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**Interesting Letter from Co. Q.M.S. Willis:
Chichester.**

Mr. T. G. Willis, of East Street, Chichester, has received from his eldest son, Co. Q.M.S. W. G. Willis, of the 4th R.S.R., a letter in which he says that though trench life is not ideal, he is keeping fairly well. On arrival at the peninsula he "landed in water" up to his hips in the darkness. "But it was a relief to stretch your legs, as we had been cramped up (loaded with equipment, blankets, tools, etc.) under deck in one of the special boats used for landing called 'beetles.' We had then to climb a bit of cliff and after a short march we halted, and rested for the night. Early morning saw us buzzing about again, some were lucky enough to make a mess tin of Oxo before the order was given to put out all fires. Shortly after we were on the move. After several long halts we started off about 10 a.m., and immediately after came shell fire, my platoon having three shells pitched about five yards to their right in very quick succession, luckily without exploding. Everyone ducked their heads, but somehow kept on the move, and as we passed on a peculiar laugh ran through the ranks—I knew then we were all made of the right stuff and only needed such a 'christening' to help us on. It was not long before we opened into artillery formation, and then into 'open order,' advancing to the attack against some long distance rifle fire, and all the fellows moved across a long open bit of ground far better than ever they had done on parade; really it was wonderful! Still going forward we came on other parties of men and gradually in continuing the advance right up to the firing point we became mixed up with several other regiments, when the nearest N.C.O. or officer took charge of a party. Casualties began to occur pretty frequently, and everyone was naturally reluctant to quit the Turkish trench which we had occupied; but most of us made another dash forward to a bank and hedge about 150 yards distant. In this endeavour I stumbled in the stubble and felt so "done up" that I lay there out in the open and almost prayed to be out of it all—indeed, it was a wonder I wasn't hit, for bullets were buzzing and throwing up tiny clouds of dust all round me. After about 20 minutes I recovered my wind, and quickly scrambled forward the remaining yards to the cover of the bank. There I found one, only one, officer, and he went off to get into touch with the left, so I took charge, and it was here I received a bullet through the puggaree of my helmet. We got forward another 50 yards and then retired as the lot on our right dropped back, and we could find nobody on the left flank, even the officer had disappeared. We all managed to establish ourselves for the night, and when dawn broke we found we held a really good line. The second day we caused a lot of casualties among the Turks in an attack, and have always held the upper hand since. The plan of campaign I am unable to understand, but we are here and we have to 'hold on' and obey. Aeroplane reconnaissances are made several times every day by both sides, but we seem to hold the superiority and decidedly so is that the case with guns both on land and sea. My Company has had several very heavy shellings with shrapnel, and one day I absolutely felt like a 'Jack-in-a-box,' bobbing so continually into small dug-outs; it gets on your nerves too, as you are so helpless and cannot make a return. . . . The bravery and courage of the Sussex boys is great.