

The Gallipolian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association

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THE GALLIPOLIAN

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The Journal of the Gallipoli Association
founded by Major E H W Banner in 1969 on the Campaign of 1915

The Gallipoli Association

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Lieutenant-Colonel Ernest Samuel Brown (2x Mentioned in Despatches), 3rd Battalion (previously temporary CO, 2nd Battalion), AIF.

Fatally wounded, Lone Pine, on 7 August, and died of wounds the same day, aged 40.

Mentioned in 'An Anzac Patrol', page 64.

This edition's cover

Detail from an Austrian postcard depicting the Turkish defence at the Gallipoli landing.

Gloria-Viktoria WWI issue patriotic postcard issued for the Austrian War Aid Office in Vienna (Kriegsfuersorgeamtes Wien IX). A large number of cards were produced as part of the Zum Gloria-Viktoria-Album. Issued in different sets as the war progressed, it was intended to be a documentary history that would appeal to collectors and support the Austrian War Aid office.

See full postcard page 32.

LONDON : CANCELLATION OF GALLIPOLI / ANZAC DAY COMMEMORATIONS

On behalf of the Australian and New Zealand High Commissioner, we are informed that they are unable to extend an invitation to members of the Gallipoli Association to attend in person the annual commemorations to mark Anzac Day on Sunday 25 April 2021.

Unfortunately, given the importance of adhering to the UK Government's Covid-19 guidance, we will not be holding a wreath-laying at the Cenotaph. We intend to maintain the custom of holding a Dawn Service at Hyde Park Corner with key representatives only, which will be filmed for broadcast.

No public attendance will be permitted. A Service of Commemoration at Westminster Abbey, again with restricted numbers and invited representatives only in attendance, will also take place in accordance with the Abbey's Covid-19 plans.

We invite members of the Gallipoli Association to join us for a special online commemoration at 11am on Sunday 25 April. This will be broadcast on both the Australian and New Zealand High Commission Facebook pages. Details will be shared by email and on our social media accounts as arrangements are confirmed.

We thank you for your understanding and hope to be able to welcome your group members to Anzac Day next year.

Sarah Kellam (Honorary Secretary)



The first Anzac Day parade in London, 1916

LETTER FROM THE CHAIRMAN

Dear Association Members,

Improvise, Adapt, Overcome ... The US Marine Corps' unofficial motto immortalised by Clint Eastwood in the film 'Heartbreak Ridge' (one of my all-time favourites) and recently in US Marine Corps General Jim Mattis's book 'Call Sign CHAOS' (I had the privilege of serving with him twice and it is a must read) – and that is how your Trustees have felt. Lockdown has knocked all of us and we have been disappointed not to be able to host many events over the last year. The latest victim is the annual Wreath-Laying Service at St Paul's which, like many other ceremonies this year, will be a closed and restricted one.

However, it has not all been about cancellation, doom and gloom. We have, thanks to Stephen Chambers and Ian Binnie, managed to deliver two well-attended virtual conferences and some super Gallipoli talks. Bryn Dolan continues to produce *The Gallipolian*, which remains an exemplar of military interest publications. Memberships remains healthy and our finances strong. We have a new and active communications team which has launched us into the 22nd Century and our governance is in good order.

I am also particularly pleased we have used the time to plan, with confidence, for the future. We have developed options for school trips both in the UK and to the peninsula. We have secured funding to digitally map and record the battlefield before time covers all trace of its history. We are investigating the project to deliver a series of online classes which will complement the national curriculum. Our Overseas Liaison Officer, Tom Iredale, is investigating the possibility of setting up overseas regional branches, which will enhance our external links.

It has been a pretty glum year for many but I wanted to assure you the time has not been squandered and we remain ambitious for what we can achieve in furthering our objectives. Much of this work is being done by your trustees and we would welcome new faces to the board – particularly an Hon. Treasurer – so don't be shy, volunteer a friend ...

There is lots going on and this makes the Association both fun and vibrant, so I hope you will all stay engaged and help shape our direction of travel. And there is no better place to start than to join us for the combined AGM, Autumn Lunch and Annual Conference which will take place over the 22 & 23 October 2021 in London. This two-day gathering will give us the chance to hear your views, discuss the matters that really interest you and, most importantly, study and honour those who served. Please do join us, I look forward to seeing you then.

James Stopford
Chairman



OBITUARY; ADMIRAL BRIAN BROWN KCB CBE

Association Member 2270

31 August 1934 – 27 April 2020



Born in Fratton, Portsmouth, and educated at Peter Symonds' School, Brian Brown joined the Royal Navy on 1 May 1952, entering the Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth as a Special Entry Cadet, Supply and Secretariat branch. During 28 months of general naval training he served at sea in the training cruiser HMS *Devonshire*, in the Caribbean and Mediterranean, and the maintenance carrier HMS *Unicorn* (including service during the Korean War) and ashore in HMS *Peregrine*, Royal Naval Air Station Ford, Sussex. He was promoted after one year as a cadet to midshipman on 1 May 1953.

On promotion to acting sub-lieutenant, Brown began professional training at HMS *Ceres*, Wetherby, on 1 September 1954 before joining the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, for the Junior Officers' War Course and naval legal training on 4 January 1955. Courses and training successfully completed, he was confirmed as sub-lieutenant on 31 August 1955

and joined the light cruiser HMS *Kenya* as Supply Officer (Cash), later being appointed, in addition, sub-lieutenant of the Gunroom; he was promoted to lieutenant on 1 May 1956.

A shortage of naval aviators led to a few supply officers being selected for flying training. Brown joined RAF Syerston on 2 June 1957 for basic flying training on Provosts before moving on to RAF Linton-on-Ouse to continue training and then undergo advanced flying training on Vampires, being awarded his Fleet Air Arm pilot's wings on 11 July 1958. His operational flying training began when he joined the Naval Air Fighter School, HMS *Fulmar*, flying Sea Hawks. He spent the next three years in flying appointments, before reverting to traditional appointments as a Supply Officer.

Brown's first flying appointment, on 10 December 1958, as a qualified naval aviator, was to 898 Naval Air Squadron, a front line Sea Hawk ground attack squadron, based at HMS *Goldcrest*, RNAS *Brawdy*, Pembrokeshire. With the squadron, he

embarked in the aircraft carrier HMS *Eagle* on 14 January 1959, seeing service in the Mediterranean.

Brown volunteered for helicopter flying training and joined HMS *Seahawk*, in Cornwall, on 8 June 1959 for the helicopter conversion course with 705 Naval Air Squadron, flying Hiller HT Mk 1 and Whirlwind helicopters. Three months later he was in HMS *Osprey*, Portland, for the anti-submarine operational flying course in Whirlwind Mk 7s with 737 Naval Air Squadron. Training completed, in the first week of 1960 he joined 848 Naval Air Squadron, a front-line Whirlwind Mk 7 commando helicopter squadron based at HMS *Ariel*, RNAS Worthy Down. With the squadron he embarked in HMS *Bulwark*, newly commissioned as the Royal Navy's first commando carrier, for work up with 42 Commando Royal Marines in Malta and Libya before sailing for operations in the Red Sea, Indian Ocean and Far East; operational commitments included the Kuwait Crisis in July 1961 and flying in support of Army units fighting communist insurgents close to the Malaysia/Thailand border. Years passed ...

Promoted to rear admiral and appointed Director-General Naval Personal Services on 28 January 1986, he then became Director-General, Naval Manpower and Training and, from 1987, was also Chief Naval Supply and Secretariat Officer. Promoted to vice admiral, he joined the Navy Board as Second Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Personnel and, concurrently, Admiral President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich. As Second Sea Lord he secured Navy Board agreement that women should be allowed to serve at sea and the Women's Royal Naval Service merged with the Royal Navy. He was knighted as a Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath on 17 June 1989 and, on 26 August, he was promoted to admiral while serving as Second Sea Lord (only the second Supply Officer to reach four-star rank). He was placed on the Retired List of the Royal Navy on 26 June 1991.

In 1959 Brown married Veronica (Ronnie) Mary Elizabeth Bird (Lady Brown). They had two sons, Mark and Matthew, and three grandsons, and lived in Petersfield. His leisure activities included beagling, fly fishing, gardening and protecting the Hampshire countryside. Brian Brown died, aged 85, on 27 April 2020.

After retiring from the Royal Navy, Admiral Brown held many appointments; chairman of King George's Fund for Sailors; the Michael May Young Cricketers Foundation; and served on the Executive Committee of the Nuffield Trust for Forces of the Crown. He was president of the Victory Services Association, the Friends of the Royal Naval Museum and HMS *Victory* and CPRE the countryside charity, Hampshire, and he continued to be president of the Portsmouth Services Fly Fishing Association.

Admiral Brown was, of course, also a member of the Gallipoli Association.

My thanks to contributors to *Wikipedia* for the information contained here.

- Editor

FREDERICK ORTON MBE

Tim Chamberlin

Fred lived to a great age; his obituary appeared in *The Gallipolian* No. 81 of Summer 1996 (see below).

I attended the 75th anniversary commemorations on the peninsula in 1990 and on my return took copies of the programmes to Fred's Nottingham home (see photographs on page 29).

Obituary, reproduced from *The Gallipolian* No. 81, 1996

FREDERICK JAMES ORTON MBE (0743V)

James Orton



Fred Orton MBE at the Cenotaph, Gallipoli Day, 1983.
Photo by James Orton

Fred Orton was born on 14 June 1892 in Nottingham. His father and mother were of North Staffordshire stock. His father was a journeyman weaver and had moved his family to Nottingham to take advantage of that city's flourishing manufacturing trade. Fred was one of ten children, only two of whom were born in the same town. This exemplifies the hard existence even of skilled workers (and of their wives) in the late nineteenth century

One of Fred's earliest memories was of watching, in 1899, the mobilisation of the Robin Hood Rifles in Nottingham Market Place before they set out for the Second South African war - and of seeing the sad remnants return two years later. He left school at 13 and, after some months of office work, he secured work in an engineering firm. By 16 he was with a local lacemaking firm working on the Jacquard machines. At age 21 he was admitted as a skilled

fitter by the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, having been a member of the union since 1912. [The ASE later became a constituent part of the AEU and thence of the AEEU]. He had been an active member of the Territorials since 1910, and at the outbreak of war in 1914 he enlisted in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps as Armament Artificer, where his engineering skills were put to good use.

Fred served as Staff Sergeant in Gallipoli, where his commanding officer was mortally wounded on the day his unit landed. Fred had vivid memories of their efforts to increase the elevation of the guns on the beach so they could reach 'Johnny Turk' on top of the cliffs. He was later to recall the problems of the recuperator springs on the 60-pounder guns. Repeated firing compressed the springs too far; weakened, they no longer pushed the carriage back into the firing position. The only remedy would be to unheal the spring, stretch and temper it for which a large furnace not available on the peninsula was required. However on one occasion Fred heard that a gun with a damaged carriage from a direct hit had been taken to the transport for sending away. So he and his men went out to the ship, found that despite the damage the recuperator was intact and in full working order, detached it and brought it ashore to be fitted to one of the other guns.



Photo showing Fred's tent, West Beach, Suvla, marked with arrow, annotated:
"Ex Staff Sergeant Armament Artificer T/699 RAOC. Suvla Bay to the Evacuation."

His unit was taken off the peninsula in December and went to Suez. From there Fred was attached to an RGA Brigade that went to Salonika in August 1916, from where he eventually returned to England for discharge in July 1919.

At the beginning of World War II he joined the skilled staff of the Royal Ordnance Factory in Nottingham, and in 1940 was asked to become the first full-time District Secretary of the AEU, a position to which he was regularly re-elected for the next seventeen years. During the war years this was literally a full time job, coping with the various problems brought about by wartime emergencies including the drafting of 'dilutees' (unskilled labour) to fill the gaps left by those serving in the forces, and continual travel to factories and branch meetings all over the East Midlands, often in the blackout. After the war, the problems were more of resettling demobilised troops back into the workforce and coping with the different but still severe problems of 'peace-time'

Despite these pressures Fred also served for many years on the local Savings Committee and other voluntary organisations; service which was in due course marked by the award of the MBE. He was also elected to the Nottingham City Council, where his skills as a negotiator were again much in demand. Fred was greatly respected by unionists and employers alike; his retirement as district secretary in 1957 occasioned a number of reunions, of friends and 'foes' alike, and many good stories were told. But even then he returned to the factory floor for a number of years, as adviser and trainer at a factory set up to rehabilitate workers injured in industrial or other accidents, before his second retirement brought him time for relaxation in his beloved garden and more time with his family.

In 1992 his 100th birthday was marked by a grand occasion at the Derby Engineering Club, at which the centrepiece was a cake decorated with the seven logos of the unions, from the ASE to the AEEU, that Fred had been associated with during the previous 80 years. Also present on that day were four of Fred's successors as district secretary, with a record of service stretching back 42 years.

Although he would not speak often of his Gallipoli experiences, Fred felt deeply for the suffering and the comradeship he saw there, and was always proud to mark Remembrance Day, and latterly Anzac Day, and pay tribute to those many of his comrades who did not return. Fred always had a deep affection for the Anzacs, and that spirit which he was privileged to witness in Gallipoli; to his death he kept up his interest in Australian affairs. Lengthy telephone calls from Sydney NSW were spent not in family gossip but in searching questions about the state of the economy and Australia's future as a member of the Asian community. His mind was ever sharp, and he did not suffer humbug or soft answers.

We are most grateful to Fred Orton's son, James Orton of Sydney, for providing this obituary of his father.

THE GALLIPOLI DIARY OF CAPTAIN H E KENYON RA

Adjutant, 7th Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade

(21st Kohat Mountain Battery [KMB], 26th Jacob's Mountain Battery [JMB])

Dr John R Kenyon

Amongst the archives of the Kenyon family, in Shropshire and elsewhere, are various diaries, including one for the Gallipoli campaign compiled by my grandfather, Captain, later Lt-Colonel, Herbert Kenyon.

My father, Colonel J F Kenyon, had the diary re-typed and distributed copies, and I had always been under the impression that the Imperial War Museum had a copy, but not so, according to the historian Professor Peter Stanley, whom I contacted on reading his *Die in battle, do not despair: the Indians on Gallipoli, 1915* (Helion, 2015).

Herbert was commissioned into the Royal Artillery, having entered the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, in 1901. He served in India before WW1, and after the war was based in Palestine, England, China, India again, retiring in 1932. During WW2 he commanded the HAA Training Regiment RA at Park Hall Camp, Oswestry, Shropshire, a few miles from the family home of Pradoc, from 1940 to 1942. He died in 1958.

For a summary of the role of the two batteries, see C. A. L. Graham, *The History of the Indian Mountain Artillery* (Gale & Polden, 1957), pp. 127-35.

Text within square brackets are my additions. Original punctuation has usually been kept. Please note that I have not checked the copy I have against the original.

Part 3. Parts 1 and 2 appeared in the two previous editions of The Gallipolitan

“The Evacuation”

Wednesday 15th December

I fancy it is now pretty generally realised that evacuation of Anzac and Suvla has been decided on. We, so far as our Brigade is concerned, have received no definite orders as to the method of evacuation yet. The probable scheme however is that tomorrow night (16/17) eight guns of the Brigade will be embarked if circumstances permit – if not the guns will all be rendered unserviceable so far as possible and the personnel will be embarked. This will consist roughly of 355 men, and I am to go with the party. It is possible that two Battery officers will also accompany the men. This will leave 4 guns in action for the last day, manned by 20 men, and with 45 British and 3 Indian Officers with them. If it is decided to keep all 12 guns in action, then 315 men will embark tomorrow night. Whether any mules will be evacuated is, at present, doubtful. If not, the poor beasts will all be shot before leaving them. Evacuation has been going on nightly for the last week. Such stores as can be embarked will be. At the end, I imagine, what cannot be burnt will be shelled from the sea. It is, of course, impossible that everything can be destroyed and some of the guns will probably be left – also rations etc. cannot all be destroyed and a certain

amount of gun and small arm ammunition must remain. Also, there are, I think I may say, thousands of pounds of comforts left behind.

If the evacuation is successful it will be a seventh wonder. I fancy so far as the Army Staff Work is concerned, everything will be worked out to the last detail, and my only doubt is the Navy who have been so extraordinarily casual in their work. Provided they provide the transport asked for, and work their tows to time, all should be well. The Turks are not enterprising – our patrols have the upper hand of theirs, and it may be some time before they discover that our trenches in places have been evacuated or are only thinly manned. It is all most exciting – more so than the landing – but all most frightfully anxious work. We are taking every effort to make empty places look as though they are occupied, – e.g. two E.P. tents in the vacated hospital came down last night and disused incinerators have gone out. We sent the men of the gun here down to repitch the tents and start fires again. Today I have been making arrangements for the disposal of ammunition and stores etc. that can not be removed.

It appears now that the final party will embark during Saturday-Sunday night, but it all depends on the weather, and I fear a storm is working up again as the wind is getting up – this will delay things indefinitely, but we are at present capable of beating off any attack that we have yet experienced, though owing to the few guns now left we may not inflict so much damage. I had an early lunch and then went down to North Beach as Carey Evans had orders to embark practically all his crowd. I managed to get all my private kit off with them, also Fergusson's and the office box, so that is a comfort. They may get lost again, but anyway they are away from here. My cap flew into the sea but I got another one at once from the Ordnance. There is a lot of looting going on, though what the men think they are going to do with all the things I cannot imagine, as I am certain they will only take away what they can carry. I feel pretty certain the evacuation will be delayed by the weather which looks very threatening. I should go on Friday-Saturday night – that is the night after tomorrow night. I have only my bed and valise with bedding left and don't want the bed as it is practically worn out, but hope to get my roll of bedding away. I have shipped my suit case, shirt case, Gladstone bag, bundle containing small tent, basin, bath, metal basin, and two boxes of stores. The box which Gordon has just brought back for me from Alexandria containing ½ doz. bottles of whisky and ½ doz. bottles of ginger wine has been looted! Exit £2! It is much colder again this evening with an East Wind. Yesterday it was South and I fear it is working round to North which will be bad for us.

Thursday 16th December 6.45 p.m.

So far all goes smoothly and I think expeditiously. After breakfast I went down to North Beach to Colonel Knox's office [*presumably Lt-Colonel H O Knox, AQMH of the Anzac Corps*] to see if there was any chance of getting any stuff away, and he said ammunition and stores were being loaded up on two "beetles" then, so I hurried back to where our stores were, sent a message to Fergie and both B.CX.'s and with

about 25 men from 21 started to load up. The men have simply slaved like Trojans from 10 a./m. to 4.30 p.m. and I have got off the whole of both Battery's stores – kits, tents, rations, all available saddles etc., the whole of the field park with its ammunition and stores, and the majority of the column. It really is splendid but, if Fergie had not suggested my going to see Knox, we should have got no orders and the whole of our stuff would still be sitting on the beach. I am pretty tired having been on my legs and hustling the whole day, but the men must be absolutely dead beat, and their heads pressed flat. They were simply splendid and never complained once. They are splendid fellows to work with.

We expect to embark 7 guns tonight, and some more saddles and ammunition, and Whitting goes off with them. The last night I believe is now the 19/20. It is quite an exciting race to see how much we can get off before the Turks find out.

Friday 17th December 2.10 p.m.

All still goes smoothly and, so far as my Brigade is concerned, excellently. During last night we evacuated 7 guns, 200 men and 290 of our mules, all with Whitting.

[*Capt E C*, 26 JMB] Harrington was working on the beach. Even if all the remainder of the Brigade get scuppered we have got away a good nucleus as, exclusive of the above, half of the Brigade is resting at Mudros, and for British Officers we have [*Major R*, *ilc KMB*] Hoskyn, Whitting, [*Capt H C J*, JMB] Salvin, and Kirby, and also three Indian Officers, and the Brigade Havildar Major. Here we have only 5 guns left – something under 100 men and Fergusson, Campbell, Rawson and myself are the only real mountain gunners remaining. It really is top hole and exciting, if only it was not the awful tragedy. Birdwood was ashore today and the present scheme is that the whole force goes to Egypt to rest and re-fit and go to France in the Spring and he intends to try and keep this Brigade with him. I want nothing better. It is I believe known that the Germans are specially equipping a force in Munich for another attack in Egypt, and it goes without saying that this will be perfectly organised, and the Turks will of course come with them so this winter will probably see some real fighting on the Canal and I expect Birdwood will command. Well, the Canal defences have had a year to prepare and everything should have been worked out and prepared to the last detail, even to the making of the trenches with timbered cover etc., to stop the sand filling in, communication trenches, communications gun positions, in fact everything; but I shall be most surprised if anything at all had been done beyond talk.

After dinner last night I went down to the vacated 108 Fd. Ambulance to see about burning things, as they had apparently taken no steps to do anything. They had left hundreds of new blankets, bottles of stout, warm clothing, and, of all things, three large Union Jacks! We got low fires going in the vacated Ambulance Column caves, and burnt all night. I got to bed just after midnight, dead tired. This morning I was called at 7 and after breakfast went down to the beach again to see if anything could be done. One load of mules had had to be landed again as it was too rough to ship them onto the transport. These we re-embarked again and then I stacked on extra

rations etc., till the boat left, and now there is nothing more to do. We have only kept six of the worst mules ashore to bring the remaining guns down in draught. I am due to go off with our guns and all possible spare men tomorrow night, and if this all goes well we shall only have Fergie, Campbell, Rawson, and possibly Harrington, left with 20 gunners to get off the last night. So far everything has been quite normal so far as the Turks are concerned, at least they appear to be normal, and in any case all our best guns and ammunition and important stores have gone already! All spare men have gone and only the firing line was held last night – no supports or reserves, except working parties on the beach. We are evacuating stores, men and animals by daylight now on these “beetles” which are ideal as all the men and animals go down below, so are out of sight and there are only stores on the hatches. I got back at about 11 a.m., and this evening we are going to continue the work of burning the Ambulance stores. The counter ordering of the original instructions that our mules should go after the S. and T. mules was entirely due to Birdwood, and it was [*temp. Brigadier-General George*] MacMunn, of all people, who issued the original orders – and he is a mountain gunner too! Apparently it is certain that the Senussi is at last rising against us, and this will mean trouble in the Soudan, Morocco, Algiers and goodness only knows where else. German thoroughness is certainly having its temporary reward. Heaven only knows when there will be a real European peace again.

Today is perfect again. We are sitting outside in the sun! All my kit has now gone except what I shall wear when I leave, as I sent off my valise and bedding last night.

Saturday 18th December 4.45 p.m.

All is still progressing most satisfactorily to all appearances. We turned in about 10.30 last night. I was woken about 2.45 a.m. by voices outside, and it appeared that a man had come in to say the telephone between here and 26 was out of order. When I got out I saw to my dismay a tremendous light in the sky over North Beach direction, so I went round the point to see, and there was a most terrific fire at the Supply Godown. It was apparently started by accident, but it is remarkable that it had never happened before and that it should happen just when we are doing all we can to make things look normal, and I wonder if a spy was at work. The blaze and glare must have been visible for miles and miles. Sat 4 a.m. another telephone arrived and I got that going and turned in again at 4.30 a.m., and was very sleepy when called at 7. I spent the greater part of the morning burning clothing – most of it brand new – and puncturing every water carrying vessel.

Late last night we got a wire saying that Salvin had been appointed a battery at Helles and now, as the result of much wiring, we find the party at Mudros to which he belonged has gone to Alexandria already, and have telegraphed accordingly to G.C.Q. I only pray they won't tell us to detail any officer now here, as in that case I shall probably have to go, and I am longing to be clear of the Peninsular now. We have now destroyed several thousands pounds worth of stores and kit. It was a perfect morning. Thick mist everywhere so that the Turks could see nothing. This

afternoon has been a warm and sunny afternoon. I go off tonight with one more of our guns, Harrington and Armitage and Carey Evans. We embark at 6.30 p.m. There are now only about 6,000 infantry left in the Anzac area, and I believe at least half of these leave tonight. Our aeroplanes have been very busy this afternoon, there being three up at a time. I also fancy there is an enemy submarine about here. Let's hope it is another misty night.

The evening passed off quite normally, and 5.45 I went down to the rendezvous at No 2 Post. There were about 400 troops there. We moved off at 6.10 and there was a block about half way to the Pier at North Beach. We were supposed to embark at 6.30, but did not get on board the lighter till after 7. Just after we had pushed off, "Beachey Bill" sent two shells close to the pier but they both fell in the sea. We all embarked on H.M.S. *Mars* with a crowd of New Zealanders and she weighed anchor at 8.30 p.m. It was a perfect night – dead calm with a clouded moon. There were something over 2,000 troops on board her alone. The ship did us awfully well, giving us an excellent cold supper and coffee. She now has two 6" mounted on each side of her but is fitted up as a trooper as much as possible. I shared a bunk with Armitage, and Carey Evans shared one with Harrington. We were all in the same cabin. We turned in at 10.30.

Sunday 19th I woke up at 2 a.m. when we slowed down to turn into Mudros and did not have any more sleep. Two beetles and a Nile steamer came alongside but they were not enough for all the troops. We got some of our 75 men on board, but I remained behind with Harrington and the balance of 26. The Nile steamer did not come alongside again till nearly 7 a.m. and in the meantime we bucked to the second lieut. and looked at the papers. We had a cup of tea at 6.15 and then the remainder disembarked. Fortunately it was fine though cloudy day as we had no tents to go to. I had a cable sent off to the *Aragon* saying we had been unable to disembark the one gun with us. Later a wire came that we were to embark at 3 p.m. on the *Knight of the Garter*. We had breakfast and lunch from the stores we had brought with us, and I borrowed an officer's shanty and had a wash and shave. At 2.30 I took the party down to the jetty again and we pushed off to the *Knight of the Garter*. This is a most indifferent passenger ship, with very little accommodation, but it appears doubtful whether we are to travel to Alex. on her, or only live on board till allotted to a ship proceeding to Alex. There are about 300 Australians on board, 200 Gurkas and 75 of us, and I am O.C. Ship at present, but trust I will soon be relieved. Played Bridge after dinner and lost 9/-. I cabled for rations for the Indians and they arrived at 9.15 p.m. I saw them on board and turned in at 10 p.m. I do hope all is going well at Anzac.

Monday 20th Got up at 7.30 but did not have a bath as the room was too dirty. This ship is a 10,500 ton cargo ship and is not built for carrying passengers except three of four perhaps. After breakfast I had a look round and later went off in a row boat to the *Aragon*. When I got on board I went and saw Erskine Murray and told him about the mix up on board, and the difficulty of cooking etc. with the very limited means on board, when you have British troops, Hindus, and

Mohammedans on board. He was awfully good and is practically certain he can arrange to have all the Australians taken off. The remainder of the Brigade who have not already gone and our mules are also to come on board here, so we will be very comfortable and just ourselves and the Gurkas on board. He is also sending some rations for us. I then saw Bird and later on Anderson of the Aux. Arty. rolled up. He had been on a battle ship.

Every single man and animal was off the Peninsula by 3.30 a.m. and not a shot was fired by the Turks. Then at 6.45 a.m. the Turks heavily bombarded Quinn's, Courtney's and Lone Pine, and after the Turks came up to attack. The ships shelled them and they all went back again. It is perfectly marvellous to think that in the last two days all the animals, practically all the guns, and about 20,000 men were taken off, that the Turks knew nothing whatever of our condition, that they bombarded and started to attack trenches which had not held a man for four hours, and that they retired with casualties when the ships got on to them, and presumably sat in their trenches and sniped for hours after we had all gone. It reads like a fairy tale and I guess some Turkish generals will get into trouble and Germany will be pretty fed up with the whole force getting away. Providence has certainly been with us all through this show. We began by landing at the wrong place and so got ashore, and for practically the whole of the last ten days all high ground held by the Turks was wrapped in a thick mist and a dead calm. It seems impossible that it can all be true.

I had lunch on the *Aragon* and got back here on a M.L.A.'s boat at 4.30 p.m. to find that Fergie, Campbell and Armstrong had arrived on board but we don't yet know where Rawson and the four guns are, but hope that they too will roll up here before long. We are quite a happy party on board and when the Australians go we will get all the men comfortably settled down and officers cabin allotted.

Tuesday 21st Woke up this morning to a strong south gale and rain, so the weather waited for us all to get off and then broke. Again Providence. We could not have done any embarkation in this weather, and now ships are running to Alexandria, and the rougher it is the better as submarines can not work well, if at all, in such weather! It is doubtful if we shall get away for a few days as I don't expect the mails will be able to come aboard till the sea goes down. The doctor went ashore yesterday and found some gift kit bags sent for wounded officers to the hospital from the Ladies of Simla, and he brought one back for each of us, and as we have nothing but what we stand up in and our washing kit, they are a perfect treasure. Each bag contained a khaki shirt and shorts, a vest, 2 pr. Socks, a pair of canvas shoes, soap, tooth brush, a novel, and some bromo! Nothing could have been more complete. I sleep in vest and shorts.

Wednesday 22nd Busy most of the morning fixing up fatigues for off-loading stuff from the *K. of the G.* and taking other stores on board. Shortly after lunch I got a message saying appointed G.S.O.3 8th Army Corps. I don't think I have received such goods news in such bad spirit. It was a top hole appointment, but it stopped my long desired rest in Egypt, severed my connection with Mountain Artillery, and

destroyed all hope of seeing Gwen in the near future [*Gwen - Gwendoline, née Ommanney; married HEK in 1907*].

I collected what little kit I had and shortly after lunch a picquet boat came to take me off to the *Partridge* which was tied up alongside the *Aragon*. I went on board the latter and saw my friends and at 4 p.m. sharp we started. The boat was packed with officers and men returning. We got to Helles at 9 p.m. and just when I was wondering what to do, I spotted Wilson – whom I knew in Egypt – and who is going M.L.O. on this beach. He took charge of me and put me up on the historical *River Clyde* on which he lives. I did not get to bed till 12.30 and got up at 7 and had a top hole bath, a long bath with fresh water and heated by steam! I left there with a guide for 8 A.C. Hd. Qtrs. and introduced myself to Solley-Flood who is G.S.O. 2. Everyone was most hospitable. I had breakfast, and after that went off to the Ordnance to try and raise some kit as I had none and doubt if I shall ever see my own again. I got a shirt, two collars, pair of gum boots, pair of breeches and a knife. My special child apparently is to be regulating the issue of bombs to the Division. Genl. Davies commands the Corps, and Genl. Street is Brig. Genl. G.S. In the evening I had my first attempt at deciphering a message but did not make much of it. I borrowed two blankets for the night to add to the one I had, and General Street has lent me a flea bag and another chap a thick jacket.

Friday 24th All Corps. Hd. Qtrs. are now housed in concrete huts. I had a real picnic with cyphers today as we got 7 pages to decipher and several to encypher. It was good practice for me and I have now got the hang of it and in a day or so will be able to compete against anyone. Got to bed just after 11 p.m.

Christmas Day

A perfect day – fine, moderate south wind and muggy. Had no time to go to Church or anything as big things are in the air and I guess till they are over our office hours will get longer and longer till they become a 24 hour push! However, it is all most interesting provided I stick it out, and at present I am remarkably fit. The Staff dine in two messes “A” and “B”, and I am in the latter, but tonight we all dined in “A” mess and had Turkey, Plum Pudding, and Champagne. Played Bridge after and won 3/-. Then watched the General doing card tricks, at which he was quite good. Bed at 11.30 p.m.

Sunday 26th Cyphers increasing. Office all day, but got out and visited 29th and 52nd Division Hd. Qtrs. and got first glimpse of the Dardanelles. Two more cyphers after dinner, and then had a hot bath and got to bed about 11.45. Slept like a log.

Monday 27th Got up at 6 as I had arranged to go round the Naval Division Lines. Warm day but pouring, so did not go out and after breakfast write a line to Gwen. More cyphers during the morning. Cleared up to a lovely warm afternoon and after lunch I went off and visited the 42nd Division at Gully Ravine and back up the gully and Artillery Road and Pink Farm. Between the two latter was most unpleasant – three large crumps fell and detonated not more than 50 yards away. Got back at 5.15 quite tired and had tea. Kept up till after midnight with messages.

Tuesday 28th Not quite a strenuous day but a very important one. A fair number of cyphers and I got to bed at 0.45 a.m. This day marks the beginning of another lesson in the war in the Dardanelles.

Wednesday 29th Very rushed all morning, including attending the Bomb Conference. Several more cyphers. Several large shells from Achi Baba close to Hd., Qtrs. but no damage. Mild day.

Thursday 30th A very busy day. Corps Hd. Qtrs. shelled by H.E. during the afternoon. Direct hit on two offices – “A” Mess and Latrines – but no casualties.

Friday 31st Am writing on 2nd January – first chance I’ve had. Cyphers are not quite so numerous now but all the day is taken up in calculating men, marking out routes on maps, and then altering them or bringing out a revised edition. Saw the New Year in, as I got out of office about 11.45 with Massie, Leech, and Coleridge. Bed at 12.30 a.m.

Saturday 1st January 1916

Up at 7. Office from 8.30 till 7.30. After dinner played one rubber and won 10/- and then office till just on 1 a.m.

Sunday 2nd Plenty doing all day but not so strenuous. Got to bed about 11.30 p.m.

Monday 3rd A busy day getting out Orders and marking up maps. Got to bed just after 12.30 and was up to the telephone three times during the night.

Tuesday 4th Some corrigendas added to yesterday’s orders, and some amendments.

Wednesday 5th Particularly busy day again, as the evacuation was altered from a two day to a one day, or rather night, affair. Fresh orders and tables issued.

Thursday 6th Fixing up many details.

Friday 7th Final preparations for evacuation. A very heavy bombardment was developed by the Turkish Artillery of every nature on the trenches held by the 13th Division and simultaneously the Asiatic Batteries shelled those occupied by the R.N.D. The bombardment, which was very heavy indeed, lasted from midday till 5 p.m. and was intense from 3 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. Considerable damage was done to our parapets and communication trenches, and telephone communications were broken. At 3.30 p.m. two Turkish mines were sprung near Fusilier Bluff and the Turkish trenches were seen to be full of men whom their officers appeared to be urging to attack. No attack however developed, except against Fusilier Bluff, where a half hearted assault was quickly repulsed. Our casualties were only 2 officers and 56 other ranks killed, and 4 officers and 102 other ranks wounded.

Saturday 8th A lovely day. I came off about 12.30 p.m. with General Birdwood on the t.b.d. *Amo* and went to our camp at Imbros. The wind got up at 7 p.m. and by 11 p.m. was sufficient to cause very serious anxiety as regards the evacuation. I met and dined with Mackworth at G.H.Q. and left at 2 a.m. when we got the message to say that, although rising sea was giving great trouble, the evacuation was proceeding satisfactorily.

Sunday 9th Heard that the last party was embarked at 3 a.m. just as it was thought they could not be got off. The magazines etc. were blown up and stores lighted at 4 a.m. and the dumps were shelled by us till 6.30 a.m. Enemy did not attack. Very few casualties.

Thursday 13th Left Imbros for Lemnos.

Friday 14th Left Lemnos for Alexandria.

Friday 18th January to Friday 14th April

With Corps Hd. Qtrs. At (1) Cairo (2) Suez, and (3) Port Tewfik.

Saturday 15th April

Proceeded on leave to England.

SUMMARY – 1915

25th April – 28th May	at Hd. Qtrs
29th May – 9th June	with 21 M.B.
10th June – 30th June	in Egypt
1st July – 3rd July	at Hd. Qtrs
4th July – 11th July	with 26 M.B.
12th July – 26th Sept	at Hd. Qtrs
27th Sept – 16th Nov	with 21 M.B.
17th Nov – 4th Dec	with 26 M.B.
5th Dec – 11th Dec	in Hospital
12th Dec – 22nd Dec	at Hd. Qtrs

Total rounds fired on Gallipoli Peninsula

21st (Kohat) Mountain Battery Frontier Force	12,248
26th (Jacob's) Mountain Battery	9,135
Total	21,383

Casualties

21 KMB	11 killed 134 wounded	0 missing
26 JMB	12 killed 144 wounded	0 missing

Editor's note:

This, the third part of the Gallipoli Diary of Captain Herbert Kenyon RA, concludes the series.

Many thanks to Dr John Kenyon for making his grandfather's diaries available for publication.

TWO COMPOSERS AT GALLIPOLI

Stephen Oliver

April 1915 was a disastrous month for Britain and the Anzac forces. Rupert Brooke died and was buried on the island of Skyros in the Aegean Sea. He had been on his way to the Dardanelles to join the assault on the Ottoman Turks. Brooke's death on 23 April shattered the English-speaking world after it was announced by Winston Churchill three days later with the words, "his life has closed at the moment it seemed to have reached its springtime." The assault by British and Anzac forces took place on 25 April and was met by a massive and damaging counter-attack something that Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, had not expected.

News reports of the landings, unlike the news of Brooke's death three days earlier, were carefully guarded from the public. Taking part in the landings were two composers, one of whom was William Denis Browne (known as Denis Browne), Rupert Brooke's closest friend, and a young lion among composers of his time. By 4 June, he too had died, killed in a later unsuccessful assault on the Turks. The other was Frederick Septimus Kelly (known as 'Sep' Kelly), a young Australian who had also made his mark as a composer.

Rupert Brooke and Denis Browne had been at Rugby School together. Brooke was a year older and in a different house. Browne had been a talented pianist as well as a composer, and had set Brooke's work to music. They were at Cambridge together, Brooke at King's College: Browne became a music scholar at Clare in 1907 and remained there as organist until the war. He and Brooke remained close friends. Brooke's poetry and his delightful character came to be admired throughout the world. Browne composed and performed and he wrote with a special interest in new music. He wrote an enthusiastic criticism of Stravinsky's then-controversial *Rite of Spring*. He drew attention to Scriabin's music and gave the London premier of Alban Berg's piano sonata. Also closely involved in the literary and musical scene was Edward Marsh, Winston Churchill's private secretary.

War was declared in August 1914. Edward Marsh, with Churchill's backing, invited Rupert Brooke to become a commissioned officer in the Royal Naval Division. Churchill had found between twenty and thirty thousand RN reservists for whom there were no jobs at sea. Two naval brigades were formed for operations on land, known colloquially as 'Sea Soldiers' and 'Khaki Jacks'. Brooke accepted the offer on one condition - that Denis Browne should receive a similar offer. Both were appointed temporary sub-lieutenants in the Hood Battalion where they were joined by Kelly. Within days they were in action in Antwerp attempting to rescue evacuees escaping the German invasion of Belgium.

In early 1915, plans were under way to establish an invasion force for the Dardanelles. In the last week of February, an RN contingent had set out for the Dardanelles but met such heavy bombardment and bad weather that the assault had been cancelled. The Hood Battalion, still in Britain, was then directed to sail from

Avonmouth to the Aegean. Among Brooke's, Browne's and Kelly's fellow officers were Arthur Asquith, the prime minister's youngest son, and Bernard Freyberg, a future governor-general of New Zealand. They reached the Greek Island of Skyros where they engaged in light-hearted training in armed landings. Brooke and Browne explored Skyros's hills and beaches. An olive grove in a valley became a favourite spot of Brooke's. Brooke then contracted septic pneumonia as the result of a mosquito bite. He was transferred to a hospital ship and there, at 4.40 in the afternoon of 23 April, he died, aged 27.

The day Rupert Brooke died, the Hood Battalion received orders to proceed immediately to Gallipoli. Hearing of these orders, Browne, Freyberg, Asquith and others arranged Brooke's burial on the island. In the late evening of April 23, accompanied by a young bugler, they carried his body to the olive grove in the valley. Another young officer, Harry Biles, recorded the occasion in his diary.

The Hood Battalion set sail for Gallipoli where it joined the apparently chaotic landings of the British and Anzac forces. Bernard Freyberg had set off to swim along the coast and to light beacons as a diversion from the main landings. For that he was awarded the DSO, the first of three other DSOs and a VC awarded to him during the two world wars. Denis Browne was wounded by sniper fire and taken to Cairo for treatment. He returned in time to join an attack near Krithia on June 4. He was wounded twice and died the same day; his body was never recovered. Sep Kelly survived the Gallipoli campaign but died on the Somme later in the war.

Just over a hundred years later, I heard one of Denis Browne's songs, *To Gratiana Dancing and Singing*. It was performed at the William Alwyn Festival in Blythburgh Church in Suffolk. I was struck by the beauty and sensitivity of the piece. I looked it up and found that he had been at Rugby, my old school in the 1950s. His name had never been mentioned while I had been there. But I did find his name when I visited my 'house', School House. It was one among countless other names of boys who had died in WWI, all inscribed on a small silver plaque in the dining hall.

What became of Browne's music? It appears that, in a letter to Edward Dent, his musical executor, written while Browne was on his way to Gallipoli, he had instructed Dent to destroy any music 'that did not represent Denis Browne at his best'. Dr Philip Lancaster, in a lengthy article in the *British Society's Journal*, vol 26 (2004), has produced as full an account of Browne's works as he has been able to discover; but there are some tantalising references to lost music. It appears that we are left with a fairly small output of choral and orchestrated pieces, an incomplete ballet, *The Comic Spirit*, and 11 songs, most of which were published after Browne's death; his four last songs are regarded as his finest, namely *Diaphenia*, *Epitaph on Salathiel Pavy*, *Gratiana* and *Arabia*. The archive of Clare College, Cambridge, holds letters, writings and other documents relating to Denis Browne's life and work.

Much of Kelly's music has survived. The City of London Festival featured his music and some of Browne's in a broadcast concert in 2014 called *The Fateful Voyage*.

THE DIFFICULTIES OF KEEPING CASUALTY RECORDS

The following letter was found in the service dossier of 1598 Private Sylvester Buckley, 16th Battalion, Australian Imperial Force (*NAA Item ID: 3162735*). A Court of Inquiry held at Rouen, France, from the 3rd to 5th September 1917, determined that Private Buckley was killed in action 'on or about' 25 April 1915 at Anzac. Letters sent to Private Buckley had been returned endorsed 'Missing', but his wife had received no official news of him so began to make inquiries herself.

The letter, from Colonel Harold Pope, commanding 16th Battalion (and after whom Pope's Hill at Anzac was named), is a response to an inquiry, by Sir John Forrest GCMG, into the circumstances surrounding Private Buckley's disappearance. The inquiry was made at the behest of Private Buckley's wife's mother, Mrs J T Goode, of Katanning, Western Australia.

Serafeum, Egypt

26th April, 1916

My dear Sir John.

In reply to your letter of 3rd March regarding No. 1598 Private S. Buckley, in respect of whom Mrs. J. T. Goode of Katanning is enquiring, his pay book was received at the Australian Records at Alexandria (from whom I have not been able to ascertain) on 22nd September last. It was marked by shrapnel or by a bullet and was stained with blood. No. 1595 Private E. Bushell has given the following statement:

Buckley whose regimental number was nearly the same as mine landed on the morning of the 25th April 1915 with the 10% Reinforcements of which detail I was a member. We were under the command of the late Captain Bradshaw. Buckley camped with No. 1620 Howard Bennett and myself at the foot of Monash Valley until the 2nd of May when we took part in the charge on Dead Man's Ridge, since then I have neither seen nor heard of him.

In view of this I fear there is no reasonable ground for doubt that Buckley was killed in action on the night of 2nd or 3rd May 1915 and I am taking steps to have this officially recorded.

Mrs. Goode also wrote me direct, but as you will be in a better position to know the best method of conveying the bad news to her I will not reply directly to her letter to me.

It has been a matter of great concern to me at all times, this question of recording and notifying casualties, and I feel that, *prima facie*, a case such as this affords ground for a great deal of adverse criticism. But the difficulties were enormous in those first few weeks we had on Gallipoli and right up to the time of the evacuation the sixteenth were more or less busily occupied with the one main objective, of beating the Turk each day and every day. I had landed on the 25th of April with about 900 men. I had drawn about 50 men from the ship who were left on board

to land stores &c., and 94 reinforcements had joined the Battalion yet on 15th May the Battalion was only about 300 strong.

Gradually we worked up by reinforcements and returned wounded men, and in spite of further casualties to nearly 900, on 6th August, but by 13th September (when we were sent to Lemnos for a spell) we were down to 200.

Now regarding cases of which unfortunately that of Buckley is typical. He was a member of my first batch of reinforcements in charge of Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Brashaw. This party numbering 68 altogether travelled on a different transport to that which carried the sixteenth Battalion from Alexandria to Gallipoli and landed on Sunday 25th April.

On the following Friday night or early on the Saturday morning they reported to me, the Battalion then being bivouacked in dug-outs in a position where it was absolutely dangerous to move out of cover. In spite of every precaution I had 50 men hit by Turkish snipers on that Saturday and Sunday 1st and 2nd May whom we had not then got under control. It was impossible in those conditions to distribute Brashaw's party to Companies in fact, I could not have them formed up or anything of that sort as it would have been murder to attempt it. I therefore arranged for them to remain as a separate unit of the Battalion under Brashaw's command.

On the evening of Sunday the 2nd of May the Sixteenth were ordered to take a high and forbidding sort of ridge, and the Battalion moved out accordingly, did what was required splendidly, but when daylight came, the Battalion of Marines who had been sent to support us and strengthen out hold on the position we had taken, failed us altogether; and Officers and men of the sixteenth were killed or wounded in such numbers that at last, about 10 o'clock on the Monday morning, there were not enough of us left to hold the ground any longer and so we had to come back. We had marched out 650 strong on the Sunday evening on the Monday afternoon we were just about 300.

Brashaw had come with his party of 68; he had the roll containing the names of his men in his pocket. He was wounded and taken away with that roll still in his possession and did not return until late in July. He was killed on 7th August and is therefore not available to give any information in such cases.

I wrote as early as possible for a copy of the roll of names but I did not get it until towards the end of July and by then enquiry had become difficult owing to the small numbers of original officers and men left with the battalion.

A Sergeant Bolton had brought 26 men about the same time. I think it was on the Saturday evening 8th May, and he was put into a very hot little engagement the next night 9th and 10th May in front of "Quinn's Post" and was killed right out in the Turkish trenches at a point from which his body could not be recovered and on his body was the only roll of the names of those who had come with him. I fancy he was a relative of Mr. Harry Bolton M.L.A. of Fremantle.

Of course after these two incidents (when I realised what they meant) I always on the arrival of reinforcements got several copies of rolls of names made, but in April and May the fighting was so intense that some trouble was inevitable in the matter of records. In fact when I think of the first six weeks on Gallipoli the marvel to me is that we were ever able to get records of the casualties at all, and even then what with the little scraps of dirty paper, the rain, the dust, the fatigue and discomfort, when, we got the names of those who had been hit it wanted a lot of ingenuity and initiative to get at their regimental numbers and initials and all that sort of thing to complete the lists; then it was necessary to check them or verify them as far as possible and then they had to be got down to the comparative security of Brigade Headquarters in Monash Valley.

I find I have spoken of the casualties we had. These were very heavy, but the sixteenth at all times bore a prominent part in the heavy fighting and I am thankful to say that I do not think that any of the casualties in my battalion were needless, unnecessary or avoidable. We had our orders and carried them out. The loss in going forward or holding on was great but retirement at any of the critical periods in April, May or August would have meant annihilation; and if we suffered I am quite satisfied that on a general average for every casualty which the sixteenth suffered at the hands of the Turks the sixteenth gave five casualties at least to the enemy.

Such bravery as I have seen among the Officers and men of my battalion I should not have conceived to be possible in human nature if I had not seen it with my own eyes, and it was that bravery which saved us from disaster.

I have said more than I intended at the outset of this letter, but you may be interested, in fact I am sure you will be, in the following particulars regarding the Officers of the sixteenth. At this time last year we had the proper establishment of 32 officers in the Battalion, since then 19 reinforcements Officers have joined and 30 have been promoted from the ranks within the battalion making a total of 81.

Eight that I know of who have gone from the ranks of my battalion to other Australian units in the field have got commissions, one of them now being a Captain. And I shall finish by putting in two things of which I feel more than a little proud. All through May 1915 the 15th (Queensland and Tasmania) and 16th (W.A. & S.A.) did garrison on Quinn's Post, round which all the heavy fighting of that period took place. Towards the end of May a copy of an order was taken from a dead Turk. Among the other things there was a paragraph intimating that any Turkish soldier put into the fight against Quinn's Post would be made a Corporal.

In the fighting of 7th August about 80 of my men under Lieut. Curlewis got mixed up with a Ghurka Battalion, I did not worry about getting them back because although the sixteenth were having a pretty stiff time, the Ghurkas, I knew were in an even worse position. After about a week however, I had to see the Colonel of the Ghurkas on the subject and when we had fixed things up and concluded the business he thanked me for leaving my men. with him for so long. "They have done splendid work" he told me, "but it is not only the work they have done, it has been

the example which they have set my Ghurkas. that has been invaluable to me".

So you will see that whatever may be our defects in the matter of records the interests of relatives of my men in Australia have not at any time been overlooked, although on occasions it has been impossible to afford information as to casualties until after what may seem to those at home an utterly unreasonable delay.

For this I am very sorry but it has been quite beyond my control.

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd. HAROLD POPE Lieut-Col.

Commanding 16th Battalion. A.I.F

LANDING UNDER HEAVY FIRE

Accounts by and of Able Seaman S3/282 Frederick William HURD, Howe Battalion

Michael Caldwell

April 30 – Well at last I am in the thick of it. What a scene to describe you would require the pen of an Aristocrat. All day yesterday we stood by watching the bombardment of the numerous Turkish defences on the Peninsula opposite. We fell in at 5.30 p.m. Shells were screaming round occasionally, but we had no casualties. H.M.S. "Cornwallis" (battleship) had sent her boats for us to land in. These boats were manned by some of her crew.

We were towed by a steam pinnace in strings of six boats. On nearing the shore, we landed on a hastily constructed pontoon landing stage which the bluejackets were completing under a heavy shell fire.

What a scene met my eyes! The beach which was very sandy, was strewn with men's gear, picks, rifles, clothes and dead bodies. Under shelter of the cliff was a first aid station where a crowd of wounded men were waiting for attention. Some were slightly, some badly. Two long lines of stretcher bearers, with their human burdens, were also there. The men bore their wounds as cheerfully as they could.

When all had landed, we fell in under the friendly shelter of the cliffs, while an occasional shell whistled overhead and fell with a gurgling report in the sea, throwing up a column of water. Darkness was now coming on and we "fell in." All were told to keep silent. The platoons were directed to march off one at a time and assemble with the battalion at the top of the cliffs. The Turkish guns were not firing, the reason being (I suppose) that it would have given away their position, but there was intermittent rifle firing down on the valley. We were halted. My officer informed me that he was at a loss to know the whereabouts of the rest of the battalion. He asked me to get away and have a look around for them while he waited with the rest of my mates. I found them in a very few minutes and directed my officer to them.

When we had all assembled on the top of the cliff it was pitch black. Picks and shovels were served out, and we were told to make holes—which we were to sleep-as a protection from the shells. Cyril Ford sprained his ankle and was taken away.

We dug in for quite an hour, and then I was told off for outpost work. Oh, the irony of it! I was so tired too. The outposts were placed in pairs at each corner of the dug-out camp, and our orders were to report anything unusual. The headquarters were distinguished by two red lights just under a bank. G. Hurst and I were together, our post being at a corner of a Turkish trench which had been abandoned on the 25th, the day of the landing; and I may add that the odour was none to good that night.

At 12, midnight we were relieved but we had to sleep beside our post. The party of sentries at the other corner fired and raised the camp. It turned out to be only a batch of Turks who were being brought in as prisoners. We were finally relieved at 4 a.m. this morning. The night was awfully cold, and dawn broke with a cold shroud of mist holding everything beyond a radius of five yards. It was just getting light. We got it. Yes, we got it in the form of a little bombardment.

The Turkish gunners must be very erratic, as they were firing shells all over the place and did not seem to be aiming at any object in particular, most of the missiles passing with a scream overhead into the sea.

For breakfast this morning we had bully beef and hard biscuits. We managed (C. Fox) and I to “rake” out enough water from our bottles to make a billy can of “café au lait,” which I had in my pack. After “brekker” the battalion fell in just under the brow of the hill so as not to be conspicuous on the sky line. They were to bury the dead. C. Fox and I stayed behind, as we were out last night as outposts. I am writing this beside a large grave. Seventy-two non-commissioned officers and men were buried here yesterday—all of the Essex Regiment. There is a grave alongside here with twenty-one men of the Lancashire Fusiliers. A rough wooden cross marked with an indelible pencil serves as a memorial, and there is a rough circle of stones around the base. All around at intervals are little wooden crosses marking the graves of others who have fallen. There are several unknown graves too. Lots of gear is laying about here too. On landing the British threw off their packs in order to fight more easily.

Just in front of the trench by where we had made our coffee this morning there was a broken rifle (English) and a pack with some poor chap’s clothes in it. His water bottle was lying close by and all around were empty cartridge cases. We drew our own conclusions. Some brave man had made a last stand there. Just in front of the trench were little holes rudely dug in earth—about a dozen or two in a straight line at intervals. This, I suppose, was where our men started to dig in their bodies as there were empty cartridge cases all round. It certainly seems as though we are in for it. The chaps are back from their burying job. They have been burying dead Turks, and I may add that their opinions of it are not fit to hear.

There have been one or two casualties through chaps being wounded with splinters of shell. We have got to shift from our dug-outs as there is too much shelling going

on. We have got to get nearer the cliffs, just under the brow. There is the fine sunset. I must say that, so far, all the lads are cheerful and aching to know when they are going up to the firing line. Some of them have brought back some curios from the dead Turks—all sorts of things, Turkish Korans and beads. Well, it is almost dark now so I must pack up. Besides I am going to have some tea which Charlie is brewing for two of us. All fires are to be out in half-an-hours' time. If it is as cold as it was last night it will be cold. It is so damp in the morning that everything is wet through. We have gathered some branches to-night as it will be so wet in the morning that we will not be able to light our fire. We are laying in for a warm time of it now, I think. There have been some casualties in the "Anson" Battalion to-day through shells dropping in their dug-outs. Two chaps were blown to pieces. The ships are letting drive at the Turks now. They are partly raising a dust. There is a lot of rifle firing. I expect it will last all night again. Probably the Turks will make a night attack to-night. Then we shall have to go up. Well, let it come if it has to.

May 1st. — Oh! What a glorious day, sunny, warm and the surrounding country looking at its best as far as nature goes. I have been out burying dead Turks to-day. We found seven in an olive grove and vineyard. There was every evidence of a last stand being made behind a wall surrounding a vineyard. There was a house there and a water pump. No doubt the house belonged to a farmer. It is raised on a little mound and, judging by the look of it, I should think that it was once a very pretty little dwelling. But it was in ruins, only two walls remaining. Well, we buried the Turks. One of them had a packet of letters on him. No doubt from a girl or, perhaps, from his mother in Constantinople. He was a young fellow, too.

Eastbourne Gazette 29 December 1915

ON "W BEACH" NEAR CAPE HELLES, GALLIPOLI

May 1st (continued). — A shell exploded near us as we were having a rest. The Turks were aiming at a French battery of 75's a short distance to the rear of us. The noise was pretty deafening. There is any amount of Turkish gear lying about. Near where we buried our Turks there was a sort of cliff in which we found dozens of dug-outs dug right into the cliff. They must have taken weeks to make. It looked as if this place had been used as a first aid station by the Turks and that they had to leave hastily. The place was strewn with clothes all around. There were several boxes of hand bombs and rifle ammunition. It looked as if all the dead and wounded Turks had been brought here and had their gear taken from them.

A Senegalese black soldier was guarding the gear, but I managed to get hold of a hand grenade as a curio. This grenade I have emptied and put in my pack. We have not long got back to our base. I wish we could get a decent hot meal. Bully beef and hard biscuits are not up to much after the good food we have been having. But this is war and we don't expect too much. I have just cleaned my rifle. I may want to use it in earnest tonight. The Turks are still hammering away at our lines, and our warships are letting them know that they are about now and again.

BRAVERY OF THE AUSTRALIANS

The Australians who landed at Gaba Tepe ("Anzac") are holding on well and have fairly slaughtered the Turks, driving them in nearly two miles. But the brave colonials have suffered some losses.

The Nelson Battalion of the Naval Brigade have had one or two killed. We have only had one killed in our battalion so far. We are lucky, as the enemy are shelling us now and again. It is fine sport to hear a shell coming and then to see the chaps fall flat on their stomachs. I don't think much of some of the Turkish shells. Some of them kick up enough row when they are coming, and when they do come they don't explode. One which came down outside our dug-out was filled with cement!

These shells are not so bad unless they hit anyone in their flight, and then it is Kingdom come. A comrade has made a good tin of tea so I will wind up now before he drinks it all. We have opened out a tin of bully beef and have got some biscuits and cheese. Not so bad. We will dine to-night at the Hotel de Gallipoli.

AN EARTHLY PARADISE

The edge of the dug-out makes a fine chair and table. What a glorious May 1st. There are fields of poppies and marguerites, and lovely groves of olive and fig trees. What a peaceful place this must have been in time of peace. But now in these fields of poppies and marguerites we may find some dead Turks who have not been buried. And in a week or two's time all the vegetation will be trodden down by men and transports. Well here's ___ singing out about the tea. Oh, for a drop of milk to put in it. It would go down a treat, or a cup of mother's tea would not be amiss.

We expect to go up to-night to take over a part of the firing line. Our Colonel (Colonel Collins) says that he expects great things from us. Let us hope he will get them all right. It will not be our fault if he does not.

A SNIPER CLAD IN GREEN

Some Royal Marines brought in a Turkish sniper as prisoner. The poor devil looked done up. He was wounded in the foot. He was covered in green dye or something, and his clothes were green. No doubt this was done to match the surroundings amid which he lay while awaiting his victim. A lot of fellows have been shot by snipers this last two days. I suppose the sniper will be shot. Well it's no more than he deserves. Oh! Dear ___ keeps moaning about the tea getting cold and threatens to drink it if I don't pack up this writing. And he will too. So, I must draw to a close. Everything is so interesting that I want to report on it.

AEROPLANE FIRED AT BY TURKS

May 2. Well, the Turks were well at it last night. They were firing hard all the time and the French 75's were also hard at it until daybreak this morning. One or two shells came into camp, just hurting one or two men in A company. So far, we are one killed and ten wounded, and we have not yet got into the front line. I think that after this turn-out there will be enough curios to take home to the old people.

There is an aeroplane ground just above our dug-outs. The airmen are flying about all day. At the time of writing (4.30 p.m.) there is one over the Turkish positions in front of Achi Baba (our destination, or at least our objective.) It is being fired at by the Turks, the shrapnel clouds of white smoke hiding it from view at times. We have had several small shells drop around us to-day. The Turks have shelled the hospital tents and the patient waiting to go aboard had to be removed. It certainly seems that the enemy are adopting the German methods of fighting. The Munsters made a bayonet charge early this morning and cleared a trench of Turks. So far, the Turks outnumber us, but the pluck and endurance of the British keep back the foe. The Turks do not like the bayonet and when our men make a charge the enemy run for it. But to give "Turco" his due, he is really a game fighter.

Eastbourne Gazette 5th January 1916

EASTBOURNE SEAMAN WOUNDED

A. B. Fred Hurd (son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hurd, of 49, Leslie-street, Eastbourne) has been serving in the Howe Battalion of the R.N.V.R., and has been on H.M.S. "Royal George." On Saturday, the parents received an official letter from the Admiralty announcing that he was seriously wounded on May 13 during an action in the Dardanelles has been removed to the base hospital at Alexandria, Egypt. Some interesting letters from Seaman Hurd have appeared in the "Gazette." His many friends in Eastbourne are hoping to hear that he is making a good recovery.

Eastbourne Gazette 19th May 1915

SEAMAN WOUNDED

EASTBOURNE VOLUNTEER'S LETTER

Frederick William Hurd, one of the Eastbourne men serving with the Howe Battalion of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, was wounded on May 14 and removed from the Dardanelles to the base hospital at Alexandria. His mother, Mrs Hurd, of 49, Leslie-street, has received a letter which he wrote on May 9th :-

"I think the end out here is in sight now. I hope so . . . But any time now will tell the tale. It has been rather rough, I can assure you. But it has quietened such a lot this last day or two that I think the final move is about to begin. You must excuse writing, as I am writing on a water- bottle, which is uncomfortable. I think I have got something which will make you proud of me. I don't know for certain. My officers have told me so, and I think it will come off. I will let you know next time. I didn't think I did much. Therefore it is more of a surprise to me."

Hurd, who is 21 years of age, is well known as an Eastbourne footballer.

Eastbourne Gazette 16th June 1915

DITTY OF THE DARDANELLES

EASTBOURNE SEAMAN'S VERSES

In the October issue of a penny monthly publication, "The Bluejacket and the Soldier," we find more than half a page devoted to some humorous lines by A.B.

Seaman F. Hurd, an Eastbourne man serving in the Howe Battalion of the 2nd Royal Naval Brigade. A writer in our contemporary says : "I have received from Hurd some wonderful verses, some worse than the others and some better, which he wrote in his dug-out in the Dardanelles, and which describe some of the doings there with a rough and ragged realism worthy of a Zola or a gorgonzola. My friend Hurd says he knows his "poem" wants "straightening out, so does the poet at times ____ but, as he is now wounded and in hospital, I wish him well again, as will all the Royal Naval Division, whose praises and prowess he sings so sturdily.

After landing in the Gallipoli peninsula the British dug themselves in and Hurd had to go sentry. In his poem he describes a nightmare in which a succession of thrilling but imaginary incidents were experienced. "The Bluejacket and Soldier" says: Then you hold your breath for a few verses which simply cannot be straightened out but which tell how.

"We swept those Turkos like a tide.
And big Queen Lizzie got quite busy."

The poet leading up to the triumphant couplet.

"That's where the lads they made a stand
That will go down in history grand."

So it will, Hurd. You've written the history yourself and succeeded to Shakespeare.

Eastbourne Gazette 3rd November 1915

INVALIDED FROM THE R.N.V.R.

Able Seaman F. W. Hurd, who was wounded on May 13th is now well on the way to recovery, but has been invalided from the R.N.V.R.

Eastbourne Gazette 8th December 1915

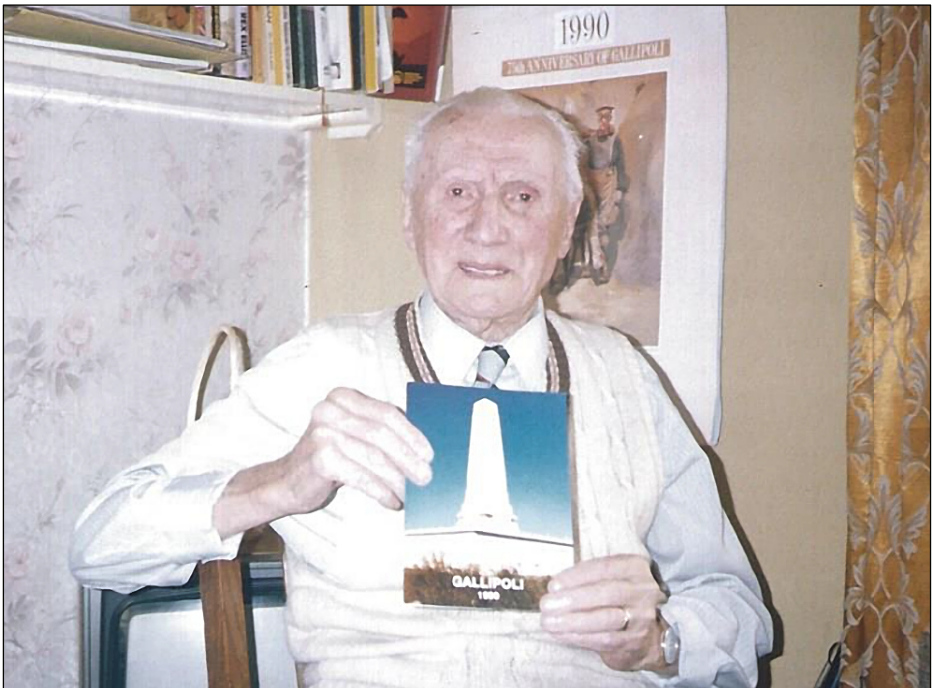


Able Seaman S3/282 Frederick William Hurd,
Howe Battalion





Tim Chamberlin (left) visits Fred Orton, Nottingham, 1990 See pages 6 - 8.
Photos Tim Chamberlin.





Above: The Sphinx, Anzac. Photo courtesy Bill Sellars. See page 48.

Below: Lone Pine memorial and cemetery, Anzac. Photo courtesy Steve Chambers.

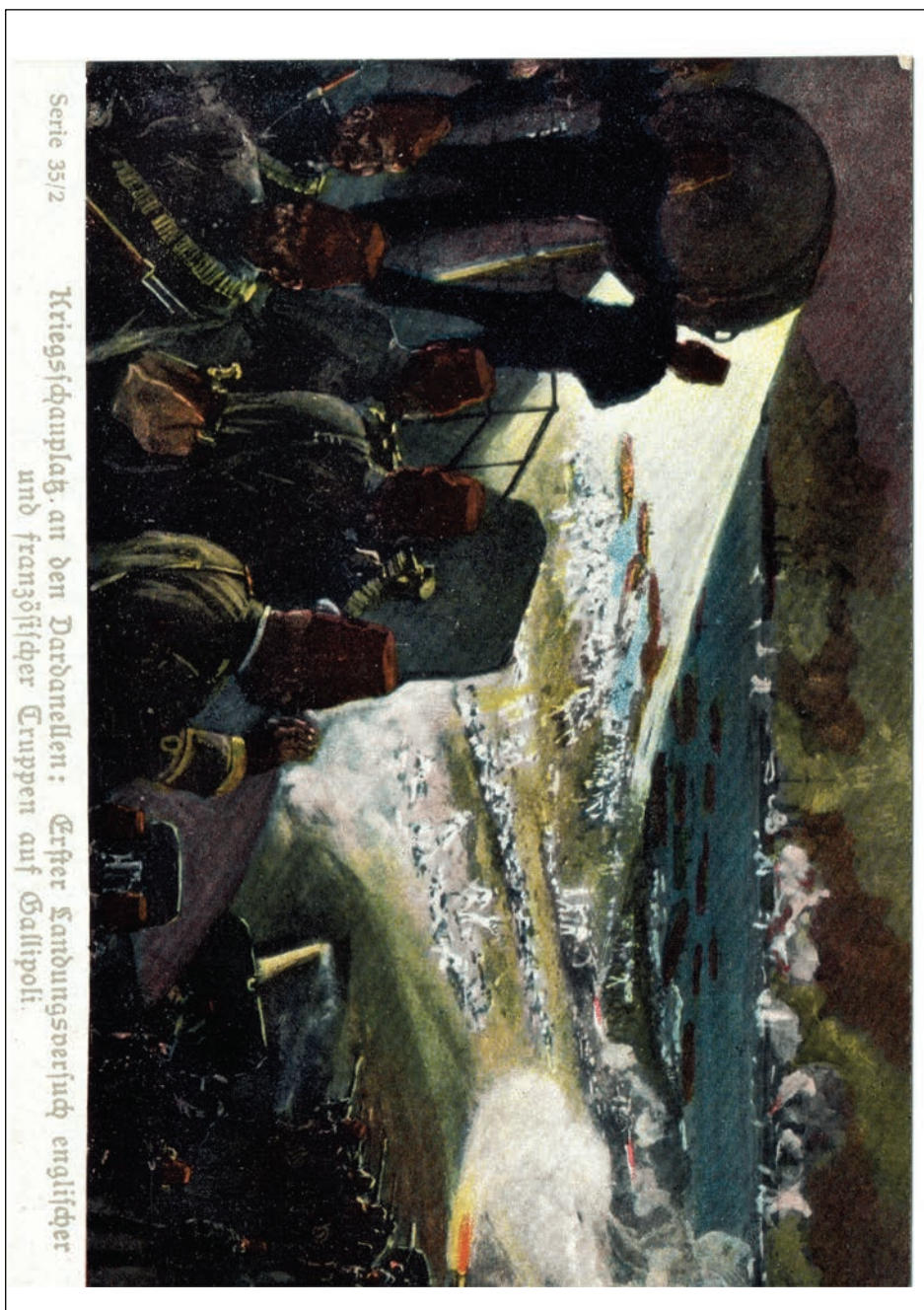




Above: remains of a lighter on 'A' Beach, Suvla.

Below: Gully Beach, Helles. Both photos courtesy Steve Chambers.





Austrian postcard depicting Turkish defence at the Gallipoli landing, detail from which forms this edition's cover art.



Memorial to Lieutenant William Symons, VC
7th Battalion, Australian Imperial Force
National Memorial Arboretum, UK
Wreath laid by Gallipoli Association,
Armistice Day 2020.
Photo courtesy Ian Binnie.



‘The Camber’, Helles. Two platoons of Dublin Fusiliers landed here on 25 April. Photo B Dolan



Remains of road built by Royal Engineers, seaward side of Kiretch Tepe Ridge, Suvla.



Remains of French siege guns, Helles, pointed towards the Asian side of the Dardanelles.

Photos B Dolan



Original dust jacket, *The New Zealanders at Gallipoli* by Major Fred Waite DSO, NZE



Bill Sellars, Jephson's Post, Kiretch Tepe Ridge, Suvla, 2014. Photo B Dolan.
See the article by M D Robson in this edition pages 49 - 62.



Private W J Murphy, 1st Battalion Newfoundlanders, Azmak cemetery, Suvla

LETTERS TO MRS PHYLLIS BURN

Extracts of Letters from
Lieutenant R C W Burn To Mrs R C W Burn (Phyllis Burn)

Marty Burn

The contributor of this article is the grandson of Sir Roland Clive Wallace Burn KCVO who served as machine gun lieutenant in the Sussex Regiment at Gallipoli from October 1915 to 7th January 1916. His wife, Phyllis, prepared a manuscript diary based on letters she received from him during the campaign.

This is Part 1 of the manuscript. Part 2 will appear in the next *Gallipolian*.

Friday September 24th 1915, On Board 'Olympic'

I have a good cabin - to hold three - but I arranged that only two should be put there so Lascelles and myself have plenty of room. The muddle and confusion is enormous and it is so simple to get well lost that one cannot blame the men for not being found. A letter from the King was read this morning amidst much enthusiasm. The rumours are too funny, one that German submarines are out to get us and that three are cruising in the Channel just outside, another that the Admiralty are very annoyed at 3000 wires having been sent to the ship direct to officers and that the "secret" should never have got out! So we are either to disembark and go from Avonmouth in smaller boats, or we stay here a week!! Another idea is that we cannot sail on Friday so we wait till tomorrow. I had an awful job getting my guns on board, they were thrown into the hold and after much fuss I got them out and we shall begin work tomorrow.

Saturday 25th

We started at 9-15 this morning with three destroyers in escort. They make an imposing sight, one on each side and one zigzagging ahead. No one seems to worry about those submarines but there are rumours that the nautical 'heads' are anxious. I had the machine guns out this afternoon for work, the men want quickening up a lot. All men have been fitted with lifebelts and they sound alarms at intervals. I feel the watertight doors are likely to be a trap at it is such a job trying to find one's way about. We parade for two hours and do physical exercises but the deck is very cramped with so many men.

Monday 27th

It was too rough yesterday for most of them, it is unimaginable the sort of misery most men have been in down below, at least 75% of them were ill. I felt thoroughly well! We went to a church parade but it was a little risky as to whom you stood in front of!! I'm glad it calmed down today, we are all happy. We heard that a submarine was coming down the Channel to get us somewhere near the Scilly Isles, but this thing goes a bit too fast unless the submarine has the luck to be in position as we come up. We fired the machine guns yesterday to see that they were working

and that went alright. I doubt the efficiency of gun fire to do much good on a rolling ship. Eight guns are mounted round the ship and we might have a go for a periscope. It is getting hotter and hotter but they ventilate the lower decks with a forced draught and that helps the men. It does seem so odd that we should be here eating the best of food, stewards and men to look after us exactly as if we were miles from war, and then one day we shall be shot out we don't know where, landed on some spot no one has seen before and fight men in the most bloodthirsty way, with nothing good to eat and no luxuries of any sort! We hear that the war news is excellent but there is no news of the Dardanelles at all; they get the wireless from Pollder every night.

Tuesday 28th

My compass tells me we are heading due East and I hear we shall see some land tonight, they expect another escort to pick us up and take us on, which is a relief. I had a turn on the Bridge in charge of the ship's machine guns. We all do it in turn.

Wednesday 29th

St Michael's Day, good luck to Mick! I would like to tell you of the places we have passed; we are in sight of land and it is simply gorgeous country, but I have to censor my own letters and I don't think it can be done, but I imagine everyone in England knows where we are and what we do by now! We don't! but the same old conjectures and speculations. It is evens Lemnos, 6 to 1 anywhere else! but no one knows definitely. I have secured another cabin which I use as a dressing room so I am comfortable now.

Thursday 30th

I was on duty on the Bridge with a machine gun which had to be on duty position at 5am. As they put the clock back one hour last night, it really meant 4am and as we stopped playing cards at 11.30 I will leave you to work out how much sleep I got! I have machine gun work all day - 10 till 1 and 2.30 to 6.30 so there is little time to do much. We live like fighting cocks. I can hardly describe the sunrise it was too wonderful. Just the sort of blue, gold and grey colouring you see in Japanese pictures and which I have always thought imaginative. The shores which we passed were attractive but typical of the 'graphic' sketches of Gallipoli.

Friday October 1st

We shot all day and the men shot well at barrels and tins which we threw overboard. In all we fired about 4,000 rounds and no one else had any on board to shoot. It was thoroughly instructive and did the men a lot of good. We picked up two boat loads of French sailors and one woman who had been torpedoed, they were delightful and the captain let us use the boats as a target which was very amusing. Rumour has it that we get there tomorrow at 6am. I think there will be great trouble with the luggage but I hope I shall score! It is so hot even here on the sea and all the ports have to be shut, but the forced draught helps things out. I believe after all we do not land tomorrow but probably on Sunday as parts of the journey have to be

done in the dark!

Saturday October 2nd

A great deal has happened. Yesterday at about 6pm my alarm sounded and one of the 12 pounders fired. I was on the top deck and I saw the shot but no sign of any periscope. I ran to my first decks down and all men were running to their alarm posts; when I saw this gun was alright I ran to the other side to my other gun and as I arrived the other 12 pounders fired astern. We had practically turned round and naturally the ship heeled over a lot which made men think she had been hit. She then started doing big zigzags and headed straight back going west. All the men, our men, were splendid, no hurry, or confusion and they all fell in with life belts on as though on parade - some of the others, very few, did not. We had picked up a crowd who had been torpedoed and it seems the same submarine had somehow unexpectedly come up about 500 yards from us. She was an Austrian and either did not know we were there and had come up for air, or she had no torpedoes left so she did not fire. We turned eventually and came back as hard as we could. The SOS signal was sent and also a message to say we had escaped but I hear that the papers in London announced we had been sunk with all on board. I hope not it would be too cruel but don't believe rumours, the place is thick with them and they are usually nonsense. I cannot imagine what happened but if she had fired we must have been hit at that range, it was fortunate. I sent Weller to get my waistcoat but the water tight doors had been closed and as one of the men had no belt I gave the belt someone got for me to a man, but all was well.

We have arrived at a wonderful and gorgeous harbour (Lemnos PMB) 3 to 5 miles long and 2 to 3 broad with quite bare hills up to about 1000 feet or more all around, the whole place dotted with tents and [unclear]..... and three picturesque villages. The harbour filled with warships and transport, English and French destroyers, submarines, tugs, pinnaces etc and an airship sailing overhead, it is a wonderful sight. It is very hot and a gorgeous night. We passed some French and English troop ships and the cheers and counter cheers were so good to hear, there are about 100 ships of sorts anchored around us. I can see no value in heavy clothes at the moment but we may need them later. I feel so well and just need hardening up a bit which will come easily. I am looking forward to the job now I am here, it is good to feel that way, I feel confident and full of hope.

From Lieutenant R C W Burn - Cape Helles

Written after landing. This mail was delayed and not received until November 5th

Sunday October 3rd

Still on board. It seems to get no cooler here and we lie and bake in the harbour (presumably Mudros PB). No one seems to know what we are here for and they tell me Lloyd George and McKenna sent us out hoping the ship would be torpedoed and that the death duties would pay for the war!! There are a lot of rich men on

board and a few poor ones. We can buy things on board at absurd prices, my wine bill for the trip is 10/- and tobacco at cost price. I don't think any case will get here, but parcel post may, don't forget the papers, no one ever gets one here and when you send them cover them up or they will steal them. The prevailing complaint is dysentery which everyone is troubled with and I'm told never to touch meat except bully beef and with my curry powders I will try to do so. At present we live the absolute best and all the officers on the shore do their utmost to get on board to get a square meal. We are a bit short of water but I hear at Gallipoli they let you have 2 gallons per man per day, sent from Alexandria in petrol tins!! There is nothing particular about the Machine Gun Section? They are all well, all doing well, all have been improving and I am quite happy with them.

Tuesday October 5th

Very little has happened we are still on the same ship and in the same harbour, but we go tomorrow to one of the many beaches and will get at it at last. Our Divisional commander is I hear a real good fellow which is a good piece of news.

Wednesday October 6th

Yesterday and Monday I got my men off for a swim on shore, no one else out of the bunch managed to get their men off except the West Kent MGS who came too, with Roger Simpson (Brigade Machine Gun Officer PB). The water was quite tepid and the men loved it, but they did not row very well! However we got there and back. I dined on one of the battle ships with Roger on Monday night. It is a wonderful sight to see a place kept so spotlessly clean. All the troops here are going somewhere in the next few days. It is so hot and dirty here, we are coaling [cooling?], and I have just washed two shirts in my basin. I think everyone is placed to get away and do something and I expect we are in for a hard winter here, in fact we are going into winter quarters.

Thursday October 7th

We leave this afternoon at 2 or 4pm for our destination somewhere in Gallipoli. We have been lucky in getting to the best beach of the lot and the Turks are not right over us and we're only 100 yards from the cliff. I believe we are not always under shell fire which is lucky. The great tip out here seems to be to register letters and parcels I am longing for mail. I hear it is very peaceful where we are going.

Same day later

We leave in half an hour. The captain insists.

From Lieutenant R C W Burn

Letter dated October 2nd and delayed, not received until November 5th

October 7th On Board "Olympic"

We had orders to land early this morning and after much rushing about and collecting of luggage we got on to a sort of Thames Ltd steamboat. We pushed

amidst the enthusiasm of all the ships in harbour and came to the point where we disembarked in the dark arriving 6.30. They had sunk 3 steamers which formed a [unclear]..... and the baggage was put onto lighters. The men and all of us were in full packs and marching orders. The beach we landed on was the former scene of one of the magnificent landings and it seems utterly incredible that men could ever have got ashore under fire. On the hill 3 or 4 miles away we could see and hear shells bursting. Rations were issued to us in the dark and at about 9.25 we started to march along a road, little more than a broad track at the edge of the beach, the cliff steep up above us on our right. All up the cliffs were dugouts where men were sleeping and smoking and the scene was more like Henley by night. The hospital ships all brilliantly lit up and the dugouts twinkling with candles, one of my men was a bit unfit so I carried his rifles and I've sworn not to add a rifle in future to my kit! We went about 2 miles and then turned into a gully which is about 60 yards broad and winds parallel to the shore, up this we went about a mile and got to our "camp". Odd stray bullets flicking about, machines firing and a battery or two as it is just above us. It was very odd and new, but amused me and the men were pleased. By this they were quiet tired, it was about 11pm. Our camp is a joke, simply a sort of rabbit warren up the side of the gully, one side we cannot go near as spent bullets make it dangerous. I found a hole and slept well in my coat and poncho.

October 8th

This is about 1 to 1½ miles from the firing line. I took the section to bathe, it was gorgeous, a wonderful sunset, Lemnos and Imbros easily visible. The latter about 12 miles [unclear]..... . Some [unclear]..... and destroyers were cruising about and firing at the Turks over our heads. I find a canteen will start at once and we can get cigs at 10 for 1/-. There was a violent sandstorm and rain gave us a terrible time. Luckily my dugout faced the right way but everything was covered with sand. The guns were at it all night and machines just above.

October 9th

I went up with some others to the trenches to get instructions for 2 nights. It was very interesting. Rifle and machine fire all day and guns at intervals. I went to the firing line, had a look at the Turks through a periscope. There is not much danger unless you look over the parapet when they always get you. The place is a sort of vast graveyard and you see dead Turks in odd places, no one can get at them to bury them. The trenches are deep and very confusing but will not take long to find the way about. The machines in the support lines fire when they like if they see movement but those in the front line do not fire unless there is an attack. There are masses of sand bags here but the whole thing except for some mining and bombing seems at a standstill.

October 10th

I slept well and the same sort of machine, rifle and gun fire all night with some flares sent up at intervals.

October 11th

We came back and others sent up to the trenches. As regards to food, toffee, chocolate, curry powder and tinned fruits are all we need, yet porridge is good to send. We get plenty of water and boil everything, the bivouac cocoa is a joy. I feel jolly well and hope it goes on and the men are fit too.

Tuesday October 12th

You would laugh to see me writing here in my 'room'. Let me describe it. Imagine a sort of dry water course cut out by heavy rain, in the side of it with sandy steps cut up. I have burrowed out a shelf about 6ft broad. Long ways from end to end is my Wolseley valise in which are most of my clothes and on which I am lying! In a niche is a fluttering candle which the wind [cheaters?] every minute; outside the bed is my kit bag and then a gap - the box (contents food PWB) at my feet. On the box my saddle bags and inside cut into the inside wall are two holes for my pack etc. The outside is open to the elements and the ends, top and bottom banked up with sandbags. There is a slight overhanging ledge to keep off some rain and I have rigged up a sheet overhead to fend off the rest. I cannot stand up or sit up if it rains and the sandy sides are continually covering my things with grit etc. There is a perpetual rattle of rifle fire and stray bullets flick over the gully and hit the opposite bank. I am lucky, many others have no covering at all - however Humphrey and I are making a very superior dug out near the gun section and have found some wood which is much more valuable than gold and all will be luxury. The washing water is too filthy and so I don't do it! I rub down with a towel and bathe when I can in the sea which is simply gorgeous.

Today I swam a long way escorted by Sgt Thomson who can swim well. I have cut down my drill slacks into very short 'shorts'. I only wear boots and socks, a body belt and woolly or coat and Cecil's coat at night. It is a Godsend. Tell him this and also that I met young Watson here. He is a major on Ian Hamilton's staff: as cheery as ever. Another of the E Kents was killed today, poor devil simply doing some digging. Farewell Watson's troops [unclear]..... I go to the trenches tomorrow with 12 men, 2 NCO's and my guns and take charge of the W Kent guns up there. I shall be there for three days or so, I believe, then rest for a week, and after that take on for 14 days we take another line about Nov 10th. I am thoroughly comfortable really; the weather is good quite a lot and I believe the winter does not come on until January. November is the best month!! We live well, cocoa, coffee, tea - I never drink water, any how my lovely porridge, eggs, bacon, rice, meat, bread, rum!! butter, jam so one cannot complain. When sending parcels disguise the contents as there are a lot of thieves in this country. We go to bed at about 8 o'clock!! It is so dark and there is nothing to do - this pencil has worn out and I dare not search for a knife or I shall bring down a shower of sand.

From Lieutenant R C W Burn

October 15th (Delayed five weeks in delivery)

I am just out of the trenches where we had a very exciting time with one or two

incidents. The Turks are about 12 yards from us in one place across a large crater, caused by the explosion of a mine some time ago. There has been a lot of mining on both sides and we heard that they were proposing to blow up one of their mines very soon - the engineers can more or less tell by listening to the work as it goes on. I asked the CO of the 2nd Lancashire's to whom I was attached to show me the crater and on Wednesday night we went round, we had a party of bombers on our side of the barricade of sandbags. The CO talked to them and then we walked along a trench to the right of the opening to a mine shaft where we were mining - the opening is about 4ft x 4ft, a party of men were in this shaft handing out the earth which the miners dug out, the CO put his head in. I was following to see how things were going when there was the devil of an explosion, a blast of flame came back up the shaft and knocked the CO down and another man and I were thrown back against the back of the trench and on our left from where we had just come the parapet was blown in and a mass of earth shot over the trench. We were unhurt and the CO got the men on the parapet to be ready to repel any attack, then the bombing began on both sides and I didn't much like these horrible things exploding just the other side of 3 or 4 sandbags, showering me with dirt, luckily not one came into the trench. In the meantime the poor devils down the shaft had to be got out and four gallant fellows - one a Sussex Yeo went down, one fellow came out badly cut about but the others buried there.

I may say that the Yeomanry were in the trenches for the first time! They were quite splendid. The trench where we had seen our bombers was blown in and 2 men buried there, this was about 10.05pm. Men dug all night and got them out alive at 4am. So I had a fair escape, nothing much else happened, we saw some shrapnel bombardment. Not very serious - until you get used to it you think every shell and every bullet must hit you, which is not nice and a little upsetting! The whole place is under fire and I am glad to say they don't shell us very much at present, it is amusing to see the aeroplanes being fired at, the shells never seem within miles of them. I think we take the line over about November 7th and then one goes in for 3 days and behind for 4 and then for 7 days to a 'rest' camp where you do work, dig and any other jobs, it is this that had worn these fellows out. Humphreys and my dugout is a palace 12ft broad x 8ft long, my bed is up and acts as a chair by day [unclear]..... wardrobe always! [unclear]..... have no good floor and the sand is a nuisance.

Wednesday 18th October

It was a cold sort of night, but as soon as the sun gets high enough to get into our rabbit warren it is alright. I go to the trenches at 10 o'clock for a day or two [unclear]..... It is odd to be right away out here and I don't know how long it goes on. I see no chance of getting thro' here unless the Turk chucks it, but I think that is all nonsense also. I feel well and fit and am proposing to take as much care as possible not to put my head over the parapet!

Evidently an earlier letter has been written describing landing etc but not yet

received. Note Clive went into trenches for the first time on 13th his lucky date. Above letter received November 1st. Cable received. "All well" on October 20th.

Phyllis M Burns

From Lieutenant R C W Burn

Letter dated October 23rd - 24th then 25th-26th

We are in our new house! It is a model dwelling, much safer because deeper and well covered, I trust rainproof, and the floor is not so sandy because it is a sort of rock. I am quite stiff with digging, the roof is so high that I stood on my bed tonight to undress and had not to stoop. I have a bigger box as a cupboard dug into the side by my bed and the lid as a shelf over the bed, a candle lamp hangs in the middle. Apart from the awful row when a battery on the cliff above us gives tongue? we ought to be very comfortable. Today Montefiore, Tuff, Davies and one other E Kent and two of the Lancs Fusiliers were knocked out by a bomb we were letting off! The first two were rather bad. Bonsor is sick with dysentery and will probably go home. Last night was awful, to start on a big wind and sand storm everywhere, then a deluge of rain, our old dugout stood it well but we were wet, distinctly wet and dirty. I heard that the casualties from sick in this army corps alone are 800 per week. We have about 40 in hospital and the brigade is about 100 short already. Our division is the 42nd but we are super [unclear]..... to it. When you send anything, make it look as little as possible like something to eat. Col C...itchburn had two Fortnum and Mason boxes arrive safely but empty. Poor old Gallipoli, I shall not forget it but it is very funny and I am quite happy and very well, there are many worse things that might have happened but the wet weather will be bad. I hear they will make winter quarters for us of sandbags on the hill as they expect 15 feet of water in the valley!

October 24th

We had to 'stand to' last night at 10.30 - they expected a Turkish attack and we were presumably to be ready to do the counter attack. Nothing happened and we still 'stand to'. It was a poor night and it is cold and raw today. I think Tylden took on a DC job at Mudros - Pycroft of the W Kent gone to the Headquarters as a DC Camp Commandant. Thelluson went as the same to General Mahon. We are still perfecting the dugout and want a window - not enough air at night! It is my birthday, there is no present you could give me except a tarpaulin, corrugated iron and some beams.

October 25th

Yesterday I went for a long walk, starting with Harold and Humphrey who turned back. I wandered on alone. I saw Col Lister's grave at Backhouse post, he is buried with a Col of the Hood Battalion and a Major Wilson. Went on to Totes Battery on the NE side of the Bay. It is odd to see the work shells did, big 8ft walls all smashed to atoms and now another ruin. You look over to the Asiatic side across the Dardanelles and then the same sort of country, slight slopes up to the hills varied

by steep cliffs and occasional gullies. You can see the big fort on that side at the entrance called I believe Chanak and then across the bay Sed el Bahr, it is a gorgeous view beyond the island of Tenedos where we send across for food occasionally - back behind the way I came the batteries were at the usual evening strafe. I wandered back across country watching the shells pitch up on the Turkish lines. They were hardly replying at all, occasionally I heard the whistle of their shells and then the explosion and saw the smoke 200 or 300 yards off. Roger Simpson came to dine with us, the general comes tonight. I have just written Mrs Honning that Bernard has a bad eye, the dust did him in and it is sceptic but there is a good eye specialist here and he is in a tent and not in such pain and hopes to be back in 3 or 4 days.

October 25th continued

I hope he will be back soon, we cannot afford to lose him. This morning I went round some trenches with Roger and bathed. This afternoon, it is suddenly very hot and a wonderful day after two of the worst days I have ever struck. A mail came today but they were in too great a hurry to unload and it has gone back to Mudros. It will be unloaded on the next trip. The result of that bomb explosion has cost the life of two men, and officer in the E Kent called Williams, he was only married three days before he sailed. Tuff is very bad and Montshore may lose his leg, also one if not two officers in the Lancs Fusiliers are dead.

Tuesday October 26th

I saw Bernard and he is much better and quite cheerful. Sly Marsham is away with dysentery. The general and Lord Camden dined last night and were in great form. The general seems very well and is very interested in machine gun emplacements. I am quite happy and fit, the men are good and keen but of course inclined to grouse at fatigues, but it does them good. This seems a forgotten place and I should think hell will be let loose about it when the show is over, but we cannot complain, we don't know what work means - it's the poor devils who have been through all the awful hardships of the early days here, fighting all day, digging all night and fighting as well and no conveniences at all. I have not had another mail yet but it will come in a bunch. For breakfast we eat bacon, porridge, bread and butter and jam, tea etc. For lunch - soup, beef curry etc, stewed figs, rice, jam, bread, coffee, tea etc. For dinner much the same at 5.30 or so and bed at 8.30 with cocoa at 8. A good cake would be a luxury and chocolate, also sweets but don't worry much as we can buy everything nearly. I am sending this rough sketch, it has no military importance or value, but will give you a theory of what we do and where we go to rest and to the trenches. As you know, I cannot draw, but I think this is a promising effort as a beginning! I wish I could put in the positions of the guns etc but I cannot do that.

From Lieutenant R C W Burn. Cape Helles

October 28th to November 4th

I came into the trenches with my guns yesterday - it is an odd spot to live in first of

all take it as infested with lice, then imagine a valley off which is a rough pat about 2ft broad, dug in about 6ft, bearing in mind that shells are usually wandering overhead from the Turks to the beach or the batteries behind, and that ours are generally doing shooting practice at the Turk, also rifle bullets ping above your heads, probably a long way up although they sound about 10 yards off. Sometimes they get annoyed with someone and shell our trenches. You then wander about as though in a place like Hampton Court maze, at present I am living in 'Essex Street' where I 'took a house' from Charles Ponsonby. The 'house' consists of 2 mackintosh sheets, about 30 sandbags, 3 big stones, it is 4ft broad and is rather close to the road, in fact you step out of the road over the sand bags into it.

I lie at one end and Ralph Clarke at the other. The wind has made eating uncomfortable but after scraping off the top layer of dust, the butter and jam tastes good, if one can get it into one's mouth without the flies eating it first! Tea and cocoa are also good but water has been scarce, quite unnecessarily so. I have one gun in the firing line and one in the support line, they the Turks are 200 yards away, we fire at them from the support line when we see them but not from the firing line. They have been searching with shrapnel for a machine gun on our right about 60 yards away that has annoyed them, but they have not yet found it out, we watch the shrapnel bursting, it seems very close. Last night I had our parapet down and made new emplacements for the guns, they fired at us but hit none. I take 2 NCOs and 12 men to trenches. Really you would not dream of stabling a horse in this 'chateau'! But I am really quite comfortable. I get really rather ragged about my scanty costume but it suits me very well! I hope it does rain or we should be rather uncomfortable, but one seems to always sleep about 12 hours whatever happens. Next time we come up the whole Regiment will be here.

October 29th

Three letters arrived from you, the latest dated October 6th (late same day, headed 'Manchester Street'). You will notice I have changed my address, I was not satisfied with C Ponsonby's 'house' at all, very dusty on the high road so I went 'house hunting' and found a good spot about 15 yards behind the firing line, quite near my gun. It is let into a communication trench, a blind alley, cut off by sand bags into a very snug little spot. Weller inhabits the entrance where he has established a kitchen and a room for himself, he has just fried me an extraordinary good bit of meat which we shared out of the same top of a mess tin. Tonight we look like having a good stew and from that to curry is a very short step. Things are so luxurious that I think I can almost have a bath here from my canvas bucket - we (rather Weller), are making a stove - almost a range! - out of an old petrol can, by knocking holes in the short sides and cutting a piece out of the top, stuff it with wood inside and the job is done. Of course, there is not much top to this or any other house has but 2 old mackintosh sheets, my invaluable coat and a poncho make a good protection. Anyone coming here, advise to bring tarpaulin, they would be so useful and I am kicking myself for not bringing my wagon covers! The fly wisp is a great joy, send another of that same sort if you can, it does a lot of execution and is nearly worn

out, the flies always come up again as soon as the sun comes out. I have escaped all dysentery (touching wood) so far, no one ever drinks water, it is always tea or coffee and the bivouac cocoa at night. What is Cyril's ship? I forget. I wonder if I shall see that champagne! The watch goes splendidly; the ponchos are a great success, also the haversack and holdall. The canteen is getting better and we really get nearly everything from Tenedos but a tin or two of butter is always a luxury also magazines and papers and the cuttings you send are much appreciated. It is funny that I should be lying down here on the ground - the Turks 200 yards away, shells moaning overhead, odd rifle fire and machine guns, and yet I feel quite peaceful and rested. I jumped up and stood on the wall about 3ft above me, I should be shot for an absolute snip.

October 30th

I wonder if all my letters arrive safely. The parcel (brought out by Miss Innes) arrived and was brought to me here in the trenches tonight, also your note telling me that Miss Innes was bringing out the parcel. I will devour the asparagus tomorrow at lunch with another man. It is amusing lunching out with a man in his dugout, we both sit outside and anyone who wants to pass steps over us. The Turks seem rather active and have got some new shells, German or American, I hope there is not much in it, one can tell by picking up the caps of shells when they are new. It is about 11pm and as I have one gun in the firing line I do a watch of 4 hours from 10 till 2. All I do is to keep awake and change the sentries every hour on both guns. I generally wander about and talk to the men. The sentry by night stands up and watches over the parapet, it is a jumpy game, snipers on both sides fire all night. I calculate that one shot per second is fired all night long at least.

When anything is doing or any one gets jumpy there is a good deal more bullets whizz past you or hit the sandbags with a thud just in front. Everything seems just in front or just past your ear! One nearly got Coussens last night and one glanced off the gun [unclear]..... now so Croft tells me. They are repairing the firing trench and a fellow told me that they dug out a Turk where he slept last night. The men did not think much about it as some time ago a shell burst in the parados at the back of his dugout one dark night and when he woke up in the grey dawn he saw two dead Turks looking at him; they had been put into the parados and sandbags put over them and the shells has removed the sandbags! One fellow told a story which shows how oddly they look upon death; he had been shot through the between the larynx and pharynx and all the doctors were very interested in the case. When asked how it happened he said "I was talkin' to my best pal when a shell comes and blows his 'ead off, I throws back my 'ead to laugh when the bullet hits me through the neck". The frogs whistle here at night and one little fellow always seems to sing in the same places I pass on my round, you know how I hate frogs! I am gradually getting over my terror that he may jump off the parapet at me!

November 1st

I am out of the trenches and hear that Harold P has gone to the general staff. Roger

Simpson has got malaria again. The new C in C is reported to have said that no move could be made here without 100,000 men on this front alone and the artillery expert suggest it would need 3,000,000 shells to touch up Achi Baba! which makes us laugh. They have not been able to land any water at Anzac? for 3 days and there are 10,000 men at Mudros whom no one seems to know what to do with! Now you have most of the rumours and I imagine they are all rot. Daniels has gone to hospital, Charles Ponsonby dined with me last night in the trenches. Menu; potted meat, herrings and tomato sauce, your asparagus, stew, jam and tea. Bernard is all right and comes back today, I am glad. I am now going to have a bathe, a shave and some quite clean and new clothes.

Another letter was received dated November 4th but too busy to write much as he had been acting Brigade Machine Gun Officer and had a lot of work to get through.

END PART ONE

Part Two, including getting away on the last boat to leave Helles, in next edition.

FROM THE PENINSULA

An email from Bill Sellars

Bill writes that, on Friday, 5th February, there was some strange weather:

“... warm days, southern breezes and all very spring-like ... this can throw up some interesting climatic events, such as when warm air hits cold sea water, the result being a thick rolling fog along the Aegean coast.”

See Bill's photograph of the Sphinx, Anzac, on that day - page 30.

ARTICLES FOR THE GALLIPOLIAN

Articles and items of interest about any aspect of the Gallipoli campaign are always welcome. These should be submitted direct to the editor, preferably as an e-mail attachment, at the email address shown opposite. Because there is sometimes a significant amount of material awaiting publication, it is not always possible to feature articles in the issue following submission, though if topical, the editor will try to accommodate them or refer them to colleagues for the Association website. For those considering the submission of articles the editor can provide a copy of 'Notes for the Guidance of Contributors' on request.

THE ROYAL NAVY ON KIRETCH TEPE SIRT

extract from an article attributed to

Lt-Cdr A. R. Hammick R.N.

Michael Robson

Introduction: The full article “*Dardanelles Notes – HMS Prince George*” originally appeared in The NAVAL REVIEW, Vol. IV, Part 2 – 1916, (pages 198-269). At that time the NR did not name its authors, however following their *Corbett-Richmond Conference* in September 1992, the United States Naval War College published a book titled ‘*Mahan is Not Enough*,’ where the NR’s authors were catalogued by James Goldrick in *Appendix C*.

In 1915, Alexander Robert Hammick was a 28-year-old lieutenant G (*Gunnery*) serving on the pre-dreadnought battleship HMS *Prince George*. His published journal begins on 1st March with the *Prince George* at Tenedos, however we join the story in August, after he had been serving in khaki as one of the naval beach party at ‘C’ Beach, Suvla. The author tells that his diary was recorded on “*scrappy notes written up from even more scrappy odd bits of paper, on which I jotted down things as they occurred.*” It is no surprise therefore that his dates are slightly out; e.g. the large battle was on 21st August and not 19th. Only one alteration has been made to the text, to change the spelling to match that used by Aspinall-Oglander. Any minor amplifications are made in brackets.

Michael D. Robson

17th. (August 1915)

Received orders to proceed to the left flank and get an observing station started there. I am to relieve the sub. (*Sub-Lieutenant*) of the *Chatham* who is already up there. I left the beach in the forenoon with Noyes,¹ who I am taking with me. I called at the *Swiftsure* to get some information about the job, as at present I have not an idea where the place is. When I got to the *Swiftsure* I found another lieutenant there who is to work with me, Rylands² by name, the Lieut. N (*Navigation*) of the *Ark Royal*. We put our heads together, and decided first to take plenty of food, in case things are not well organised in that line. I believe we can live with brigade headquarters, but you never know. Rylands is at present in the *Talbot*, and said he could get a basket there with a small kettle and water boiler. I suggested he had better try and get an orderly as well to help carry the gear, and he finally produced an ancient marine. Nothing seems to have been done about an observing station, and we shall start on virgin soil.

We got ashore with our gear about 3 p.m., and our luggage looked a rather formidable pile. I was lucky in getting hold of a signaller who had just come down from the place, and he told me a lot of useful information about how to get there.

The best plan appeared to get to the 30th Brigade Headquarters, as Bremridge,³ the sub., lives there. Apparently it is at the top, and well along the ridge we can see from the harbour. There are no roads, but I found that at 5 p.m. a mule convoy leaves with the next day's provisions for the brigade up there. After a bit of talking I got the A.S.C. lieutenant in charge of the convoy to put on a couple of extra mules for our gear. Finally we went off at 5 p.m.

The first thing that happened was all our gear came down with a crash. Noyes did not like the way the native driver lashed it to the mule packs, so did it himself, with disastrous results. However, we soon had it on again and started afresh. The path was a mere track up, and along the ridge, very rough, and through dry gullies which in the winter are small streams. The ridge is covered with a small stunted kind of bush, about four feet high and very like holly. Occasionally, we passed small camps tucked away under steep banks. We passed through several Turkish communication trenches; the ridge had been entrenched, but not strongly held, luckily, or it would have been a nasty place to rush.



Soldiers on Kiretch Tepe Ridge.

There appears to be a scrap going on ahead of us. The whole way up we passed strings of stretchers coming down to the clearing hospitals on the beach. The wounded have a terrible time up here, as they have to be carried the whole way down, about three miles, in stretchers and over very rough ground where the bearers

can't help bumping them.

About 6 p.m. we reached a place, a sort of clearing, which had been the brigade headquarters until this morning. Then an advance appeared to have taken place, and the headquarters had been moved on. We left all the convoy here and went on with our two mules along a narrow track leading along the seaward (*Gulf of Saros*) side of the ridge and just below the summit. Here we could hear a great deal of rifle fire from ahead, and the streams of wounded became almost continuous. The poor fellows were in a terrible state; all wanted water, which nobody had, and the path was worse as we got on.

Brigade headquarters were not easy to find, in fact, we passed them without knowing it, but luckily met Bremridge along the path towards us. I had telephoned to him to say we were coming. He was overjoyed to see us, and his only idea seemed to be to get back to his ship. He said he had been up there six days, and not only had no chance of the least wash, but had been thirsty the whole time. He explained the state of affairs, which appeared to be that about 500 yards of the ridge had been rushed that morning, and at present the enemy were attacking for all they were worth to get it back again. There had been heavy casualties all day, and the General of the brigade in occupation of the ridge was doubtful whether he could hold on to what he had just gained at a heavy cost. The headquarters had been moved up when the advance had taken place, and was now really in no particular place at all. The telephones were in a little hole scooped out of the earth just below the path, and the General and what was left of his staff were sitting on a rock near, with their scanty belongings by them. One thing appeared at once, and that was that the headquarters appeared to have been moved much too early. There was no protection, and any chance shell would have bagged the whole lot, General and all. We retraced our steps, and were introduced to the General, Nicholls ⁴ (sic) by name. There on the bare hillside was the staff, consisting of a haggard-looking subaltern trying to hollow out a hole for the General to sit in. And away faded all my vision of a comfortable dug-out to live in; I even in my sanguine moments had thought there might be a roof. We unloaded the mules and stacked the gear on the ground, and I wondered how the devil we were ever going to make a place to live in. My spirits were rather low, and Noyes looked very dejected.

Bremridge, who was quite cheerful now that he was going, said he would show us the beauty spots of the country. We left all the gear where it was, with Noyes and the marine to look after it, and Rylands and I went forward to see the observing station. This appeared to be a very inadequate trench with a sandbag parapet, occupied by some Munsters. There was a continuous plop of bullets against the parapet, and our arrival was heralded by three shells, which nearly blew the place down, or seemed to do so to our eyes, not yet used to this form of sport. How any observation can be done if this is the normal state of affairs I don't at present see. That is what we have been sent here to arrange.

The Munsters were under a very young sub., (*second lieutenant*) who looked like all

the men I had seen so far, utterly worn out. He was an astonishingly good looking chap, and only about 18. There was a typical stage Irishman there, a colour-sergeant, who looked a splendid chap. Immediately we arrived, he produced from nowhere in particular a large keg of rum, which we all partook of, neat. I must say I felt more cheerful after it, but where he got it is a marvel. This was the support trench, and came in for a lot of attention from the enemy. We could not see much, and when Bremridge asked us if we had seen enough we said with one voice, "Yes." We made our way back to our belongings, and there the General told us that he was going to retire from the trenches he had won that morning. No reinforcements had come, and the enemy were too strong. The crux of the matter was that the enemy had a large supply of good bombs, with which they were doing great execution, and we had none.

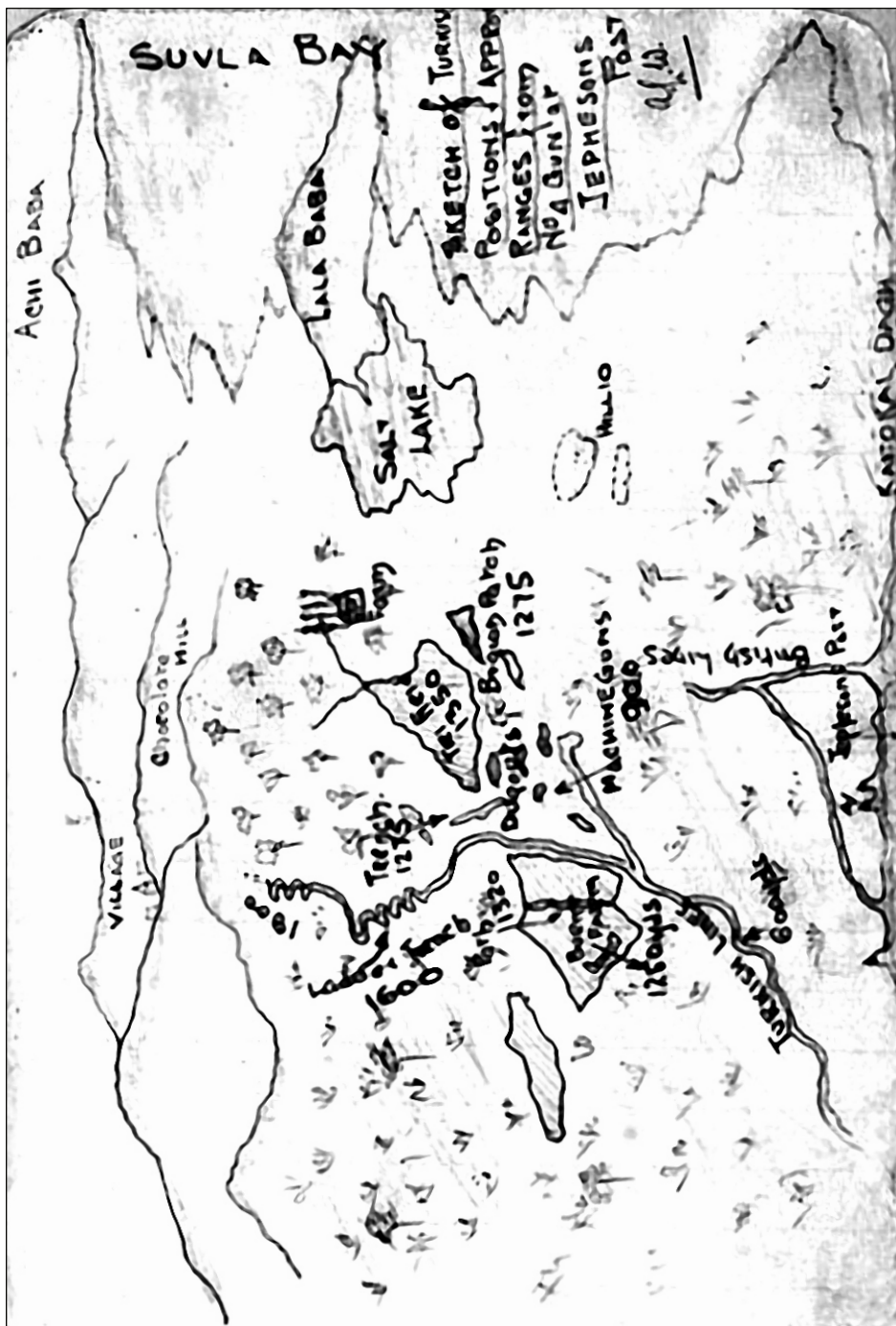
Well, there was a great deal to do; I persuaded Bremridge to stay up here for the night, and we started Noyes and the marine taking our gear back to the old headquarters, which the General was going to re-occupy. It was now about 8 p.m., and a signal was got through to the two destroyers who were stationed in support,⁵ to put their searchlights on to the enemy trenches and give them hell at 8.20. It was nearly dark now, and the sky was lit up in front by the enemy's bombs bursting. It must be an awful trial to be bombed by an enemy only a few yards from you and to be unable to reply. We had the instruments shifted from the observing station to the one originally used. It appeared that a mania for moving everything forward had caught everyone as soon as the advance had taken place. I had made a mental resolution to shift the station back at the first opportunity.

The rest of that night was utter confusion to me.

The General had sent down to Divisional Headquarters that he was falling back, and when the time came, 8.30 p.m., the retirement was brought off without much difficulty. In fact, the enemy did not occupy the evacuated trenches until the next day. I must say, speaking as a layman with no knowledge of these things, that I think the retirement was not necessary, and that the trenches could have been held. The effect on the morale of the men must have been bad.

As soon as the retirement had been done a major from the divisional staff came hurrying up. He had been sent up to see what was going on, and to try and stop the retirement. It was dark, and he seized me by the arm and said: "Good God, we must stop this at any cost." Who he thought I was I can't think, but I answered fervently, "Of course." As it was already completed, I did not see what anyone, least of all myself, could do.

This little man had added to the confusion by telling the headquarters to move up again as he passed them in their new resting place. So the telephones had been disconnected and were being re-run forward again. Noyes had heard the order, and had started to carry our gear forward again. In the dark, and along the only narrow path, more men were coming up, wounded were dragging their weary and maimed bodies back to the dressing station, and the men in the original support and reserve



Map showing RNACD machine guns at Jephson's Post, Suvla

trenches were retiring to the new positions. Many men had lost their units, and were asking "Where are the Inniskillings, the Royal Irish, or the Munsters." In spite of all, the Irishmen were cheerful, and men with terrible wounds were dragging themselves along and encouraging their pals to hold on.

In the midst of this turmoil, I tried to find Noyes to stop him shifting our gear. I found him at last; he had already moved a lot of it forward. I was very hungry by this time, and took a tin of beef from one of the bundles and put it in my pocket. I ate some of it with my fingers during the night. I returned to where the General was, to see what was going on, and found another one had arrived, Brunker by name. A great pow-wow was going on about something. Rylands and Bremridge had disappeared, and I had not the least idea where they were. I was very thirsty, so tried to find our gear, which included a petrol can of water.

Confusion still reigned, linemen trying to get their telephones laid in the dark, troops moving up and heaven knows what going on, everyone floundering about in the dark among the boulders.

I never found our party again that night; they had overshot the mark and taken the gear too far ahead.

I wandered about looking for them up and down the ridge until midnight, falling over stones and telephone wires, and finally determined to abandon the search and lie down and try to sleep. Was parched with thirst, but no one had a drop of water, and I would not have cared to beg for anything so precious.

Eventually found my way back to the old brigade Headquarters, and lay down under a rock. It was rather a chilly night, but, I got two empty sandbags and spread them over my chest and slept fitfully.

18th. (August 1915)

About 5 a.m. started to look for the others. Went along the path, and soon met them on their way towards me. They had spent the night looking for me, and had then found a resting place somewhere.

The morning was quiet except for sniping, but the stream of stretchers continued, those whom the bearers had not been able to find in the dark last night.

We made up our minds to cart all the gear to a spot near old headquarters, and make that our camp whatever position the General decided to take up. It took some time to get everything there, and when it was all stacked we made some tea.

This spot was a few yards off the path, which here was fairly broad, and merely consisted of a space. There was a big thorn bush there, and a low rock. The only point in its favour was that there appeared to be nothing better. The low rock would keep off shrapnel if you crouched under it, but other cover of any sort, either from heaven or Hun, was conspicuous by its absence.

Bremridge showed signs of wanting to be quit of the ridge for ever, so we asked him to show us the place he had taken the instruments to, and then he could go.

The so-called observing station to which he took us was nothing but a sandbag wall built up about five feet and provided with a few loopholes and two steel shelter plates. There was no overhead cover, and not a very good view; however, I determined to make the best of it and try and improve it.

Bremridge then, with every sign of joy, said goodbye. There appear to be two R.F.A. officers who come up and join us each day to assist if required, so we shall have a little society. Bremridge promised to tell them about our new home on his way down.

We took stock of our stores that day. We are supposed to feed with the brigade headquarters, but they have their meals when they can get them, and in most cases we are not there at the time; so we settled that the Brigade should draw our rations, and Noyes should then separate mine and I would take them to the observing station; I had all my meals there except supper. He was at the camp all day, so was able to get his with the other orderlies. Rylands was better off, as he fed with another brigade whose billet was near us. They appeared to have their food at much more regular times, and he did very well.

I sent Mace,⁶ the marine, to the beach the first morning after our arrival to fill the petrol tin, and never saw him again. He must have been bagged by a stray shrapnel and carried off to a hospital ship. I found he was not wearing his identity disc, so there is no knowing when we shall hear of him.

General Brunker was invalided the day after we arrived, and time, too, as he was getting very jumpy. He was succeeded by a major from the divisional staff, a bit of a hustler who might have done something to clear up affairs here if he had stayed, but his brigade was relieved by another. Brunker's brigade was composed of Territorial regiments, which accounted for the fact that one of the battalion commanders was not put in charge of the brigade when he left.

We turned our attention to the observing station when the grub question was settled. We set to, and dug a hole into which we could crawl if things got too warm. We did a little each day, and finally got a cave about five feet deep and broad and eight feet long. Later we managed to get a roof on as well; then we felt fairly secure. It had the advantage of keeping a little of the baking sun off our heads, and thus reducing our thirst. But it appeared to be the rendezvous of every fly for miles round; these became the principal pest, worse even than shells, and their presence became nothing short of disgusting. It was no good killing them, so we simply had to endure them.

Food during the day we had to dispense with, as the flies settled on it even on the way to one's mouth, so we ate chocolate and biscuit until supper.

18th et seq. - When Mace disappeared we could not send down to the beach, as Noyes had to stay and look after the camp to see our gear was not pinched. No one appeared to have any conscience about taking anything they saw, so we had to keep a sharp look-out on our belongings.

I managed to sneak an old stretcher after the first few days, as the ground was about as comfortable as a mattress of broken bottles. We had little holes scooped out in the ground, about a foot deep, and I got a bit of old canvas from the beach as a roof. Except for the hardness of the ground sleeping out was very nice; the nights were cool and fresh, and I slept very well. The enemy never shelled us at night.

As a rule we went up to the observing station about 6 a.m., and remained there until 7.30 p.m. If there had been enough to keep one fairly busy I should have enjoyed the time very much, but we were hardly ever called on to spot a ship on to a target; there were very few suitable to attack by naval guns, so each day dragged very slowly. The heat was very great, but Rylands brought his blanket to the station, and we rigged up a sort of roof.

The R.F.A. officers were a great boon; there was not anything for them to do, but they were company. They used to do twenty-four hours up here at a time, so used to bring up plenty of water, so that we did not have to use all our own scanty allowance, and could even spare some on one or two occasions to clean our teeth. Their names were Liddle, Crosbie, Greirson-Jackson (*sic*), Braham and Withers. The last two were schoolboys who had just joined, very good chaps, but we did not see much of them. Crosbie had been a medical student, and Liddle a farmer. We were very lucky, as they were all very good fellows, and Jackson in particular was an awfully interesting man. He seemed to have been everything. Started by being a private in the American Army during the Phillipino war, and had then been in turn a grain loader at Montreal, horse-breaker in the S.W. somewhere, and had finished by horse-breeding in Canada. He was a perfect mine of useful tips about laying and lighting fires, cooking bully beef, and making porridge out of Army ration biscuit. If we had not had these with us we should have been a lot more dull and thirsty than we were.

When we had been up about five days I got a message from Commander Gibson ⁷ to say that he had been ordered to come up and see what could be done to improve the place. I had written to Swithinbank ⁸ telling him all about the place and suggesting that something in the way of reliefs ought to be arranged, hence the arrival of Gibson.

After he arrived things improved a lot. He could come and go as he liked, whilst we had been tied to the station, so could not go to the flagship to rub in our suggestions. First, he got permission for Rylands and me to go on board the *Swiftsure* occasionally for a bath. That was something. We also settled that we would not live with the brigade, but would form our own mess. This we did with very good results. We drew our rations from the main A.S.C. depot on the beach, because Gibson knew the men in charge of the place, so we got Maconochie instead of the everlasting bully beef. Gibson brought two men with him, so Noyes had company, and two of them used to go down each day to draw the food and bring up extra water. We still drew our water up here, because it came up by mules and it was more convenient to get it here than to carry it up ourselves.

From now we fed much better, and were never really short of drinking water. Our camp was not up to much, so we set to find some other place. Finally we had great luck in walking into the hut vacated by the reserve brigade headquarters, who were moving into some other quarters. That gave us quite decent quarters; the hut was built against a rock, with two sandbag walls and the front open. We prevailed on the R.E.'s to put a roof on, which the three orderlies sandbagged. We were much relieved when the roof was finished, as the day before a shrapnel burst over us and one of the balls passed between Gibson and me, while we were reading from the same paper at the time.

This place was a favourite target for the enemy, who used to put more shell here than anywhere else on the ridge. They knew it was a brigade headquarters, I suppose.

On the 19th there was a big attack on the other flank. General de Lisle had come to take over the command at Suvla until the arrival of General Byng, and the attack was, I think, planned by him. The idea was to get W hill and the small hill near it called Scimitar hill. From where we were on the ridge the whole battle could be watched easily.

We saw the 29th Division, who had just arrived from Helles, advance under a heavy fire in a very gallant manner. There had been a heavy bombardment by the ships for half an hour before, but when the attack was actually delivered this fire was stopped by someone's order. That was fatal, as it was stopped at the very time that it was most required. Our men had to advance against a very strong position without artillery support. The idea seems to have been that our shell might have hit our own men, but even that would seem to me preferable to letting them advance unsupported by artillery. I have noticed that the French keep their artillery going until the very last moment, and don't mind an occasional shell falling among their own troops so long as the remainder are getting home on the enemy.

Our men advanced splendidly, and seemed to have taken Scimitar hill. About then we seemed to have a lot of casualties; a large body of men who I heard afterwards were the Midland Yeomanry brigade advanced in very close formation, and were badly mauled by the enemy shrapnel.

We could not see what was going on for a bit, but later we saw our men retiring from Scimitar hill, and then knew that the attack had failed.

The 29th Division, all had tin discs sewn on the backs of their tunics to show our artillery where they were; it seemed to answer well, as we could see them from where we were.

About the 20th we had a scare attack from the left.

We had just returned from the station, and were standing over the fire watching supper being cooked. Two shrapnel suddenly burst over the clearing. We did not think much of it, as the previous night the same thing had happened. However, three more came on top of the first two. We thought that the enemy were starting

an evening strafe, so dived into Gibson's dug-out, which was the handiest. The shelling got much worse, and I had just said: "It looks like an artillery preparation for an attack." I had hardly said it when Hades was let loose in the trenches; apparently every man started firing his rifle as quickly as possible.

We sang out to the men to dip for shelter, and crouched down, as the whole clearing was being peppered with shell. We could tell that the path from the reserve brigade's dug-out was also being heavily shelled. To our rather anxious ears the rifle fire seemed to be getting nearer. Very soon our howitzer batteries opened fire, and it was a very cheering sound hearing their shell whistling gently over our heads and, we hoped, finding a final resting place in the innards of a Hun. They simply pumped out ammunition. We did not quite know what to do; it was no good going to the station, even if we could have reached there, which I doubt. So we simply crouched where we were and discussed - the nearest way to the beach!

I had not even got my revolver with me, and was prepared to run amok with an entrenching tool if any Huns appeared.

About 8.30 the shelling stopped, but the rifle fire continued for half an hour later. Finally the whole thing fizzled out about 9.15, but not before the *Swiftsure* had got off some rounds at her night area. We had rather a scratch supper, as ours had all been burnt while we were cowering from the shell, and then the fire had gone out. The general idea seems to be that an attack had been intended by the enemy, but their infantry would not come out of their trenches. The artillery preparation was very complete. All the paths on the ridge were plastered with shell, and also the various headquarters. Anyway, the enemy succeeded in creating a rare flap on the beach; all the beach parties stood to arms. It also succeeded in waking up the *Swiftsure*. I went to the station extra early next morning to see if there were any bodies lying about, but there was no sign of anything having happened.

About the 26th the nights felt colder, and one evening I got some rotten rheumatism across the shoulders. Gibson said he would massage me, and that did a lot of good. We had to use condensed milk as a lubricant, and it acted very well. Next morning I did not go to the station, but lay down on my stretcher, as I felt a worm. As bad luck would have it, the enemy shelled the clearing rather heavily with a newly-mounted 5.9 howitzer. You can hear this beast's shell coming at least five seconds before they arrive, and after the first had come rather near one naturally was a bit anxious as to the arrival of the next. So each one meant five seconds disquiet, and lying helpless on a stretcher did not improve it. The enemy kept this jag going an hour before they tired of it, and in that time had got one just in front of our happy home, and the rest near.

On the 27th, the enemy got a direct hit on the station. It is rather hard to know whether this shot was deliberately aimed at us or not. It knocked the parapet away, but did no other damage. Jephson's post gets shelled all day and every day, and when the enemy use a high velocity gun anything that just misses the post "over" usually fetches up near us. Jackson thinks that the wily Turk and odious Hun know

that we have got an observing station here and are registering on it for future use. We don't like to think that, and try not to; but it seems rather likely.

About now, the disposition of the troops on the ridge was altered a bit, and instead of having a lot along the top they were put into the newly-made trenches running down on either side. This made the ridge much more select, but reduced the targets there to two, ourselves and Jephson's post. Instead of constant movement all over the ridge there was no traffic except to these two places. So the enemy's observer on Kidney hill could easily spot the place as something worth having at. We used to get quite a lot of visitors too. It seemed that all newcomers to the ridge were told



'In a redoubt' : Remains of these can still be found on the ridge. See photo page 36

that there were sailors trying to be soldiers up there, and that they were worth looking at. Our visitors included some Australian snipers, who came up to try and keep down the enemy's snipers, who were very unpleasantly active. They settled themselves in a little camp near us, and the gift of a loaf of bread the first night made them our slaves for life. I thought of them as our tame thieves, as they used to go out to raid the A.S.C. depots as a matter of course, and usually gave us some of the loot. Three or four of them used to come to the station each day to look for good places to lie out for sniping. They were splendid men, always cheerful, up to anything, but awful ruffians. If one believed their own accounts, they had fairly slaughtered the enemy snipers. I must say that the sniping was much reduced while they were here. They used to go down to the trenches to buck up the young

Territorials, and their very presence seemed to cheer one up. What a splendid command Anzac must be with thirty thousand such men, who don't know fear.

But still, all this traffic made the station very conspicuous, although we were not experienced enough to realise it, and about the 6th of September we had certain proof of it. That day had been very quiet; very little shelling on the ridge all day. Gibson and I had just finished boiling our tea, and had crawled into the hole to drink it. We then checked some targets on the map, when two shells burst just short of the parapet. They were followed by another just over. Then after a slight pause we heard the same gun fire again. He was a 4-inch in a little hole, and we knew him well. He was in a position that could not be reached by our guns.

The shell hit the parapet just above the head of the R.E. telephonist. A big chunk of the wall was blown on to him, but when he emerged spluttering and swearing he was none the worse. I said "That's a good one," and Gibson had started to say something when there was an upheaval like an earthquake just behind our heads, and we in our turn were covered with sand and stones. When we extricated ourselves there was a very unpleasant smell like picric acid makes, so we tied our mosquito nets over our faces, as you never know what may happen. Gibson said "We had better move," and we did very quickly. The operator grabbed the telephone, and we scrambled out of the place as if the devil were after us, and into a little excavation just below our place on the northern slope. As we got clear another shell arrived, and hit the wall low down just level with where we were sitting and wrecked the whole place and made the roof look very drunken. We did not quit any too soon.

As we crouched and watched our little shack being blown to pieces we decided that a new station must be found. Besides being smashed up, the present one was too conspicuous for anyone of a retiring disposition. In the event of an attack it would certainly be so shelled that observation from it would be impossible.

So we took the advice of General Maxwell when we went to have our evening tot, to build it up again as if it were still occupied and find another one.

Early next morning we had a good hunt along the ridge, and found quite a good place with a better outlook and much nearer the camp. We got fatigue parties each night to dig it down and cut a communication trench across the top of the ridge leading to it. We determined to keep the place dark and discourage visitors, as their coming and going certainly helped to give the old one away. The new one was much better than the old when finished, which was about two days after it had been begun.

I heard about this time that the officer who runs the machine-guns at Jephson's post, which belong to the armoured car section of the R.N.A.S., (*sic*) is Arthur Borton⁹ from Cheveney. Extraordinary running up against him out here. He is doing very good work there, and has a lively time; the enemy shell the place all day. He is the second man I have unexpectedly run up against at Suvla, the other was Jack More, from Harlech.

Heard on the 7th September, that Admiral Christian had been hit by a shrapnel when he had landed on 'A' beach. He was taken off to the *Swiftsure* and then sent to Malta in one of the hospital ships. Captain Bernard, of the *Venerable*, is to do the duties of the S.N.O. at Suvla for the time.

The same shell that wounded Admiral Christian killed Brown,¹⁰ a military landing officer on 'A' beach. He was a Sherwood Ranger, (sic) and an awfully nice chap. A shell on 'C' beach got a huge bag three days ago. It burst over the mule lines and laid out 13 men and 73 mules. It was 6-inch shrapnel, and Plumpton vouches for the truth of the yarn.

September 9th. - Received orders to-day to disestablish the observing station. Gibson had been on board the flagship and telephoned the glad news up to me, for it certainly is glad news. I was never enthusiastic about this job after the first few days, when I found there was nothing to do. Living up here is, of course, very interesting and exciting, and as such I can appreciate its charm, but there is no doubt that Gibson, Rylands and I are wasted up here with nothing to do all day.

I got the three orderlies going on the job of packing up. Noyes made no pretence of hiding his joy at seeing the last of the place; he had not felt very well for some time, but when I offered to have him relieved he said he would see the show out. I gave away a lot of our stores to various people, the mess traps to the R.N.A.S. (sic) machine-gun party, the tarpaulins to the Australian wireless gang who had worked our wireless communications, and the spare grub to the battalion in the fire trenches. Gibson sent up three mules to take the gear down to the beach, but they were more trouble than they were worth. They were not proper pack mules, and resented being used as such. I was very anxious to get the gear down before dark, but the rotten animals kicked the stuff off twice, and the second time in the gathering dusk we could not find one of Gibson's small parcels. We finally reached the beach at 9 p.m., and then went off to the *Swiftsure*. So ended my career as an observer.

Note:

Hammick's naval career continued after the Dardanelles and beyond the Great War. In WWII he served as captain of the heavy cruiser HMS *Sussex*, which was involved in the search for the *Graf Spee*. Retired as rear admiral. [ADM 196/50/311, 196/92/72, 196/127/138 & 196/143/847]

Footnotes:

1 – AB Ernest Alfred Noyes, 189233. Born 16 May 1881. Joined RN as Boy 2nd Class in June 1896. OS 1899 & AB 1900. RFR from October 1904. Re-enrolled RN October 1909. AB in HMS Prince George at the Dardanelles. Demobbed in June 1921. [ADM 188/322/189233]

2 – Geoffrey Kirkland Rylands. Born 1891. In July 1915 Lt Rylands was on board the destroyer HMS Arno with various generals from IXth Corps, pointing out to them the salient features of the landscape from Gaba Tepe, round Suvla Point and into the Gulf of Saros. [from an unpublished narrative by GKR] Retired from RN as Lieutenant-Commander. Served as a JP, and awarded OBE

January 1946 as general works manager, Rylands Brothers Ltd.

- 3 – James P A Bremridge. Born 1893. From HMS Chatham to left flank observation station 10 August 1915 [per ship's log]. Continued in RN post-war, serving as Lieutenant-Commander (G) HMS Delhi, when he died of illness at Malta, 21 September 1926. [RN Roll of Honour Between the Wars 1918-1939 by Don Kindell]
- 4 – Lewis Loyd Nicol, Colonel (Temp. Brig-Gen). 57 years old in 1915. Reported by Major Bryan Cooper to be widely respected by his brigade for unfailing personal courage and tenacity, who despite sickness at Gallipoli 'stuck it out.' CB in June 1916 and twice MiD that year. Also Legion of Honour and Order of the White Eagle.
- 5 – See The Gallipolian No.152, Spring 2020, p33, for the sketch by Lt-Col. M J W Pike RIF, showing the area of this action, including one of the destroyers (nicknamed Munster's Guardian Angel) on station in the Gulf of Saros.
- 6 – Pte John William Mace, Plymouth/13484 RMLI. Aged 40 in 1915. Served in HMS Talbot. '17 Aug. 15: *Shrapnel wound of back at Suvla whilst ashore on active service.*' Completed over 25 years service and demobbed September 1919. [ADM 159/153/13484]
- 7 – Isham Worsley Gibson, MVO. Gunnery officer HMS Albion. Beach Master 'A' Beach, Suvla landing. Assistant to director of naval ordnance 1916. Awarded OBE. Retired as rear admiral. [ADM 196/47/6, 196/91/73, 196/125/355 & 196/142/537]
- 8 – Cuthbert Winthrop Swithinbank. Born 1886. In 1915 lieutenant-commander (G) HMS Swiftsure. [ADM 196/50/311, 196/92/72, 196/127/138 & 196/143/847]
- 9 – Arthur Drummond Borton VC, CMG, DSO: Landed at Suvla, 16 August 1915, as lieutenant-commander, RNVR, commanding 9th Armoured Car Squadron, RNACD. Received the DSO: "In recognition of most valuable services in command of a detachment of R.M.(sic) machine guns in difficult and dangerous parts of the line in the Gallipoli Peninsula." [LG 29603, 30 May 1916]
In June 1916 Borton transferred to the army and joined 2/22nd London Regiment (The Queen's) serving in France and then Palestine.
On 7 November 1917, Lieutenant Colonel Borton led the 2/22nd London at Wadi esh Sheria and as Cyril Falls puts it, "personally reorganized the leading waves when they were checked by heavy machine-gun fire, walking up and down the line with supreme contempt for danger" and leading "a party of volunteers against a Turkish battery firing at point-blank range, capturing the guns and the detachments." For this action Arthur Borton was awarded the Victoria Cross. [see also http://www.queensroyalsurreys.org.uk/vc_gc/vc12.shtml]
- 10 – Assistant Military Landing Officer, Suvla; Capt. Harold Vernon Browne, Queen's Own Dorset Yeomanry, aged 30, buried Hill 10 Cemetery.

Disclaimer

Readers are reminded that the observations and opinions expressed in articles and letters published in *The Gallipolian* are those of the authors, and do not necessarily reflect the views of the editor, or those of the Association.

BRITISH NURSES ON LEMNOS

John Dixon

I read with considerable interest the article by Jim Claven on The British Nurses on Lemnos (Gallipolitan 154). I agree completely with the author in that there is so little information about the British nurses who served and also that there must be information out there somewhere. So more research definitely required.

I am at present carrying out a study of the medical services during the campaign and in the course of that research I have spent considerable time in reading through many of the War Diaries of medical units. Any reference to nurses is rare but in the diary for the 16th Stationary Hospital, which was stationed at East Mudros for much of the time, there is a reference on the 1st November 1915 to the arrival of three nursing sisters at the hospital. These nurses are identified as part of the personnel for the 27th General Hospital which had not then arrived on Mudros. It appears that nurses were also sent to the 18th Stationary Hospital, also in Mudros, and that there was some exchange of nurses between these two hospitals before the 27th General Hospital was established. A war diary for the 27th GH has yet to be located but according to the Official History of Medical Services the hospital was established on the island by mid December. This would suggest that there was a considerable number of British nurses serving on the island at that time. In the diary of the 16th SH only two of the nurses are named, Sister Parkes and Sister Roberts, both of the QAIMNS. No doubt it may be possible to track down these nurses.

I am familiar with Badsey's work on Care Giving and the author makes it clear that there were considerable numbers of nurses involved on hospital ships. The number quoted (81 nurses and 200 reservists serving on nine hospital ships and 15 Naval Hospital) are interesting since this would appear to refer to those members of the QARNNS and to the ships on which they served. At present I have identified a considerably larger number of hospital ships, and a number of so called "hospital carriers", which did at least one trip to the peninsula to evacuate wounded. Some of these, such as HS Gascon, was staffed by Australian nurses though the Matron Jesse Wooley was QAIMNS. There were also hospital ships who appear to have served the routes from Egypt to England or Egypt to India without ever travelling to the peninsula. This being the case it must mean that there was a considerable nursing staff who served on hospital ships during the campaign. The Gascon had a nursing staff of ten and was supposed to carry 492 patients. For a ship the size of the Aquitania carrying over 2,000 patients the nursing staff could be expected to be correspondingly larger.

All of this would support Mr Claven's contention that there must be a lot more information as yet uncovered concerning the nursing service and the duty it performed during the Gallipoli Campaign.

AN ANZAC PATROL

Lieutenant John Adams, MC, then a private in the 2nd Battalion

Shortly after midday on the 5th of May, 1915, the 2nd Battalion moved off from behind Wire Gully to The Pimple, taking over the trenches there from the 2nd Brigade at 5 p.m.

A few weeks later General Walker, accompanied by some of his staff and our C.O. (Lieut.-Col. Brown), came into our front line, and, pushing his oversized periscope — a stick with mirror top and bottom — over the top, noticed much digging activity by the Turks on the left of The Pimple. It appeared that the Turks were constructing a nearer line of trenches towards us. General Walker said to Col. Brown: "We must stop their caper. An officer and about 20 men would bag the lot, and if successful, of course, there would be honours so-and-so for the officer and honours so-and-so for the N.C.O. and men." We had all looked game enough until this remark was made. Everyone standing by became silent, no doubt turning over in his mind the thought that he might be one of the "privileged" number. A singular thing, but all of us seemed to have an attack of coughing, until all "the heads" departed. Immediately they left, Digger judges and juries unanimously condemned the idea.

On the morning of June 6 Sergt. H. I. Peisley, of "A" Company, came to me and said that I had been selected to go out on patrol in No Man's Land with him. The following day Peisley and I had to report to Lieut.-Col. Brown at battalion headquarters in Brown's Dip. After telling us what was required, he remarked, "The principle of our patrol is to get the men used to seeing their own men patrolling No Man's Land in front of their barbed-wire. And whilst you are out, look about to see if the Turks are occupying any advanced positions at night. This information is required by General Walker."

At 9.30 p.m. Col. Brown, the adjutant, Capt. Dignam (our company commander), Peisley and myself assembled in the front line near a sally port that had been specially made for our exit. The troops on both flanks had been warned that the patrol would be out for 40 minutes, and that firing was to cease for that time, or until such time as the patrol might possibly return.

After receiving final instructions from Col. Brown, Peisley and I went out through the sally port. We had the devil's own job getting through our own wire entanglement, which had been cut into short lengths and thrown out haphazardly. The barbs caught in our clothes and flesh. Hundreds of Fray Bentos, Tickler's, and Maconachie tins were lying about, and as we dragged lengths of wire over them the noise resembled the beating of tins to frighten a swarm of bees. Getting beyond the line of wire, we freed each other of these encumbrances, and began to crawl parallel to our front line.

This, however, was not exciting enough for the game and fearless Peisley, who whispered that we crawl side by side towards the Turkish line, he scanning the right and I the left. Sticking together, we got to within 50 yards of the Turkish position, when Peisley drew my attention to a rifle flash in our right rear. He whispered that if only one or two Turks were there, we had a chance of capturing them. After waiting a while, three or four more shots were fired from the same position, which was about 20 yards off. We scanned the horizon, and saw two heads, at which Peisley stopped me from firing.

Immediately the Turkish garrison seemed to become alarmed, for they opened up a hellish fire, to which our line retaliated. Bullets splashed the earth and scrub around us, and the Turks excitedly fired flares. With chin and nose dug into the earth, we waited motionlessly until at the end of twenty minutes the fusillade eased off. As Peisley remarked later, he thought we were there for keeps. The terror passed, and both became armed with venom for our men.

There was still a fair amount of firing, as, highly indignant with our own crowd for firing, we returned to our line. Peisley's instinct took us back to the sally port, through which he could not scramble quickly enough to vent his feelings about the inconsiderate manner in which we had been "baptised" in patrol work to Capt. Dignam, and later to Col. Brown and the battalion staff, all of whom had been anxiously waiting for our return. Peisley and I were informed that a few men on the right flank had become excited and started firing, and could not be induced to stop for some time. Peisley told the colonel that we would take the lot out.

Having each had our say, we came back to earth again, and gave Col. Brown particulars of what we had seen. After being thanked and complimented upon the manner in which we had done the job, we retired to a communication trench with our clothes in ribbons, and talked over the S.R.D. It then all seemed worth while.



LAST POST

It is with regret that the Association learned of the death of the following members:

Admiral Sir Brian Brown KCB CBE - Member No 2270, 27 April 2020.
(See pages 2 - 3).

Mr D N Langley - Member 0869, just before Christmas 2020.

Mr Gary Tranter - Member 8025, joined August 2016 - 10 February 2021.



OBJECTIVES

To advance education for the public benefit by raising public awareness of the Gallipoli Campaign of 1915 and by encouraging and facilitating the study in the legacy and lessons of that campaign. To keep alive the memory of the campaign and to ensure that all who fought or served in it, and those who gave their lives, are not forgotten by applying such means as the Trustees deem fit.



The River Clyde at V Beach, 25 April 1915 by Charles Dixon

The Gallipoli campaign is characterised by countless deeds of heroism and endurance. It took place in an area smaller than Southampton amid appalling conditions - heat, flies, lack of water, equipment and proper sanitation. Later on rain and a freak spell of sub-zero temperatures had to be endured, to say nothing of the desperate close-quarter fighting throughout the campaign. Some 559,000 Allied personnel were committed, of whom 420,000 were British and Empire troops, including 50,000 Australians and 9,000 New Zealanders, and 80,000 French. The cost in human terms was terrible. The Allies had 250,000 casualties, of whom approximately 58,000 were killed, with only 11,000 having known graves. Ottoman forces, with some Germans, numbered between 300,000 and 400,000 and of these some 87,000 were killed. The evacuations in December 1915 and early January 1916 were masterly operations – one of the great feats of military history.

www.gallipoli-association.org