DECEMBER DAYS IN CALLIPOLI: A QUEER INFORMAL TRUCE AFTER THE RECENT STORM.

From Mr. W. H. Reivinon.


So here I am in the well-known peninsula once more. And after the hotels and offices had closed for the holidays, there was a strange feeling in the air. It was a strange relief to inhale the scents again amidst the ruins of Callipoli, where the breezes still carried the sweet aroma of the sea and the past. The flashes and boms of the guns by day and the eerie Still by night as the enemy增強力量and the moonlight shone down, the memory of the war and what it had cost us dear.

The turmoil has not subsided, and there are changes, of course. Roads have been made as a sort of the old Turkish plan of a network, and it seems that there is much more in her spirit of reform. Billiards, then entered with priory and arthritic rules, are now an everyday occurrence. The clamps are made easier, and the drags have ceased to be desirable, as there is no one to fight the Turks.

A Tremendous Storm.

Much of the change is due to the tremendous storms that have gone through the area during the last few months. It has been a long day, and the weather has been quite severe. Heavy winds and driving rain have battered the area, and the sea has been rough. The land is now covered with mud and debris, and the people are trying to get their lives back on track.

The Turks are beleaguered and seem to be in a poor state. They have been driven from their homes and are now living in tents. It is a pity that they are not doing better, but they seem to be getting along quite well.

The Turk's sign of unity.

Presently heads appeared on either side, the faces of those that could be understood were said, cigarettes in their hands and tobacco in their mouths, and it was observed that there was a general calamity in the form of empty bottles scattered all over the place. And there were still those that were silent, and the smoke of their tobacco rose into the air, and there were many that were smoking pipes, and the smell of tobacco filled the air. And there were also some that were watching the game, and they seemed to be quite tired.

A Monument of British Fortitude.

Two more points, just to show how cheery

At the time of these events, I was in the service of the Government, and I suppose, about 26,000 in reserve as before. To hold such forces on this position, it is necessary to show them that we are not afraid of the enemy, and that we are able to defend ourselves and our homes. It is a pity that we are not doing better, but we seem to be getting along quite well.

And again, last Saturday a brigadier general rode into the town, and he was carrying a very fine regimental colors. He had on a very fine uniform, and he seems to be quite tired. The people of the town were very happy to see him, and they seemed to be quite tired.

As usual, the views expressed in this paper are mine alone, and I think that they are quite correct.