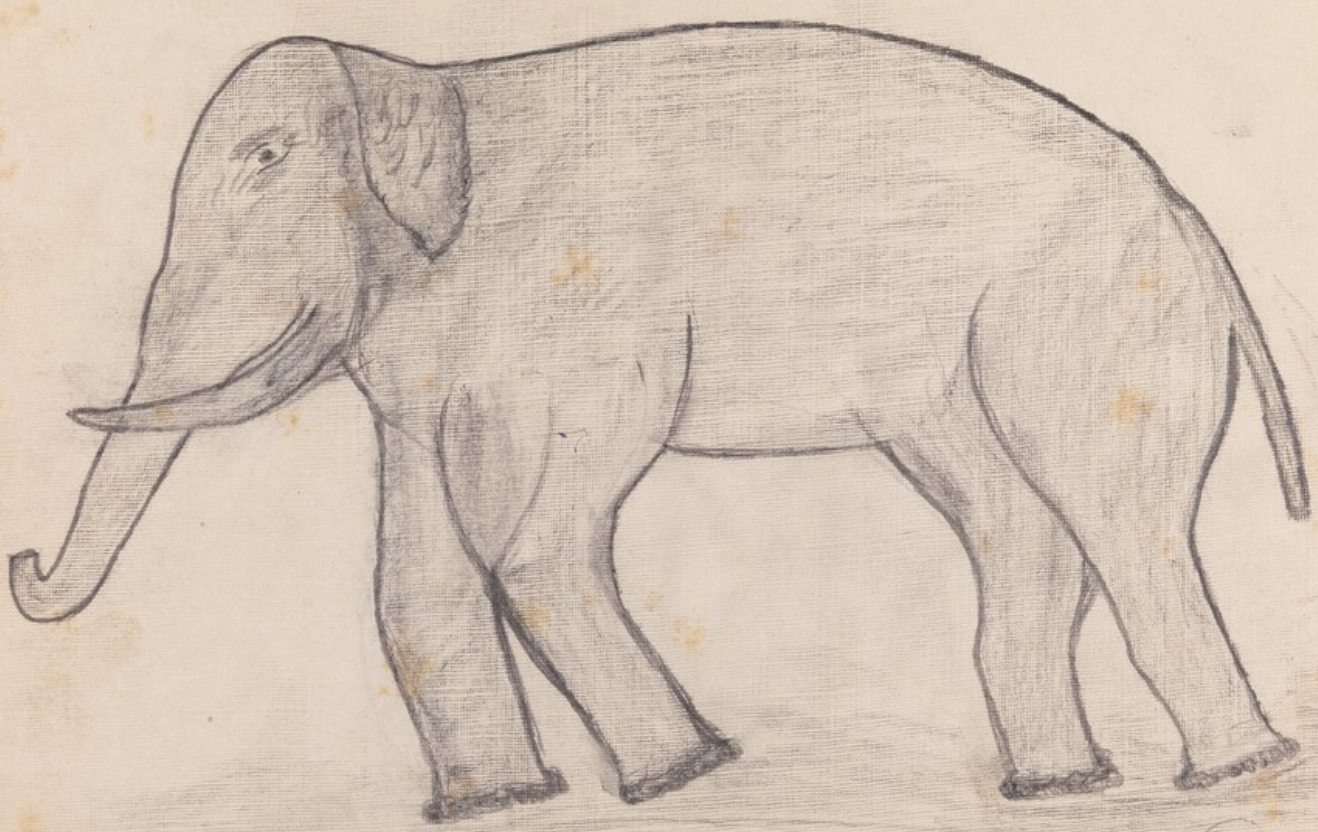
"N" Pier Season tickets for this seaside attraction have now been cancelled owing to recent circumstances over which we had no control.

THE END

INDIAN BUTTERFLY.

WB.


MONKEY HOUSE
THIS WAY TO THE LAKES
2
WHAT PRICE BELLE-VUE NOW LADS !!!
1d A TIME



IN the islands of the Aegean there are many little land-locked harbours which are guarded at their narrow entrance by high rocky promontories One bright sunny day during the last war a British destroyer steamed between two of these headlands. She was met by a fusillade of rifle fire from Turks lying among the rocks only 50 yards away.

★

To the surprise of the enemy, they were replied to in kind. From the side of the destroyer, from the scuttles and from loop-holes, rifles were suddenly poked out. They opened fire. On the bridge of the destroyer, determined to enter and find out for himself if this harbour were a submarine base, was a young naval officer with short hair. He was a commander. His name was Andrew Browne Cunningham; and his ship was the Scorpion.

15, 1940

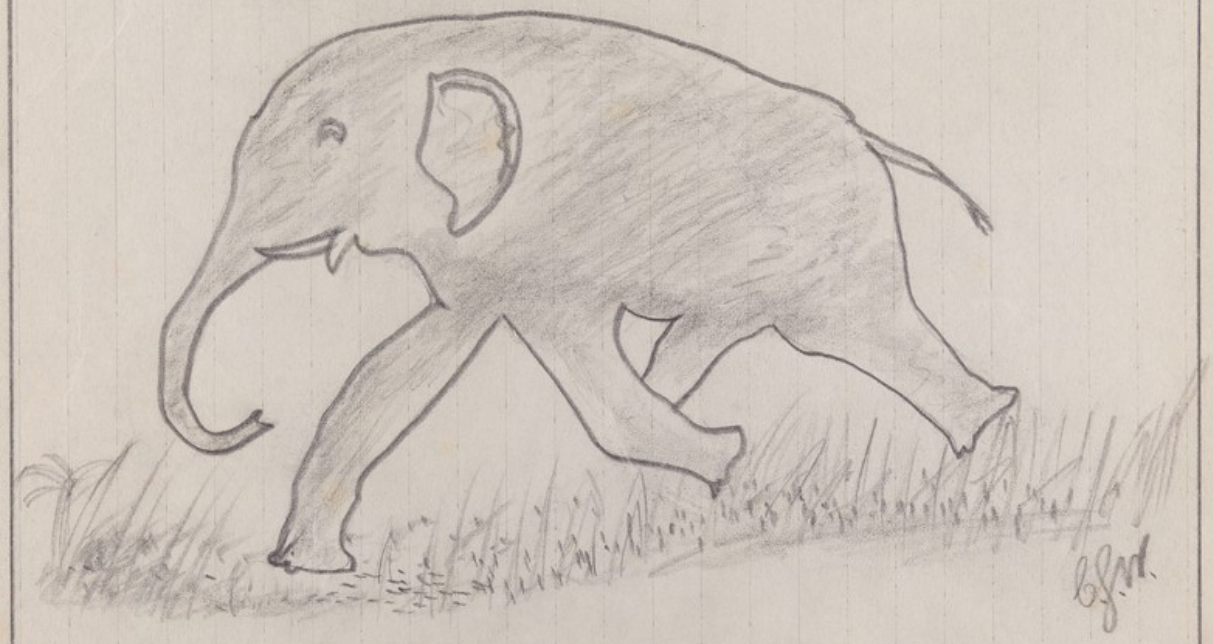
impressed the world.
l for ever-increasing
ish aid

Keeps Her
ur Guns
alians

N SEGRUE,
ecial Correspondent

ugo-Slavia), Thursday.
poke this morning on the
ake Prespa—the sheet of
re, surrounded by rugged
ries, Greece, Yugo-Slavia
t Britain had lived up to

which reached the front a
y being deftly handled by

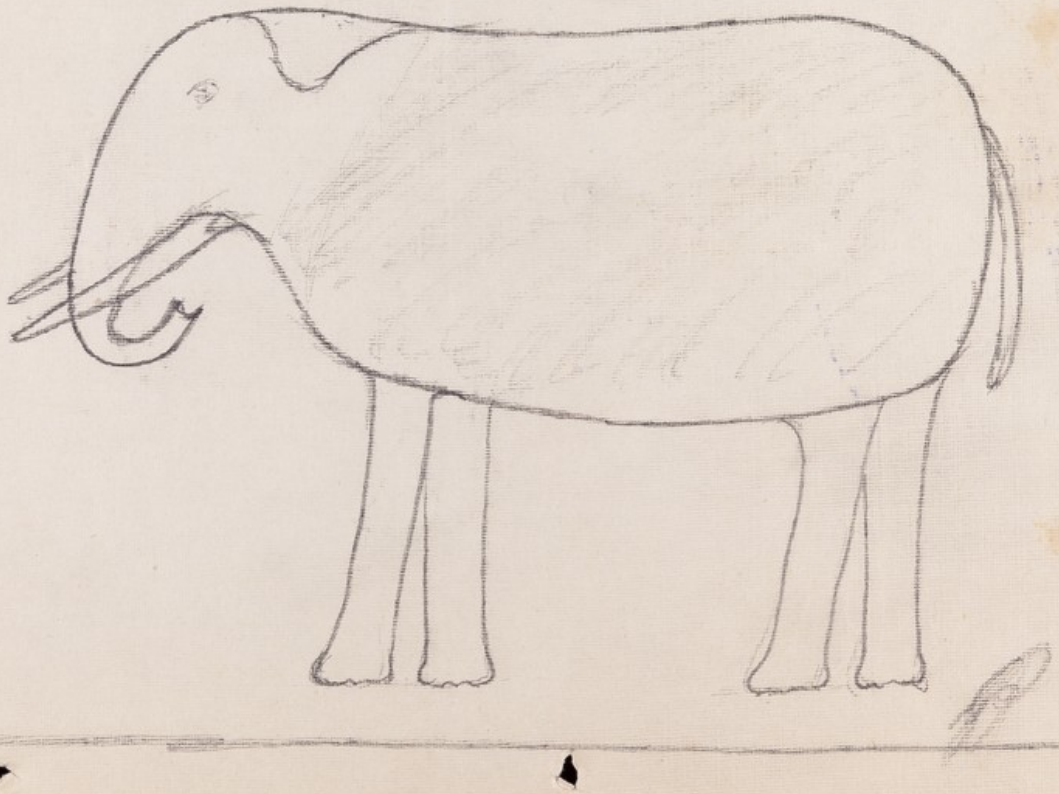


I'M AFTER THAT MILK.

Au elephant

5

This is an Elephant an aas you dont know



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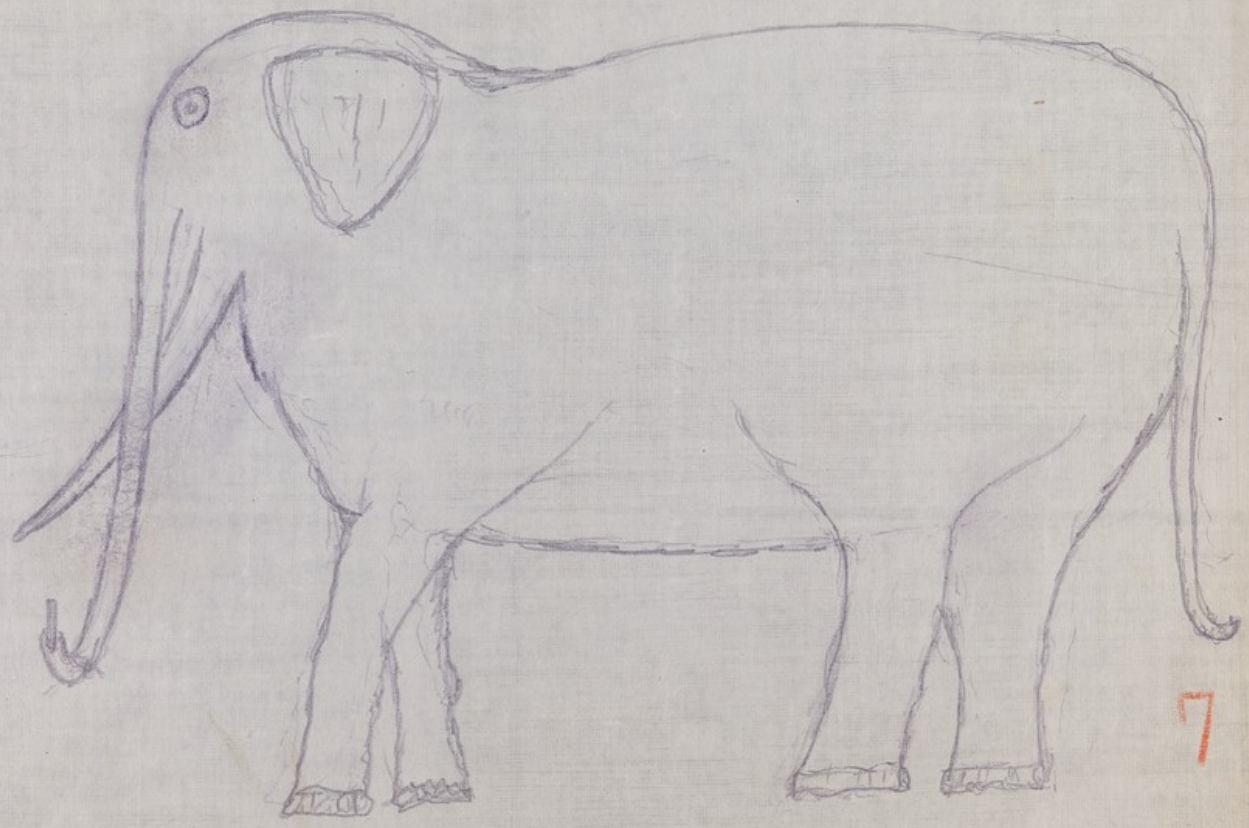
Poor attempted drawing of Elephant.



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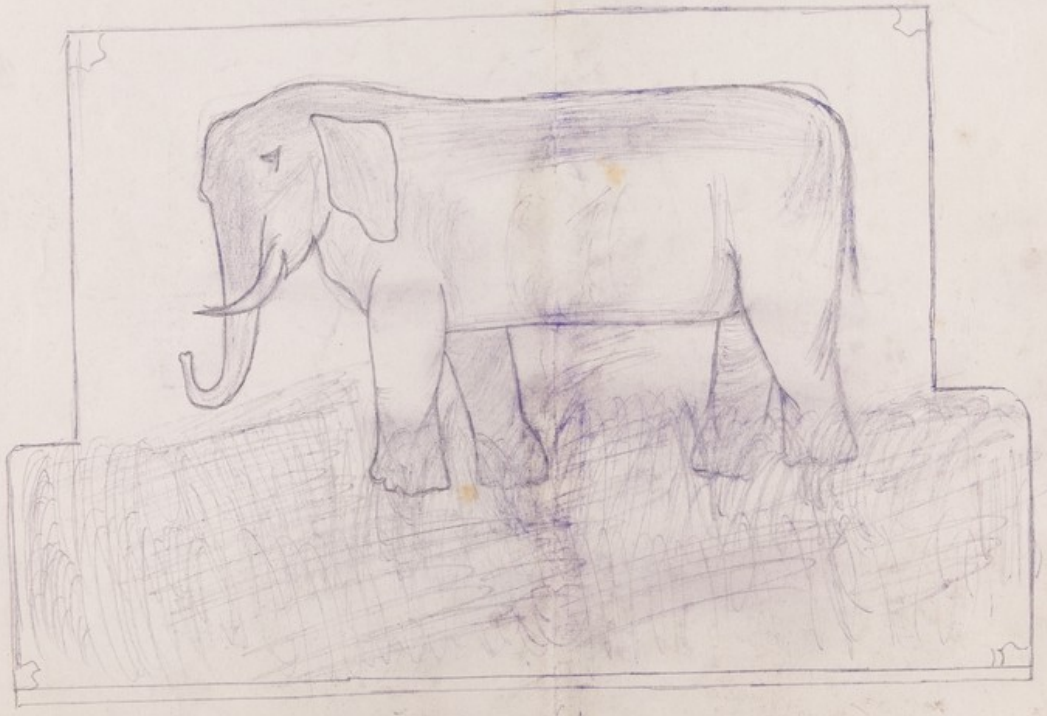
J.H. ILETT. 23/10/15

An Elephant

8



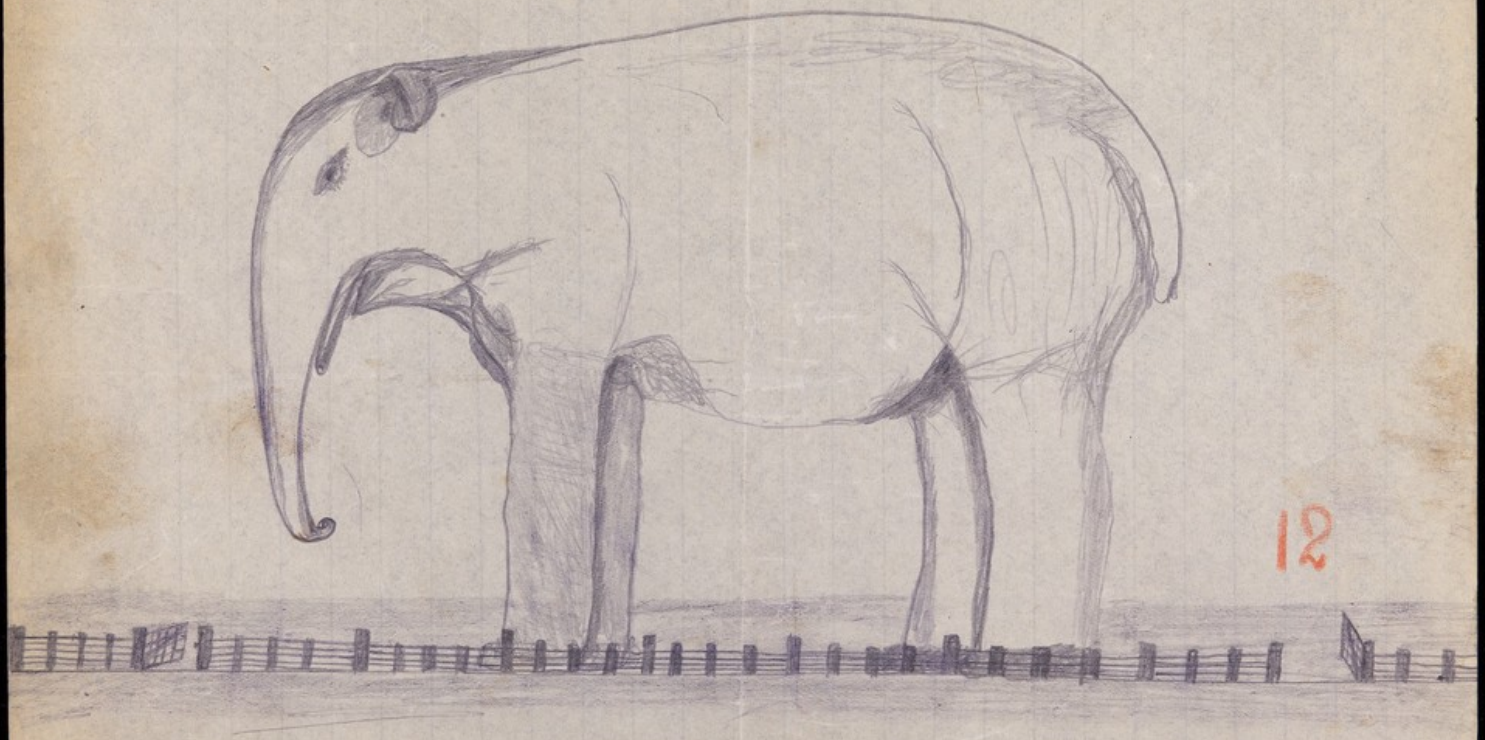
L'elephant (In case you dont know)

9

10

Babies

WHAT IT, IS IT.

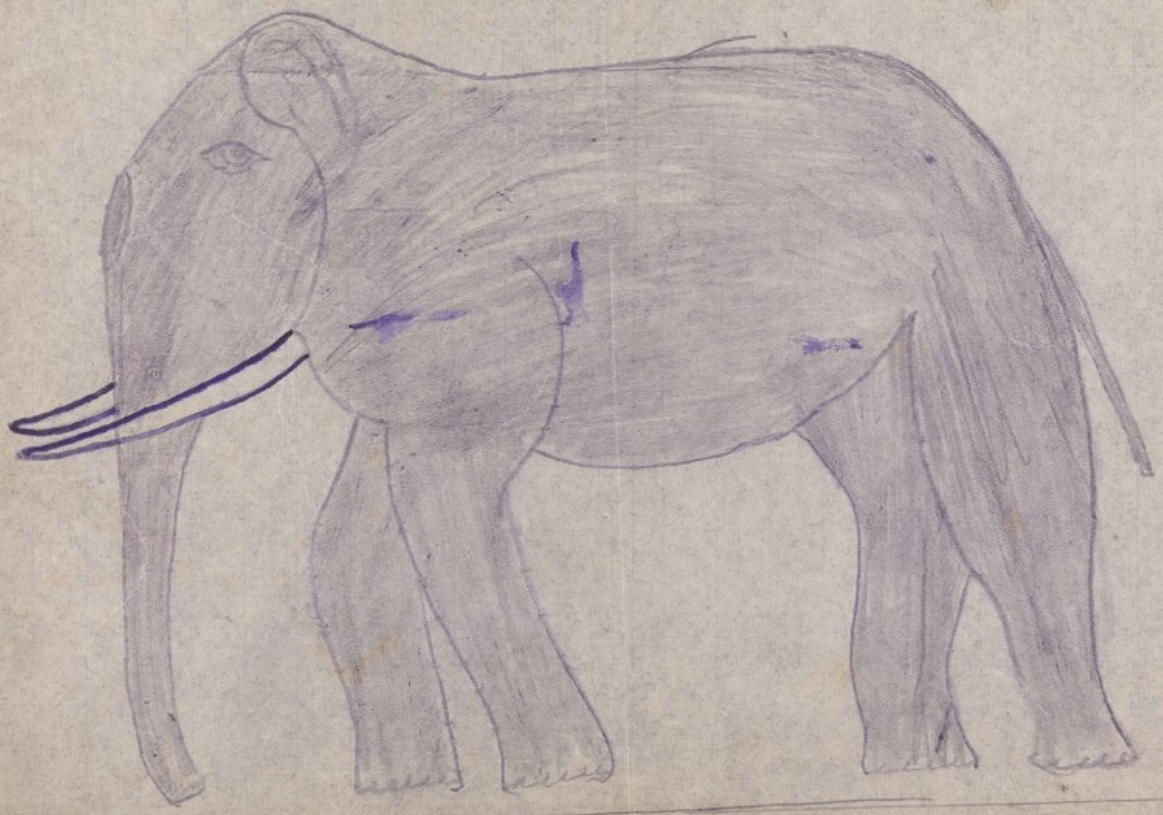


12

WHAT IT, IS IT.

NO ORANGE PEEL TO BE THROWN THRO' THE RAILINGS, & KEEP THE GATE'S CLOSED. By order.

Pte. J. E. Harrison.



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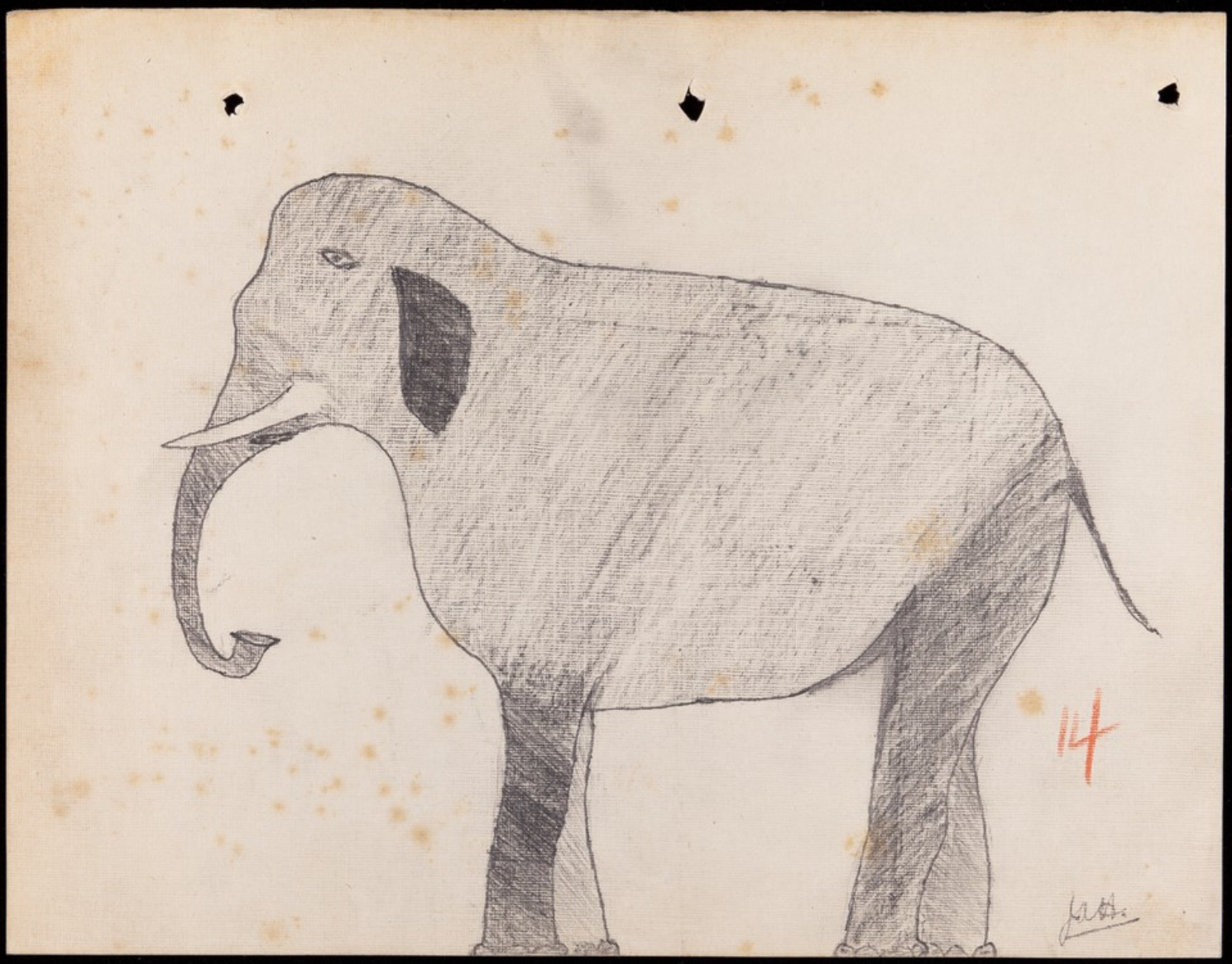
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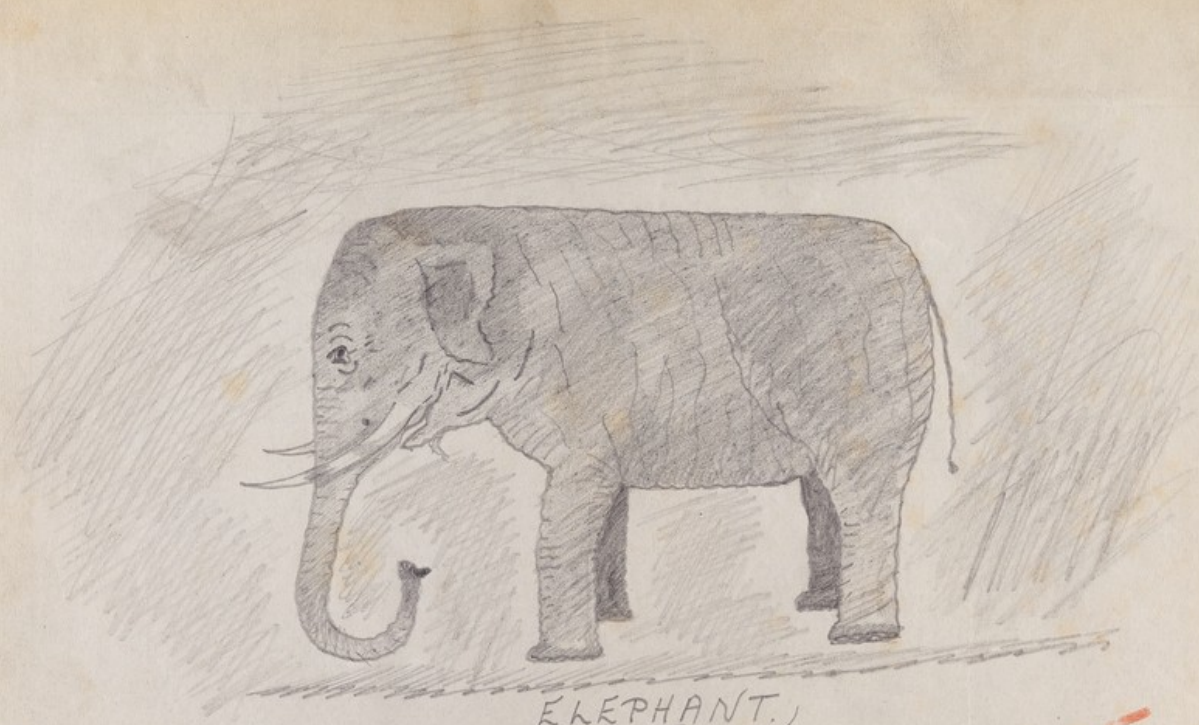


ELEPHANT.

15

Our paper in taking on a fresh life or we should say in regaining its health has acted as an example to members of our Station and has assisted us in discovering fresh talent. Who, for instance, ever thought that we had the "Office Boy" with us? with his wide and varied experiences. It serves as an example of the daily experience of so many of us. We refer to the question of first impressions. Many of us form our opinion of things and people on first impressions and should the opportunity not be forthcoming we go on with an unswerving belief that these impressions are correct. This man is mentally labelled by us as clever, that one as a fool, or furchance this one is

endowed with the attributes of the bounder and that one with those of the gentleman. Many maintain that these impressions are correct, but those of us who have been brought into close daily contact with our fellow men must we are convinced recognise that too often our impressions are based on the recognition of merely the superficial man. To know a man you must live with him, you must see him daily and share with him his thoughts in adversity and prosperity, under temptation or success. There are doubtless many of us who left England with our mental registers full of records of character. This member or that member each had been dockketted and registered. We knew, or thought we knew, what to expect from every member of the Ambulance with whom we came in contact. We wonder how many of us retain our original registration forms in the minds of our comrades, or how many of those carefully collected by ourselves we have had to destroy? We wonder too, how many of us have had to start quite a fresh registration, not of comrades' characters, but of what we, be we never so self-satisfied,

have been taught by our comrades, things that really matter in the formation of character!

It is indeed a clever man who can stake his all on first impressions, particularly if these are subjected to the searching test of daily contact with the object of his impressions. Time, in civil life, may enable us to form a correct estimate of our friends and acquaintances. Here we know more of a man in a week spent in a dug-out with him than we probably know of him in a life-time spent in the same city with him, and he of course gets to know us and accurately registers us equally quickly. When our paper was started we ~~found~~ thought that our registers were correct, but with each issue it is being made clearer and clearer to us how utterly inadequate we were in our first impressions. We started by keeping our register in a diminutive pocket book, but we find we must enlarge this department to almost unrecognisable dimensions. These alterations we are gladly carrying on and we would earnestly beg of the members of our station to assist in enabling us not to find in a short time that our alterations have been inadequate.

How Father Killed The Wasp.

It flew into the breakfast room
It settled on the ham
It buzzled around the marmalade
It settled on the jam
It circled round the butter dish
It settled on my cup
It settled on my father's nose
And then it {settled / shrivelled} up.

More About Mary.

Mary had a little pig
It made her feel quite bad
And after dinner Mary wished
The pig she hadn't had

When Mary went to school that day
The teacher asked a question
"What does the pig give unto us"
Said Mary "Indigestion".

The  Passing

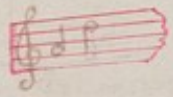
A mouthorgan looking old and rusty with but two notes speaking now, lay neglected along with a number of other odds and ends of the household in a cupboard somewhere in Manchester. At night they used to talk together, but the mouthorgan was generally very silent and reserved and seemed full of the music of far voices, old memories, distant scenes. One night a piece of valuable china, unfortunately chipped had been exchanging experiences with an old coin that was near him, when both of them turned to the mouthorgan with the request that he should tell them something of his life. The mouthorgan was diffident and slow, age had clogged his voice but the following is his story:—

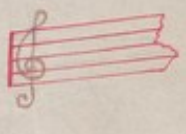
"I was bought and packed, bright and shining then, into a parcel which was travelling to a soldier who was working in a far-off sea-girt land, and many were the evenings during which my new owner pulled me out with pride and made me quiver time and time again

with the beautiful chords he had learned to play. I lived in many dugouts then. I was with my master through many dangers and often men would ask him to give them a tune on his mouthorgan. Those were proud days for me, Men loved to hear me play. Once on a beautiful moonlight night the men of my master's Corps held a concert in a great deep ravine up above the quiet silvered sea. Men sang and recited, and I played – oh! how I played that night. My master made me yearn and sob, he filled me with the music of longing, wild, intense. Men listened with their hearts swayed, their heads bent their eyes far seeing under the spell of the music, it was as though they had been borne upwards irresistibly by the sweeping surging music I had made. They sat spellbound, so great was the hold I had of them; then the strains quietened and ceased. A second's silence and then they broke with one accord into wild applause, pleasure and appreciation. Ah! that was a triumph - a riot of joy for my master and me that evening. We

had caught and held captive, we had bent and swayed the mighty human passions, we had thrilled them with joy, we had drawn them into sadness. That was happiness for me! Triumph! Success!" Twang.—One note had gone." The mouthorgan paused a while as though the memory of the past had made him sad. He began again in a quieter, slower voice. "We moved again after that, my master was ill, he was taken from me. I went into a dug-out low down close beside the sea, where it threatened restlessly to wash over us all. There were four of them in this dug-out with it's oilsheets hung low overhead and the flame of a guttering candle gave them light. One a man of infinite jest loved me best, I think, though he did not play me. My master was a man to whom life had dealt many hard knocks, he was a slow thinker, strong, silent, dour. The other two were fine men too. To them came several friends they had to while away the early evening hours. Here I was needed almost every night, they used to make me sing to them, now loud, now low, of homes across the sea. I sang of

their loves, their joys and sorrows, while deep in their eyes, as they sang with me, I saw the pictures they were seeing — not cliffs, not hardships, not battle, not danger, or weariness was there, but a great abiding vision of the homeland with its pleasant cheery hearths round which sat mothers, wives, sisters, sweethearts, children. Ah! those were sad pictures that I saw then by the flickering candle light" The old feeble mouthorgan paused again and there was silence for awhile. The coin tried to get him to speak again "Is that all your story friend?" But the mouthorgan could not answer - his last note had gone.





He: - I am marrying her for her money.

She: But money does not always lead to happiness.

He: No, but I thought it might facilitate the search.

Sure Signs.

If you notice the man as he walks down the street
His boots brightly polished
His suit looking neat
With the latest in ties
And a gold headed cane
Just perchance it should rain
With a smile on his face
And a bit of a 'tache
As he goes on his way people say
what a swash.
The girl's an hour late and the fellow says "dash"
Then you know the man's after the girl

. . . . .

If you notice the man as he goes down the street
His trousers in rags and no boots to his feet
No collar or tie or cap on his head
No Mac. on his arm but an old coat instead
With a growth on his chin
And a look in his eye
As he goes on his way
People say what a guy.
When the man takes to drink
And people ask why
You can guess that he's married the girl.

More Experiences in the Far West.

The following day I went to the roundhouse at the usual starting time 7-0 and the Manager gave me my orders. "Take engine No. 5 out again and see she is well oiled, I want you to take her up to Cedar, which is 80 miles up the main track. Your duty will be to bring down the logs from the branch lines on to the main track, and you must work the day shift for one month, and I will send you another driver, who will take over your engine for night duty." After receiving these orders and having oiled my engine I set off to obey them.

This necessitated my turning my engine so I had to take her to the turn-table and get her right. After doing this I switched on to the siding where there was waiting a line of wagons. The brakesman coupled 35 on and I was then ready for my journey to Cedar. I was going smoothly up the single track when I saw a load of logs coming down, the brakesman warned me to put on full speed ahead, as there

was a loop line about half a mile up and the load would wait until we got there. We arrived a little late, which kept the load waiting entailing a lot of grumbling and growling from the driver of the load. I drew in the loop and let him pass. I enquired from my brakesman what the grumbling was for, and I soon learned that I had wronged the driver as they are paid by mileage on the main track hereabouts. I arrived at Cedar quite safe and reported to the foreman who was a native of Sweden. He gave me my orders in broken English. I was to run her on to a side track and uncouple the engine off, and take her for water, then bank the fire up and leave her ready for the night man. The remainder of the day I had to myself so I spent it examining the engine and learning whatever I could, for I must admit I knew very little about it. Towards dusk the fireman informed me that tea was ready in the dining shack, so we went along and had tea, then I was told that all the men at that end slept in the log hut opposite. I went across to inspect my sleeping accommodation and I found that the hut was built of rough logs and the floor inside was covered with

straw and this was to be my bed. There were 30 men to sleep in the shack, Most of the men were employed in hewing down the trees and then there were other men employed as trimmers, i.e. they trimmed the branches from the log.

It wouldn't have been so bad if these men had been English, but they were not. They were all nationalities, Norwegians, Swedes, Russians, Finlanders, Poles, French & Austrians. I am glad to say there were no Germans out there. Another great fault was that our cooks were also foreigners. They were Swedes and mostly ate Indian Corn, ground to meal, and made into pancakes. We had these regularly for breakfast and tea, hot for the first meal and cold for the latter. The tea they drink is called green tea. They put it into a pan and boil it for about ½ an hour and when served it is as green as grass and very bitter. I tried it once or twice but had to give it up and had to be satisfied with water. I persevered with very little to eat and only water to drink.

My work was very interesting and consisted of tugging large logs with the engine into position so that the crane could load them on to the wagons, then when the wagons were loaded it was my duty to take them

on to the main track ready to go down to Knife River and so to Duluth. This went on as a daily routine until the month was ended, then I got orders to take my engine to have her overhauled and her boilers and flues cleaned. While this was being done I rested for 3 days. I was persuaded by my Aunt not to go into the woods again as it was not a fit and proper job for me, so for the next month I worked in the yard shunting. I drew my month's wages and went into the woods again, this time for night duty and what with working by the flashes of a lamp for signals and not understanding them I got nervous and started thinking about accidents, and was naturally upset & glad when the month was over, and I was back again in the yard. I got tired of the footplate and after being out of employment for a week, I started work as a platelayer, repaiving the same track that I had been driving over. This job was much more satisfactory as I could have my breakfast at home before starting work and could sleep at home every night as we only worked for 5 miles up the line.

He Was Right.

The country Ball was at it's height
The couples shimmed the floor
The palmhouse seemed deserted
When a maid came through the door.
She looked around and spied a seat
Beneath a stately palm
And there sat down & closed her eyes
So beautiful and calm.
And as she sat there came a youth
From just behind her seat
And boldly he impressed a kiss
Upon her lips so sweet.
The maiden rose, the light was dim
"How dare you, Sir" she cried
In anger very well assumed.
But all the same she sighed.
The youth he was a cunning chap
"Your pardon, Miss" he cried
"I thought you were my sister Kate"
The maiden turned her head.
"I thought you were my sister Kate"
~~He~~ bleated like a lamb
The maiden boxed his ears & cried
"You wretched fool I am".

Down Turkey Bluff.

Y. Allen.

Our days in the [illegible]
Whittlesey Range after mobilization
the black kitten that strayed
[illegible] not leave us.

— INOKERLASHUN. —

(By The Office Boy)

The first inokerlashun I ever herd of was against Small Pocks, ony then me not bein so full of medicul nollidge I called it vaksinashun. This was dishcuverd by a bloke who uster visit the huntryside a lot. On one of his visits he notist a lot of darymades. Them as milks cows. Corse these is wurth notisin. I notist one once in Wales, but she clouted me with a dishcloth. Anyhow the aforemenshuned bloke, as the lawyurs say, he notist that these darymades never got Small Pocks. Thinks he, why not, and he starts ferretin in his hed for the reasun. Won day it cums inter his hed that it mite be acos of there close assosiashun with the cows. So then he starts notisin cows. These is like darymades and isnt so fonder bein notist. Anyhow he finds out that cows has a certin disease at times and that these darymades catches it from them. This, says he, stops them from havin Small Pocks. Well after dew diliberashun he cops a cow with the disease and takes sum jurms from it and injex

em inter his kids. Then he puts his kids inter way of gettin Small Pocks. But they doesn't ave it. E then rites to the Times and beturns famus. Most kids nowadays is vaksinated on akount of im. Some fokes objekts to it of corse and wont have there kids done but these in there minority. Corse inoherlashun and vaksinashun dont mean as that you wont get the things as your done agenst but it sorter elps to prevent it, and if yer do get it it aint so bad like. Asides Small Pocks they inoherlates yer against Tifoyd fever, Kolwra, and lots of uther things, most of em is unplesant. When your dun agenst Small Pocks you get Cow Pocks and feels rotten. You also as a bad arm. Ladis owever is offen dun in the leg as they dont like the marks to show on there arms when theyve nowt on em, such as when warin evenin dress. Bein dun agenst Tifoyd makes yer feel bad two. All ther jerms as they puts in yer in Tifoyd are ded. Leest theyre supased ter be but I no a feller as was dun twise and then got it. E says is was ony in a trans and must ave bin kiddin the

feller wot tride to kill em. Won never nose.

I dunno ow thay dus kill em but thay dont use no Keetins or owt like that. Thay uster inoherlate rabits in Ostraylia, gave em a disease as was catchin so aster eksturminate em as they was a newsanse. But now theyve chukted doin it, and they sends em to England and we eats em. One of the chief advokates of inoh. elashun is Sir Almott Wright. Im as showd the Sufrajets up. Takin it jeneraly Inoherlashun has its gud points although the srinje as Mr. Morley did me with last time ad none.

Here's to Rumour
Most fickle of jades;
Who never seems to tire
Of tales and tirades;
But the time's drawing nigh
Despite our cranks
When Relief & not Rumour
Will come to the East Lancs.

It Is Whispered.

That some folks do not want their hair cut, it is only a rumour.

That many of our comrades cannot wait until November 6th.

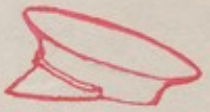
That men like to go up the Gully on Saturdays.

That many men have grey hair owing to the mail being late.

That Christmas will soon be here.

That sick parade will suffer owing to the absence of "coffin nails" this week.

That men do examine their Gas Helmets each morning.



Colonel (inspecting barracks) Suppose the barracks were to catch fire, what would you do?

Bugler: Sound me bugle, Sir.

Colonel: And what call would you give.

Bugler: Cease fire, Sir.

Our Defeated Footballers.

Thursday last was a very eventful day for the members of our Fld. ambce. it being the date for the trial match to pick players to represent the Noble Order of Medics. in the competition for the Dardanelles Cup.

Our worthy comrades turned out with smiling faces (after making a tour of dugouts borrowing shorts) and many were the sarcastic remarks levelled at them in feeble endeavours at humour, but away they went nothing daunted to prove their metal on the Field of —— Football.

Their comrades at "Y" Beach eagerly awaited their return (duty not permitting them to watch the tussel) and just before 5-0 they were seen coming round the bend, their heads held high, although defeated, prepared for the chaff and critical remarks they would be called upon to bear. They instantly made their defeat public and upon hearing the result one of our cooks who was busy stirring the stew immediately began to sing "What a team we've got Oi Oi"; much to the amusement of the dashing forwards. I had the pleasure of interviewing one of the players

and he had the usual football field excuses. He said that they had a professional forward against them and the goal their opponents scored was miles above the hands of our lean and lanky goaler, but, however, I am convinced that our lads did their best and would have won if they had not met a team better than themselves.

With all apologies to the persons concerned

From

The Faithful One.

Things our Readers want to know.:-

Has "Julienne" got its name by always having the last word?

All women have (Ed.)

? ? ?

Are there so many "shining lights" here that candles are considered unnecessary?

Why ask for candles if you appreciate other lights. (Ed.)

? ? ?

Do our new comrades realise their partial responsibility for our paper?

Time will show (Ed.)

? ? ?

[illegible] in taking chair.

To corrupt together on occasions like this
[illegible] such as these must end to commit-

selling drunk on [illegible]

on Russian ~~Dan~~ ship

[illegible] in Bk Prince

Is the saying "Soon we go home" based on fact?

Ask the Rumour Broker. (Ed.)

? ? ?

Is it in this Act mentioned that Sgt. Kneen can get you a "ticket" for England without having the eyes of the "Yellow God" on you?

Either that or some such less punishment &c. &c. (Ed.)

? ? ?

Answers to Correspondents :-

"INTERNATIONAL" No, Peeks hasn't played for England at Football.

"PICNIC" Yes, we believe that Wagonettes will run from "W" Beach to Krithia on X'Mas Day. The fare will be 9d single.

"HUNGRY" The Canteen price list is not intended to be humourous.

"NEMO" See our bright little contemporary "The Peninsula Press."

"NUISANCE" If the flies still trouble you start keeping spiders.

Our Competition.

We have had camels, elephants and giraffes as subjects for our competition. The camels and elephants were well supported - some of them wanted support - but the giraffes are not as popular. We feel, therefore that some variety in our competition is needed. In consequence we ask for the last line for the following limerick :-

When the Kaiser first reads the "Y" News
He'll reduce all his journalists' screws
He'll simply have fits an'
He'll yell donner & blitzen
- - - - - - - - - - - .

Advertisements.

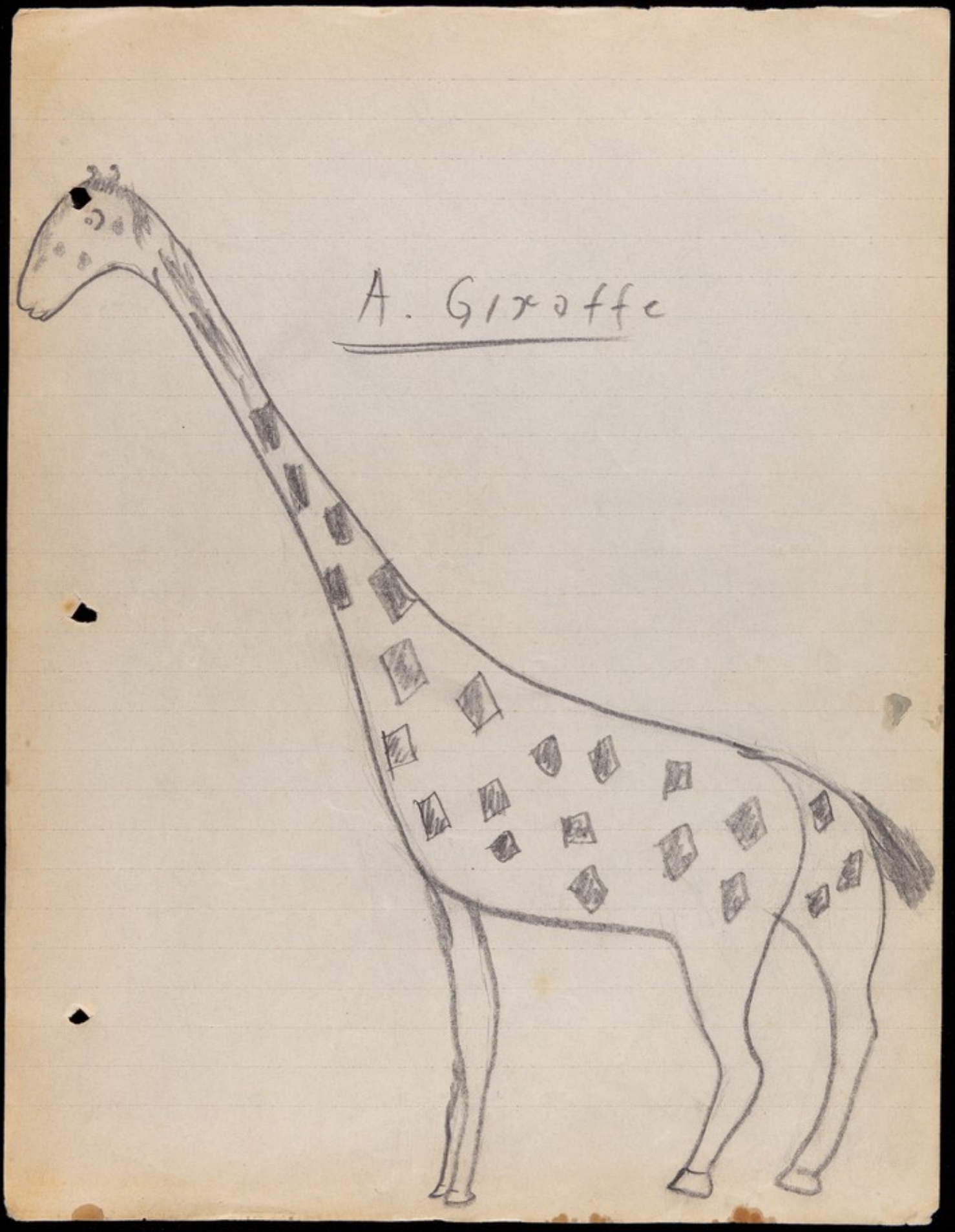
WANTED. URGENT. Agents for "Y" News.

WANTED. Outskirts of Krithia. Fish and Chip business. Good business guaranteed by presence of British Tommies.

1st Prize.

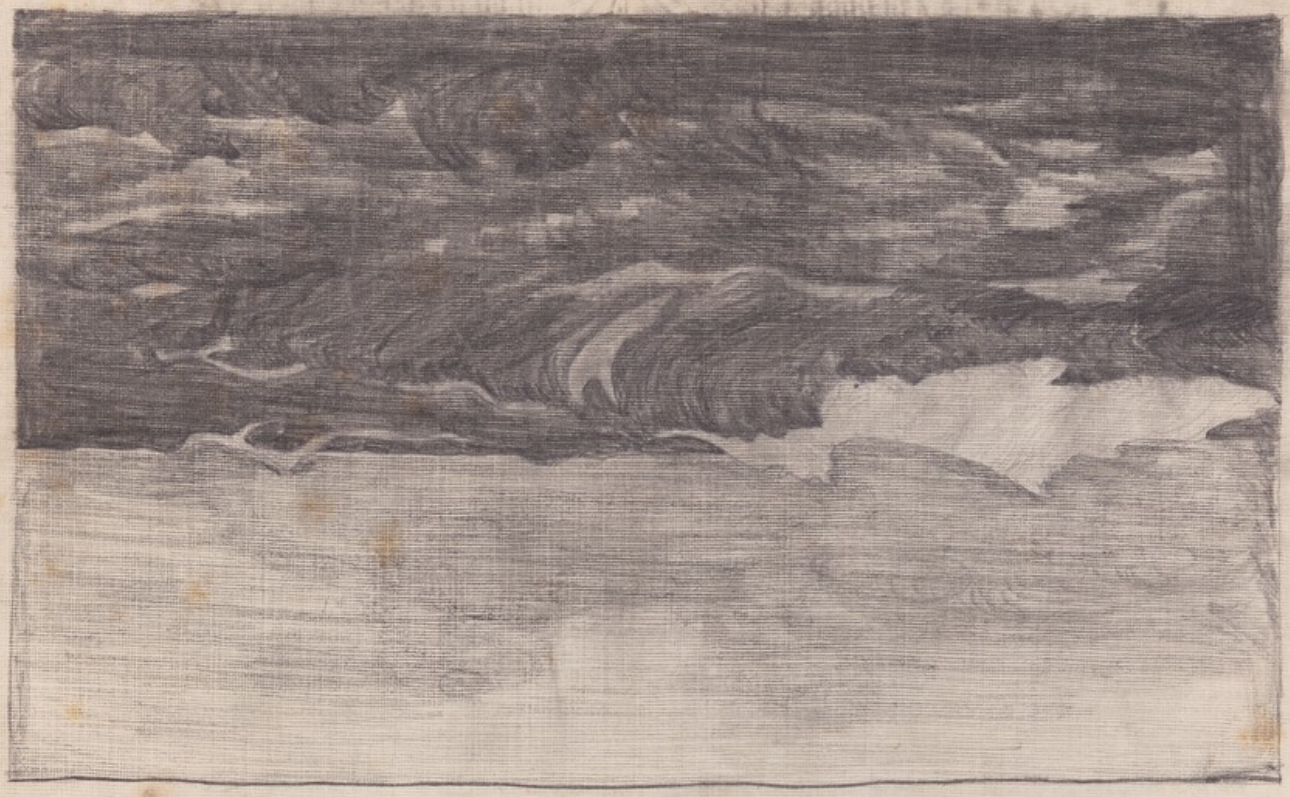
Giraffe.

2nd Prize.


A. Giraffe


Giraffe?


A Giraffe



'Y' NEWS

No. 7. Nov. 8th 1915.

As we are growing older in our journalistic career we appreciate more and more the ties and responsibilities which age carries with it. When we were dealing with a newly-born paper we had but one object and that was, at all costs, to maintain and support it's life, to see that it's nutriment was of the proper kind and suitably prepared. Our efforts having been successful, we got to the other stage of youth, with its many dangers of impetuosity, and during this stage we had perhaps a little more difficulty as parents. These stages have been got over now, however, and we regard our paper as having matured and being of an age when it may at least offer advice

without the sense of pleading which is assumed by youth tendering advice to age. Yet with advancing age there has not been wanting experience and so, caution. We have always been told that experience bought is better than experience taught and this, of course, is known to be beyond dispute, but also beyond dispute is the fact that the price to be paid sometimes is a heavy one, indeed at times quite out of proportion to the experience gained. In the mere expressions we use our experience sometimes costs us an excessive price. To say that this thing is good or bad, attractive or objectionable, though thoroughly descriptive of our ~~meaning~~ meaning, is too frequently regarded by us as hardly carrying enough weight or as being too mild to impress our hearers with the sincerity of our opinions. In an earlier issue we drew attention to the fact that our characters were largely dependant on our surroundings. There is no question of the truth of this statement and, therefore, one feels that the elaborate and frequently

offensive method of qualifying the degree of goodness, attractiveness or otherwise of anything may be the result of surroundings - and by surroundings is of course meant associates. But we question very much if in reality the experience we gain in the capacity for qualifying the goodness &c. is worth the price which we will have to pay for it. We are all of us at present engaged in a species of life which is quite foreign to our ordinary. We are doing something of which we may be forgiven for feeling pride, for we have cast to one side the ambitions which our civil life stimulated and are risking all for our country's sake. But we look to the time when this is all over and when we shall return to our ordinary lives. It seems a pity that when we return we should carry with us the stain of incapacity to appreciate a good thing or attractive thing as being good or attractive without offensively qualifying the goodness or attractiveness. No one of us would be thought less worthy of admiration for refusing to demonstrate our experience of offensiveness. This Ambulance

had at one time, some reputation for cleanness of thought, expression and reputation. We wonder if this proud ~~experience~~ record is losing it's value. We trust not.



Kaiser had a little plan
It started on it's way
It nearly got to Paris
Then it somehow went astray.

The Kaiser no doubt
When life ebbs out
Will ride in a flaming chariot
Seated in state
On a red hot plate
Twixt Satan and Judas Iscariot.

Jack the Ripper that day
To the devil will say
My claim for precedence is done
So move me up higher
Away from the fire
And make room for this crime-sodden Hun.

Willie (the King of Straffers)

At Random.

Sentry - "Halt, who goes there?"
Voice - "Army Chaplain."
Sentry - "Charlie Chaplain be —— he's in America."

Reg. Barber to Pte. Goodcrop "Shampoo"
P. S. (who has had his hair pulled out by the roots) "Beg pardon, it's ~~an~~ a good job the'r only shamming".

The lightening bug has wings of flame;
The June bug has no shame;
The bed bug has no wings at all;
But get's there all the same.

A lad aged sixteen approached a Recruiting Sergeant the other day and asked to join the army. On being asked his age he said he was nineteen. Being rather doubtful the Sergt. remarked "Do you know where boys go to who tell lies" "Yes" said the lad "to the front, I have two pals there that's only seventeen".

Official Communique

NOV 4th 1915.

The enemy has again been active. On the evening of ---- signs of activities were noticed in his camp. Preparations for withholding him were hurriedly commenced and as time drew on everybody was a mass of nerves, highly strung with tense set faces showing a grim determination. A small party of men wisely evacuated a weak position near the centre and built up a strong position farther away from the enemy's advance line. With a shrieking of wind and a torrential downpour of rain the attack commenced at 2000 Brigade time. The enemy swarmed with huge force against our advance line with huge force against our advance line which we regret to state was broken in two places, one dugout being reduced to a hopeless condition after a few seconds bombardment. The battle continued all day and thanks to the timely warning received by the lowering clouds, the cold air &c. the enemy was forced to retire

without having gained it's objective, namely, that of smashing our front line. The casualties on our side considering the force of the attack were not heavy and the capable medical Staff easily dealt with the few cases of wet feet &c. One position has since had to be abandoned.

Beyond this we have nothing to report.

"KITTY."

Kitty swore I should not kiss her;
I declared I would;
Kitty said I would not miss her;
I declared I should.

× × ×

So naturally if I say this;
And Kitty she says that;
It stands to reason doesn't it;
Our arguments aren't flat.

× × ×

But now strange things have come to pass;
And Kitty she's been kissed;
I never see her now, alas
But still she's not been missed.

× × ×

HOME.

Although we fellows experience and see so much of that side of war which is sad and sorrowful, and know in very truth of its primitive savagery and cruelty, yet we must not forget the beautiful things it has made more true, more lasting and more precious. Many of us have found our manhood out here. realised for the first time perhaps, the mighty subtle forces working unseen in the old home life, and for us it will never be quite the same again; we who have learnt here to value that past life. The new life has awakened in us a consciousness of something lacking, an indefinable sense that once we were blind but now we can see, and there is deep down in our hearts, a quiet firm resolve that God sparing us we shall be different when we reach home again. The great silences, the new loneliness, and the perils and dangers, have all combined to teach us, haltingly perhaps, but very surely to think; and new visions, clearer and more winsome than

the old restlessness have come, like rifts in a dark sky, upon us. There will be a kindlier note in our voice, a more generous spirit permeating our actions, a new-born unselfishness in everything.

We remember Maeterlinke's beautiful allegory "The Quest of the Blue Bird" and how the children left home to seek the Blue Bird, how they wandered far and wide through the great world searching everywhere in vain; — how they had many wonderful adventures, but — they never found the Blue Bird, and at last weary and disappointed by their fruitless search, they returned home alone: - when behold: - the first thing they met at their own fireside was the beautiful Blue Bird. The Blue Bird stands for happiness. Has not that been far too often our own experience? We, too, have always thought happiness was to be found in the great outer world, and we rarely thought of searching for it at home; - we were discontented at its constraints and restrictions; - we wanted liberty and mistook licence for liberty, the casting off of all restraints and the wise rules based on love

and called that freedom. Many, we know it, are tired somewhat of that freedom, - we have seen something of the world, we have learnt of its unrest, and have seen the feet of clay under the garb of gold, and now from the depths of our beings, inarticulate, whispered may be, but nevertheless strong, the great heart cry goes up for the old home life. How we do treasure the memories that like clouds hover about the fireside far away. We have noticed how it is made up of trivial little things and yet through all we know now, there runs in and out winding about, its lappings covering and half concealing all, the magic golden thread of love, the Gift of God, the motive power that will someday surely bring the whole world to the Feet of God.

We want the time to come again when we can live once more in the quiet sheltering shadow of all the old home loves. Shall we still be blind to its beauty and its simple happiness? I think not.

THE LOST CIGARETTE ISSUE.

A TRUE STORY (BY CULINARY.)

Twas a dark and stormy night, Sir
Our dug out was simply wet through
So my pal and I adjourned Sir
To the Hospital ringing wet through.

We had stood on the cookhouse all day Sir
And struggled to make the mens' stew
I'm glad to say we succeeded, Sir
And our efforts wed no cause to rue.

And when we awoke next morning Sir
We gazed at the wreckage that lay
A bot that we used as a cupboard, Sir,
And contents were all washed away.

I would not have grumbled so much Sir
But my matches and cigs. had gone west
They had only been issued that day, Sir
So my feelings were not at their best.

As I did my work that morning, Sir
I spoke all the tongues I knew

Arabic, Latin, French & German, Sir,
And extinct languages too.

I strafed all the waves that had rolled, Sir
On the shores of our seaside resort
But a mail just arrived from home, Sir
So you see I didn't go short.

The Faithful One.

Racing Notes

(A TIP FOR THE TURKEY.)

There were some Turks on yonder hill
And as we have not blown them off
Of course there's some there still.
These old Turks have a very good gun
And against our lads they've made it hum
But the Meds will have to take the firing lines
Each with a handful of No. 9's
And when Johnny Turk has had two or three
You can bet a dollars he'll turn and flee
And I'll bet a bob he'll get up and run
Without the aid of any gun.
And then we'll throw May. Sulphs labelled Lancs. Crackers
And that'll finish the job and open their narrows.

A Prairie Fire.

It was a mid-summer day in the United States and the sun was scorching hot. I was living in one of the wooded districts. There was a cry of fire and there was soon a great panic. The Sheriff of the District ordered every man, woman and child to go out fire fighting. In such places as these there are nothing but shrubbery and shacks scattered about, the reason for it being that the country is so wild, that the inhabitants build their own shacks. They are not troubled for ground rent by the landlord so they make their homes first where and whenever they like. Well the fire broke out and every one being concerned in the protection of his or her own property, they soon got to work. In this instance the fire was burning furiously about 4 miles away, so off we tramped with picks and spades, buckets and hosepipes to fight it. When we got within quarter of a mile off where the fire was raging we started to dig along a stretch of ground in the form of a trench, banking the earth on the near side

of the fire. We worked at this for hours and at last we all agreed that the heat was getting unbearable, so we gathered up our tools to start again farther back. We started again to dig as before and this time had practically finished our trench and the lake being at hand about a quarter of a mile to the right we stretched ourselves out with buckets to fill our trench with water. We had worked on continually all day and night and it was now nearing noon and to our despair the fire was still raging, and again it was too hot for us to stay and we set off again to turn up the earth, this time successfully, and we were gradually getting it under control. At last I am pleased to say that we succeeded in extinguishing it completely before it reached the village of shacks. For two days and three nights we fought the flames so I think my readers will realize something of our danger, and something of our utter weariness when the struggle was over.

DARDENELLES CUP 1st ROUND.

R.A.M.C. v A.S.C.

PLAYED ON THE GROUND OF 14th SIEGE BATTERY.

Teams

R. A. M. C. Bracewell, Stephens (Cpl) Stephens (Pte.) Basnett, Finlay, Harding, Wilson, Whatmough, Capt. Gibson, Roberts, Anderton.
A. S. C. Dentith (Cpl.) Leigh, Emblem, Hyatt, Gunn, Dentith (Dvr.) Gamble, Mills, Warden, Gibson, Sharkey, Referee - Pte. Street.

The RAMC won the toss and the ASC kicked off with the wind and sun in their faces.

The opening exchanges were fast and furious but the forwards on both sides were somewhat dominated by the half backs. The RAMC scored in 7 minutes. From a free kick Roberts received and trickingboth the full back and the goaler (who ran out to meet him) scored with a beautiful rising shot. Resuming the ASC tried desperately to equalise and sent in one shot which crashed against the upright. Near thing for the Medicals. Bracewell next brought off a magnificent save, clearing with

the utmost coolness a terrific grounder by Warden.

The ASC had all the play hereabouts and twice nearly scored. Warden and Mills both sending in good shots. The second goal was a gift to the RAMC. The ~~fut~~ ball was put forward and high completely mis-kicked Whatmough who had followed up scored with a high shot which completely deceived Dentith. The ASC now two goals in arrear now doubled their energies and some rather rough play ensued, which was immediately checked by the capable referee. Capt. Gibson was injured through colliding with Gunn but soon recovered. Some rather wild kicking by the RAMC ensued hereabouts and half time arrived with the RAMC 2 ASC 0.

On resuming some rather good passing by the ASC forwards almost led to a goal for them, Sharkey just failing to gather a pass, and Stephens cleared. Capt. Gibson and Roberts play were outstanding features in the RAMC forward line and another movement commenced by them led to the third goal. From a throw in

near the corner Barnett with good judgment threw the ball just in front of goal and Roberts headed the third and his second goal.

Whatmough had a narrow escape just immediately afterwards, Emblem clearing with a huge kick and just missing the inside left's head by inches. Warden was playing very well hereabouts. Cpl. Dentith brought off a magnificent save from Capt. Gibson and was cheered by all the spectators which included Staff Officers and men. The ball was in midfield when the whistle blew.

Final RAMC 3
ASC 0.

Heard last Monday.

Why has the second prize, giraffe got such a long neck?

To con-neck-t his runaway head to his body.

NOT TOO BAD.

At the beginning of the war when it was impossible to supply the different Regiments with horses, wagons and limbers a Major thought he would like to see how his men would go on in taking supplies to the trenches, so he told off parties to represent the horses, wagon and limbers. They were all to lay down until he gave the order to advance. The men were all ready and the order came, all but one jumped up and made a rush for the supposed trenches. The Major rode up to him and asked him what he represented. The private said "A wagon, sir" "Why didn't you go off with the others" showed the Major. "Because I have a wheel off, sir" was the reply.

JO'S BATRY.

(By the Offis Boy)

Fokes oos never been to Gallypoly aint never erd o Jo's Batry, there noledge dont take em no further than sixty pounders and seventy fives an such like. But Jo's Batry was far more powerful an did more damage than any other. It werent ony Turks as it did for, but our fellows as well. We never knew oos side they was on properly. I thinks they was Turks, cos all Turks is Mohameds an don't eat bacon an Jo's crowd never touched bacon. They uster start first thing of a mornin an go on without stopin until dark. They seldom trubbled us at nite. They werent never short of ammunishun and they lade hundreds of our fellows out. Didnt woond em like ordinery batrys. Of corse we uster ~~to~~ kill a lot o Jo's

battery but they ad caps o reinforcements. They was splendid range finders. Uster make a mark o cookhouses. You weren't safe nowere from em. Dugouts and trenches was no use agenst em. If you erd em comin you ad no chance to dog. They was devils. We silenst em at last tho. The A. S. C. did it. They copped Jo. Found him amongst the rations. When they sent im away is Battery avin lost its leader and consekwently avin no food, it soon went bust.

It is Whispered.

That in some Constantinople Societies, that very high topped boots will become very fashionable at most of the seaside places on the Gallipoli Peninsula this Winter.

That the bread issue is suffering from Shortitis and ought to be sent to Hospital to regain its lost weight.

That Sgt Moor is quite content to remain here even longer if required.

That certain persons find that biscuits make good photo frames.

That our men would rather have the "long pull" than the "long carry".

That Pte —— did not fall in the Water Cart.

That there are still females in different parts of the globe, even in Turkey.

That men have no difficulty in understanding the new time system.

That there are many voices on "Y" Beach.

That the members of the new draft feel that they are rapidly becoming "full of grit".

THINGS OUR READERS WANT TO KNOW.

What Tim's sisters would say if they saw him drinking rum and smoking a pipe.

They would sing the Manchesters.

Regimental March Past (Ed.)

? ? ?

If it is true that the new draft took their Mess tin bottom for their rum issue thinking they would have it filled.

No, it is only a rum-our (Ed.)

? ? ?

If it is true that the 1/1st Field Ambulance has caught the D. C. M. fever.

Probably as these germs are prevalent. (Ed.)

? ? ?

If it is true that the cooks have caught the stew fever again.

See answer to above question (Ed.)

? ? ?

How it is that the R.A.M.C. mail gets sunk every Thursday night, salvaged on Sunday, delivered on Monday and is none the worse for its ducking.

Because of its value I suppose (Ed.)

? ? ?

If Blackham visited the Turkish lines on Friday night and if so whether he used any other disguise besides soot.

We have this information at hand but have strict instructions that it must be kept "dark" (Ed.)

? ? ?

If at the present rate of progress Sergeant Moor will be a General by Xmas.

Judging from his abilities as a "dobie walad" we think he would make a first class "general".

? ? ?

Who the member of "B" Section was who cleaned his teeth by mistake with bloater paste.

This was only a "cod" on his part (Ed.)

? ? ?

What to do with a comrade who made the following remark while an enemy aeroplane was being shelled:-

Tau-be or not - Tau-be.

If he survives the 5th of November leave him alone (Ed.)

? ? ?

24.

If a certain private, newly arrived, has brought his sailor's hat with him.

The contributor will realise the b-hiss it gives me to answer in the negative.

? ? ?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"OLD 'UN" —— There used to be a city in Lancashire called Manchester. It may still be there. Ask one of the new draft.

"CANUTE" Stretcher bearers were unknown in the days of William the Conqueror.

"J. H (KRITHIA.)" The original Sir Walter Scott was a famous poet, not a Public House.

"BOOKIE" We forget the year the Derby was run in a snowstorm. We are not the 1 o'clock edition.

"BATCHELOR" No, mixed bathing is not allowed on this Beach.

2D.

G. & G. RLY.

DARDANELLES · CUP · FINAL.

MANCHESTER MUDLARKERS V SCOTCH ROARERS

AT CAPE HELLES.

XMAS DAY 1915.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE & GALLIPOLI RLY. CO. BEG TO ANNOUNCE THAT THEY WILL ISSUE CHEAP EXCURSION TICKETS TO CAPE HELLES UPON THE ABOVE OCCASION, AT THE UNDERMENTIONED PRICES:-

TICKETS WILL BE AVAILABLE ON DAY OF ISSUE ONLY.

FROM.	RETURN	TRAIN DEPARTS
CONSTANTINOPLE.	3-9	1-0 A.M.
BULAIR.	1-8	10-40 A.M.
GALLIPOLI.	1-0	11-35 A.M.
MAIDOS.	9	12-14 P.M.
KRITHIA.	8	1-28 P.M.

CIVILIANS HALF FARE.

STEAMERS WILL LEAVE CHANAK FOR MAIDOS IN CONNECTION WITH THE ABOVE EXCURSION AT 11 A.M.

TICKETS MAY BE OBTAINED FROM G & G RAILWAY STATIONS OR FROM MESSRS SANDERS & ENVER. HENMARKET, CONSTANTINOPLE

BULGARIANS IN ARMS WILL NOT BE ALLOWED TO TRAVEL

PRINTED BY:- DARO & ELLER GALLIPOLI.

NOVEMBER.

BY: OLDER MOORE.

This year November will be the eleventh month.

Cold weather will be experienced.

We shall have rain.

Indents will go in as usual with possibly better results.

Regimental Censors will commence to hate the word pudding.

Handkerchiefs in new shades will come into fashion in the Army.

Strawberry will be scarce, but Apricot is likely to be plentiful.

A strong rumour will appear about the 10th instant.

The stew season now having commenced, roasts must not be expected.

Troops will be inoculated against home sickness.

Stretchers will be carried between "Y" and "Gully Beach".

The Divisional Canteen will have their price list up.

There will be gains and losses on the Western Front.

George Roby will join the colours.

On the 12th instant a picturesque ceremony will be gone through at "Y" Beach. Chisel will christen the mince-meat.

There will be a revolution in South America.

An anarchist plot to blow up a Plum & Apple Jam Factory will be traced to Gallipoly.

New Members having contributed "Y" News will be enlarged.

NOTICE TO BATHERS.

Bathing is strictly prohibited this side of the Pier. Therefore men must not bathe facing their dugouts as the Pier down yonder is not (up here) so quick.

28.

28

Y BEACH EMPIRE.

PROGRAMME.

FOR 6 NIGHTS ONLY ENDING NOV 13TH 1915.

No. 1. SELECTION "THE SCORPION'S BITE"

2. KARNO & KARNO in "BUMPING 'EM"

3. JOHNNY TURK IN HIS LATEST SUCCESSES "WE'VE GOT A NAVY &c"

4. DOUGLAS'S FAMOUS EAST LANCS TERRIORS

5. ASIATIC ANNIE. THE GALLIPOLI CONTRALTO.

6. RUMOURS On the Bioscope

7. CHISEL & STEW THE INSEPARABLES

8. BLACKHAM'S NIGGER MINSTRELS.

9. SIX BROTHERS HUCKS IN A SCREAMING FARCE "THE CANTEEN"

10. THE TIDAL WAVE SPECTACULAR DRAMA

OUR COMPETITION.

The new competition has proved a great success and space prohibits the publication of every entry.

Some really clever lines have been sent in and it was only after a long consultation on the part of the Committee that a final decision could be arrived at.

We give the two verses with the addition of the last lines in order of merit.

When the Kaiser first reads the "V" News
He'll reduce all his journalists screws
He'll simply have fits 'an
He'll yell Donner und Blitzen
Why these men have been brought up on stews.

When the Kaiser first reads the "V" News
He'll reduce all his journalist's screws
He'll simply have fits 'an
He'll yell Donner und Blitzen
Why I've blundered. Yes, this is no news