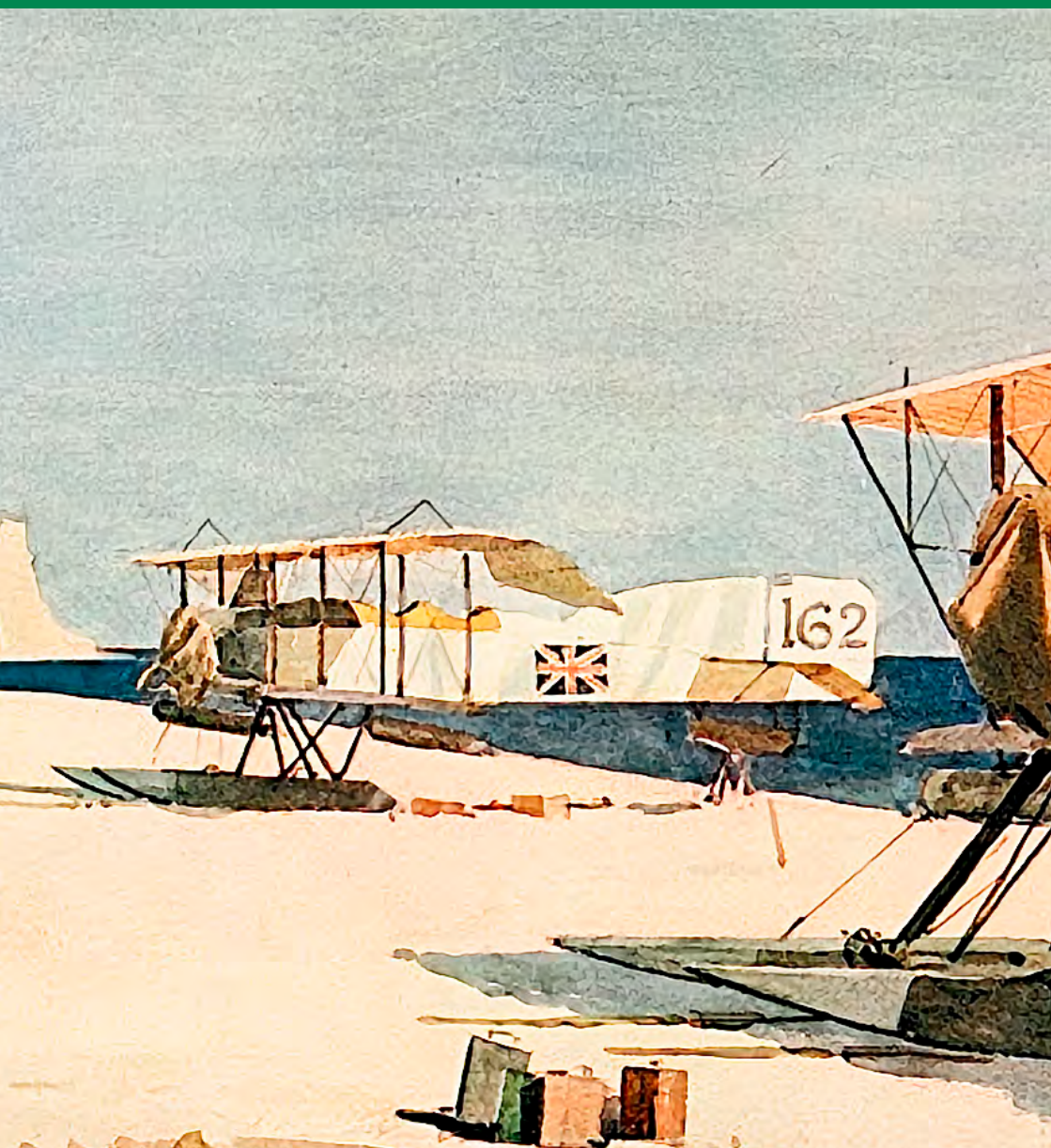


The Gallipollian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association

No. 158 - Spring 2022



THE GALLIPOLIAN

No 158, Spring (March) 2022

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

The Gallipoli Association

Registered Charity No. 1155609

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The Gallipoli Association has a new registered address

For general enquiries:
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This edition’s cover *Seaplanes at Kephala (Imbros)*

Wilkinson, N. *The Dardanelles: Colour Sketches from Gallipoli*, London, Longmans, Green & Co, 1916
Captioned: The seaplanes in the Dardanelles have done much excellent work, and are extensively used
in observing for the ships engaged in bombarding Turkish gun positions.

[This seaplane depicted is a *Short 184*, number 162. For an overall view of the seaplane base see p30.

GALLIPOLI / ANZAC DAY MONDAY 25TH APRIL 2022

5.00 am: Dawn service. Hyde Park Corner

The main service will take place at the Australian Memorial, Hyde Park Corner. The service will be approximately 45 minutes in length and is open to the public.

9.30 am: Gallipoli Memorial Wreath-Laying Ceremony. Crypt of St Paul's Cathedral. (please be seated by 9.00 am).

Wreaths will be laid by a representative of her Majesty's Government, senior representatives of the Royal Navy and the Army and high-ranking officials from Australia, New Zealand, France, the Irish Republic and Turkey. The event is open but you will be asked to show photographic identification as part of the security checks. Members are encouraged to attend this service which is arranged by the Gallipoli Association.

11.00 am: Wreath Laying Ceremony and Parade. The Cenotaph, Whitehall. (Details of where to meet for those wishing to march will follow).

Following a march onto Whitehall, a requiem is read and at 11.00 am, the High Commissioners for Australia and New Zealand will lay the first wreaths. Wreaths are then laid by representatives of the UK Government, High Commissioners and Ambassadors, as well as representatives from various service and ex-service organisations. A wreath will be laid on behalf of the Association. Only members and guests with named tickets will be allowed access to watch from the west side of Whitehall. Access details will be given on the tickets.

The service will conclude at approximately **11.15 am**, allowing time for the short walk to Westminster Abbey.

12.00 noon: Service of Commemoration and Thanksgiving, Westminster Abbey.

The Service of Commemoration and Thanksgiving to mark Anzac Day, commences at 12.00 noon. Members should be seated by **11.45 am**. The service will last approximately one hour.

1.30 pm to 4.00 pm Gallipoli Day Lunch. Venue to be confirmed

Arrangements for a lunch at a convenient location to the Abbey will be announced in the near future.

For now, please use the attached form to express your interest in attending any of these events.

Any queries, please email: events@gallipoli-association.org

GALLIPOLI / ANZAC DAY AT THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL ARBORETUM

Monday 25 April at 12pm

The National Memorial Arboretum in Staffordshire covers 150 acres and contains memorials to the armed forces and civil services. One of these is the Gallipoli memorial.

There is a Gallipoli/Anzac Day service at the Arboretum on Monday 25th April commencing at 12.00 noon.

Any member wishing to go should contact Ian Binnie: education@gallipoli-association.org

2022 REGIONAL CONFERENCE

Many members will have seen details of the recent regional conference on social media. Some members were even present. We were determined to get back to a live event as soon as it was safe to do so. A big thank you to our 40 attendees.

We were well served by the staff of the Chelmsford City Museum, which houses the collection of the Essex Regiment and the staff at the adjacent café. The venue was ideal and the museum community really rose to the occasion. One of the curatorial staff, Georgina, and volunteers including Karen and Steve Dennis (both GA members) and Peter Williamson, put together a remarkable display. These included rare photographs, documents and artefacts. Peter led a very enjoyable tour around the Essex Collection at the end of the day.

The speakers were superb.

Clive Harris started us off with a summary of the participation of the Essex Regiment in the campaign. Clive gave a very lively and interesting presentation.

The same can be said of our very own Stephen Chambers, who talked on the many battles of Krithia. As always, Stephen showed an encyclopaedic knowledge of the campaign but was able to distil it into a very engaging presentation.

After lunch Martin Purdy gave a very thought-provoking presentation on memorialisation, focussing on the north west. He reminded us of the very moving story of the Duckworth family.

The conference was rounded off by the inimitable Peter Hart, who gave a very amusing but also thought-provoking presentation on Rupert Brooke and his many friends in the Royal Naval Division. Along with numerous amusing anecdotes, Peter was at pains to stress how brave these young men were.

We do not record these conferences, so watch out for details of the March 2023 event.

Our thanks go to the Association's events co-ordinator, Hester, for the work she did beforehand and on the day.

ATTACK AND DEFENCE: 3RD AT THE PINE

Major Paul Goldenstedt, 3rd Battalion AIF

Of all my memories of Lone Pine, one will ever remain uppermost in my mind.

As Sergeant-Major of “B” Company, 3rd Battalion, I went over with the rest at 5-30 — I think it was with the second wave, or those who leapt the parapets as the first wave emerged from its secretly constructed line of man-holes in front.

Duffy, of the Third, was one of the star turns on the wild rush over the intervening 40 or 50 yards. With every manner of imprecation, he yelled to the Turks, to “Come and have a go,” as he waved his rifle aloft and headed for the nearest trench.

The first realisation that the overhead cover presented an almost insuperable obstacle to gaining entry came to me when I saw a Jacko rifle or two pushing their nasty snouts out through the openings. I raised mine to fire, only to find my safety catch back, and the shock I got when I discovered this was something to be remembered. Naturally, while it may take minutes to tell, the happening was only a question of a second or two, but I often think that during that second, or, it might have been a split second, I lived through a whole eternity.

As several of us were about to jump into one of the uncovered Turk communication trenches, two men dropped beside us with that faint little cough that spells a fatal shot through the heart. Once in the trench there was a rush to find the garrisons which, by now, had retired further back. There were a few scattered fights between isolated parties and the Australian line, true to the training the men had received, soon sought to consolidate itself.

After a minute or two I ran into then 2IC — (Major McConaghy) — the men of the 55th Bn. will remember him as their commander in France. McConaghy and myself went on a little exploring expedition of our own, following a communication trench until it kind of petered out in the open into Owen’s Gully, and behold! — not ten yards from us was the stump of the old tree from which the Pine took its name. Our amazement was cut short in a twinkling, for we immediately received the undivided attention of every Turkish machine-gun and rifle in the locality. We both managed to make cover, however — a fact that could hardly be called a tribute to the efficiency of the Turkish shooting.

I moved down another trench to find one of the Pinkstone brothers, Norman, I think, and a couple of others fighting for their dear lives. Corporal Haua lay with a wound in his stomach, calling out for someone to finish him off with a bullet, and in a nearby dug-out the wounded lay in heaps — Turk on Australian, and Australian on Turk.

Then Captain Austin came along, and we set about satisfying ourselves whether a party round the corner of a sap close by consisted of Australians or Turks.

Austin moved round one way, myself and a few others round another. Austin was shot. I think I was one of the last to see him alive.

That night twenty-seven of us, including Lieut. Harrison, who subsequently died of wounds, and then Lieut. Joe Burrett, found ourselves in a short length of trench that jutted out from what had now come to be the main Australian line along the edge of Owen's Gully, and overlooked from its bottom end Mule Gully, in behind Johnston's Jolly, and some of the fighting we had had that night was the worst in living memory. Everyone who fought at the Lone Pine will remember the shortage of bombs, and considering the efficacy of the Mills bomb, we often wonder what we could have done then were there unlimited numbers of the Mills variety in requisition. Out-bombed and outnumbered, we hung on until daybreak, and the dawn brought a fresh attack, which reduced our numbers to a mere handful. Someone turned up with a bag of jam tin bombs, and then began the great problem of lighting them and effectively disposing of them.

Up to this time we had had no experience with bombs, by reason of the fact that when the Third settled down after the Landing they found themselves in a sector — Johnston's Jolly — that was a hundred yards or more from the nearest Turk trench. The result was that the bombs were disposed of on that morning with a fair amount of misguided enthusiasm, and more than one man lost a limb or was blown to bits as he argued with the man next him how best to throw it, and how long to hold it after it had been lighted. Had there not been moments of humour during those terrible hours, I am sure no man could have survived.



'The Lone Pine attack. (Sketch from diary of Official War Correspondent, drawn from memory in February, 1916' (Bean, *Story of Anzac* Vol 2 p504).

In these normal times it seems ridiculous to speak of the humours of tragedy, but such things there were during the fighting that followed the dawn. Sergeant Campbell, a sturdy bullocky of the Third, stuck his head over the lip of the crater at the bottom of the trench and saw Mule Valley below him crowded with Turks moving up towards Mortar Ridge to meet the onslaught of the Light Horse away up near the Chessboard and Quinn's. "Look, Goldie! Look, for Christ's sake!" he yelled. "There are millions of the bastards down here." His speech was cut short by a sniper's bullet that removed

the whole of his front top teeth, which protruded beyond his upper lip as if they had been taken off with a fretsaw.

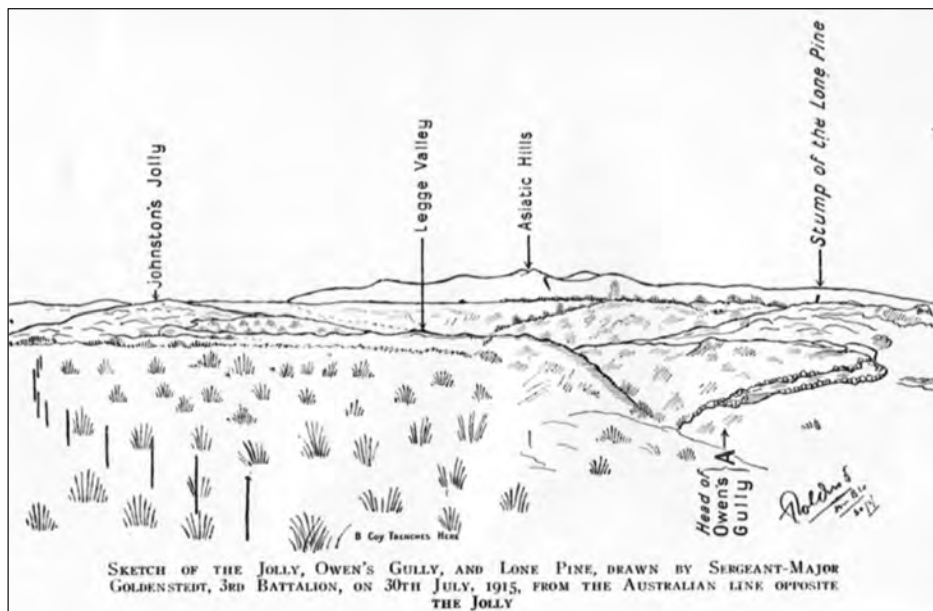
Recovering from the shock, the bullocky in Campbell asserted itself, and there followed the best exhibition of cursing in between the gulping and spitting of mouthfuls of blood it would be possible to imagine. I don't know what the Turks thought, but the dozen or so men left in that trench roared with laughter as the eloquent Campbell beat it for the Beach. I was told later that Campbell hadn't exhausted his vocabulary by the time he had reached the hospital ship. There were intermittent attacks all day Saturday, and mainly with the help of Darkie McGrath, and a few others we managed to erect a sandbag barricade that gave us more or less immunity from further attacks from the direction of the end of the trench where there was so much dead ground. Throughout Saturday night there was no rest for anybody, and we all eagerly awaited the dawn. It came alright, with a hail of bombs that further reduced our now slender garrison to four. Bombed by overwhelming numbers, the four of us eventually retired to the junction with the main trench, from which position we took part in the general defence of the line now held by the Third, and, I think, First Battalions, or was it the Second?

However, Sunday morning was to prove a Sunday School picnic compared with Monday, when fresh brigades were brought up to finally turn the Australians out of the whole Lone Pine position. The rifle, bomb and machine-gun fire just after daybreak was something never to be forgotten. Our men were swept off the parapets like flies. By now the Second Brigade was taking a hand, and 'Pompey' Elliott's Seventh joined in with the Third.

Somewhere about eight or nine o'clock it looked as if the Pine would fall. General Smyth, V.C., who commanded the First Brigade, issued an order for every man to step down off the parapet and prepare to meet the Turk on the floor of the trench. I was then near Lieut. Percy Woods, who commanded the 55th in France. Percy and I had been sergeants together. He took out a pencil and wrote a few words to his wife on a field service post card. Having no wife and few relations that I could think of for the moment, I scribbled a few lines to her as well, and Percy fixed a bayonet to his rifle. I preferred my revolver. The feeling at that moment must be something like what a condemned man feels when the hangman is tying the rope. Anyhow, of a sudden there was a wild cheer, and before we knew where we were the Turks had beat it for their trenches. It was somewhere about then that young Hamilton won his V.C. An hour or two later the Third was relieved and we moved into reserve, behind Brown's Dip.

And what a show it had been! I shall never forget the sight of the unclaimed packs that lay piled up on the little parade ground below Battalion Headquarters, that overlooked the track down Shrapnel Gully.

On Tuesday morning we held a muster parade. I have to this day my Field Service Pocket Book with the carbon copies of "B" Company parade state before the 'hop-over' on the Friday. The present on that afternoon, when the men crammed in



From Bean, *Story of Anzac* Vol 2 facing p499. Sketch by Sergeant-Major Paul Goldenstedt.

behind the Pimple, just in front of the Pine, and made ribald jokes about all manner of things, numbered five officers and 166 other ranks. 'B' Company came out of the Pine without a single officer and with only 49 men. My Field Service Pocket Book puts the losses at one officer and sixteen other ranks killed, four officers and 49 others ranks wounded, and 52 other ranks missing.

Howell-Price Takes Command

Subsequently, three of the four wounded officers died, including Lieut. Beekin, who commanded the company, and that beloved of all the original men of the Third, Big Eddie McGowan, who was wounded in fifteen places as he lay out between the Turkish and our lines for 36 hours or more, and died in October at Mudros.

Of the missing men, the great majority were subsequently found to be killed, and the battalion, which had suffered in much the same proportion throughout the other three companies, proceeded to reorganise. For the purpose of further tours of duty in the line, the remnants of 'B' and 'D' companies were merged and the parade state on the 12th of August sets out the strength of the combined platoons as follows:

On duty in the firing line:	44	Wounded:	3
On duty in support:	48	Duties:	20
Sick	4	Officers:	2
Off-duty	3	Sergeant-Major	1
Hospital	2	Total:	20 Off. 125 O.R.

When the battalion went into the line again, the command was taken by that fine soldier, then Major Owen G. Howell-Price, who was to make the final sacrifice at Flers just over a year later. Along with the other battalions of the Brigade, the Third continued to do its tour of 48 hours in and 48 hours out, until early in September it went off to Mudros for reorganisation and rest. I saw men who had been on the Pine since the first day of its capture, embark on a night in September for this spell who, through sepsis and other contributory factors to the horrors of that terrible salient, could scarcely carry their rifles, so emaciated and weak had they become.

A few weeks at Lemnos sufficed to make these stout-hearted fellows fit once again for the rigours that preceded the Evacuation.

(Goldenstedt, P, 'Attack and Defence: 3rd at the Pine', in *Reveille*, RSS&AILA, NSW Branch, Sydney. 1 Aug 1932, pp26 –27).

Editor's notes

Paul Goldenstedt survived Gallipoli and the war. He entered Lone Pine as company sergeant-major and was promoted to 2nd lieutenant the same day. Mentioned in Sir Ian Hamilton's despatch of 6 January 1916 for his work at Lone Pine, he was transferred to the Camel Corps and ultimately to the 15th Light Horse Regiment. He remained active in middle eastern affairs and was involved in securing the release of prisoners of the Japanese at the end of the second war.

He died in Brisbane, Queensland, in 1966.



Captioned 'A communication trench near the 'Pine'.

State Library of Tasmania CRO14-1-22

A CONVICT ON RHODODENDRON RIDGE

Bryn Dolan

Sergeant Ernest Drummond's attestation papers indicate that, when he enlisted into the New Zealand Expeditionary Force on 21 August 1914, he was a 30-year-old journalist with the *Waikato Argus* in Hamilton, that he had been born in Durban, Natal, South Africa, and that he was of the Wesleyan faith.

His headstone in Embarkation Pier Cemetery, however, indicates that he was really E H M Cohen, and the Star of David on the stone gives lie to the Wesleyan claim.

Ernest Henry Melmott Cohen was in fact born in Rosalie Villa, North Quay, Brisbane, Queensland, on 1 February 1881, making his age on enlistment 33.

Sergeant Cohen also claimed to have served in South Africa: 12 months with the Duke of Edinburgh's Own Volunteer Rifles, and three years with the Cape Mounted Rifles. There is evidence that he did serve in the Boer War, as he is shown as having enlisted as trooper 41531 [1554 also listed – probably a previous unit] in the 2nd Battalion of the Imperial Light Horse Regiment in Cape Town on 27 Feb 1902.

His Queen's South Africa medal entitlement indicates service prior to this and the record in WO 100 (National Archives) notes that his QSA with clasps 'Orange Free State' and 'Transvaal' was never claimed.

The clasp 'Orange Free State' was awarded to all troops in the Orange River Colony at any time between 28 February 1900 and 31 May 1902, inclusive, who had not received a clasp for a specific action in that colony.

The clasp Transvaal was awarded to all troops present in The Transvaal any time between 24 May 1900 and 31 May, 1902, inclusive, and who had not received a clasp for a specific action in the Transvaal.

It was further noted on his NZEF papers that he had a scar from a bullet wound on the left side of his lower jaw, and as we shall see further into his story, he had at some stage sustained major damage to his teeth.

The 16th (Waikato) Company of the Auckland Infantry Battalion He was mortally wounded on 8th August, Rhododendron Ridge, and having been buried in one of the smaller cemeteries that were



Ernest Henry Cohen –
Sergeant Drummond

concentrated into Embarkation Pier after the war. These now non-existent cemeteries were The Apex, Mulberry Tree, Chailak Dere No 1 and No 2. Some isolated graves were also concentrated into Embarkation Pier. No written evidence exists that supports the idea that Sergeant Cohen made it to a dressing station, and his death was confirmed only by a Board of Enquiry held at Moascar Camp, Ismailia, Egypt, in January 1916, some five months after his death. It seems likely then, that he was wounded, and this fact later communicated, and that an attempt was probably made to get him to aid. Like many others on that ridge, at some point he 'disappeared,' and his body was likely buried, either at The Apex (on Rhododendron Ridge itself) or in the Chailak Dere (valley) below.

Looking into the reason Sergeant Drummond / Cohen enlisted in the NZEF under an assumed name, it quickly became apparent that the use of an alias was more-or-less the norm, even in civilian life. Ernest Cohen was a crook – a thief and a con-man. The Sydney newspapers of 1908-9 (presumably he arrived around this time from South Africa) are full of his exploits, but the following two are typical:

SYDNEY QUARTER SESSIONS
(Before Judge Backhouse and juries)

REMANDED

Ernest Henry Cohen pleaded guilty to four charges of larceny and three charges of false pretences, and was remanded for sentence. The gaol records showed previous convictions for forgery and false pretences in South Africa and Sydney. (*Sydney Morning Herald* 19 February 1909 p4).

SYDNEY QUARTER SESSIONS
(Before Judge Backhouse and juries)

SENTENCED

Ernest Henry Cohen, who pleaded guilty to four charges of larceny and three charges of false pretences, and who had previous convictions for forgery and false pretences in South Africa and Sydney, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour in Bathurst Gaol on each charge, the sentences to be concurrent. At the expiration of the two years he would have to find one surety of £50 for his good behaviour for a period of two years. Failing that he would have to serve an extra 12 months imprisonment. (*Sydney Morning Herald* 25 February 1909 p4).

So Ernest Cohen was sentenced to two years Hard Labour for multiple instances of fraud, after which he would have to serve another 12 months if he failed to come up with a surety of £50. I can only assume he served the two years in Bathurst Gaol, as there appears to be no record of him following his sentencing. Whether he produced the large sum required afterwards, or whether he merely boarded another ship under another name and landed in New Zealand, is speculation.

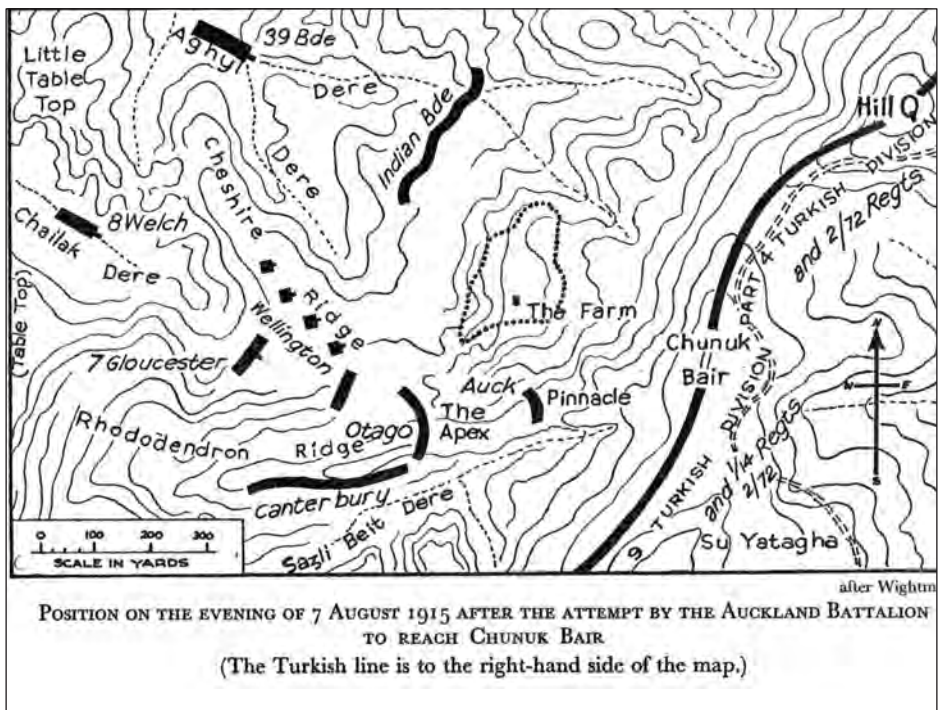
His New South Wales prison record sheet (see page 31) indicates that he had 'scars

on both jawbones from bullet wounds', that he was missing eleven teeth from his top jaw and six from his bottom jaw, and that he had various other scars.

But he landed at Anzac on 25th April and was promoted sergeant the same day, so he must have done something right. There is no indication that he was sick during his Gallipoli service, so he would also have survived the carnage of the assault across the Daisy Patch on 8 May. When the Auckland Battalion was ordered to attempt the capture of Chunuk Bair on 7 August –

Twenty yards of dead ground, and then a hail of fire – fire from a thousand yards of Chunuk; fire from Battleship Hill; rifle-fire and machine-gun fire from front and flank. Two hundred and fifty yards to go, and every yard of it raked with fire. The trench was reached, a small, narrow drain. All the way back to the Apex the ground was a tangle of dead, dying and wounded. (Burton p60).

Sergeant Cohen, the con-man born in Australia, died somewhere on those dreadful heights. He could have no finer epitaph than that he fought and died with the New Zealanders in the assault on Chunuk Bair.



The Auckland Battalion lost 300 men in the space between 'The Apex' and 'Pinnacle'. Sergeant Cohen was probably mortally wounded in the advance, or while lying in the abandoned Turkish trench, 18 inches deep, that cut across the ridge, and that was described as a 'small, narrow drain.'

Map from Malthus p107. For the view from Battleship Hill to Rhododendron Ridge see p30.

ANZAC DAY ON A SINKING TROOPSHIP

London, Thursday May 3, 1917

Australian Heroes

Last night the Secretary of the Admiralty issued the following:

The homeward-bound troop transport *Ballarat*, carrying a large number of the Australian Imperial Forces, was torpedoed by enemy submarine and sunk on April 25, about 35 miles from the nearest land.

Giving to the magnificent discipline and steadiness displayed by the troops, which were in keeping with the finest traditions of the British Army, all the troops were enabled to be got into the boats, and they were brought into harbour by our patrol craft, which speedily came on the scene. There were no casualties of any sort.

From a trustworthy source we have received the following account of the sinking of the *Ballarat*, troopship No. 70. This story affords a fitting pendant to those of the *Tyndareus* (sunk by a mine off Cape Agulhas, South Africa, on Feb. 9 last, an account of which appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* on March 29), and the immortal *Birkenhead*. In this case they were Australian troops who faced the imminent prospect of death with cheerful heroism and coolness, and their conduct, like that of the Middlesex Regiment, under Colonel John Ward, M.P., adds fresh lustre to a great British tradition.

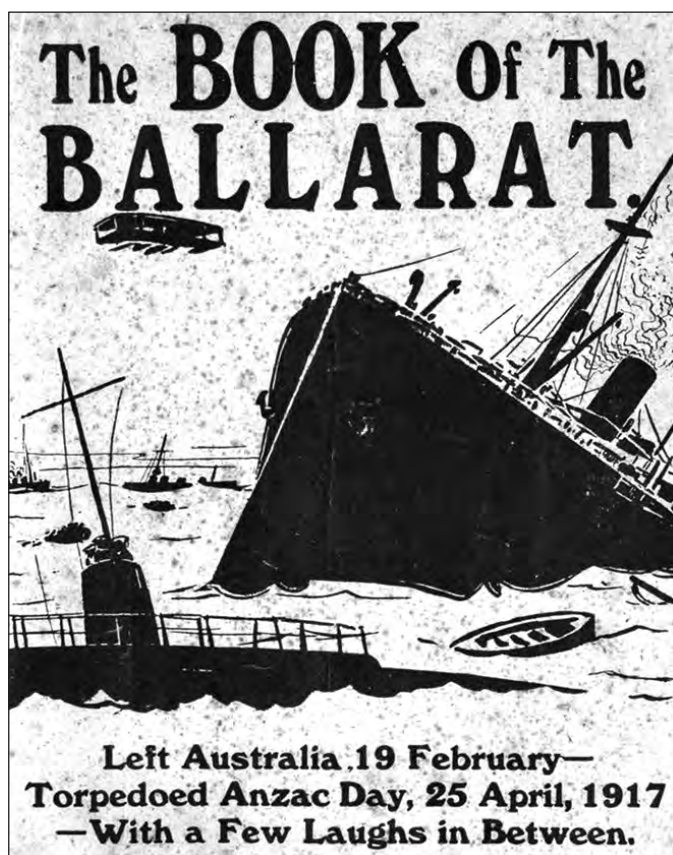
There had been a great send-off when the troopship left Australia, for this was the first time a shipload of Australians was to make the voyage to England with an unrestricted submarine warfare advertised by the German artists in murder. Most of the men, nearly every one, in fact, came, from Victoria, and it will be a proud moment in Victoria when the news comes through that her sons came up to the very top mark as they did. Boat drill is dull. Many of the men used fluent and flowery parts of speech to say how dull it was. No sooner in bed than the alarm was sounded, no sooner back in bed again than the alarm was sounded again, and then the 'advance,' and that found sleepy, almost depressed, men at their boat stations.

They repeated their drill until it took but four minutes to get the men out of bed and standing by their stations. At the time the *Ballarat* was struck it took, with a second or two, exactly the same time – drill, discipline, tradition; above all, tradition. Why? The men knew they were in for a big thing, and they wanted to do it bigly. Even the parrot was saved, and is now having his rations given him by naval officers. It is a soldiers' parrot, but they say he takes very kindly to sailors' customs. A hawk elected to come aboard during the voyage and make himself agreeable; and the hawk is now goodness knows where, for he flew away when the ship was sinking. The hawk and several cats are the only missing.

It was Anzac Day (April 25), and the officers were planning to hold a memorial service. The officer commanding the troops was dealing with a remanded case. "And

what have you been doing?" he asked, when there came a dull crash, a sound that seemed, as he said, "to lift the skin off your face," and the ship began to take a list. The 'alarm' was instantly sounded by the bugles, instantly followed by the 'advance.' Without confusion of any kind the men fell in at their boat stations. This was real. During the voyage they had been told the stories of the *Southland* and the *Birkenhead*, of the behaviour of the troops and men on these occasions. Those men who had used flowery and fluent parts of speech condemning the boat drill now used equally literary expressions in praise of it. "It's all right, boys," a man called out, "the old man is on the bridge." "Don't sing too loud," said an officer, laughing, "because I can't give orders." 'Stand easy' was given out.

The editor thanks former editor David Saunders MBE for supplying this article from the *Daily Telegraph*.



2ND LIEUTENANT ROGER NOEL COMPTON-SMITH

6th Battn. Manchester Regiment.

Died of wounds 27th May 1915. Buried in Redoubt Cemetery.

I was intrigued to see part of an old metal cross grave marker, named to Roger Compton-Smith, on display in the Gaba Tepe museum (Kabatepe Müzesi) when I visited in 2014.



Roger Compton-Smith was the second son of William Compton-Smith, of Tudor Place, Richmond Green, Surrey, and of Mary Isabel (née Richardson), and was born at Hampton Court on 16 July 1894

He was educated at the Horton School, Bedford, and Heidelberg College. He entered the Manchester House of Tootal Broadhurst Lee Company, Ltd., [he is listed on their Roll of Honour] on leaving school, and in July, 1914, had arranged a tour with the representative of the firm throughout America and Canada, but, war breaking out in the following August, he volunteered and was given a commission in the 6th Manchesters on 5 September 1914.

The Manchesters left for Egypt a few days later and to Gallipoli on 2 May, 1915. Lieutenant Compton-Smith was wounded while warning his men to

evacuate the trench they were in, as it was being enfiladed by the enemy.

Brigadier-General Noel Lee, who was himself shot on 4 June, and died in Malta, wrote on 25 May:

In his duties since he joined the regiment, there are none who have done better and very few as well. His whole heart was in what he undertook and as an officer he was one of the most useful and dependable in a regiment which is noted for efficiency. With the mess he was always popular and more than respected on account of his character. His men of No. 15 Platoon literally worshipped him, as he was not only their officer but their leader, who never spared himself, and their friend upon whom they could always rely for help and assistance in their work. His loss is great indeed.

While spending his school holidays at Brixham, he became a bold and skilful small boat sailor and a strong swimmer, and at Alexandria saved the life of one of his men who, while bathing, had ventured beyond the reef. He was a good all-round athlete, and a keen fisherman.

See photographs pages 32, 33.

Adapted (slightly) from the biography in *de Ruwigny* Vol.1 p332 – editor.

“STAND TO!” GRUESOME HOUR AT GALLIPOLI

By Augustus Muir in the “Daily Mail”

“Stand to!”

The call goes around.

“Standing to” is the very devil. I’m giving you tommy’s phrase – our own phrase – hot-pressed and tingling; for the picturesque epithet of the seasoned rough-neck, the man who has smelt blood, contains a potency which no sugared stylist spinning at home can impart. There is a biting flavour in the utterance of the old-hand parapet lounge. He deals out his wisdom to the tyro in small doses; but what he does say cuts deep. “What is ‘Stand to?’” I asked on my first day in the trenches at Gallipoli. “Stand to,” said someone – let me repeat it – “is the very devil!”

I soon learned the abiding truth of his assertion. A glimpse of the night routine of trench life will disclose the core of the situation.

At night you have to work. In daytime work is undoubtedly done; but it does not compare either in quantity or quality with night work. Through the day you can work and still have time to keep your pipe alight. But at night it is fever-heat all the time. You are, indeed, working against time. So much brushwood must be cut; that traverse must be a certain height, the advanced communication trench must be a definite depth; a certain parapet must be thickened so many feet. The subaltern in charge must see to it. Somewhere the company captain heaves in sight. He casts a critical eye in the darkness over the night’s “Job,” and if results do not speak for themselves the subaltern will have the task of explaining what the blankety-blank he has been doing all the time with his platoon. Thus night in the trenches is not all beer and skittles. It spells work.

In the bottom of a communication trench, or in shallow, scooped-out holes among rocks and scrub, the men—perspiring and weary—settle down for a few hours’ sleep. They drop over to the ring of picks. It is a splendid moment; you have that soothing feeling of something accomplished, something done with for a few hours; the music of pick and shovel, the thudding of spades at the root of brushwood, the pithy comments of some irate corporal, lull you to delicious slumber. You are deeply conscious of a supreme felicity. The s-spig! of bullets on the rock behind you affects you not. A quick s-spud! on the sand-bag over your head does not evoke so much as the blink of a drowsy eye.

You merely spit out the sand and turn over. For these little leaden messengers come pattering all the night. They quaintly punctuate the phrases of your

last letter from home which (in this brief moment before sleep takes you) run with a melancholy beauty through your brain; and you are on the point of dreaming you are listening to a well-remembered tongue when a tactless bullet, bringing you back to reality, spits home the certainty that it is not a living voice, but the written jingle of loved words... Then sleep comes.

“Stand to!”

It emanates from the sergeant-major's dugout. It rouses the company captain, who shakes himself and mutters as if he were remembering something he'd forgotten. “Ah, yes! Stand to!” It penetrates to the ear of the nearest platoon-sergeant, who leaps to his feet with a hollow which wakens the section commanders. Th' section commanders sit up and blink. They confer for a moment with their souls and decide that five minute.: more sleep, though smacking of Paradise, won't compensate for the risk of sitting tight. So they do thei'r duty.

“Stand to!”

The bitter words are passed on: bitter because “Stand to!” comes at the bleakest hour, the darkest hour of the night. The moon has waned, but the stars throw a chill, steely glimmer in the trenches. The sky is blacker and more depressing than at any other time of the night. There is a sting in the biting air.

Groans rise from all corners of the trench as the non-comms get busy; groans and grunts and imprecations. Sections newly yanked into wakefulness stumble down in the darkness, from their scoop-outs – the Suvla Bay travesty for dug-outs-and file into the communication trench. They are pale and weary. They are yawning and stiff. Their brief hour of joy is gone.

The stumbling of many feet can be heard. A long line of men appear from a gap in the fire-trench and file downhill on their Journey home; they are engineers who have been out in front blasting or erecting wire-entanglements; they carry the implements of their trade, and make a musical jingling as they fade in the dimness. More men file in. They are a neighbour platoon of our company, who have been out digging an advance trench. Their spades and picks clang loudly as in passing they toss them into the company store. Following are a couple of stretchers.

... For Johnnie Turk has a keen ear, and the machine guns from over there spit hotly for 10 minutes. Lastly, from out of the desolation of No Man's Land come our patrols. They have been lying between our working-parties and the Turk trenches; on them has rested the safety of our pick-and-shovel toilers. Stumbling over dead, exposed to every inch of the Turkish lines, ready to pounce at an instant's notice on an enemy's patrol and conclude the matter with bayonets; noiseless, alert, jack-easy of life, they have borne the brunt of the night's labor, and are filing in to drag out another hour of watching.

Gradually the noises in the trenches cease. Non-commissioned officers move

back and forward shivering in greatcoat, muffler, and sleeping-helmet. Tommy sits on the firing step, 'nursing his rifle and bayonet between his knees, and tries to keep up a tooth-chattering conversation with his mate who, is on look-out duty; it is easier to keep awake if you talk. He eyes the stars wearily, and the darkness of the sky, and realises that dawn is a long way off. The row of fixed bayonets down the trench glitters vaguely like a perpetual menace.

The subaltern passes. It is his duty to see that his platoon is alert, that they have their equipment on, their bandoliers slung, and that their rifles are ready for business.

"Here, you, you're asleep!" His voice has a grating edge.

"M'umps," responds Tommy, then sits up with a jerk. "N-no sir; no sir; no, sir! ... Awake, sir."

"Don't let it happen again." With muttered threats of "orderly room," the subaltern passes on. He chats for a moment with the section-commander, receives the report that the section is present and correct, and moves again into the darkness.

The minutes pass. Silence is shattered by sudden bursts of firing, which die again; so that a death-like stillness settles on everything – a stillness more trying to the nerves than the din of battle.

Someone scratches a match which makes a little burst of light on the bronzed face. It is a kindly sight, that little yellow pool of colour and the cluster of cigarettes pushed towards it. A voice calls to put it out. It drops to the ground spluttering, and you wonder at its beauty and its death – a flame! For life's little things count much in that hour. And the moments slowly pass and you are waiting patiently.

At last! Swiftly the word of release runs along. There is a click, and your bayonet is in your hand; another click, and it is home in the scabbard. You unsling the bandolier and drop your equipment. And with a stout biscuit in one hand and your ration of rum in the other, you settle back comfortably. (article from the *Daily Mail* - reproduced in the *West Gippsland Gazette* (Warragul, Victoria), 15 February 1916, page 6).



The Anzac Book p53

A TRULY SHAKESPEAREAN PICTURE

Dr Joseph Avérous, translated with introduction by Bernard de Broglio

What follows is a short extract from an account of the French hospital ship *Duguay-Trouin* at the Dardanelles. The author is her chief medical officer, Dr Joseph Avérous.

Duguay-Trouin was a training ship for naval officer candidates in the years before the war. In 1914, when Germany menaced Paris and the road and railway network came under strain, the French army looked to its navy to support the chain of evacuation. *Duguay-Trouin* was hastily refitted as a hospital ship with some 600 beds. In 1915, when an expeditionary force was despatched to the Dardanelles, *Duguay-Trouin* provided a floating hospital during the landings and medical evacuation once troops were established ashore. She worked tirelessly in the Aegean and Mediterranean seas until 1918, transporting some 34,000 sick and wounded.

The author of this extract, Joseph Maurice Honoré Avérous, was born in the French port city of Brest in 1870. He joined the navy in 1892 and served in its medical service, both ashore and at sea with the Mediterranean and Indian Ocean squadrons. From 1 January 1914, Avérous was chief medical officer aboard *Duguay-Trouin*, a position he retained after its conversion to hospital ship. For his work at the Dardanelles, Avérous was made an Officer of the Legion of Honour. After the war, he held senior positions in the French navy until retirement in 1932. Avérous died in 1948.

The extract below covers the days leading up to the landings of 25 April that are punctuated by the death and burial of an officer in the Hood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division — Sub-Lieutenant Rupert Brooke.

Avérous' description mirrors another French account, that of poet and novelist Jeanne Perdriel-Vaissière, which was translated into English by Vincent O'Sullivan and published in 1917. The similarities are not surprising as her text was based on the log of *Duguay-Trouin*. Jeanne's husband Eugène Perdriel captained *Duguay-Trouin* from 1917 and presumably copied the description recorded in the log. Avérous may have used the same source, or even written the log, but, unlike Jeanne, he was present when Brooke was interred. The doctor's account is sparer but still eloquent, and for this reason may be of interest to members.

We pick up the story as the Allied expeditionary force, having remustered in Egypt, sails for the Aegean islands from whence the assault will be launched ...

The convoy makes its preparations for a return to Mudros. It will sail in stages, and *Duguay-Trouin* will depart Alexandria with the fourth echelon. As a result, we're putting ashore those patients currently undergoing treatment — the Europeans to the San Stefano hospital, the others to the Government hospital. Men able to resume active service rejoin their units. On April 15, we embark the medical personnel who

comprise the reserve of the expeditionary force. Major Muller, the senior medical officer, commands four officers of the medical service, six assistant physicians and 75 orderlies. The next morning, *Duguay-Trouin* sets sail for Trebouki on the island of Skyros.

We arrive here on 18 April at 4 p.m., preceded by *Charles-Roux*, *Carthage* and the British transport *Anglo-Egyptian*. During the morning, when off the island, a small British cruiser came to identify us. Just two days ago, a torpedo was launched by a Turkish destroyer at the British transport *Manitou*, and our destroyers now stand guard around Skyros. At anchor sit the battleship *Canopus*, the auxiliary cruiser *Savoie* and several of the transports. Trebouki's harbour is small and well-sheltered, access to the open sea being restricted to two narrow and easily defended channels. Surrounding the harbour are dry and parched hills. The rock, entirely of marble, breaks through the surface almost everywhere, the meagre vegetation restricted to stunted mastic and thorny dwarf broom in whose shade grows sage and mint. Not a house, not a bird. The water fringing the island is intensely blue, perfectly clear and still. A restful calm prevails, the tranquillity broken only by occasional gusts of wind that tear down the hillside. Not far from our anchorage, old ruins and the shafts of broken columns recall an ancient monastery and its church dedicated to Saint Phocas. Nearby, an abandoned cistern provides us with untreated water. Here at Trebouki we await the arrival of the commander-in-chief. Troops go ashore from some of the transports to conduct field exercises.



Sub-Lieutenant Rupert Brooke
Royal Naval Division
Died 23 April 1915, aged 27

On April 21, *Savoie*, *Carthage*, *Charles-Roux* and *Vinh-Long* set sail for Lemnos.

On the 22nd, a British medical officer from the transport *Grantully Castle* asks whether we can admit an officer of the Royal Naval Division — Sub-Lieutenant Rupert Brooke. On his upper lip has appeared, over the past two days, a small malignant-looking pustule that shows all the signs of septicaemia. A sick soldier

cannot be left aboard a transport crowded with troops and we admit him to our hospital immediately. The officer, a renowned poet, is Churchill's nephew. He is accompanied by Asquith's son, an officer like Brooke. The patient's condition is extremely serious; we recognise the infection immediately — anthrax. He must have suffered a fly bite during an excursion to the island. General Hamilton asks to be kept informed by wireless of the progress of the disease. Despite the most active intervention, the patient dies the next day at 5 p.m. As the *Grantully Castle* sails with us tomorrow, the funeral must take place in the evening, that same night, before our departure. The coffin, beside which a sentry stands guard, is placed on the poop deck, draped with the British flag and framed by a few green plants. The British general of the R.N.D. comes to thank us for the care given. Asquith, with a cauterising tool, writes the name of his friend and the date of his death on the lid of the casket, which is lowered with military honours to a British cutter that is docked alongside. With the military personnel who have taken passage with us, and the medical officers aboard, we accompany the British general ashore.



French hospital ship *Duguay-Trouin*

The convoy glides slowly over the water through the still night. From different ships come funeral airs played by military bands. Getting ashore is very difficult; a party of sturdy Australians jump into the water, carrying the coffin on their shoulders. We advance, preceded by the chaplain and an Australian carrying on his shoulder the cross that will mark the grave, led by a guard of honour in two columns, arms reversed or carrying lanterns, along the rocky bed of a dried up stream through fragrant clumps of mint and wild thyme. It's a truly Shakespearean picture: the wild surroundings, the light of the moon, the hoot of the owl — it lacks for nothing.

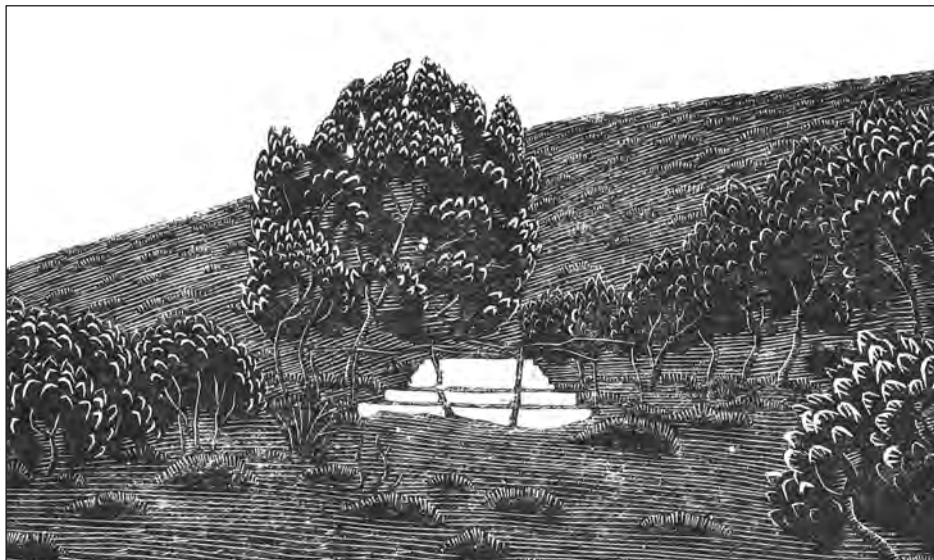
After a long and arduous walk, we arrive at the very place where the poet had hiked a few days before. The coffin is placed by an olive tree, one of the few trees in the area, under whose shelter it will be interred. The chaplain performs the rites. The British soldiers listen with heads bowed, their hands folded about the barrels of their rifles. At a brief command, they load their weapons and three salvos tear the silence of the night. The bugle's mournful complaint follows, repeated in echo by the valse, accompanied by the bells of frightened goats in hillside herds. The British general escorts us back aboard ship.



Trebouki harbour and sailors from *Duguay-Trouin*.
The hospital ship is the white-hulled three-masted vessel behind them.

At 6:30 a.m. on the 24th, ten British transports embark, charged with troops, escorted by *Canopus*, a cruiser and two destroyers. The *Duguay-Trouin* follows the convoy. We leave it at about 11 o'clock. The British make west, we head for Mudros, which we reach at 3 p.m. At the entrance to the harbour, a British squadron, six battleships and six destroyers strong, crosses our port beam in line astern, while to starboard pass the *Bien-Hoa*, *Lorraine*, *Armand-Behic* and *Dumbéa*. In the harbour is found, at anchor and flying the flag of Rear Admiral Guépratte, the old battleship *Jauréguiberry*, as well as the cruiser *Jeanne-d'Arc*, the coast-defence battleship *Henri IV* and the Russian cruiser *Askold*. Nearly 200 ships of all types crowd the harbour. The *Duguay-Trouin* finds an anchorage near Provence and there is just enough time to get our final orders before we make without delay for Tenedos. A part of the French forces, the 6th Colonial Regiment, are to land tomorrow at Kumkale on the Asian shore of the Dardanelles. They will be supported by three of Admiral Guepratte's battleships

and the *Askold*. This landing will be a feint only, intended to tie up enemy forces in Asia Minor and prevent them from coming to the aid of Turkish troops on the European side of the straits. During this time, the greater part of the allied troops must get ashore on the Gallipoli peninsula to seize Maidos. When these forces have landed, the 6th Colonial Regiment must re-embark. The wounded will be distributed across *Savoie*, *Vinh-Long* and *Ceylan*, the most serious being reserved for *Duguay-Trouin*, who will employ her tenders to bring them aboard.



Rupert Brooke's grave. Woodcut by Phyllis Gardener.

We depart Mudros on a sensuous Eastern evening. Beneath the last rays of the setting sun, Lemnos blurs to velvet and purple tones of infinite softness. The snowy peaks of Samothrace are tinged with violet and pink. Our ship, whose wake stretches beyond the horizon, appears to glide over a lake. We anchor in the lee of Tenedos, close by part of the convoy, whose moonlit silhouettes are cut from a silver sea ...

Notes

1. 'Notes et mémoires originaux. / Le navire-hôpital *Duguay-Trouin* aux Dardanelles (du 27 Février 1915 au 7 Janvier 1916), par M. le Dr Avérous, Médecin en Chef de 2e Classe de la Marine.', *Archives de médecine et pharmacie navales : Recueil publié par ordre du ministre de la Marine* (Paris: Imprimerie nationale, 1920)
2. Jeanne Perdriel-Vaissières, Vincent O'Sullivan (translator), *Rupert Brooke's death and burial, based on the log of the French hospital ship 'Duguay-Trouin'* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1917). The Imperial War Museum produced a facsimile copy in 1992. The IWM's reprint was No. 5 of their 'Arts & Literature Series.' The French

version can be read online at Gallica (gallica.bnf.fr) in *Paris-Midi*, 22 May 1917, under the title 'Rupert Brooke, Le premier mort des Dardanelles.'

3. William Denis Browne: "There was a French hospital ship, the Duguay-Trouin, in Skyros, & we asked them to take him in, as anything would have been better than the stuffy cabin he was in, and there were no proper facilities on the Grantully Castle for nursing him. In less than half an hour we had carried him down into a pinnace and taken him straight aboard the Duguay-Trouin. They put him in the best cabin, one of two set back to back on the sun deck aft, on the highest part of the ship. She was originally a naval school at Brest, built in 1878, & was converted in 24 hours into a hospital: everything was very roomy & comfortable, if old-fashioned; but they had every modern appliance & the surgeons did everything they possibly could. He was practically the only patient on the ship & the chief surgeon gave up his whole time to the case, & I believe hardly left him at all." Rupert Brooke papers, King's College Cambridge, quoted in *R.N.D.* (editor Len Sellers), issue no. 7, December 1998.

4. The good doctor is wrong in this.

5. Arthur Melland Asquith, third son of the British Prime Minister Herbert Henry Asquith. By a curious coincidence, Brooke's death takes place on Arthur's 32nd birthday (Friday 23 April 1915).

6. Jeanne Perdriel-Vaissière says "sixteen palms decorate this improvised chapel."

7. Major General Archibald Paris RMA.

8. *Thermocautère*.

9. The 'Australians' were in fact eight petty officers of A Company, Hood Battalion.

10. Captain Christopher Page RN in his book on Asquith (*Command in the Royal Naval Division*) gives the detail: "...service conducted by the Chaplain of the 1st Naval Brigade, the Rev. B. J. Failes RN..."

The woodcuts by Phyllis Gardener are based on photographs taken by Stanley Casson at Skyros in April 1920. The woodcuts illustrated Casson's 1921 book *Rupert Brooke and Skyros*.



GALLIPOLI OAK / REDOUBT CEMETERY

Richard Preston

The article in *The Gallipolian* No 157. (Winter 2021) reminded me of my visit ten years ago to the cemetery. The Gallipoli Oak was planted in 1922 by the father of Lieutenant Eric Duckworth, 1/6th Lancashire Fusiliers, missing near 'The Vineyard' on 7 August 1915, aged 19.¹



Eric Duckworth

Befitting his Rochdale background, he was an officer in the 1/6th Lancashire Fusiliers with HQ in Rochdale. The battalion also had outposts at drill halls in the nearby towns of Middleton and Todmorden.

Eric Duckworth vanished in action on 7 August, so there is no grave. It is understandable that his parents, James and Mary, wished to put a permanent reminder or monument to their son. They planted an oak sapling, in the safe area – Redoubt Cemetery – near to the area where he had died. They were able to fulfil their wish whilst on a cruise in 1922. It was a poignant and lovely gesture from grieving parents. In 2022, the centenary, this small sapling had grown into a fine and mature specimen. The gesture was only possible because the family were wealthy, having gained their money from Eric Duckworth's grandfather developing a grocery empire with 180 shops in Lancashire, Cheshire, and West Yorkshire, with headquarters in Rochdale.

Ironically there is, in the same cemetery, a headstone to a young soldier, Richard Martin, who died on the same day, 7 August 1915, and who had lived approximately 2.5 miles west south west of Eric's family home near the centre of Rochdale, in the smaller mill town of Heywood. He was only 17 when he died and is remembered on the war memorial of St Michaels Church, Bamford, Rochdale, together with six

other named soldiers who participated in the Gallipoli Campaign.² The soldiers were all in the 1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers and although the headquarters for this battalion was in Bury, one company was based at the drill hall in Heywood.

The 1/5th, 1/6th, 1/7th, and 1/8th were all part of the 42nd East Lancashire Division. They left the UK on 24 September 1914. Richard, at that time, was only 16 years old having joined the battalion in August 1914. So much for soldiers not going overseas until they were 19; he was indeed a child soldier.

The England and Wales census of 1911 revealed that Richard, aged 13, was a ring fence doffer in Roach Mill, a cotton mill with 43,000 spindles, one of the largest in Heywood. Unsurprisingly in this part of Lancashire, all the soldiers who died in Gallipoli, and who are remembered on St Michaels Parish War Memorial, worked in the local textile mills.

The 42nd Division landed at W beach on 5 May 1915. They immediately went into action. The 1/5th attacked Gurkha Bluff late in the day of 7 May during the 2nd Battle of Krithia, and in the process were 'swept with Turkish fire, while shells from both sides fell amongst them ... Losses ... of 180 casualties.'³ During the next, or third, Battle of Krithia, lives were lost on 4 and 6 June around the Krithia Nullah. Finally on 7 August 1915, whilst participating in the Battle of the Vineyard, the 1/5th attacked at 9.40 am and sustained heavy losses.⁴

During the campaign another Bamford man, Private R Bateson, gained the Distinguished Conduct Medal. Afterwards, because of wounds received, he was discharged from the army as medically unfit. In 1917, because of the war, he would lose three brothers within three months.

**Men of the 1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers from the Parish of St Michaels,
Bamford, Rochdale who lost their lives in the Gallipoli Campaign.**

Name	Number	Date of Death	Where remembered or buried
Walter Scaife	1534	7 May 1915	Helles Memorial
Frank Corser	563	4 June 1915	Helles Memorial
Charles Evens	2727	4 June 1915	Helles Memorial
Samuel Murphy	564	6 June 1915	Helles Memorial
Walter Shepherd	2224	7 August 1915	Helles Memorial
Richard Horridge Martin	1587	7 August 1915	Redoubt Cemetery
Frank Greenhalg	1206	25 December 1915	Lancashire Landing Cemetery

Just before the 1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers left the peninsula on the night of 27/28 December 1915 the final death took place. Frank Greenhalgh succumbed to wounds at a casualty clearing station near W Beach on Christmas Day.

Richard Martin's death was reported in the local newspaper, the *Heywood Advertiser*, which quoted a letter from Private Frank Hayhurst, 1/5th Lancashire Fusiliers, to his mother in Heywood, saying:

'I am sorry to tell you that Dick Martin got shot twice and is dead. After the first shot, he was showing the boys where he was hit and got another, and it killed him.'

Once shot, Richard was showing his comrades the wound. This momentary lapse in concentration caused him to expose himself, which turned out to be fatal. Did his youth finally count against him, was he too excited?

Sadly, his older brother Tom was killed in France in 1918, leaving their mother childless.

References

1. *de Ruigny's Roll of Honour*. Volume 2 p 107.
2. St Michaels Parish War Memorial IWM Reference no 44851.
3. *History of the Lancashire Fusiliers*. Major General J C Latter. 1949, Gale & Poden p 62.
4. *History of the Lancashire Fusiliers*. Major General J C Latter. 1949, Gale & Poden p 75.
5. *Heywood Advertiser* 3rd September 1915.



THE FRENCH GUNS AT HELLES

Bryn Dolan

Across the road and a little inland from the Helles memorial are four gun pits containing the remnants of a French battery of *Canon de 24 C modèle 1876* 24cm artillery pieces. The guns were left behind when the peninsula was evacuated, but were already old when they were dragged into place in 1915, having been manufactured by *Desbois et Roussechause* of Nantes between 1884 and 1886.



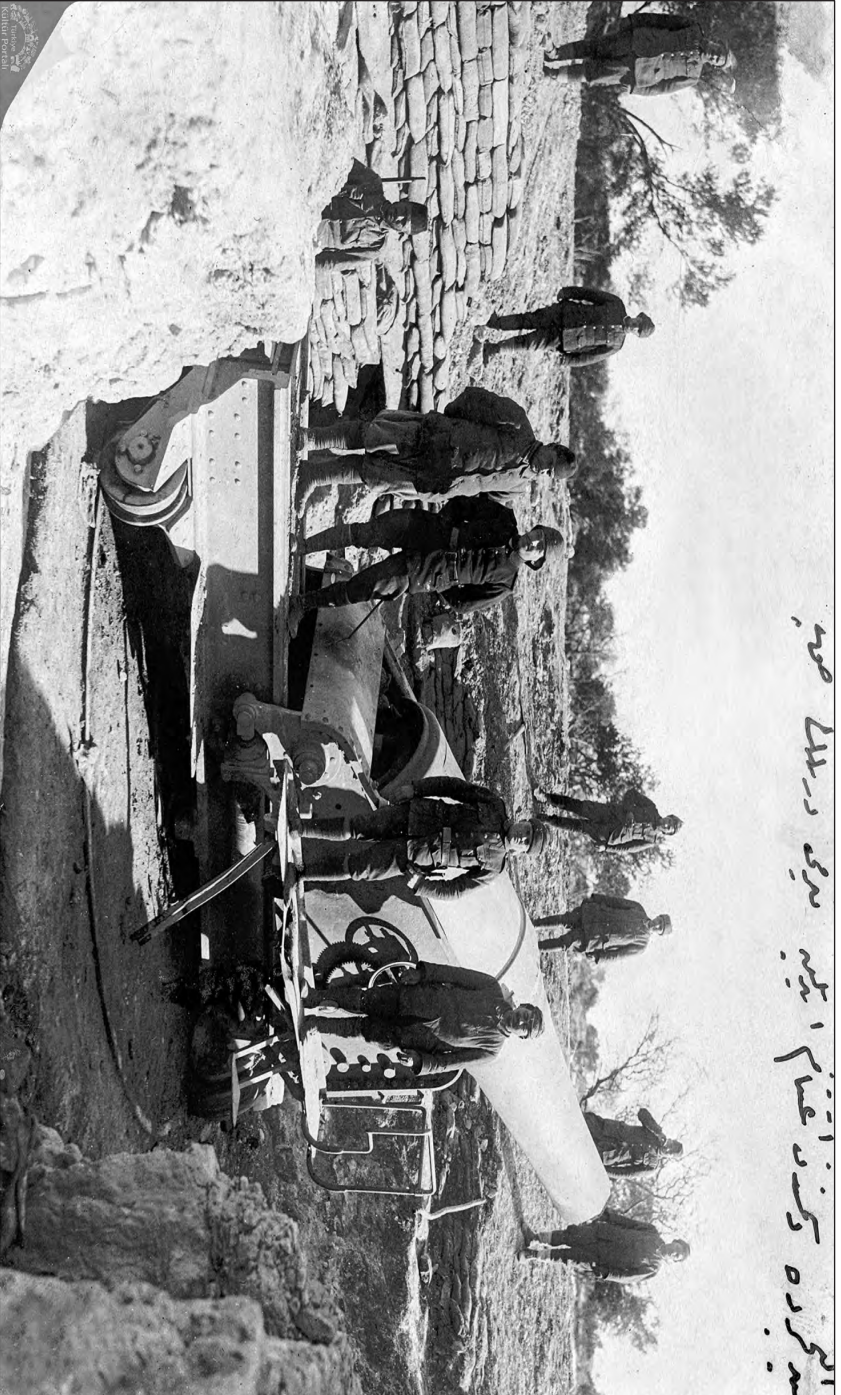
One of the guns, still in situ at Helles: IWM Q13604, photograph by Lieut Ernest Brooks.

Description: 'A French 9.2-inch fortress gun firing towards the Asiatic coast.'

Remains of the GPC mount (*côte sur affût type Guerre à Pivot Central*) – a rectangular steel firing platform atop a large circular steel track - can still be seen, though when my wife and daughter and I visited in 2014, some of the tracks were only partially visible. The platform had four wheels which rotated on the track, giving 360° of traverse. According to French sources (<http://www.fortiffiere.fr>), the guns each weighed 20,000 kg (19.7 tons). Barrels were made of cast iron with a steel casing, and were 7.22 metres (23.7 feet) long. They fired separate loading bagged charges of 28–88 kg (62–194 lb) and 162 kg (357 lb) projectiles (one is visible above).

A photo of Ottoman soldiers (next page) in one of the gun-pits, presumably in early 1916, gives a good indication of the set-up of both gun and gun-pit in 1915.

The guns still point toward the Aisatic shore.



محرره كند اعظم ايتيه مری در لک صید

Seddülbahir'de Düşmandan Alman 24'lük Top.

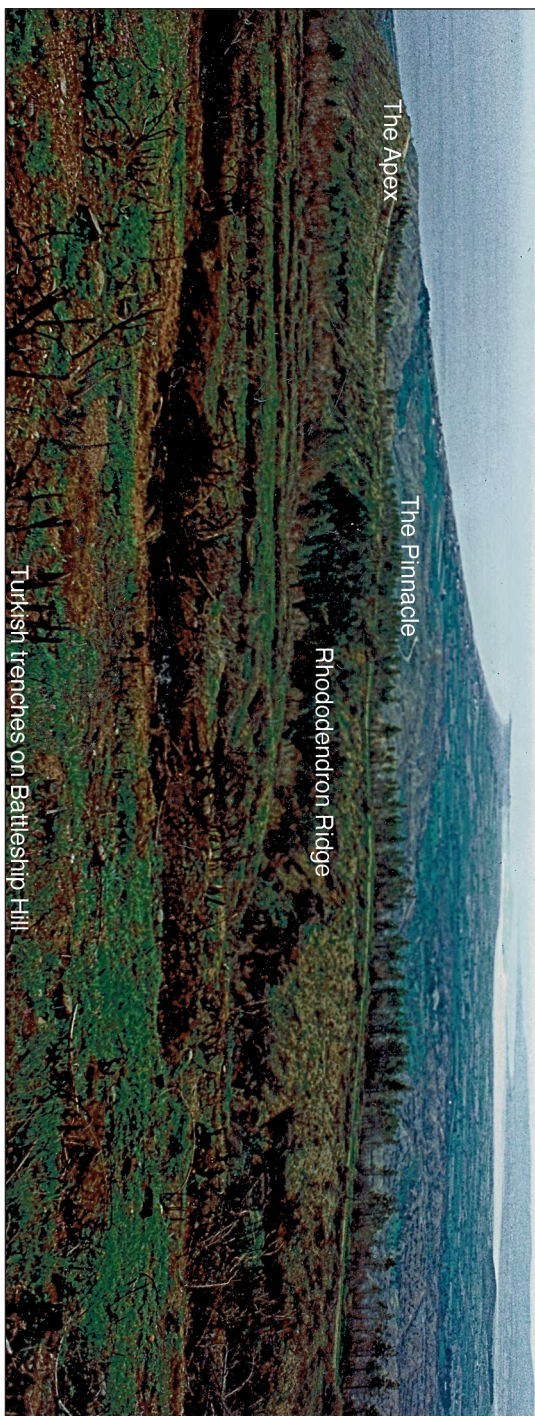
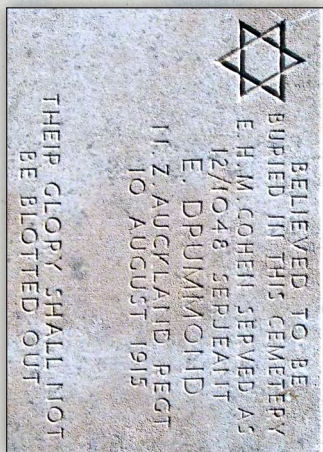
French heavy gun, Helles – Turkish troops after evacuation : 24 cm artillery taken from the enemy.
Türkiye Kültür Portalı (Culture Portal, Turkey), image no. 6709.



Remains of French *Canon de 24 C modèle 1876* 24 cm gun on GPC mount, as pictured on previous pages, 2014.



French guns in what remains of their gun-pits, Helles, 2014. Photographs B Dolan.



The view from Battleship Hill to Rhododendron Ridge, along which Sergeant Cohen advanced with the Auckland Battalion NZEF. See pages 9–11.

No. **10914** Name **Ernest Henry Cohen**, alias **Limerick** **32**
 Date when Portrait was taken **18 - 2 - 1909** **Joseph Cohen**
Ernest Cohen

Native place... **Queensland**
 Year of birth... **1 - 2 - 1881**
 Arrived in { Ship... **B.S.**
 Colony { Year...
 Trade or occupation... **Printer**
 previous to conviction...
 Religion... **Hebrew**
 Education, degree of... **R. & W.**
 Height, without shoes... **5 feet 5 3/4 inches**
 Weight... **148**
 in lbs. { On committal
 { On discharge
 Colour of hair... **Black**
 Colour of eyes... **Dark brown**
 Marks or special features: **Minus eleven**
teeth from upper and six
teeth from lower jaw wears
two false teeth top jaw
three faint vaccine marks
outside left upper arm
brown scar outside right
upper arm. Bites his nails. scars on both jaw bones from bullet wounds
chest hairy with ridge of hair down to abdomen. scar high up on right
shoulder. scar on left knee cap

(No of previous Portrait...)
 CONVICTIONS.

Where and When.	Offence.	Sentence.
South Africa & M. Coult. 24. 8. 05.	Theft	1 Month Hk. } Accum
East London 9. 9. 05.	Theft	21 days Hk. }
Bulawayo P.B. 5. 2. 06.	Forgery	3 Months Hk. on each charge. Accumulative
" 12. 2. 06.	Forgery	1 year and 3 months in all.
" 14. 2. 06.	Forgery	
" 17. 2. 06.	Forgery	
" 6. 4. 06.	Forgery	
Water P.B. 13. 3. 08.	False pretences (4 charges)	£3 or 6 weeks Hk. on each charge. Accum. Paid fine
Central P.B. 13. 5. 08.	Stealing (2 charges)	6 months Hk. on each charge. Conel
Sydney Q.S. 18. 2. 09.	False pretences (3 charges)	2 years Hk. on each charge. Conel
	(2) Larceny (4 charges)	at the end of that time to find a surety in the sum of £50 to be of good behaviour for a period of 2 years in default to undergo a further term of 12 months Hk.

New South Wales Police record sheet, Ernest Henry Cohen.

Died of wounds 10 August 1915 while serving as 12/1048 Sergeant Ernest Drummond, Auckland Battalion, NZEF. See page 9.



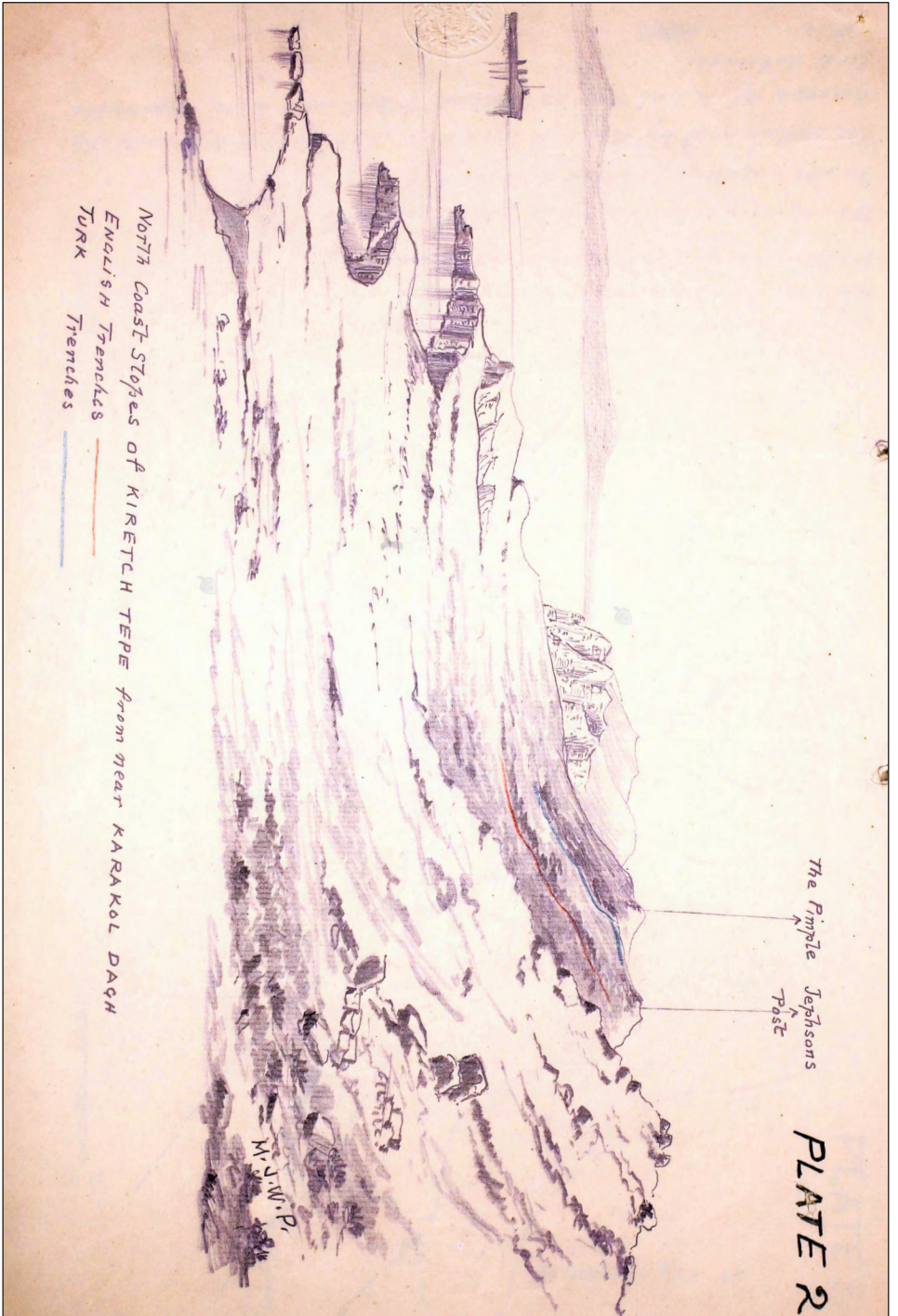
'Seaplane base, Kephalo. General view of the Seaplane base camp from a hill close by. On the left of the sand ridge is a salt-water lagoon, while in the far distance is the Gallipoli peninsula.' Wilkinson, N..



Part of a metal cross from the grave of 2nd Lieutenant Roger Noel Compton-Smith.
1/6th Manchester Regiment, Gaba Tepe museum, 2014. See page 14.

Roger Compton-Smith's headstone, Redoubt Cemetery, 2016.
See page 14.







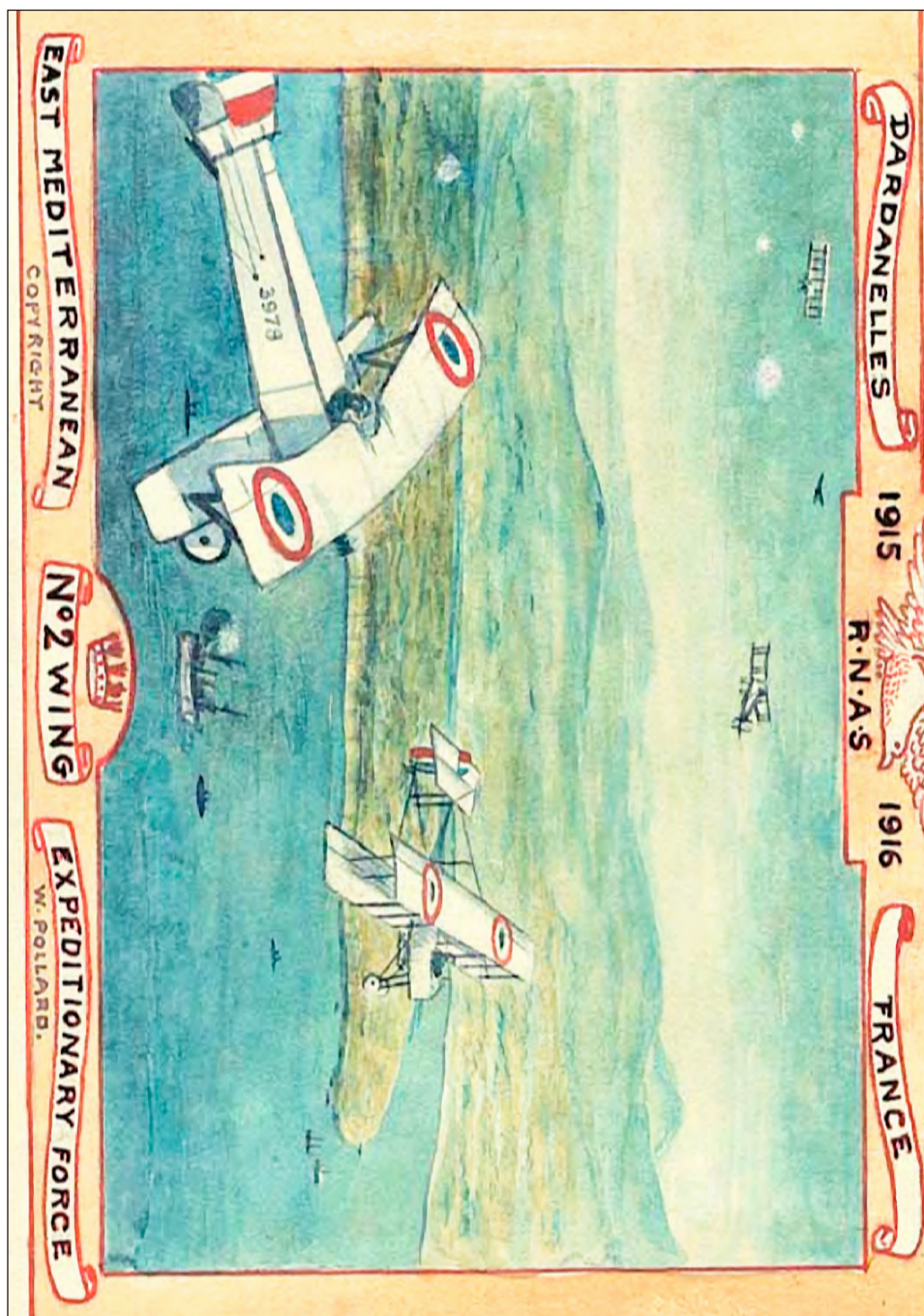
Above: Seaward side of Kiretch Tepe Ridge in 2016.

Opposite page: Sketch from War Diary, 5th Royal Irish Fusiliers.

Below: sketch from Pike, M J W. *Sketches of Suvla, Mitelene, Mudros and Salonika in 1915.*

See pages 43 – 55.





THE NEW ZEALAND EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Composition and nomenclature at Gallipoli

Bryn Dolan

On 30 July 1914 General Godley, commander of all New Zealand forces, had his staff despatch confidential preliminary notices to each of New Zealand's four military districts (from north to south – Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury and Otago), giving warning to defence staff of all necessary mobilisation instructions in the event of war.

On 7 August 1914 the New Zealand government cabled the Imperial authorities offering an Expeditionary Force to serve in the war. This offer was accepted on 12 August, and preparations began immediately to have the force ready to leave New Zealand on the 28th of the same month. Godley had hoped for the Main Body to be all Territorials, but this was not possible. The strength of the Territorial Force in 1914 was 25,685. About 10,000 of these were under enlistment age and of those remaining, 1400 had already sailed to Samoa. Medical rejections totalling 25 percent of all applicants further reduced the numbers. But the main reason was the organisation of the military districts. Wellington, one of the major centres, was excluded from providing infantry because it had made the major contribution to the Samoan Force. The other major centres, Christchurch, Dunedin, and Auckland, were asked to contribute on the same basis as the more rural areas.

The original organisation of the force was that of the headquarters of a division, divisional troops, a mounted rifles brigade, and an infantry brigade.

The Auckland, Wellington and Canterbury Mounted Rifles Regiments made, along with troops of Field and Signal Engineers and Mounted Field Ambulance, a complete mounted brigade. The Otago Mounted Rifles Regiment became divisional cavalry, and were separate to the brigade.

The four infantry battalions – Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury and Otago, comprised the infantry brigade.

The slouch hat, with brim down all round, was adopted by the force, but the Otago Mounted Rifles, New Zealand Field Artillery, and Wellington Battalion wore them peaked, with four dents, earning them the nickname 'lemon squeezers'. After Gallipoli only the New Zealand Mounted Rifles maintained their original style; all other units then wore the peaked hat.

A further distinguishing feature was the puggaree colour. Mounted rifles wore khaki and green; artillery, red and blue; engineers, khaki and blue; infantry, khaki and red; Field Ambulance, khaki and maroon; and Army Service Corps, khaki and white.

Each company of infantry, squadron of mounted rifles, and other units, also had their own hat and collar badges, and each unit had a numerical prefix, which comprised the first part of every soldier's service number.

The territorial system of compulsory training was still in its infancy, but it was considered advisable to retain the territorial distinctions. Each of the four Military Districts was asked to supply one regiment of mounted rifles and one battalion of infantry. Each territorial regiment and battalion supplied to the Expeditionary Force a squadron and a company respectively, and these units retained their badges and customs of their parent organisations. (Waite p5).

NZEF Headquarters

Headquarters of the NZEF consisted of 16 officer and 68 Other Ranks (ORs).

Mounted Rifles Brigade

The Mounted Rifles Brigade HQ comprised 6 officers and 28 ORs.

Each of its three mounted rifles regiments consisted of 26 officers and 523 ORs. The brigade had attached 3 officers and 74 ORs in the field troop of engineers, one officer and 32 ORs in the signal troop of engineers, and 8 officers and 70 ORs in its mounted field ambulance.

Infantry Brigade

The Infantry Brigade HQ comprised 4 officers and 18 ORs.

Each of the four battalions had 33 officers and 1,010 ORs.

Divisional Troops

Otago Mounted Rifles regiment consisted of 26 officers and 523 ORs.

Divisional Artillery

Headquarters, 1st Field Artillery Brigade: 5 officers, 38 ORs.

Each of the four field batteries (Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4): 5 officers and 141 ORs.

No 1 Brigade Ammunition Column: 3 officers, 131 ORs.

Divisional Signal Service

New Zealand Signal Company (3 sections): 4 officers, 109 ORs.

Divisional Transport and Supply units

Divisional Train –

No 1 (Divisional Headquarters) Company: 5 officer and 90 ORs.

Army Service Corps (attached to units): 4 officers and 125 ORs.

Divisional Medical Units

New Zealand Field Ambulance No 1 13 officers and 182 ORs.

Other

Veterinary surgeons (unattached): 3 officers and 3 ORs.

General Base Depot: 1 officer and 4 ORs.

Army Pay Department: 1 officer and 5 ORs.

Chaplains: 13 officers and 13 ORs.

Total

351 officers and 7,410 Other Ranks – 7,761 men.

The eventual strength of the Expeditionary Force, consisting of the 'Main Body' and the 1st Reinforcements, totalled 360 officers and 8,067 other ranks, and included 3,815 horses. Its composition was as follows: Commander, Major-General Sir Alexander Godley, KCMG, CB, and Headquarters Staff; one Mounted Rifle Brigade; one Field Troop; one Signal Troop; Mounted Brigade Field Ambulance; one independent Mounted Rifles Regiment (the Otago Mounted Rifles Regiment); one Infantry Brigade (four battalions); Divisional Artillery (one Field Artillery Brigade); Divisional Signal Service; Divisional Transport and Supply Unit, and Divisional Medical Units.

New Zealand Infantry Brigade

At Gallipoli the infantry units of the NZEF were known as *battalions* – not, as they had been in New Zealand Territorial system, or as they were to become known after Gallipoli – as regiments.

Each battalion was made up of four companies of 250 men from each of the four local Territorial regiments (Auckland, Wellington, Canterbury and Otago).

Each company took its identification and badge from the Territorial regiment from which it was drawn.

New Zealand Mounted Rifles

Each regiment numbered 608 men and consisted of three squadrons each of 169 men commanded by a major.

Each squadron numbered four troops, equivalent to infantry platoons, commanded by a subaltern (lieutenant or 2nd lieutenant).

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Auckland Mounted Rifles Regiment*Numerical Prefix: 13***Squadron****Motto**

3rd (Auckland)

Te kaahu mataara (Be like a hawk)

4th (Waikato)

Libertas et Natale Solum (Liberty & Homeland)

11th (North Auckland)

Kia Tupato (Be Cautious)**Wellington Mounted Rifles Regiment***Numerical Prefix: 11***Squadron****Motto**2nd Queen Alexandra's
(Wellington West Coast)*Ake Ake Kia Kaha* (For ever and ever, be strong)

6th (Manawatu)

He Kawau Maro (Unyielding as the Shag)

9th (Wellington East Coast)

Fortes fortuna juvat (Fortune assists the Brave)**Canterbury Mounted Rifles Regiment***Numerical Prefix: 7***Squadron****Motto**1st (Canterbury Yeomanry
Cavalry)*Celer et Audax* (Swift and Bold)

8th (South Canterbury)

Moveo et Profitor (By my actions I am known)

10th (Nelson)

Rem Geno Strenue (Fight with zeal)**Otago Mounted Rifles Regiment***Numerical Prefix 9:***Squadron****Motto**

5th (Otago Hussars)

Es Fidelis (Be Faithful)

7th (Southland)

Celer et Audax (Swift and Bold)

12th (Otago)

For King and Country

Auckland Infantry Battalion*Numerical Prefix: 12*

Company	Motto
3rd (Auckland)	<i>Sisit Prudentia</i> (Ever Prudent)
6th (Hauraki)	<i>Whaka tangata kia kaha</i> (Canoe men be brave)
15th (North Auckland)	<i>Por Devoir</i> (For Right)
16th (Waikato)	<i>Ka whawhai tonu ake ake</i> (We shall fight forever and ever)

Wellington Infantry Battalion **Numerical Prefix: 10*

Company	Motto
7th (Wellington West Coast)	<i>Acer in armis</i> (Strong in arms)
9th (Hawkes Bay**)	<i>Kia Toa</i> (Be Brave)
11th (Taranaki)	<i>Primus in Armis</i> (First in Arms)
17th (Ruahine)	no motto

Canterbury Infantry Battalion*Numerical Prefix: 6*

Company	Motto
1st (Canterbury)	<i>Ake Ake Kia Kaha</i> (For ever and ever, be strong)
2nd (South Canterbury)	<i>Pro Patria</i> (For Country)
12th (Nelson)	<i>Kia Ponu Tonu</i> (Forever Faithful)
13th (North Canterbury & Westland)	<i>Kia Pono Tonu</i> (Ever Faithful)

Otago Infantry Battalion*Numerical Prefix: 8*

Company	Motto
4th (Otago)	no motto
8th (Southland)	<i>Kia Mate Toa</i> (Fight unto Death / Die Bravely)
10th (North Otago)	<i>Pro Patria</i> (For Country)
14th (South Otago)	<i>Ake Kia Kaha</i> (Forever Be Strong)

* The Wellington Battalion had a 5th company (Wellington Rifles), but it formed the force that was sent to occupy Samoa before the NZEF was formed.

** Name confirmed as 'Hawkes Bay' [not, as it sometimes appears, Wellington East Coast] Coy. in Cunningham p3 and in Corbett p159:

'On 27 March 1914 the 9th (Wellington East Coast) Regiment was re-designated as under:
1st Battalion to be the 9th (Hawkes Bay) Regiment with Headquarters at Napier.
2nd Battalion to be the 17th (Ruahine) Regiment with Headquarters at Masterton.'

REMEMBERING THE 29TH DIVISION IN 2022

On Sunday 27th of February there was a commemorative service to remember the 29th Division, in All Saints Parish Church in Leamington Spa.

This venue was chosen as holding events at the monument near Stretton upon Dunsmore has become increasingly difficult. The headquarters of the 29th Division was in Leamington during the three months up to its departure for Gallipoli.

The service was officiated by Father Christopher and we were fortunate to be joined by both the Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, Mr Tim Cox, and the Mayor of Leamington, Councillor Carol Rasmussen and her consort. Both laid wreaths at the church war memorial. It was particularly poignant to have the mayor present as her grandfather emigrated from Denmark to Australia early in the 20th Century. When war broke out he volunteered for the AIF and served in Gallipoli.

We were also joined by members of the local branch of the Royal British Legion and the Fusiliers Association, who also laid wreaths.

We hope to hold this event at All Saints annually. Watch out for details.

Our thanks go to Father Christopher and the members of the church community who made us so welcome.

MEMBERS' CONTACT DETAILS

Members occasionally change their email address without notifying the Membership Secretary. As a result notices and information do not reach the intended member. If you do change your email address please confirm the details to the Membership Secretary (contact details opposite) who will change the information on our database.

A LITTLE-KNOWN FIGHT IN AN UNLUCKY CAMPAIGN

Extract from *The Tenth (Irish) Division in Gallipoli*, London, H Jenkins, 1918.

Author: Major Bryan Cooper, formerly of the Connaught Rangers

Chapter VI: Kiretch Tepe Sirt

August 15th–16th, 1915

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone.
And to hold on when there is nothing in you.
Except the will that says to them ‘Hold on.’
– Kipling.

Before dealing with the battle of Kiretch Tepe Sirt, it is necessary to give some account of the doings of General Hill’s force after the capture of Chocolate Hill on the 7th. Dawn on the 8th found them bivouacking on the position they had taken on the previous evening and during the day, a defensive trench system, including both Chocolate Hill and Green Hill (Hill 50), 500 yards to the eastward of it. By this time the line taken up by our troops ran from the sea at Beach ‘B’ to the two hills held by the 31st Brigade and thence northward across the Anafarta Plain at an average distance of three miles from the sea.

Throughout the 8th no advance was made from this line, since the Corps Commander was of opinion that the troops were very exhausted, and that there was insufficient artillery support at his disposal to justify him in making an attack on an enemy of unknown strength possessing the advantages of a superior position and knowledge of the ground. Unquestionably there was a considerable amount to be said in favour of this contention. On the previous day the enemy’s barrage fire had taken a heavy toll of casualties, and but little effective reply had been made to it. This was in part due to difficulties of observation, but also to the fact that up to the 8th, only three batteries had been landed, two of which, being mountain batteries, possessed only guns of small calibre. There were also the guns of the ships, but it was not always easy to communicate with the fleet in time to achieve the desired object, and it must also be borne in mind that space in a warship is limited, and that once its magazine is empty it cannot quickly be replenished. Added to these considerations the fact that the men were suffering terribly from want of water, that no transport of any kind was available, and that in consequence every unit found itself compelled to detach about a quarter of its men for the purpose of carrying up rations and ammunition, made it not unnatural for a commander to exercise caution.

On the whole, the 8th was a quiet day for the troops, though the sun shone as fiercely as ever and there was plenty of work to be done in burying the dead and getting up supplies. There was not much shelling, but hostile snipers were ubiquitous and much in evidence. These crawled up through the scrub or climbed trees in such manner that they commanded the greater part of our line, and made it dangerous to move about.

On Monday, the 9th, the Corps Commander had decided to attack the high ground behind Anafarta Saghir with the 11th Division and part of the newly-landed 53rd (Territorial) Division. For the purpose of this attack. General Hill was ordered to place two battalions under the orders of the General Officer Commanding the 32nd Brigade (11th Division). The 6th Royal Irish Fusiliers and the 6th Royal Dublin Fusiliers, neither of which had sustained very heavy losses in the previous fighting, were detailed for this duty and co-operated in the attack. The objective allotted to them was a height known as Hill 70, the culminating ridge of a spur which ran out to the north-east of Chocolate Hill between the hill and Anafarta Saghir about a mile and a half south-west of that village.

As soon as the advance began, it became evident, both from the increase in the volume of musketry and from the growing intensity of the hostile artillery fire, that the Turks had been heavily reinforced, but in spite of their losses, the Fusiliers effected a lodgement on the ridge. For a time they clung to it though the enemy were delivering repeated counter-attacks, and a series of bush fires caused by their shells made the position almost untenable, and threatened the wounded with the most terrible of deaths. Further to the left, however, the 32nd Brigade found that they were unable to hold the ground that they had won in their first advance, and were compelled by attacks on their flanks to withdraw to their original alignment.

The Fusiliers, who had suffered heavily under the violent Turkish attacks, conformed to their movements and returned to their first position. Captain Johnston, the Adjutant of the 6th Royal Irish Fusiliers, was killed and so was Lieutenant MacDermot of the same regiment, which also lost eight officers wounded: the Dublins also lost heavily. In the course of this action, a curious incident is said to have occurred. The Medical Officer of the 6th Dublins had followed his battalion in its forward movement, and had established his advanced dressing station under a tree in the newly-captured territory. After a time he noticed that several of the wounded, who were brought back by the stretcher bearers, were hit a second time as they lay waiting to have their wounds attended to. A search was made for snipers in the surrounding bushes without result, but eventually a Turk was discovered perched in the tree itself.

While these operations were in progress, the remainder of General Hill's force had been employed in support. While fulfilling this role, they suffered both from the ubiquitous snipers and from the enemy's shrapnel fire, which had become far heavier than it was two days earlier. The casualties, however, were not very heavy, except in the two attacking battalions. Another sphere of usefulness was also found for portions of the supporting units.

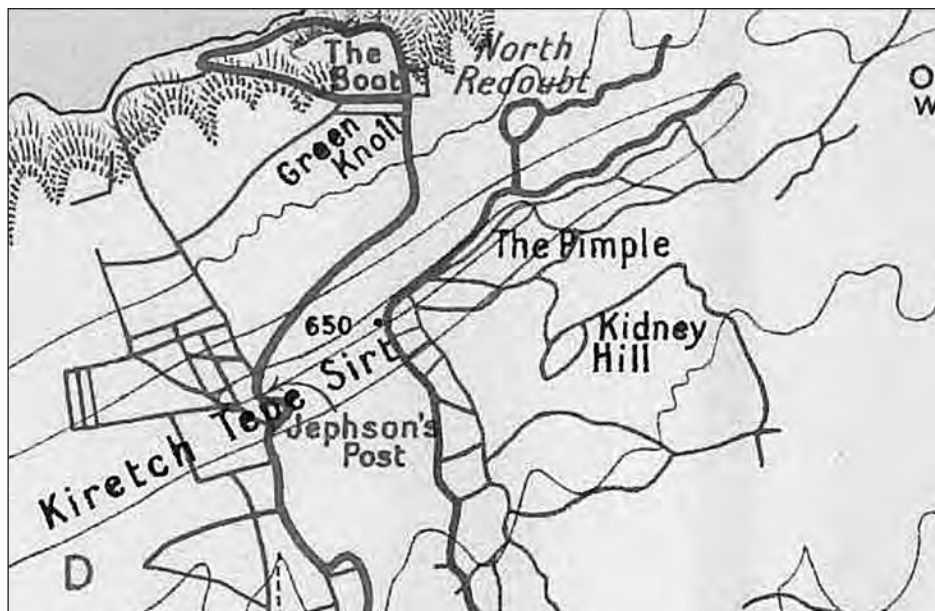
The prolonged fire fight waged by the 11th Division had exhausted their ammunition, and officers and men from General Hill's force were detailed to carry up fresh supplies. It is not particularly pleasant work, carrying up thousands of rounds of ball cartridge in a tropical country through bushes infested with snipers, but the men did it splendidly. Lieutenant J. F. Hunter, of the 6th Inniskilling Fusiliers, was afterwards awarded the Military Cross for the courage and disregard of danger exhibited by him on this occasion. Often, too, the ammunition carriers when they had delivered their loads attached themselves to the nearest unit and joined the firing line. Captain Tobin and a party of the 7th Dublins fought side by side with an English regiment in this manner throughout the day. There was little wrong with the morale of the troops when men voluntarily thrust themselves into the positions of greatest danger.

On the following day, August 10th, the day on which the struggle on Sari Bair reached its height, another unsuccessful attack was made on the Anafarta ridge, but in this General Hill's force took no part. They were now, and for the rest of the week occupied in holding the line that they had captured on the 7th through Green Hill. This position was heavily shelled by the enemy and some units lost heavily.

Throughout this period, however, the troops suffered most for want of water. Though by this time a certain number of petrol cans and other receptacles for carrying water had been obtained yet these were quite insufficient to satisfy the men's consuming thirst. It is hard to find words to convey the true state of affairs. No doubt it would be too much to say that at home thirst is unknown, but at any rate the passionate craving for water felt in Gallipoli is seldom experienced. When the water came up, the most careful supervision was needed in order to see that the much-needed liquid was used to fill the water-bottles and not consumed at once. When the bottles were filled, or rather had received their share, since there was not water enough to fill them, it was necessary to watch them vigilantly in order to make the supply last as long as possible.

Some men became hardly responsible for their actions ; the heat was intense, the biscuit was dry and the bully beef very salt, while many men were suffering from dysentery or enteritis and were parched with fever though they were unwilling to report sick in the face of the enemy. In such times surface civilisation vanishes, and man becomes a primitive savage. A few men crept away to look for water by themselves, others stole bottles from their neighbours and emptied them, but on the whole the discipline of the force stood the strain remarkably well. It was a severe trial for young unacclimatised soldiers who had less than a year's service, but the months of training had not been in vain. The men knew and trusted their officers, and felt that they would do their best for them. Perhaps the officer's position was hardest of all. Thirsty himself, rationing himself by spoonfuls in order to make the contents of his water-bottle last longer, he was compelled to watch his men suffering from pangs which he could not relieve, and at the same time to try and keep their spirits up by laughing and joking with them. There had always been friendship between the officers and

men of the 10th Division, but a bond not easily to be broken was cemented in those scorching suffering days. By this time it had become evident to the Higher Command that no further progress could be made at Suvla without reinforcements, and steps were taken to obtain them from Egypt and from the Cape Helles area. In the meanwhile it was decided that the 10th Division should be reunited, and accordingly, one by one, the battalions of General Hill's force were relieved from their posts on Chocolate Hill and Green Hill and marched down to the beach to rest.



The battalions as they tramped back to the shore again were very different in appearance from those that had marched up from it less than a week before. Officers and men alike were dirty and unshaven, for water had been precious, and the sweat dried on the face, and the five days' growth of stubble told plainly of the hardships they had been through. Even more clearly did the eyes tell it, and the worn cheeks and leanness of limb. Clothes and boots had not been taken off since landing, and both were soiled with sweat and blood. There were many gaps in the ranks : death, wounds and sickness had taken their toll, and nearly every man had to mourn for a lost comrade, yet for all the sorrow and the weariness there was something in the men's bearing that was not there before. When they landed they were full of high hopes and eager to justify splendid traditions, but they were untried. Now they had proved themselves, and faced the future filled with confidence gained from their own deeds. The move began on the 10th and was completed when the 7th Dublins marched down on the 13th;

On the beach, though the comfort of the rest camp was nothing to boast of, men were at least able to wash and shave, though the amount of fresh water available for

this purpose was limited, and the man who got a mugful was lucky. Even so, most hurried to remove the long stubble that covered their chins, for a five days' old beard is not only unsightly, but uncomfortable, pricking and tickling the skin at every movement, and harbouring any quantity of dust and sand. Fortunately too, though fresh water was scarce, the sea was at hand, and it was possible to bathe. Some poet should sing of the delight of bathing in Gallipoli. Not even Mr. Masefield has done it justice. In the water one could for the first time be cool and free from care, though not from danger. By day the water sparkled in the sunshine : at night the form of the swimmer was outlined in phosphorescence and great bubbles of glowing light broke round him as he moved, and by day and night alike the bather could free himself from the burden of responsibility which weighed him down on shore. As Antaeus renewed his strength whenever he touched the earth, so the Island people gained fresh stores of endurance from a dip in the sea. In the water, too, all men were equal, and rank could be laid aside.

After resting for a day or so on the beach, and receiving the first reinforcement which had just arrived from Mudros, the 10th Division (less 29th Brigade) concentrated on the Kiretch Tepe Sirt, General Hill's force once more coming under the command of Divisional Headquarters. As General Birdwood had reported that Anzac was not yet in a position to co-operate in an attack on Ismail Oglu Tepe, it was decided to occupy the Turks by attacking along the crest of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt, and thus rendering it impossible for them to bring an enfilade fire to bear against our operations on the Anafarta plain. This attack was to be made on August 15th, and the 10th Division was ordered to undertake it. They were to be assisted on their left by the guns of two destroyers in the Gulf of Saros, and on their right by the 162nd Brigade of the 54th Territorial Division. Artillery support was also, of course, arranged for. The task before the Division was one of considerable difficulty since the enemy occupied a strongly entrenched position, and was known to have received large reinforcements. However, waiting would only make him stronger, and everyone was pleased at the prospect of action. The 15th of August was not only a Sunday, but also the day known in Ireland as " Lady Day in Harvest," a great Church festival, and the chaplains had endeavoured to arrange services for their battalions. These had to be hurried through or attended only by the few who could be spared, but nevertheless Canon McLean was able to administer Holy Communion to some of the officers and men of the Dublins, and Father Murphy visited each battalion of the 30th Brigade and gave the men absolution. Then at peace with God they turned their faces again towards the enemy.

The dispositions adopted for the attack were as follows : The 30th Brigade (Dublins and Munsters) were to form the left wing of the advance, with the extreme left of the 7th Munsters resting on the Gulf of Saros. They thus covered the whole of the northern and part of the southern slope of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt. To their right two battalions of the 31st Brigade were to advance through the southern foothills of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt and across the open plain to attack a spur known as Kidney Hill, which jutted out southward from the main chain of the ridge. The 5th and 6th Royal

Irish Fusiliers and the 7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers were in reserve.

Soon after noon the attack commenced, and it was at once evident that the Turks were holding their position in strength, the volume of fire which they were bringing to bear on our men being infinitely greater than that which had greeted us at the first landing. A captured Turkish officer afterwards declared that they had in their firing line six fresh battalions, each possessing twelve machine-guns. The rattle of these seventy-two guns was painfully prominent, and made it clear that the advance would be a costly one. The actual crest of the hill was a bare rocky ridge covered with great scattered boulders running for about a mile-and-a-half at a height of six hundred feet above sea level. Part of the ridge rose about fifty feet higher than this, and from this central portion three small eminences stood out. The central one of these was known as the 'Pimple' and was marked by a cairn of stones. The Division had gained a footing on the western end of the ridge on August 8th by capturing the position afterwards known as Jephson's Post, and now the Turkish trenches ran across the hill between that point and the 'Pimple.'

On the northern face the slope fell steeply away from the crest, so steeply as to be almost precipitous until it reached a height of three hundred feet above sea-level, from which contour the descent to the sea was more gradual though the ground was intersected by numerous gullies. On the southern face the hill also fell away rapidly for about three hundred feet, after which the descent became more easy, and various knolls and foot-hills detached themselves from the main range. Both slopes of the hill were covered with thick dry scrub, which had in a few places been set on fire either by matches or shells, and consequently had become blackened. This prickly scrub was a great impediment to movement of any kind and rendered all operations painfully slow.

For more than two hours after the commencement of the action, but little ground was gained. The enemy's rifle and machine-gun fire was well sustained, and efficiently supported by artillery, and it was considered rash to advance until a fire fight had done somewhat to silence the Turks. During this stage of the action. Major Jephson, of the 6th Munsters, was mortally wounded on the peak that, a week earlier, had received his name, and several other casualties occurred among officers and men. At last, General Nicol, seeing that the Turkish fire showed no signs of slackening, and that darkness would soon make further operations impossible, directed that an attempt to advance should be made along the northern slope of the ridge. The order was at once complied with. Two companies of the 6th Munsters and two of the 6th Dublins pressed forward accordingly, and succeeded, thanks to a piece of dead ground, in traversing about half of the five hundred yards that lay between Jephson's Post and the Turkish line of defence.

There for a while they rested, and then about 6 p.m. with the setting sun at their backs they charged the Turkish positions. Crags' and scrub and cliff were as nothing to them, nor did they regard the hostile fire but rushed on with gleaming bayonets in the force of an irresistible attack. Few of the Turks stayed to meet them, and those

that did were in no mood to receive the charge, but held up their hands and surrendered. Then as the Dublins and Munsters, Major Tynte of the 6th Munsters at their head, gained the enemy's position, they gave a rousing cheer. It was taken up by the troops in support and by all who watched the magnificent charge until from the Gulf of Saros to the Salt Lake the air resounded with the shouts of victory. There had not been much cause for cheering at Suvla, and the sight of the dashing attack and the sound of the Irish triumph cry, thrilled the hearts of many who had previously been despondent, and awakened hope once more in their breasts. Most surprising of all was its effect on the Turks. They had been heavily bombarded by the destroyers, they had seen a position that they believed impregnable taken with the bayonet, and now with the magic of the cries of the infidels ringing in their ears, they abandoned their trenches and retired in haste.

The Dublins and Munsters pursued and drove them before them until the whole of the northern slope of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt as far as and even beyond the 'Pimple' was cleared. The men were disappointed that more of the enemy did not stay to face them. One soldier was heard to cry to a stout Turk who fled before him : "I don't want to stick ye behind. Turn round now and I'll stick ye in the belly dacent." Then, as night was falling and nearly a mile of ground had been gained, a halt was called so that the captured position might be consolidated.

On the right, meanwhile, the attack had unfortunately been less successful. The main attack on Kidney Hill had been entrusted to the 5th Inniskilling Fusiliers, who, owing to the fact that they had not disembarked till evening of the 7th, had sustained fewer casualties than the rest of the Division ; it was to be supported by the 6th Battalion of the same regiment. The Inniskillings had probably the most difficult task of any unit before them.

On the seaward side of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt the guns of the destroyers were of tremendous assistance to the attack, but they were unable to fire over the ridge. The remainder of our artillery, especially the mountain batteries, did their best to keep down the enemy's fire, but they were shooting at a venture since the exact position of the enemy's trenches was not accurately known. In consequence of this comparatively little had been done to prevent the Turks on Kidney Hill from bringing their full rifle and machine-gun fire to bear on our advance. The nature of the ground, too, lent little help to the attackers. Though the scrub was thick and prickly enough to break up the advancing lines into small groups, and to render it impossible for an officer to influence any more than the four or five men who happened to be in sight of him, yet on the plain it grew in scattered clumps. Between these clumps were patches of sand or withered grass, on which the enemy were able to concentrate their rifle and machine-gun fire. Added to this, the fact that from the surrounding hills the Turkish gunners could see every detail of the advance over the plain (khaki drill shows up clearly in the Gallipoli scrub) and could spray it with shrapnel and high explosive, made the operation three times as difficult. Nor was there any distraction elsewhere in the Suvla area. The hostile artillery was able to concentrate

its whole force on the Inniskillings.

At noon the battalion began its advance, 'A' and 'D' Companies leading. There lay before them a gradual ascent dotted with scrub for about two hundred yards, and then half-a-mile of flat ground, from which Kidney Hill rose abruptly.

The Turkish trenches were invisible and consequently there was little attempt to subdue the enemy by a fire fight. The platoons went straight forward, racing over the exposed patches, losing officers and men at every step. The fire grew hotter and hotter and men fell more and more quickly, but still the front line pressed only to be swept out of existence. The distance was too far to cover in a single rush, and no troops in the world could cross the five hundred yards in front of the enemy's trenches at a walk and live. The supports came up and another attempt was made, but again the lines melted away. The task was one impossible of achievement, for it is now known that against modern weapons in the hands of an undemoralised enemy, a frontal attack by daylight on an entrenched position a thousand yards away is certain to fail. Yet even when they had failed, the 5th Inniskillings did not fall back. Nearly all the officers were down, but little groups of men still clustered in the bushes waiting for orders. They could not advance ; they would not retire until they were told to. Lieutenant G. B. Lyndon, of the 6th Inniskillings, went out after sunset and collected many of these little parties and brought them in. For this he received the Military Cross. Invaluable service, too, was done by the stretcher-bearers of the battalions and field ambulances, who here, as everywhere, showed themselves fearless and tireless in the performance of their duties.

The casualty list was a terribly heavy one. Colonel Vanrenen, of the 5th Inniskillings, was killed, and so were Captain Robinson, Captain Vernon, Lieutenant McCormack, Lieutenant Nelis, and Lieutenant Grubb of the same unit. Both its Majors were wounded, together with two captains and nearly a dozen subalterns. The losses among the rank and file were in proportion, and the whole organisation of the regiment was temporarily shattered. The 6th Inniskillings, who were in support, had been heavily shelled, but had been lucky in escaping severe loss.

The result of the failure of the right attack was that while we held the northern slope of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt up to and even beyond the Pimple, yet on the Southern face of the hill we had been unable to advance our line much beyond the trenches which we held when operations on the 15th began. As a consequence, the line held by the Division somewhat resembled a Z. The upper horizontal was represented by a line of trench running from the Gulf of Saros to the most advanced point on the crest of the ridge that was reached by the charge of the 6th Munsters and ^ 6th Dublins. This trench was exposed to fire not only from the hills which continued the line of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt eastward, but also from a spur known as 103, which ran northwards into the sea. The diagonal joining the two horizontals of the Z was represented by a line running along the northern or seaward slope of Kiretch Tepe Sirt just below the crest. The crest itself, since it was liable to be swept by shrapnel and machine-gun fire, and since its rocky nature made it difficult to entrench, was

not held except at the lower horizontal, which represented the trench running past Jephson's Post, from which the attack had begun. The position thus created was clearly far harder to hold than if it had been merely a trench running across the ridge from North to South, and would obviously require far more men. The two battalions from the Reserve were, therefore, called up without delay.

The 7th Dublins had begun to move forward already, and were advancing under circumstances of some difficulty. The enemy's artillery were shelling the line behind our position with considerable vigour, and in addition snipers were more than usually active. One of these pests, who was ensconced in a bush, succeeded in shooting Colonel Downing in the foot, and though the Colonel promptly retaliated with his revolver, and insisted that the wound was trivial, he found himself unable to walk and was compelled to leave his beloved battalion. Major Harrison took over command of the Unit.

After the reserves came up, the dispositions made for the defence of the line running just below the crest of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt were as follows : — The extreme end to the eastward was held by the 6th Royal Irish Fusiliers ; next to them came the 6th Munsters, and beyond them 'D', 'A' and 'C' Companies of the 7th Dublins. " B " Company of the last-named regiment had been sent down the hill on the seaward side to dig a trench covering Hill 103. The 6th Dublins, who had sustained heavy losses in the charge, were withdrawn to rest. These dispositions were adopted just before nightfall. The soil of the ridge was too stony to admit of much entrenching, and in most cases the men lay down on their arms just behind the crest on the seaward side, though in one or two spots stone sangars were constructed. They were given but little time to work before they were attacked. The knowledge that no advance had been made on any part of the plain below made it possible for the enemy to employ a large proportion of his reserves in the recovery of the ground lost on the Kiretch Tepe Sirt, while the fact that the Southern slope of the hill was still in his possession enabled him to push men along it to attack any portion of our long, thinly-held line at close quarters. The first of the hostile counter-attacks began about 10 p.m., when a wave of Turks who had crept along the landward slope and up to the crest in silence, burst over it with a yell and fell upon the British line. Fortunately, our men were not taken by surprise ; a roar of musketry at close range received the enemy, and when it came to bayonet work our morale proved more than sufficient to dispose of the foe. After a stiff fight, the attackers disappeared over the crest leaving a good proportion of their numbers behind them on the ground. Listening posts were then sent out to the further side of the ridge in order to preclude the possibility of a surprise attack succeeding, and the remainder of the tired men lay down again, rifle in hand to secure as much rest as possible.

Little sleep was allowed them. Before the first light of the early summer dawn began to appear in the sky, the listening posts were driven in, and a fresh Turkish attack was made. On this occasion the assault was led by bomb-throwers, and although those who crossed the crest and came to close quarters were disposed of by the Irish

with rifle and bayonet, yet a considerable force of the enemy, well-furnished with grenades, succeeded in establishing themselves on the southern slope of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt. From this position they proceeded to bomb the whole length of our line incessantly, throwing the grenades over the crest of the ridge so that they burst in the midst of our ranks with deadly effect.



Suvla Bay from one of the cairns on Kiretch Tepe Sirt

Had the Fusiliers been in possession of enough bombs they could have retaliated in kind, but the few that they had were quickly used, and no more were forthcoming. Even if they had been, the contest would scarcely have been a fair one, since the grenade employed by the Turks in Gallipoli was infinitely superior to that issued to the British. The latter was an extemporised production, consisting of a detonator inserted in a jam tin and furnished with a fuse, which had to be lighted with a match. The Turkish bomb, which was shaped like a cricket-ball, was both more accurately fused and easier to throw. However, could they have been obtained, the Dublins and Munsters and Irish Fusiliers would have been glad even of jam-tins, since they would have enabled them to make some reply to the enemy. Rifles and bayonets were useless against an invisible foe, on the other side of a rocky ridge. The two forces were, to use a homely comparison, in the position of men sitting in the gutters of a house and fighting across the roof. Under these circumstances grenades were obviously the most effective weapon, and the side that lacked them suffered from an appalling handicap. As day broke, officers were able to take stock of the situation, though the sight that met their eyes was not encouraging. On every side men had fallen, and the strain on the survivors was appalling, for the rain of bombs still continued. Here and there individual officers organised attempts to drive the enemy back at the point of the bayonet, but without success. A description of one of these

efforts will serve to make clear the fate with which they met. Major Harrison, of the 7th Dublins, finding that his line was becoming dangerously thin, determined to try the effect of a charge. He selected for this purpose a party of ** D *' Company, *' The Pals/' under the command of Captain Poole Hickman.

The men were only too delighted at the prospect of action, and charged fearlessly up the hill. As they appeared on the crest, however, they were met by a storm of concentrated rifle and machine-gun fire. Captain Poole Hickman fell mortally wounded, but Major Harrison rushed forward bareheaded and took his place, leading his men on till they reached the Turkish line. There he was struck by a grenade thrown at close quarters, and of all the gallant spirits who had followed him so pluckily only four made their way back over the crest to their battalions. Similar charges made elsewhere met with similar results ; in some cases a whole platoon disappeared and was never seen again. Among the officers who were lost in this way were Captain Grant, 6th Munsters, and Lieutenant Crichton, 7th Dublins. It was obvious that to cross the crest by daylight meant death, since the Turks had been able to instal machine-guns in positions that enfiladed it.

Since advance was impossible, the troops were compelled to remain on their position, exposed to a perpetual fire of grenades, to which they had no means of replying. The sun rose higher in the sky and reached the zenith and still the bombing went on without intermission, and the men of the loth Division continued to suffer and endure. The faces of dead comrades, lying at their sides, stiffened and grew rigid, and the flies gathered in clouds to feast on their blood, while from the ridge in front came the groans of the wounded, whom it was impossible to succour. The men lying behind the crest knew that at any moment a similar fate might come to any of them, and they might fall a shattered corpse, or be carried back moaning, but still they held on. The unceasing noise of the bursting grenades, the smell of death, the sight of suffering, wore their nerves to tatters, but worst of all was the feeling that they were helpless, unable to strike a blow to ward off death and revenge their comrades.

It is by no means easy to realise what the men felt during this ordeal. Perhaps the strongest emotion was not the sense of duty, the prompting of pride, or even the fear of imminent death, but blind, helpless rage. In a charge or an advance a soldier rarely feels anger. His whole soul is concentrated on reaching a definite objective, and though he is prepared to kill anyone who stands in his way, he does so without passion. The exultation born from rapid movement, the thrill produced by the sense of achievement, banish all personal feelings. But lying on the ridge under the pitiless bombing, watching the mangled bodies of the dead, men had time to think, and the fruit of their thoughts and of their impotence was black and bitter hatred of the enemy. They were ready to run any risk in order to do something to hurt him.

Some tried to catch the Turkish bombs as they were falling and throw them back into the enemy's lines before they exploded. Five times Private Wilkin, of the 7th Dublins, performed this feat, but at the sixth attempt he was blown to pieces. Elsewhere men, sooner than lie impotent, took up stones and hurled them at the

foe. Everywhere the few remaining officers moved about among their men, calming the over-eager, encouraging the weary, giving an example of calmness and leadership, of which the land that bore them may well be proud. In doing this they made themselves a mark for the inevitable snipers, who by now had ensconced themselves in coigns of vantage on the crest of the ridge, and many died there. Thus fell Capt. Tobin, of the 7th Dublins, a man greatly beloved. Here, too, fell Lieut. Fitzgibbon and Lieut. Weatherill, of the same regiment. Fitzgibbon, a son of the Nationalist M.P. for South Mayo, who, in the black days of Ireland's past had had many a dispute with the forces of the law, and had now sent his son to die gloriously in the King's uniform ; Weatherill, a boy who had made himself conspicuous in a very gallant battalion for courage. Here, too, many other heroic souls laid down their lives, but still the line held on.

The sun reached the west and began to sink ; the ranks were thin, the men were weary, and many mangled bodies lay along the fatal ridge. The 6th Royal Irish Fusiliers, exposed both in front and in flank, had been practically annihilated. Their 5th Battalion came up to reinforce them and shared their fate. Three officers of this regiment. Captains Panton and Kidd, and 2nd-Lieut. Heuston, earned the Military Cross by the inspiring example they gave on this occasion. The last-named was reported as " wounded and missing," and was probably killed in this fight. Nearly all the officers of the Irish Fusiliers had fallen, and the other regiments were in nearly as bad a case ; but still the line held on. Tired and hungry and thirsty as they were, unable to strike a blow in their own defence, yet still the men of the loth Division were resolved not to retire a step until the order to do so came. They were but young soldiers, who had had less than a year's training, and had received their baptism of fire only a week earlier ; but they were determined that however stern the ordeal they would not disgrace their regiments. In old days, in the thick of a hard-contested struggle, men rallied round the colours—the visible symbol of the regimental honour. There were no colours to rally round on the slope of the Kiretech Tepe Sirt, but the regimental name was a talisman that held the battered ranks to their ground. Their regiments had in the past won great glory, but neither the men of the 87th who cleared the pine woods of Barrosa with the cry of "Faugh a Ballagh !" nor the Dublins and Munsters who leapt from the bows of the 'River Clyde' into certain death, need blush to own comradeship with their newly-raised Service Battalions, who died on the Kiretech Tepe Sirt.

Darkness at last fell, and the sorely-tried men hoped for relief. This was indeed at hand, though it did not take the form of fresh troops. None were available, so the units of the division who had suffered heavily in the charge of the previous day, and who had had less than twenty-four hours' rest, were called up again. The 6th Dublins, and with them the 5th Royal Irish (Pioneers), took over the line of the ridge from the battalions who had held it so stoutly. Nor were their sufferings less, for throughout the night the bombing continued, and our men were still unable to make any effective retaliation. Many officers and men fell, but the remainder set their teeth and held their ground, until at last they received the order to withdraw from the

untenable position. Not a man moved until he received the order, and then slowly, deliberately, almost reluctantly, they retired. Bullets fell thickly among them, and took a heavy toll, one of those killed being 2nd-Lieut. W. Nesbitt, a young officer of the 6th Dublins, who, though junior in rank, had made a tremendous impression by his character, and had earned the name of 'the Soul of the Battalion.' Before he was hit, the 6th Dublins had had Major Preston and their Adjutant, Capt. Richards, killed, and in the course of these operations three subalterns, 2nd-Lieut. Clery, 2nd-Lieut. Stanton, and 2nd-Lieut. McGarry, were reported missing. Probably they died in some unseen struggle, and their bones now lie in a nameless, but honoured grave on the field where their regiment won such fame.

Gradually the shattered units withdrew to their original line, but when the roll was called there were many names unanswered. The charge on the 15th had cost many lives, the holding of the captured position very many more, and yet all the effort and all the suffering seemed to have been futile. The 10th Division had been shattered, the work of a year had been destroyed in a week, and nothing material had been gained. Yet all was not in vain. It is no new thing for the sons of Ireland to perish in a forlorn hope and a fruitless struggle ; they go forth to battle only to fall, yet there springs from their graves a glorious memory for the example of future generations.

Kiretch Tepe Sirt was a little-known fight in an unlucky campaign, but if the young soldiers of the 10th Division who died there added a single leaf to Ireland's crown of cypress and laurel, their death was not in vain.

See photo and sketches of Kiretch Tepe Ridge pages 34–35.

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 on the inside front cover. It is not always possible to feature articles in the issue following submission although where there is an element of topicality the editor will try to accommodate them, or refer them to colleagues responsible for the Association website.

For those considering the submission of articles the editor can provide notes for the guidance of contributors on request.

Disclaimer

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

CAPTAIN EDWARD HAIN

Association member **Dale Hjort** kindly wrote regarding the article on Captain Edward Hain in the previous edition of *The Gallipolian*:

The diary of Captain R S Hawker in the National Army Museum can add to the article on his fellow Devon Yeoman Edward Hain [*Gallipolian* 157].

On the morning of 11 November 1915 Hawker met “Teddy” and they joked about getting a bath on “Prince George” once their current relief was completed. Shortly afterwards Hawker heard shells dropping on “Jefferson’s post” and shouts that Hain and several others were killed. Hawker was not able to witness the burial of his friend that afternoon but took up a cross to place on his grave at ‘Karakol Gap Cemetery.’ Pearce, the St Ives man who had been present at the burial, wrote that the surroundings reminded him of the hill overlooking the sea at Clodgy, which Edward would have known. His grave must have been amongst the rocky outcrops around ‘Oxford Circus’.

Burials in that area were concentrated after the armistice in Hill 10 Cemetery. By the time Edward’s gravestone was placed here his father was dead and the family’s steamship company had been sold. The Hain Steamship Company had in 1913 owned thirty-six ships with five more building at John Readhead’s yard at South Shields, where Edward had spent a year. Edward had married but was childless. Treloyhan, the grand house built by his father, MP, knight and High Sheriff of Cornwall, is now a hotel. The Hain name is preserved by a pub but the Edward Hain Memorial Hospital was recently closed. St Ives war memorial stands nearby on ground given by Edward’s mother.

Gerry O’Riordan wrote to say that Captain Hain was his great uncle, and that Gerry and his wife had travelled to Gallipoli in 2019 to visit the grave and to walk up Kirech Tepe Ridge. They have found a variety of material about Captain Hain, including a long letter home describing his landing on the peninsula in October 1915, which was published in the *St Ives Times*, somewhat ironically the day after he was killed.

Captain Hain was the only son of Sir Edward Hain, and his death was a massive blow to the entire community of St Ives. His family founded a Cottage Hospital in St Ives in 1920, to serve as a lasting memorial to him – something which the town has been immensely proud of for over 100 years now.

Gerry thought that he and his wife were the only people who may have specifically visited Captain Hain’s resting place in Hill 10 Cemetery, and he would be very interested to make contact with anyone who has diaries or letters relating to the Devon Yeomanry’s time on Gallipoli, particularly if they contain any mentions of Captain Hain. Gerry would like to pass his email address on to anyone with such interests or knowledge. Please contact the editor at editor@gallipoli-association.org.

HOSPITAL SHIPS

Lieutenant E H Best, 11th Light Horse Regiment AIF

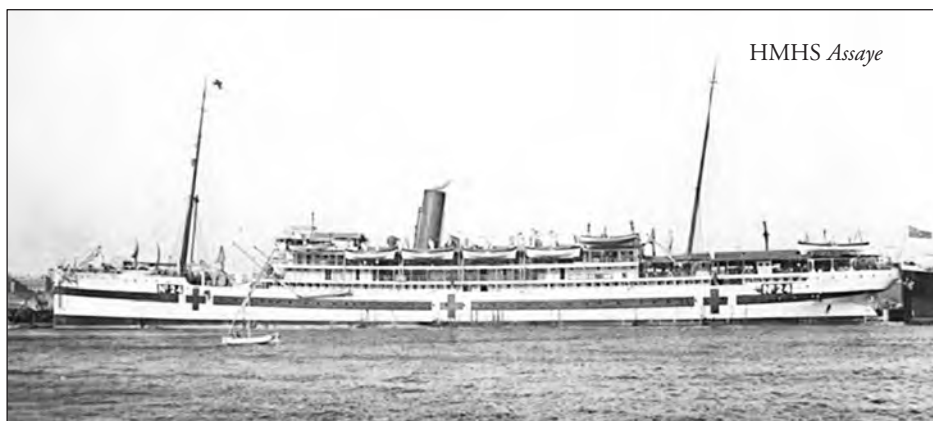
There were very few pretty sights connected with the Gallipoli campaign, but one there was at which many a night we gazed with longing eyes, and inwardly said: "Oh for a nice little wound to give us a few -days in that floating paradise." Inwardly we said it, but outwardly would scorn any such suggestion.

I am referring to the hospital ships which, like a bright jewel shone through the dark nights in a blaze of green, white and red lights. One or two long rows of emeralds with a huge flashing ruby cross midway, picked out here and there with white diamonds is the only description I can give as they appeared to us.

There was always one and sometimes two or three hospital ships anchored just off Anzac Cove, while more stood off Suvla Bay and still more down at Cape Helles. To the Turks credit be it said that never did I know of a stray shell finding its mark on one of these boats, although many a time we have watched small launches or perhaps dispatch boats, which. had gamely run in under fire to the beach, race out again hotly pursue-d by shells from Beachy Bill, and pass close to the hospital ships. Immediately they got too close for safety, the shells would stop.

To our despatch boats credit it is a fact that they never wittingly used the hospital boats as a buffer, but sometimes had to pass close in the exercise of their duties. Although no shells ever hit the hospital boats, they came in for a lot of unaimed rifle fire, and on the 'Assaye', the boat which carried me from Gallipoli to England, ill with enteric, I was told that when Turkish rifle fire was hot inland the bullets used to patter like hail on their decks and of course, the plates on the ship's side, so that it was not always the paradise which it seemed from the trenches.

This and next article: Best, E H. *Snapshots and Reminiscences of Anzac*, Qld, c1920.



HMHS Assaye

TAUBES AND AEROPLANES

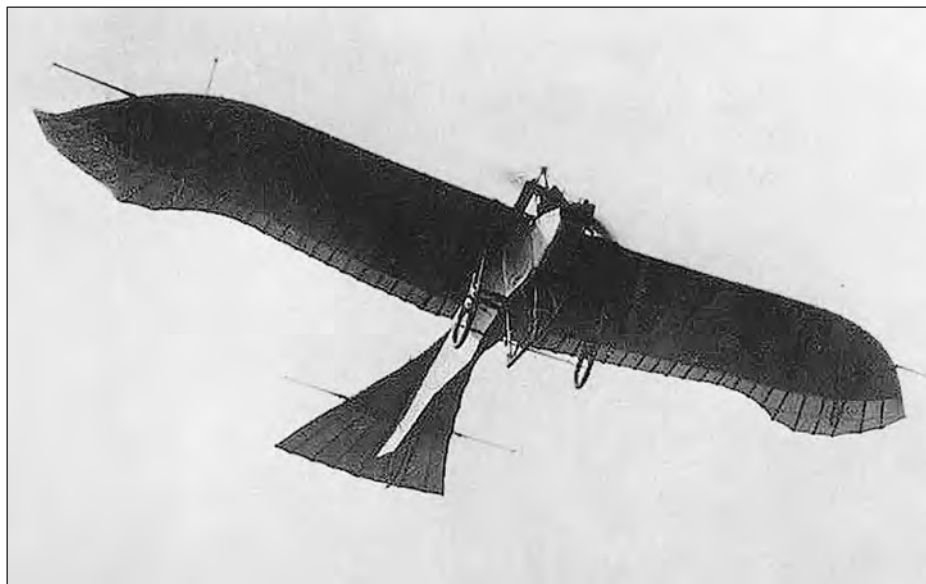
All is quiet in our lines, breakfast is just over and the day's watch in the firing trench is just beginning when suddenly a distant humming whirr is heard, immediately all eyes are turned skywards and inland. Somewhere a Taube is starting on a tour of inspection. Soon it is picked up and gradually from a tiny speck in the blue it grows into the well known bird like shape of a Taube. On it comes very high up, and circles over our positions, presently puff! A small white cloud appears below, then one above, then a couple right close up. Our anti-aircraft guns are getting busy, and, we have hopes but in vain, on sails the bird of ill omen untouched, followed by little billowy blobs of white. Hello! Here's one of ours! And high up in the clear bright sunlight from over towards Imbros where our hangars are, comes one of our biplanes. On it comes and in the clear light we can see its concentric rings of red and white. In contrast with the dull sinister looking Taube with its grim iron crosses, our machine looks a thing of grace and beauty.

Will there be a fight? Our hopes run high. Ah, the Taube has sighted our machine and up, up it goes, back inland, it is now out of range, but our bi plane is lower and mounting, and now Turkish shells commence to attend it. On it goes over the enemy's lines, pursued by little white puffs, and we can hear the rattle of their machine guns aiming at it. The Taube has disappeared, declining a fight, and our machine does a bit of reconnaissance up and down their lines, then turns south and flies high over the land towards Achi Baba and Cape Helles; then when it has had a good look over the peninsula, back it circles and comes over us again, finally returning to Imbros from above Suvla Bay. This is almost a daily occurrence.

On one occasion a Taube suddenly appeared from nowhere, and flying low, came from north-wards, right along our line evidently looking for new developments in our lines. Lieutenant McLaughlin, of 5th Light Horse and I happened to be doing a bit of sniping from No. 1 possee, when it came over us. We filled our magazines and up our sights to 2800 yards, and let go rapid fire at our unwelcome visitor. Whether we hit the machine or only went close, we could not tell, but after passing over us back she came and we could hear a whirring sound as three great bombs fell splash and exploded about 150 yards from us in the sea just clear off the beach. After this salute the Taube disappeared behind a white cloud and rose high before emerging on the other side. We were glad to say farewell, but were sorry we did not aim just a little bit more accurately.

A few days later something went wrong with one of our reconnoitring biplanes and she planed down on to the strip of white beach near the field hospital, which we could see with our glasses at Suvla Bay. No sooner had she landed and the mechanic and observer got busy repairing the fault than puff! A flash and puff of smoke appeared nearby, another and then another until we had counted 52 shell bursts, some of which to our eyes appeared to burst right on the machine. Apparently the

marksmanship of the Turkish battery in question was not quite accurate, as after about three quarters of an hour up went the machine and out over the sea towards Imbros, evidently un-harmed, We felt inclined to cheer, but contented ourselves with thinking that the men belonging to her must have had a pretty anxious and a hot time whilst effecting repairs.



The Etrich *Taube*, the first German mass-produced military aircraft.



THE OTTOMAN AIR FORCE IN THE GREAT WAR

B P Flanagan

On the Turkish side, not a single observation plane had been lost due to enemy action during the Dardanelles battles. Only the loss of a Fokker aircraft was to be regretted. In an aerial battle with three opponents Leutnant Muhra's aircraft was severely damaged and he crashed in an emergency landing not far from Chanak Kale. Muhra was severely wounded by a shot in the head. Worthy of note, in the closing phases of the Dardanelles battles were the excellent reconnaissance reports of the Dardanelles *Abteilung*.

The observers' reports and aerial photographs revealed beyond doubt the enemy's preparations for retreat. In December Major Siegert, at that time Inspector of the German *Fliegertruppe*, arrived in Constantinople for official discussions, at the same time also bringing a wagon-load of welcome gifts for the soldiers. He was to discuss with the Turkish authorities a wider German support in aviation and also the sending of two German *Fliegerabteilungen*; one for the concluding battles of the Dardanelles, the other for the Sinai front. He also made a visit to the Dardanelles *Abteilung*. Major Siegert did not pass up this opportunity to make an orientation flight out over Gallipoli. The trained eye of an experienced old flier confirmed the English preparations for a withdrawal at that time. Incorrectly the ground command had held fast to the 'Gibraltar Thesis' (i.e., that the British would hold Gallipoli like Gibraltar) until the last embarkation of the enemy, denying the intentions of the English to evacuate.

Extract from Flanagan, B P. 'The History of the Ottoman Air Force In the Great War. The Reports of Major Erich Serno. Introduction, Part 1: Born In Battle - 1915', in *Cross and Cockade*; Society of World War I Aero Historians, Manhattan Beach, California. Summer 1970, pp 115-116. Photos below from page 118.



Left: Bombing target--the R.N.A.S. airfield on Tenedos as seen from the air in the cockpit of an *Esacdrille M.P.98T* Farman aircraft
 Right: Havoc caused by Allied bombs dropping on the field of the Ottoman *Fliegerabteilung* at Chanak. German personnel inspect bomb craters caused by the British "calling cards."
 (Photo courtesy of Rudolph Babel)

NORMAN WILKINSON'S THE DARDANELLES PART 1

Wilkinson, N. *The Dardanelles: Colour Sketches from Gallipoli*
London, Longmans, Green & Co, 1916.

Chapter 1: First Impressions

Before entering upon the subject of this chapter I cannot help a passing allusion to the lack of pictorial records of this war — records made by artists of experience, who actually witness the scenes they portray.

Our descendants will surely regret the omission when they try to gather an impression of the greatest war in history from the inadequate material obtainable.

I do not lose sight of the fact that many professional artists are fighting with our army in France and elsewhere. But life in the trenches is so arduous that it is doubtful if many records will come to us from this source.

The start of my journey was not at all what I had intended. I had imagined myself busily sketching our departure and attempting to get some of the delightful colour and abundant movement of the lower Thames.

In actual fact, I spent most of this time lying on a settee, trying to overcome the effects of inoculation, though rather cheered, it is true, by the thought of the annoyance set up amongst the millions of germs inhabiting my system.

I made several efforts to go on deck, but was forced each time to give in and return to my cabin.

This was the more annoying, as we were passing through what to any traveller by sea, and to me especially, was the most interesting zone: full of romance and mystery, with stories of sunken submarines, rumours of nets and mines, and all the strange happenings of this strangest of wars.

There was naturally a certain amount of speculation on the steamer as to the possibility of attack by submarine: this new factor in modern warfare, which, from a romantic point of view, has so largely conduced to the elimination of spectacular fighting.

At the time of sailing we had heard of submarine activity in the western entrance to the Channel, though the apparent indifference of the passengers was a wonderful testimony to the calmness of the Briton in the presence of a very real danger. However, hopes ran fairly high that we might soon get into safe waters, as we were favoured with a fairly heavy summer gale, which should, with luck, see us well round Ushant and down the bay.

We were pushing along doing a steady ten knots with our fore-deck frequently taking it green; but, well loaded as we were with general cargo, the ship was wonderfully easy in motion. This was in comforting contrast to a tramp-steamer close by, which looked as if she wanted to see how far she could roll without turning over.

Ships bound for the Mediterranean and to other parts are more scattered nowadays than formerly. Since the war they have avoided the recognised trade routes. Probably there may be enemy submarines bound out to the Eastern Mediterranean, but the likelihood of attack from these appeared to us small. After all, they would surely reserve their stock of torpedoes for a more important quarry, and, in any case, would hardly be likely to advertise their presence before arriving in their intended zone of operations.

During the night we passed a number of patrol boats keeping their ceaseless vigil. The patrol service will, when the war is over, undoubtedly reap the full meed of praise to which they are entitled. It is utterly impossible for the landsman to grasp the soul-wearying work on patrol vessels. Frequently of quite small tonnage, keeping the seas in every kind of weather, not bound anywhere in particular, but just slogging to and fro on a set beat, rarely thought of except by the relatives and friends of those serving in them.

We reached Gibraltar in two or three days, during which time no alarms from submarines disturbed our peace. The sight of the Rock for the first time must frequently call forth an exclamation on the strangeness of events which have enabled us to take and hold so fine a strategical position. Isolated as it is from any other of our possessions, it has certainly served us well in the Dardanelles campaign.

Malta was made in the early morning, and it certainly looked a gem set in a sea of opal, although closer acquaintance found it stifflingly hot. Our time here was short, as we were ordered to a vessel leaving early next morning for Mudros, the base in the island of Lemnos. The ship in which we took passage was one of an entirely new class, specially designed for the destruction of submarines. On our passage up, a matter of three days,

a sharp lookout was kept, as we were now nearing the danger zone. For some reason difficult to discover there appeared to be a lull in the operations of these craft, due, probably, to the numerous devices employed to restrict their activities. Nevertheless, continual reports were coming in of their being sighted, and our Captain was anxious to try the efficacy of his means of offence, but we were disappointed or otherwise, according to our various temperaments, for we sighted nothing suspicious.

On the third day a French destroyer, with whom we exchanged recognition signals, steamed up to us for a closer inspection. This denoted our close proximity to the great naval base from which the operations in this theatre of war were largely conducted.

A distant view of Mudros, one of the finest natural harbours in the eastern Mediterranean, showed a vast concourse of ships, which grew in interest and numbers as we approached. Eventually we steamed between lines of warships to an anchorage given us by signal. I have seen many reviews and naval pageants, but nothing to compare, in interest, with the assemblage of ships that we now witnessed. British battleships, French battleships, cruisers of both nations; a Russian cruiser, the *Askold* (which had

incidentally been badly hammered in the war with Japan); destroyers, torpedo boats of all ages, submarines (some fresh with the laurels of raids in the Sea of Marmora), North Sea trawlers, tramp- steamers, transports, food-ships, motor-boats, Greek sailing vessels, motor-barges for landing troops, private yachts taken over by the Admiralty (the Admiral conducting operations being himself in one of these), and endless other craft gathered from everywhere to assist in the enormous undertaking of supplying food and munitions and to guard the routes to the various other bases established in the islands around. Towering above all the vessels could be seen the *Aquitania* and the *Mauretania*, their immense bulk dwarfing every ship in the harbour.

Ashore were camps in every direction, that of the French being the most conspicuous, as, owing to its longer occupation, the ground had lost every trace of vegetation and had become a vast arid mound, looking terribly hot, with clouds of sand blowing continually across it.

The fact of so many battleships and cruisers being in the harbour was an eloquent tribute to the moral influence of submarines. These craft would appear to have been less active recently, whether as a result of means taken to combat them (the sea is a maze of nets), or whether from engine

troubles or shortage of petrol, it is impossible to say. On the other hand, they may hope to lull us into a sense of false security, and thus to entice the larger ships out. Whatever the cause, our belief in their inactivity is strengthened by the fact that a number of warships are patrolling the seas continually without interference.

We spent a few days in this port before an opportunity occurred to get nearer to the area of hostilities. I was fortunate enough to be appointed to a ship which left almost immediately for Kephalo, our base in the island of Imbros, some ten miles distant from the enemy coast. After a rapid passage through a sea studded with indicator nets, we arrived at Kephalo. A fair enough anchorage, this, in summer, though a practically continuous breeze from the north-east, sometimes of considerable strength, is apt to make it uncomfortable for small craft.

The setting here is rather more picturesque than Mudros, by reason of the smaller water area and higher hills on the northern side. Here again a large concourse of ships was gathered, mostly transports, though two vessels, the balloon-spotting ship *Hector* and the plane-carrying and repair ship *Ark Royal*, were of unusual interest. The flagship *Exmouth*, with a large collier made fast on either beam, was evidently determined not to allow the marauding submarine any opportunity of repeating her *Majestic* and *Triumph* successes.

Nothing has been left undone to make Kephalo a safe anchorage. A complete net-guard stretched across the harbour has up to the present been effective in preventing submarine attack.

Mike Morrison, who contributed the diary – *A Highland Private at Gallipoli* – which appeared in the previous two editions of *The Gallipolian* – kindly wrote:

I am pleased to have seen both instalments of the diary transcription I submitted in print. Since I discovered this treasure, I knew I had to share its value, but with whom and how? Once I knew who the diarist was and where he hailed from I thought that I would like to return it to his descendants.

Apparently David Thomson left Scotland at the end of the war for Canada and I lost track of him and his family. Transcribing it to share with those most involved in the Gallipoli story was the obvious step (the Association and its journal). That just left me with the diary itself. Where should that go if I couldn't find descendants (who might not want it anyway)? Keeping it would be selfish and diminish its value.

I contacted the museum of the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders at Stirling Castle and offered it to their archives and it was graciously accepted. It will soon go to its proper home and I will feel that I have done my duty. I also feel that Ian (Commander Hamilton), who gave it to me many years ago, would be pleased with its entire disposition (journal article and donation).

I thought you might like to know.

Thank you Mike – for allowing the Gallipoli Association the honour of publishing the diary, and for informing us that it's gone to an institution that will care for it.

– Editor.

LAST POST

It is with regret that the Association learnt of the deaths of the following members:

- Elsley (Bo) Cooper, Member 1490, died in January 2022. His father served at Gallipoli.
- Colonel Christopher Newbould CBE Member 2202, a retired officer of the Gloucestershire Regiment, died 14 May 2021, aged 79. He saw operational service in Borneo and Northern Ireland and was deployed all over the globe together with the Canadian and Malaysian armed forces. He was a founder member of the Guild of Battlefield Guides and a key member of the validation team. He was the lead guide for the Royal British Legion's battlefield tour programme and, later, Spirit of Remembrance. During his time with the Royal British Legion he was the pioneer guide for a Realities of War programme for soldiers under training. He then recruited, trained and managed the Legion guides for what was probably the largest single single battlefield tour programme in the UK. His specialties as a battlefield guide were the Zulu and Boer Wars in South Africa, the Seven Years War in Canada, 1st World War battles in France and Flanders, and Gallipoli, together with Second World War Battles in France and Tunisia. He recruited dozens of guides into the profession. (www.theobservationpost.com and www.salisburyjournal.co.uk).

Elliott, C H E. Two soldiers 'comparing wounds', one a wounded Turkish prisoner, the other an Anzac, (unidentified).
State Library of Tasmania NS669-12-1-75





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

Reproduced by kind permission of The Princess of Wales's Royal Regiment (Queen's and Royal

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