

The Gallipolian

The Journal of the Gallipoli Association
No. 171 - Summer 2026



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No 171 Summer (August) 2026

founded by Major E H W Banner in 1969 on the campaign of 1915

The Gallipoli Association

Registered Charity No. 1155609

www.gallipoli-association.org

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This edition's cover:

Debarquement de nuit aux Dardanelles (Night Landing at the Dardanelles).

Cover from the French weekly newspaper *Le Pays de France*, published by *Le Matin*, 15 July 1915 (Year 2, No. 39). Signed Leven & Lemonier.

111TH ANNIVERSARY

A message from our Patron

The Association received a message from our Patron, HRH The Duke of Edinburgh KG, KT, GCVO. He sent his best wishes to all members and thanked the Association for keeping alive the memory of all those who served.

The Gallipoli Association marked the 111th anniversary of the Gallipoli landings at ceremonies on the peninsula, across the United Kingdom, and in Australia and Greece. The full article appears on the Association website: Gallipoli / Anzac Day 2026 - commemorations from the peninsula and beyond.

Gallipoli Peninsula

Stephen Chambers, the Association's historian and chairman-elect, represented the Association at the dawn service and at the Lone Pine commemoration, where he laid the GA wreath with Sergeant Ron Green BM ESM. Stephen also paid his respects to several fallen men, including Lieut-Col. Richard Nelson Bendyshe, RMLI.

London

The Association's chairman, James Stopford CBE, laid a wreath at the dawn service at Hyde Park Corner and represented the Association at the Gallipoli memorial service in the crypt of St Paul's Cathedral. Twenty-five members marched at the Cenotaph, for the service led by the Reverend Dr Lyndon Drake in the presence of HRH the Princess of Wales. Association President Captain Christopher Fagan laid the wreath.

Melbourne

The newly formed Victorian Chapter of the Gallipoli Association held its second wreath-laying ceremony at the Shrine of Remembrance in Melbourne. Long-standing member David Kirton laid the wreath alongside state dignitaries and consular representatives. The shrine was established in 1934.

National Memorial Arboretum, Staffordshire

A ceremony commemorating the 111th anniversary of the landings at Gallipoli took place at the National Memorial Arboretum with a service in the Chapel followed by wreath laying at the Gallipoli Memorial. The Gallipoli Association was represented by our Secretary, Margaret Carter. See photo page 31.

Lemnos, Greece

Ceremonies took place at East Mudros and West Mudros Cemeteries. The British Embassy was represented by the military attaché. Two air force aircraft performed low passes over East Mudros Cemetery. Dimitris Boulotis, Deputy Mayor and GA member, laid the wreath on behalf of the Association.

Scotland

Jim Duffy again represented the Association at two services on 25 April: the dawn service at Glasgow Western Necropolis and the morning service at the Scottish National War Memorial, Edinburgh Castle.

NOTE FROM MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY

Regarding Subscriptions Outstanding Direct Debit (DD) Payments

Some members will have received and read notes on the above subject. To those who have responded, 'many thanks'. However there are still 155 outstanding DD payments dating back to the first six months (January to June) of this year. This is a lot for the Association, as a charity, to support.

Sadly some of our efforts to recover this money have been thwarted by electronic protection systems and either been reported as 'scams' or gone into 'spam' boxes. I would therefore ask you to check to see whether you have paid this year's subscription and if you are in any doubt either call me or send me an email (07979 541256) or membershipsecretary@gallipoli-association.org

We have resolved the problem with DDs and from now on they will be collected as in previous years. No further action is required in this regard - Peter Luff.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, 4 SEPTEMBER

The Gallipoli Association's AGM will be held at 11.30 a.m. on Friday 4 September 2026 at the Cavalry and Guards Club in London. Arrive 11.00 for an 11.30am start.

It is hoped that as many members as possible will attend. Attendees are asked to note that the club has a dress code – a jacket, trousers and tie are required – no shorts, jeans or sports clothing. Smart dress is also required for the ladies.

The meeting will be followed by the Gallipoli Association lunch.

The AGM papers and voting slips will be distributed before the meeting.

The Annual Conference and Dinner will be held on the following day.

2026 ANNUAL CONFERENCE, 5 SEPTEMBER

The Gallipoli Association's 2026 Annual Conference will again take place at the prestigious RAF Club, 128 Piccadilly, London, W1J 7PY. The event is an opportunity to hear notable speakers, network with fellow members and other attendees, and purchase books and items from the QM store.

Booking forms can be downloaded on the Association web site.

This year we have six keynote speakers covering a wide range of Gallipoli topics.

Andrew Choong: *Royal Navy Submarine Operations 1915–16: Gallipoli and Dardanelles perspective.*

Lucy Betteridge-Dyson: *Carrying the Campaign: Mules and the AVC at Gallipoli.*

Stephen Snelling: *'Phew this looks like being some scrap.'*

Peter Hart & Warren Smith: *Letters from Gallipoli and More ...*

Robert Fleming: *The Air War Beyond the Western Front: Eastern Theatres and the Aust. Flying Corps.*

The Cavalry and Guards Club and the RAF Club are both located on the north side of Piccadilly. The nearest underground stations are Hyde Park Corner (Piccadilly Line) or Green Park (Piccadilly, Jubilee and Victoria lines).

GALLIPOLI LECTURE DAY, 3 OCTOBER 10AM - 5PM

The Gallipoli-themed lecture day will be held at Cumbria's Museum of Military Life Museum, located within Carlisle Castle, former home of The Border Regiment.

Stuart Eastwood will look at the Border Regiment's contribution to the campaign.

Peter Hart will discuss conditions at Gallipoli.

Steve Warburton will consider Brigadier-General Lucas of the 29th Division, which included 1st Battalion Border Regiment.

Former Gallipoli Association education officer, John Wilson, will examine the Indian Army's contribution to the campaign.

Tickets are £30 and include lunch, refreshments, and access to the museum.

FIELD OF REMEMBRANCE, 5 NOVEMBER

Members and relatives with connections to Gallipoli are invited to place an order for a Remembrance Cross, Star of David, Crescent Moon or a Sikh Khanda.

These will be placed, on your behalf, in the Gallipoli Association plot at the Field of Remembrance by 3 November in time for the opening service on Thursday 5th.

A minimum donation of £5.00 per emblem would be appreciated to cover the cost of the plot and the emblem. Cheques should be no less than £5.00 due to processing cost.

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY, 8 NOVEMBER

The Gallipoli Association will once again be represented at the march past at the Cenotaph on 8 November. This honour is open to members and their guests.

Places are strictly limited and allocated on a 'first come first served' basis. Deadline is 11th September; please register your interest as early as possible.

An email address is essential for acceptance of a place as tickets will be despatched by email from the Royal British Legion in late October.

If you wish to take part, please complete the form on the Association's website and either email it to events@gallipoli-association.org or post it to: Hester Huttenbach, 24 Norcutt Road, Twickenham, Middlesex, TW2 6SR.

Please also indicate if you wish to stay for lunch after the parade.

Enquiries for all events to Hester Huttenbach at events@gallipoli-association.org

A VOYAGE THROUGH GALLIPOLI HISTORY

The Gallipoli Association's Portsmouth Regional Conference

This year's Gallipoli Association's Regional Conference took place on 20 June at Portsmouth Grammar School in Hampshire, where seven outstanding speakers presented to fifty attendees.

Our first speaker, Association member Malcolm Avery OBE, a retired Commodore and former Royal Navy submarine commander, delivered a fascinating presentation entitled "A New Breed of Warrior – Submariners in the Dardanelles."

Malcolm explored the story of the pioneering submariners who, despite initially being viewed with suspicion and often marginalised within the Royal Navy, emerged as a vital and innovative fighting force. He guided the audience through their hazardous missions in the Dardanelles, arguing that their successes offered some of the few glimmers of hope during an increasingly troubled campaign. Malcolm brought to life the courage, ingenuity, and determination of these remarkable men. Unsurprisingly, Malcolm's book *Hellespont – Through the Jaws of Death* proved to be a popular purchase during the breaks, with many attendees keen to learn more about this extraordinary chapter of naval history.

Our next speaker was the Association's historian and chairman-elect, Stephen Chambers, who presented a talk entitled "Valour, Bravery and Torpedoes – For Services in Picket Boats."

Through the experiences of Able Seaman William Longworth, Stephen recounted the dramatic story of the mission to destroy HM Submarine *E.15* after it had run aground and fallen into Turkish hands. The operation was an exceptionally hazardous undertaking. While the exploit is most often associated with the then Lt-Comdr Eric "Kipper" Robinson VC, Stephen's presentation offered a fresh perspective by telling the story through the eyes of one of the ordinary sailors who took part. .

Attention then turned to the skies. The Association's youth ambassador, Sophie Haworth, shared some of her research into "Gallipoli Air Power", focusing on the trailblazing work of the Royal Naval Air Service.

As true aviation pioneers, these intrepid men pushed the boundaries of emerging technology in their efforts to gain an advantage over Ottoman forces. Employing an innovative mix of seaplanes, balloons, airships, and even armoured cars, they adapted rapidly to the demands of a new form of warfare and helped establish Allied air superiority in the Gallipoli theatre.

Before lunch, member Guy Lewin Smith shared the story of his grandfather, an officer in the 1/5th Suffolks, with his talk "My Grandfather's Compass."

Tracing his journey from his home in Framlingham, through his education at Cambridge, and ultimately to his first experience of battle at Suvla, Guy brought his grandfather's story vividly to life. Guy's presentation was enriched by personal

artefacts, including the military compass his grandfather carried during the Gallipoli campaign, and which remains in the care of his family today. This tangible link to the past added a special dimension to a fascinating and memorable talk.

After lunch, member Brian Cleary delivered an excellent presentation, “Lily Doughty-Wylie - how two medals revealed an incredible story”.

Lily was the wife of Lt-Col Charles “Dick” Doughty-Wylie VC, famed for his actions at V Beach. Brian skilfully explored the background of this remarkable couple, as well as Dick’s relationship with Gertrude Bell. He also shared details of his research into the mystery of the only woman known to have landed on Gallipoli during the campaign. The presentation was both engaging and thought-provoking, and left the audience looking forward to the publication of Brian’s groundbreaking book on Lily.

Hester Huttenbach, the Association’s events coordinator and quartermaster, next shared the remarkable story of her father, Col Norman Huttenbach DSO, OBE, MC, who served as a captain in B Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, at Helles.

Hester’s talk “A Father’s Story” was fascinating in its own right but, adding an unexpected connection, two other relatives of RHA officers who served at Gallipoli were in the audience. They were the great-nephew of Major General C P W Perceval CB, DSO, then a captain in L Battery, and the great-great-nephew of Major General H R Peck CB, CMG, DSO, who was then a major in the same battery. It was intriguing that, 111 years later, descendants of these officers were gathered together to share and discuss the experiences of their forebears.

Following Hester’s presentation, member Roger Cooper Simpson delivered a talk entitled “Bound for Somewhere.”

A speech that includes Gully Ravine, mine craters, and trench maps is almost guaranteed to capture an audience’s attention. Drawing on the diary of his grandfather, a subaltern in the Royal Engineers at Gallipoli, Roger explored how many aspects of his grandfather’s service resonate with modern military practice. From the familiar phrase “hurry up and wait” to observations on training, welfare, readiness, and security. He also noted how remarkably forward-thinking the Field Service Regulations (1909) were. In areas such as command and control, operations, field engineering, and logistics, the principles of military activity in 1915 were often surprisingly familiar, although in other respects they have evolved dramatically.

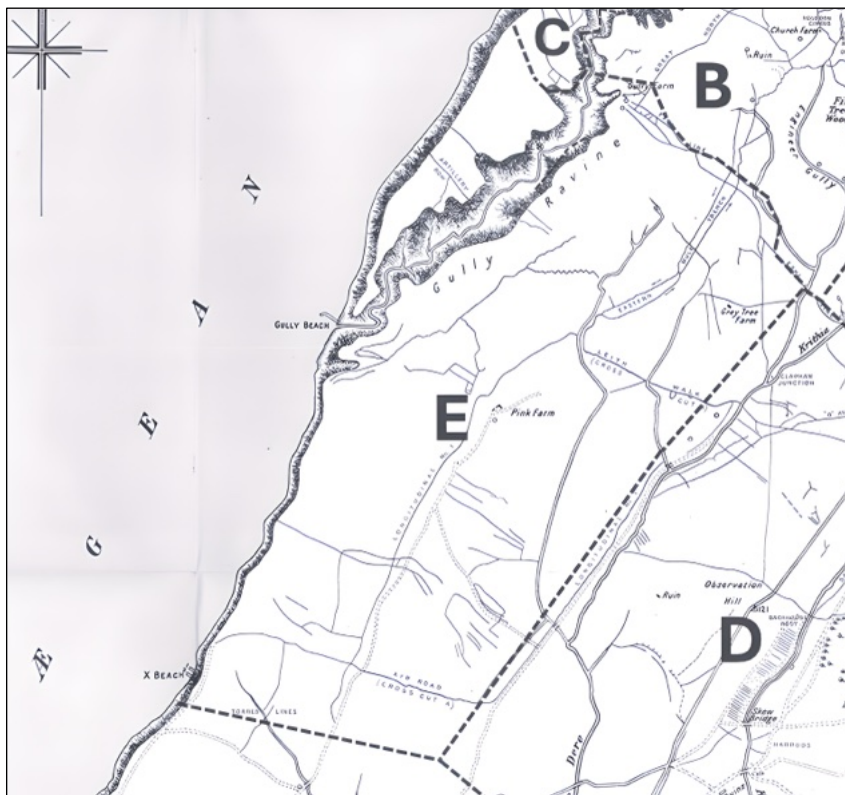
Stephen closed the conference, offering sincere thanks to all the speakers, the school, and those who attended and continue to support the Association’s mission. Events such as this are only possible through the dedication and hard work of a committed team. Special thanks went to Hester, whose organisational skills are second to none and whose efforts were instrumental in making the conference such a success. The Association was also grateful to Stephen for assembling an excellent line-up of speakers and putting together the day’s programme. Finally, thanks went to Sophie, who not only delivered a fascinating presentation, but who also had the honour of opening the conference at her former school.

HELLES BATTLEFIELD STUDY PROJECT

September 2025 Field Trip–Part I

Mike Crane

Helles Battlefield Study Project Map - Zone E



In September 2025 the Helles Battlefield Study Project (HBSP) team completed its fourth and most successful field trip to date. After five intense days of field work, we came away with a tally of 101 new Helles Survey Sites (HSS) including 50 of the 54 we had initially targeted.

As usual, much of our work was carried out well off the beaten track, but Google Earth (GE) layover maps, found on pages 29-31, will guide the reader to where these new HSS sites are located.¹ In addition, all the 245 HSS sites recorded to date can be viewed on the HBSP site map (on the HBSP title page, in the member's section of the Association website).

1 As with previous field trips we used specially created layover maps, using the Official History map, *HELLES, THE OPPOSING TRENCHES, January 1916*, overlaid onto GE imagery and uploaded onto our GPS devices.

Most of our work was focussed within Zone ‘E,’ a part of the battlefield first held by the 29th Division, then the 42nd Division, and finally, by the 13th Division.² Unsurprisingly, many of the sites we discovered were occupied by successive units at different times, and these sites carry multiple titles.

For the first time, the HBSP team was accompanied by self-funded volunteers; Association member Alistair Aimes and former Gallipoli Association Hon. Secretary, James Watson Smith. James’s great uncle, Col. Edmund Percival Smith, commander of the 17th Brigade, Royal Field Artillery, was killed with his adjutant, Captain Frederick Harold Lewis Morgan, and his orderly, Gunner 67106 William George Payne, during the great Turkish counterattack on the night of 1/2nd May 1915. In October 2023 the HBSP team discovered the battlefield burial site (HSS-019) where all three men had been interred in a single grave and located the likely section of firing-line where they died (HSS-020).³

The first priority of our 2025 trip was to take James to the place where his great uncle, Captain Lewis and Gunner Payne had been killed, and then to the burial site where we laid memorial crosses for all three in a poignant tribute.⁴ We finished by taking James to see the 17th Brigade’s gun positions (HSS-009 & HSS-010)⁵ at the southern edge of the wood that covers Observation Ridge.

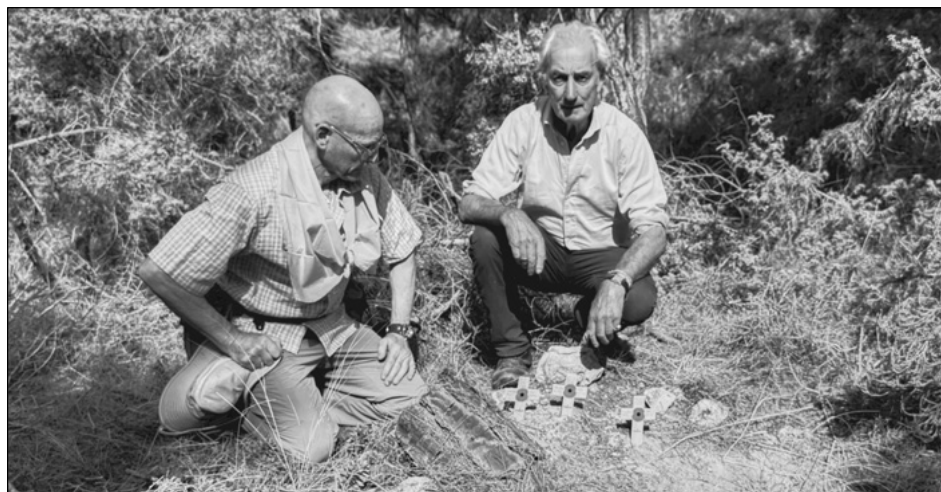


Fig. 1: HSS-019- Mike Crane (left) and James Watson Smith lay memorial crosses for Colonel Smith, Captain Morgan and Gunner Payne at the men’s original burial site.

² The 29th Division were relieved on 19 August by the 42nd Division, which continued to hold the Left Section until relieved by the 13th Division at the end of December 1915. It was the second time the 13th Division had held the Left Section, the first being in late July, when it gained valuable battlefield experience prior to landing at Suvla.

³ The remains of all three men were later recovered and reburied in the Redoubt Cemetery. For more information on the men and the circumstances of their deaths see *The Gallipolian*, No. 163 – Winter, p. 37 to 39.

⁴ Memorial crosses were also laid at the men’s Special Memorials in the Redoubt Cemetery.

⁵ See 2025 Field Trip, Site Map 1, in the colour section of this edition for the relative positions of all three sites, and *The Gallipolian*, No. 161 – Spring 2023, pages 45 & 46, for more information on the 17th Brigade, REA battery positions (HSS-009 & HSS-010).

From the gun positions, we moved 600 metres west to our first new HSS site of the trip. Known informally by troops of the 126th Infantry Brigade, 42nd (East Lancashire) Division, as ‘Shell Bivouac’ (HSS-091). Sitting at the bottom of a wide valley with the looming peak of Achi Baba at its head, it was first used by the 126th Brigade on the morning of 18 May 1915, after spending six days in the RND section of the firing-line. Second Lieutenant Arthur Behrend of the 1/4th East Lancashires was among the first to arrive: ‘Sleepily but eagerly we looked for the rest trenches. But alas – “The Battalion will bivouac here. Dig yourselves in as quickly as possible.” The country was much like England; the field in which we had to dig was fringed with big trees ...’⁶



Fig. 2: HSS-091 & HSS-092 shown on a 1937 Turkish aerial photograph. The outlines of the many ‘W’ section bivouac trenches which covered the area in the second half of the campaign can be clearly seen. The tree lined field boundary running through the western part of ‘Shell Bivouac’ still exists today – see Site Map No. 1, in the colour section of this edition (page 30).

The brigade’s arrival drew the attention of the Turkish artillery spotters on Achi Baba and at 6 pm the Turkish guns opened fire. It was the first heavy bombardment the brigade had experienced, and Behrend describes the event in his memoir:

‘Little by little the shelling increased in intensity till there was an agonizing cry followed by “Man Hit! Where’s the doctor?” After a few more men had been hit there was no more talking or shouting, and the silence was broken only by the moaning, howling, and crashing of shells, high-explosive as well as shrapnel, dozens of them.’ ... ‘There had been casualties. Three brothers – a sergeant, a private and a drummer-boy – had been sheltering in the same dug-out. The drummer, lying in the middle, had been hit in the neck and killed outright; neither the sergeant nor the private had been touched.’⁷

6 Arthur Behrend, *Make Me A Soldier* (London: Eyre & Spottiswoode) p.82.

7 Behrend, *Make Me A Soldier*, p.83 & 84. The drummer-boy mentioned, Drummer 1435 Joseph Albert (Aloysius) Townsend, 1/4th East Lancs Regt., is buried in Skew Bridge Cemetery. Joseph was once thought to be the youngest British soldier to be killed at Gallipoli. However, research carried out by Norma Wallworth has revealed his age at death as 16 years and seven months. Private 1692 Richard Stott, 1/9th Manchester Regt., who was 15 years and three months old when he died of wounds on 5th June 1915 (buried at sea) is believed to be the holder of this tragic record.

Promptly christened 'Shell Bivouac' by its troops, the 126th Brigade, suffered more casualties in the space of two hours than it had since arriving at Helles on 9 May. Despite its exposed position it became the brigade's permanent bivouac until the 42nd Division relieved the 29th Division in the Left Section on 19 August 1915. Cultivated fields now cover the site, still littered with fragments of rum jars and other detritus of war.



Fig. 3: HSS-091 'Shell Bivouac,' looking west. Taken from the album of Lt. Colonel Sir Henry Darlington, CO, 1/5th Manchesters (and reproduced in the reprint of Darlington's *Letters From Helles*, Little Gully Publishing, p 30). The photograph, taken around 22 May 1915, shows the 1/5th Manchesters in open dug-outs at 'Shell Bivouac.' Note the machine gun tripod and ammunition boxes in the right foreground, and the tree line in the background which may well be that show on Fig. 2 and on Site Map No. 1.

Our next target, contained inside a small wood a few hundred metres west of 'Shell Bivouac,' is the best-preserved example of 'W' section type trenches (of the type used to accommodate troops at rest in the second half of the campaign) known to exist at Helles (HSS-092). This form of bivouac accommodation was developed to accommodate and control large bodies of men in a more orderly way than the open dug-out system used at 'Shell Bivouac' and other similar bivouac areas. Fig. 5, shows an early example of a 'W' type trench.

This impressive site, covering about 0.5 hectares (1¼ acres) is made up of six parallel well-preserved 'W' section trenches, each around 70 metres in length long, 1.3 metres deep and 11 metres between the centres of the raised protective banks that run between the trenches. A full site survey was not possible due to time constraints but before leaving, the site was photographed, and all four corners recorded on our Global Positioning System (GPS) devices.

On a cautionary note, a similarly-sized wood a few hundred meters north was uprooted and ploughed over in 2023, and it's likely that our wood is destined for the

same fate. Yet another reminder of the urgent nature of our work to find and record sites before they are lost forever.



Fig. 5: Troops of the 52nd Division at Helles. The trench follows the standard pattern of two parallel trenches, divided by a flat section, with protective banks on either flank. Later versions were lined and traversed with sandbags. The southern end of Gully Spur can be seen in the distance on the right, placing the trench in a similar position to those at HSS-092.

Our focus shifted to the environs of Gully Beach, and the lower part of Gully Ravine (see Map 2, colour section). Our first objective was to find ‘Little Gully,’ a small re-entrant immediately south of the gully mouth, and once the base of the 42nd Divisional Signal Company.⁸ The entrance to ‘Little Gully’ is now overgrown with a tiny gap in the vegetation the only clue to its location. Despite the dense undergrowth it was possible to pick out several terraces on the north side of the gully (HSS-094B) which we followed to a dry waterfall at the gully’s head (HSS-094A). From there we traversed onto the spur that separates ‘Little Gully’ from the Great Gully (Gully Ravine) the location of the 42nd Division’s Headquarters from 19 August to 30 December 1915 (HSS-093).

Although thickly covered by trees and undergrowth we were able to identify several excavated areas where bell tents had been pitched, and we photographed and recorded a well-preserved example (HSS-94C).

⁸ Second Corporal Alec Riley of the 42nd Division Signal Company names this gully in his memoir *Gallipoli Diary 1915* (Mosman: Little Gully Publishing) p.191. Riley’s is the sole reference to ‘Little Gully’ that the author is aware of and was the inspiration for the naming of Little Gully Publishing (set up by Bernard de Broglio and Mike Crane in 2021).

Following a small path to the floor of Gully Ravine, we walked to the beach and continued along the shoreline to our next target, the spot chosen for the execution of Sergeant John Robins, 5th Wiltshire Regt., at 8 am on 2 January 1916. We arrived at the prescribed point '400 yards north of Gully Ravine mouth,' to find a small indent tucked into a bank, out of sight of any troops bivouacking on the cliffs just north of the gully mouth. We laid memorial crosses for Sergeant Robbins and Private Thomas Davis, 1st Royal Munster Fusiliers, who was executed at Gully Beach on 2 July 1915.

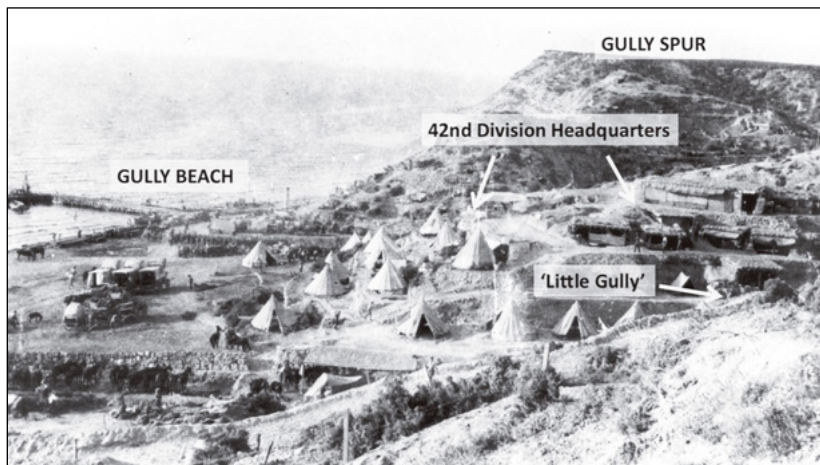


Fig. 6: Gully Beach, 'Little Gully' and the 42nd Division's Headquarters. The 42nd Division's field ambulance occupied the tents on the lower level with the unit's ambulance wagons parked on the beach directly in front.

During our walk up the shoreline we noticed the retaining walls of two lean-to shelters (HSS-096 & HSS-098) we marked their positions surveyed. The largest (HSS-098) measured 8 metres in length by 1 metre at its highest point.

Returning to the southern side of the gully's mouth, we surveyed the substantial concrete abutment of a bridge built to span the gully stream in the latter part of the campaign (HSS-095). Walking 50 metres inside the gully, we surveyed the well, originally known as 'Gully Beach Well' but in recent times has commonly become known as 'Murray's Well' (HSS-099) but was in fact sunk by 136th (Monmouth) Army Troops Company, Royal Engineers in November 1915.⁹ This latter date (rather than 21 July date mentioned by Murray) accounts for the absence of the well from the well-known photographs taken of the gully mouth in Summer 1915.

From the well we continued up the gully to our next target, the first of 20 taken from two similar sketch maps. The first comes from the 29th Division's 'A' Section diary and the second from the Manchester Regiment Archives (in a file of maps and papers associated with 1/7th Manchesters).¹⁰ Both maps, which can be seen in the colour

⁹ *The History of the Corps of Royal Engineers, Volume VI*, p.89, states 'A well was sunk by 136th Monmouth Army Troops Company at Gully Beach.' A faded inscription on the top of the well reads, '136th Company.' Close examination of Murray's account of the digging of wells in his memoir, *Gallipoli - As I Saw It*, (London: William Kimber) p.107, reveals he was referring to sites far higher up Gully Ravine.

¹⁰ Held at the Tameside Local Studies and Archive Centre, Cotton St. East, Ashton-under-Lyne, OL6 7BY.



Fig. 7: Men of the 42nd Divisional Signal Coy., on a terrace inside 'Little Gully.'



Fig. 8: HSS-098 – The retaining wall of a lean-to shelter at Gully Beach, situated 100 metres north of the mouth of Gully Ravine.

section of this journal (page 29), show sites in the lower and mid-sections of Gully Ravine that were utilised by specific units. By comparing the sketch maps with GE imagery, it was possible to provisionally pair the named sites to potential locations. Our aim was to match these historic sites to topographical features on the ground,

and time and conditions permitting, briefly search each site for corroborating evidence.¹¹

Our first target 'Infantry Reserve Site No. 3' (HSS-100A) comes from the 42nd Division sketch map and is situated on a low spur on the eastern side of the gully. Although covered with pine trees and dense undergrowth we found evidence of numerous dug-outs including a one-man enclosed dug-out (HSS-100B) near the top of the site.



Fig. 9: An unknown 1/5th Manchester's officer outside a lean-to shelter at Gully Beach. Taken from the album of Colonel Sir Henry Darlington, CO, 1/5th Manchesters.

Moving back to the gully floor we crossed to the opposite slope and climbed to our next target, a concentration of dug-outs situated high up on the southern end of Gully Spur (HSS-101). The ground surrounding the site is pockmarked with the shallow remains of open dug-outs and is unusually devoid of vegetation.¹² Although not on either of the sketch maps, the area can be seen on photographs taken during the campaign, covered in dug-outs. The 29th Division's Cyclist Company occupied the terraces immediately below HSS-101, which are shown on the same photograph and the 29th Division's sketch map (see Fig. 10).

Returning to the gully floor we passed the site of the South Wales Borderers Quartermasters store (HSS-102C) on our right, as we walked about 80 metres further up the gully to our next site. First used by the 29th Division's No. 2 Company, Army Service Corps, site HSS-102A was later occupied by the 42nd (East Lancs) Division's Field Ambulance. Situated on a low, tree-covered terrace on the right side of the gully,

¹¹ See Site Maps No.1, 2 & 3 in the colour section of this journal and Site Maps No.4 to 6 in Part II of this article.

¹² This is one of three markedly barren, possibly contaminated areas on Gully Spur known to the author. One, HSS-105B, is covered later in this article and the other is situated immediately above the shoreline at 'Y' Beach.

the site is bounded on its northern edge by a side gully named on the 29th Division map as 'Inniskilling Avenue'.¹³ Another flat terrace on the opposite side of the gully (HSS-102B) was also utilised by the 42nd (East Lancs) Division's Field Ambulance.

We moved to our next target, a side gully 30 metres further up the main gully on the left side (HSS-103A). First used by the 87th Brigade, 29th Division, as a base for its transport, the gully extends back about 50 metres and is enclosed on three sides by steep walls. The enclosed nature of the site made it an ideal location for the 42nd Division's Bomb School, which was moved in on 27 August 1915,¹⁴ under the command of Captain Fawcus, 1/7th Manchesters.¹⁵

Our next target on the 42nd Division map, Infantry Reserve Site No. 4 (HSS-104), is situated in the crook of a pronounced right-hand bend, a further 150 metres along the gully. The site extends over several low terraces covered by dense undergrowth which prevented the team from carrying out a thorough search. Another barren, seemingly contaminated slope (HSS-105B) sits directly opposite on the west side of the gully, and I have often wondered if its barren state was caused by ammunition being buried prior

¹³ Named after the 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers.

¹⁴ 'The Divisional Bomb School was moved to GULLY RAVINE,' 42nd Division war diary, 27 August 1915.

¹⁵ Captain Arther Edward Flynn Fawcus continued to command the Grenade School until the division's evacuation at the end of December 1915. One of only two 1/7th Manchesters' officers to 'serve on the peninsula from start to finish.' He was awarded the Military Cross for leading a night attack on the 6 August 1915, and was made *Chevalier*, Legion of Honour in recognition for his bombing work at Gallipoli. He went on to command (in succession) the 1/6th Lancashire Fusiliers, the 1/5th North Staffordshire Regt., and the 1/5th Sherwood Foresters. Created Companion of the Distinguished Service Order (3.06.1918) Fawcus was Mentioned in Despatches three times.



Fig. 10: HSS-101 – An extract from a well-known photograph of the mouth of Gully Ravine. The high-level dug-outs are in the top left-hand corner and the bicycles of the 29th Division's Cycle Company can be seen on a small terrace in the centre of the picture.

to the evacuation. The proximity to our next target, the 460th (Howitzer) Battery (Bty.) RHA, headquarters site (HSS-105A) makes my theory a distinct possibility. Situated 25 metres further along, on the left-hand side, the 460th Bty., HQ was located in a side gully with a flat terraced area at its entrance. Another offshoot gully on the opposite side was utilised by the battery to keep some of its mules in, with the rest being kept on a terrace that runs north along the left-hand side of the main gully. HSS-105A is one of four sites visited by the team that are associated with the 460th Battery, the other three (HSS-107A, HSS-107B/C and HSS-115) are covered later in this article.¹⁶ Significantly, the 460th Battery sites are the only ones that appear on both sketch maps.

We found our next target, the 87th Brigade, 29th Division Dump (HSS-105C) on a small flat area covered by trees and low-level foliage, 50 metres along the main gully on the right-hand side.

Twenty metres further along, situated on a flat, low, area on the right-hand side, we stopped at the 1/7th Lancashire Fusiliers' allotted rest bivouac area (HSS-106). Unfortunately, dense undergrowth and time constraints prevented the team from conducting a thorough search and we moved on to our next target.

Situated on the apex of a sharp right-hand bend, 70 metres further up the main gully, we found the side gully where the 460th (Howitzer) Battery, RHA, kept its horses (HSS-107A). Over 120 metres long, the gully widens at several points and part way along we noticed a small terrace on the right-hand side, about 3 metres above the gully floor, which may have been used as a bivouac by the grooms and drivers. About three-quarters of the way up on the left-hand side, we passed a steep, deeply cut track running in at 90 degrees (HSS-107B). The gully terminates about 50 metres past the track in a steep bowl-shaped area with a wide, flat floor. Retracing our steps to the track, we climbed up its steep path, which after 50 metres or so became obstructed by deadfall. Leaving the track, we climbed to the top of the steep left-hand bank and followed the track's course to its end (HSS-107C). Here, the slope becomes more gradual and on checking the overlay map on my GPS device, I saw that the track had taken us to within a few metres of the start of a communication trench leading to the fire trench marked on contemporary maps as 'Artillery Row.' Thus, proving that the track was not just another route out of Gully Ravine but one that played a key role in communication between the 460th (Howitzer) Battery's positions in Gully Ravine and its guns at 'Artillery Row' (HSS-115C).

The open woodland surrounding 'Artillery Row' is rich in remnants of the campaign including preserved sections of the communication trench (CT) that once led back to the gully track. Other trenches run from the CT, as well as significant portions of the fire trench that once protected the 460th Battery's guns.

At the western end of the fire trench, we found evidence of the pathway (HSS-115A) shown on the Turkish Sevki Pasha Map (see Fig. 11) that led down to the shoreline and

¹⁶ The 460th (Howitzer) Battery was equipped with four 4.5" Howitzers. It probably took up position in Gully Ravine in mid-May 1915. It remained there until evacuated from the peninsula over the period of 1st to 7th January 1916.



Fig. 13: One of the 460th Battery's 4.5" howitzers dug in just above 'Y' Beach, with an ammunition bunker behind. Ref: Imperial War Museum Q 14833.

the campaign-built coast road. A short distance behind the fire trench, we discovered a row of 10 large ammunition pits.¹⁷ It was not possible to survey the entire site, instead, we surveyed a typical pit, which despite the passage of 110 years measured an impressive 9.5 metres long by 3.5 metres wide, and was over 2 metres deep. Returning to HSS-107A and Gully Ravine we walked 120 metres to our next target, the adjacent sites of the 1/6th & 1/8th Lancashire Fusiliers' rest bivouacs (HSS-109). Located 120 metres southwest of where Artillery Road crosses Gully Ravine, on a low, flat, terraced area on the gully's right-hand bank, covered in pine trees and dense undergrowth, the southern half of the site was used by the 1/6th Lancashire Fusiliers and the northern half by 1/8th Lancashire Fusiliers.

We moved on to the last site covered in Part I of this article, HSS-110, Infantry Reserve Site No. 5. Situated directly opposite to HSS-109, a short rise leads to an opening in the slope which extends back into a large amphitheatre-like feature, capable of accommodating a large body of troops. Although time constraints prevented a thorough search, evidence of man-made works were clearly seen among the pine trees that now cover the area.

In Part II of this article, I will cover, among other things, our discovery of two battlefield cemeteries, over 20 new enclosed dug-outs, the true locations of Pink Farm and Gully Farm, the ruins of a prehistoric monument and the significant remains of several major trench systems.

¹⁷ Similar pits can be found close to Pink Farm Cemetery (HSS-137) and in the woods 50 metres southwest of Clapham Junction (HSS-132) both of which will be covered in Part II of this article.



Fig.4: The HBSP team surveying a typical ‘W’ trench in the wood at HSS-092.

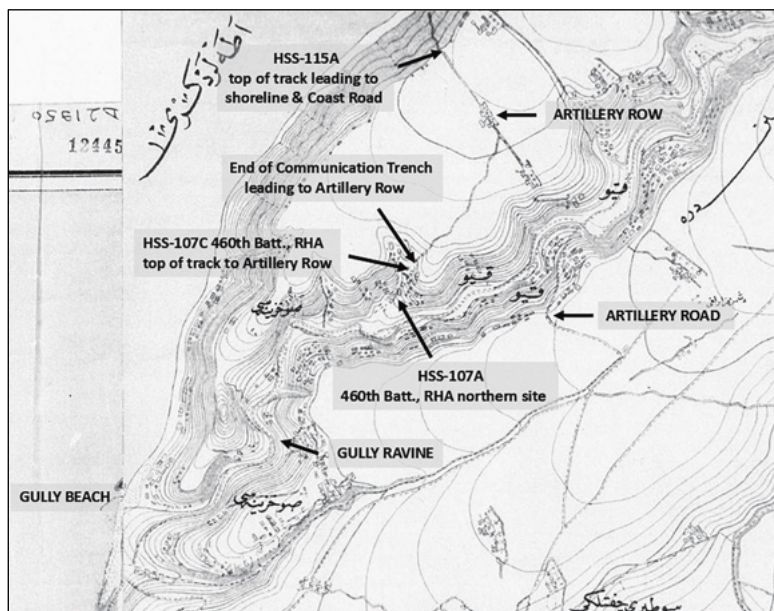


Fig. 11: Turkish Sevki Pasha (post-evacuation) map.

Death on the eve of battle, death on a wedding day- nothing so tragic save that most black mishap, death in action after peace has been signed. Death grins at my elbow. I cannot get him out of my thoughts. He is fed up with the old and sick- only the flower of the flock will serve him now...

- General Sir Ian Hamilton, on the death of Rupert Brooke on 23 April 1915.

RACE AGAINST TIME

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

FIGHTING AT GALLIPOLI.

The British Section of the New Zealand Contingent

The New Zealanders. Two Dare-Devs.

Corporal Frank Mattocks, of West Maitland, writes from Gallipoli under date June 26, as follows: – ‘Eggs are cooked, eggs are boiled.’ I suppose at some time or other we have all been informed in this way of the completion of some little joke, but a few of the Turks who heard these same words spoken in their ears on one particular evening I am about to refer to, very likely failed to see the point, and do not appreciate it yet, if it so happens that any of them are still on this side of the Jordan.

“The night was not dark and stormy” in every sense of the term. It was a ‘braw, bricht moonlight nicht,’ though her ladyship was late in making her appearance. Early in the evening there stole out from the fire trench in front of Quinn’s Post two sappers, with a little peace offering in the shape of gun-cotton and fuse. They did not go far – a crawl of eight yards brought them beneath the first line of the enemy’s trenches, and directly under a wooden structure, where was secreted some kind of death-dealing machine. Soon they were busy noiselessly preparing their little surprise. Perfect quietness along the firing line was essential for the success of this enterprise, and, here they lay less than a yard away from the Turk under the lee of his sandbags, waiting till the machine guns had stopped ticking out their messages of death: Two hours elapsed.

The moon was up. There was a temporary lull. Now for it. As one of the boys lifted his arm to adjust the fuse a Turk fired under his arm, being under the impression that the arm was lifted above the top of our trenches twenty feet away. Another wait. This time success. ‘Eggs are boiled; eggs are cooked,’ they shouted. I shall not add the few words of endearment – short but expressive – which were tacked on to this little piece of information, because the Brigade Censor is piously inclined. Back they scrambled to the trenches, and their mates were ready to drag them over the parapet. “A dead-heat” they declared, as the boys dropped together in the bottom of the trench, ‘and even time, too,’ a moment later, and up she went.

We heard that: explosion at the bottom of the ridge. Had we not been told that it was coming off we would have easily picked it out from a shell or bomb explosion. June 1st was the day; 10.30 p.m. was the hour. Perhaps you heard it over there. I was fortunate enough to get the names of these two dare-devils. Their undertaking was purely voluntary. Phair [Fear] and Hodges were their names, and each is now the proved possessor of a Distinguished Conduct Medal. They belong to the British section of the New Zealand Contingent, a remarkable body of men, of whom, as I promised in my last letter, to tell you something.

A Mixed Lot

The British section of the New Zealand contingent is, I should imagine, the most unique – at least, one of the most unique – bodies of men that have ever been drawn together through the medium of the greatest of all masters of ceremonies, Chance. Run down the whole gamut of the professions, arts, trades, and sciences, and you will

find every one of them represented, doctors, barristers, lawyers, journalists, civil and electrical engineers, marine engineers, master mariners, mine managers, artists, surveyors, architects, ranch owners, motor mechanics, chemists, dentists, cowboys, jockeys, and so-on.

I cannot say definitely whether there was a picture show proprietor or an alderman amongst them, but I can say that nearly all the general activities of everyday life had a champion – sometimes two. Several men there were engaged in scientific research, and like most professional men, several of them had taken up geology, botany, astrology, etc., as a hobby, and were well versed in those sciences. I forgot to mention, as it struck me as being odd, that there was a company proprietor amongst the outfit. He told his directors there would be 'nothing doing' for some time to come, and that tho best thing they could do was to follow his example. Several of them took his advice. He is an old soldier, and wears the King's and Queen's, and the Boxer Rebellion medals.

So far I have shown nothing that could be regarded as unique, since in the Australian forces you will find the same representations of the professions, trades, etc., though, perhaps, not in the same small compass, as this unit was only 260 strong. The big point about these men – they are either Australians or New Zealanders – is that there is scarcely a place on the globe that one or the other has not visited some time or other. Two of them – I am not at liberty to mention their names – have penetrated as far as the borders of Tibet; some of them have been on a South Polar expedition; numbers up on the northern ice.

To give you some idea of these rolling stones many of whom, by the way, have gathered moss – one man, a Sydney native, has lived in the following places for varying spaces of time: – New Zealand, South Africa, China, India, Japan, England, Iceland, Scotland, Wales. Fiji, Egypt, and, of course, the Gallipoli Peninsula. His fond desire is to live in Constantinople for a time as a soldier, and then to re-visit Australia. There aro many grey hairs on his fine old head, but he is tough, and if it is only a question of endurance, he will get there. Men who have travelled in the fashion these men have done, in out-of-the-way places, where they have had to makeshift for themselves, find living, as we do now, quite congenial, and can shirt for themselves in a way which is nothing short of remarkable.

Originally a company of infantry, the British section of the New Zealand contingent were split up into several parts in Egypt. From them sprung the First Field Company of New Zealand Engineers; some of them were drafted to the A.S.C., and others incorporated in various companies of infantry. The First Field Company of Engineers were up the gully from the beginning, and it is these of their number with whom I became acquainted. They did excellent work while they were there, and like all other units in the early weeks suffered severely.

Lieutenant Frank Bowden Mattocks, AASC, was a jornalist, of Maitland, New South Wales. The edited letter above appeared in *The Maitland Weekly Mercury* of 21 August 1915. He survived the war and was discharged in 1920.

PRIVATE HENRY LEVETT

6th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment

Jamie Kendall and Rocky Salmon

Spring 1982 was a tipping point in so many senses. For the United Kingdom it saw the invasion of the Falklands and the subsequent conflict, Operation Corporate and the consequent reinforcement of Margaret Thatcher's premiership. For two young brothers, Jamie and Sebastian, it was the first time hearing the family name 'Harry'.

Jamie had just heard over the telephone that, along with eight other first year Royal Fleet Auxiliary Deck Officer (Navigation) Cadets, he was to set sail to the South Atlantic aboard RFA Olna as part of the British task force to regain the Falkland Islands from Argentina. Jamie had just turned 17 and his younger brother, Seb, was just 15. The naivety and innocence of youth overtook the brothers as they cheerfully announced this news to the family, including their granny, Florence Langtree, who was staying with them in Kilmarnock while visiting from her home town of Blackburn. The news of the imminent departure of her eldest grandson to the Falklands did, to put it mildly, not go down well with Florence, when she stated with some concern (understated) in her voice "It's Harry all over again." "Who's Harry?" was the brothers' collective, slightly surprised and insensitive response. Harry, as it turns out, was Florence's deeply beloved elder brother who was killed at Gallipoli in 1915.

Roll the clock forward to circa 2016. Seb, now a seasoned senior 30-plus-year RAF Regiment officer, stood in the RAF High Wycombe officers' mess bar with his colleague Captain 'Rocky' Salmon RN, and as the conversation meandered the subject of Harry came up. Seb offered the very basic facts of Harry Levett, our granny's elder brother, being killed during the Gallipoli campaign; these were the only facts Seb had! Undeterred, Rocky, a keen WWI historian and at that time part-time battlefield tour guide and researcher, took these facts and returned a few days later with an astonishing amount of detail on 11605, Private Henry Levett of the 6th (Service) Battalion of the East Lancashire Regiment. It is Rocky's impressive narrative that forms the basis of the story that follows.

Eight years later, Jamie (who had also joined the RAF Regiment), Seb and Rocky were all now retired but still very firmly in touch and a plan was hatched to pay our collective respects to 'Harry'.

What follows is our family tribute to 18-year-old Private Henry Levett, who was known simply as Harry.

In October 2025, some 110 years after his death, a small family group led by Judith Cattermole, Harry's niece, visited Gallipoli to pay our respects to our uncle and great uncle. The group consisted of:

Judith Cattermole (née Langtree): Daughter of Florence Levett. Florence was Harry's younger sister.

Peter Cattermole: Judith's husband.

Tom Cattermole: Judith and Peter's son.

Jamie and Seb Kendall: sons of Gertrude Kendall, sister of Judith.

Michael 'Rocky' Salmon: a good friend of the family, World War I historian and battlefield guide.

We were also ably assisted by our local Turkish guide: Bülent Korkmaz, who proved to be invaluable, thoughtful and compassionate as we toured the battlegrounds of the Gallipoli peninsula.

In many ways our pilgrimage was for 'Florence', Judith's mum and our granny, who mourned Harry's death her whole life.

We spent three days on the peninsula:

Day 1: Anzac: Anzac Cove, Victoria Gully (Kikirik Dere), Outposts 2 and 3, The Farm, Lone Pine, 57th Regiment Memorial, The Nek and Chunuk Bair.

Day 2: Suvla: 7th Field Ambulance Cemetery, Ari Burnu, Hill 60, C Beach, Lala Baba Cemetery, Green Hill and Azmak.

Day 3: Helles: Rumeli Mecidiye ramparts, Alcitepe (Achi Baba), Seddulbahir Castle, V Beach, Lancashire Landing Cemetery, X Beach, Gurkha Bluff, 51st French Battery Memorial, S Beach, Çanakkale Martyrs' Memorial and the Helles Memorial.

We were ably led by Rocky and Bülent, both of whom had put an enormous amount of work into preparing for our visit, enabling us to follow Harry's footsteps as closely as possible and to make it an occasion we will cherish. This narrative will allow you to track Harry's movements from his initial landing on V Beach, Cape Helles in early July 1915 and onwards to the Eski Line, Gurkha Bluff and Gully Ravine. Then, later in July, withdrawing back to Mudros on the island of Lemnos, before redeploying to Anzac Cove in early August 1915. From there into the teeth of the Battle of Sari Bair where he was killed in action on the 9th August 1915, most likely in the fighting around 'the Farm' below Chunuk Bair. The trip was both fascinating and emotional but undoubtedly the two highlights were being able to *firstly* follow Harry's footsteps up through Chailak Dere to Cheshire Ridge and onto the Farm. This approach walk was made considerably easier due to the loss of vegetation caused by the wildfires that swept through the Gallipoli National Park in 2024. To quote Seb:

"What a day. We literally walked in great uncle Harry's footsteps today up a steep and rocky ravine to a place called 'The Farm' which is a mass grave and 'probably' where he was killed on 9th August 1915 aged 18 and is 'probably' his final resting place. Quite emotional indeed but certainly brilliant as well! Auntie Judith was deeply moved but so very happy to have done it. A massive effort by her and Uncle Peter as the ground was incredibly challenging. However, we reminded ourselves it was nothing compared to the journey of Great Uncle Harry's 6th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment who did it in the intense summer heat, with little water, illness and constant enemy artillery, machine gun and sniper fire!"

Secondly, visiting the Helles Memorial where Harry's name is inscribed.

This is Harry's Story.

Private Henry Levett - Private 11605 6th Battalion East Lancashire Regiment (enlisted in Blackburn), born Preston, Lancashire, on 19 December 1894.

Killed in action at Gallipoli, 9 August 1915, during the Battle of Sari Bair.



Levett family: Back row: Abraham (Abe) Levett, Susie Shaw, friend (unknown)
Front Row: Florence Ellen Levett, Frederick Walter Levett, Agnes Jane Levett, Henry (Harry) Levett.
Note Henry wears the crossed flags of a signaller.
At Wilpshire Bottoms, Lancashire – 1915

Family Background

Frederick Walter Levett married Agnes Jane Shaw on 25 January 1894 in St Emmanuel's Church in Preston. They had three known children: Henry (b. 1894), Abraham Shaw (b. 1898) and Florence Ellen (b. 1902).

Young Harry

Henry (known as 'Harry') was baptised at St Andrew's Church, Ashton-on-Ribble on 24 January 1895. In 1901 the family lived at Old Hall Lodge in Samlesbury, Preston. Frederick Walter was a gardener by trade.

By 1911, the family had moved to Oakleigh Lodge, Reedley in Burnley. Harry was 16 and working as a cotton twister. Even though he was only 13, his brother Abraham (Abram), had already left school and was employed as an office boy.

Service History

The 6th (Service) Battalion East Lancashires was formed at Preston in August 1914 as part of 'Kitchener's First 100,000' – 'K1' and was allotted to the 38th Brigade (Brigadier-general A H Baldwin), of the 13th (Western) Division (Major-general Sir Frederick Shaw).

The Division came into existence through Army Order No. 324, issued 21 August 1914, which authorised the formation of the six new divisions of K1. It comprised volunteers, under the administration of Western Command. The infantry brigades began to assemble on Salisbury Plain, moving to Lucknow Barracks, Tidworth. By January 1915 they were in billets in Winchester and finally to Alma Barracks, Blackdown (Aldershot) the following month.

On 7 June 1915, orders arrived to prepare to join the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force (MEF) at Gallipoli under the command of General Sir Ian Hamilton.

The 38th Brigade sailed from Avonmouth in the Royal Mail Steamer *Nile* on 16 June 1915 and arrived at Alexandria on 26 June. By 4 July, the whole division had moved to Mudros, Lemnos, preparing for landing at Gallipoli as reinforcements.

38th Brigade ('The Brigade of the Sixths') comprised:

6th Battalion, the King's Own.

6th Battalion, the East Lancashire Regiment.

6th Battalion, the South Lancashire Regiment.

6th Battalion, the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment.

Between 6 – 16 July 1915 (38 Brigade landed on 7 July) the 13th Division's infantry landed at V Beach from the collier *Hythe*, passed through the grounded vessel River Clyde – used then as a pier head – and relieved the 29th Division.

The battalion was initially deployed in the far south-west of the peninsula during this period on the Eski Line, at Gurkha Bluff and in Gully Ravine.

The division withdrew from the peninsula and returned to Mudros at the end of the month, but this was a temporary measure to reorganise and prepare for landing at Anzac between 3 and 5 August 1915 to support the new offensive.

On 4 August 1915, the 6th East Lancashires embarked on the Egyptian steamer *Osmanieh* and landed at Watson's Pier in Anzac Cove early the following morning. They were bivouacked in Victoria Gully where they remained for the following day, at times under heavy Turkish artillery fire which caused numerous casualties.

The battalion was held in the corps reserve for the attack on Sari Bair under the command of Brigadier General Baldwin of the 38th Brigade. This was a mix of 6th East Lincs and 6th Loyal North Lincs, along with the 10th Hampshires and 6th Royal Irish Rifles, both of the 29th Brigade.

The Battle of Sari Bair (6 – 10th August 1915)

Now knowing how and where Harry had arrived in Gallipoli, what was really important for our pilgrimage was understanding the general scheme of the action in

which he participated. But what struck us immediately was the terrain ... As most readers will know, the Sari Bair Ridge is a series of peaks climbing from the Anzac beachhead rolling up through Baby 700 to Battleship Hill and on to Chunuk Bair. Beyond rise the twin peaks of Hill Q and Koja Chemen Tepe (Hill 971) at the highest point. From the crest of the ridge, a maze of gullies (deres), eroded by winter rainfall, wind their way downwards; the three most notable being Sazli Beit Dere, Chailak Dere and Aghyl Dere. We quickly realised that even in modern hiking gear, ascending any of these treacherous paths would be extremely challenging even after the aforementioned wildfires of 2024.

The attempt to break out from the Anzac perimeter in August 1915 – the Battle of Sari Bair – pivoted on getting assaulting columns up these gullies to capture the key heights of Hill 971, Hill Q and Chunuk Bair before hooking south down the ridge to clear Battleship Hill and Baby 700, synchronised with another attack from Russell's Top across the Nek and on the Chessboard from Pope's Hill. These assaults were all to be executed concurrently with the landings at Suvla Bay further north. Our focus would be on the actions at Chunuk Bair.

The main assault began late on the evening of 6 August. The attacking troops began to lose their way in the twisting ravines, slowed by the darkness and thick thorny vegetation whilst faced with an elusive enemy high above them. One can only imagine the dreadful conditions endured by these troops, many of whom had already been physically weakened by the continuous fighting and endemic sickness over the last three months at Anzac. When dawn broke on 7 August the columns, which should have taken the Sari Bair Ridge summits by then, were still far below in the gullies.

Still in reserve, Harry's battalion left Victoria Gully on 7 August and moved north to No. 3 Outpost where it bivouacked overnight at the mouth of the Chailak Dere.

A further series of attacks was ordered for 8 August which resulted in some costly progress up on Chunuk Bair, notably finishing with the New Zealand Wellington Battalion, 7th Gloucestershires and 8th Welsh Regiment finally holding a fragile line near the summit. We now understood that Harry and the 6th East Lancs would be part of the effort to relieve the beleaguered troops at the top, but they were faced with a daunting climb, and we were now following in their footsteps.

6th East Lancashire Regiment War Diary for 8th August:

Left bivouac at 5.30am & advanced about half a mile up Chailak Dere – Halted until 8pm. At 8pm, marched with the Brigade first up the Chailak Dere then back across another gully to the Aghyl Dere up to a place known as The Farm.

Date of Henry Levett's Death

The question was now whether the British could hold on to the gains they had made. Overnight, more New Zealanders – the Otago Infantry Battalion and the Wellington Mounted Rifles Regiment – had relieved their exhausted comrades on Chunuk Bair and dug in to meet a number of unsuccessful Turkish counterattacks. The 6th East Lancs came forward as part of General Baldwin's composite brigade to reinforce, but they would never make it through to the Kiwis.

6th East Lancs War Diary for 9 August:

The head of the battalion arrived [at the Farm] at 5.15am. The battalion advanced to an attack across the open – two cornfields – the object of the attack being to take a portion of the Sari Bair Ridge. As the battalion advanced, it came under heavy oblique machine gun and rifle fire and suffered very heavy casualties indeed. However, the battalion pushed onto the slopes of the hill and worked its way up ... A, B and C Companies [sic] only to find that the portion of the ridge at which they had been launched consisted of a small hill in front of the main ridge (which was imperceptible when the attack was launched) and were unable to continue down the reverse slopes owing to the exceptionally heavy fire – shrapnel, machine gun and rifle.

D Company, which was on the extreme right flank of the battalion, was more fortunate and was able to work its way almost to the top of the ridge, but progress was eventually stopped by a steep cliff ...

The advance throughout had been made under heavy fire and the casualties in consequence were very large. Reinforcements were asked for but could not be sent up as the surprise element of the attack had spent itself, and any movement of troops behind was immediately spotted and shelled.

The remnants of the battalion therefore had to lie out where they were for the rest of the day, where they suffered still further casualties from the enemy's fire.

They were eventually withdrawn on the night of the 9th – 10th August to a spot down the Aghyl Dere with orders to reform and await further instructions.

Given the date of Harry's death, this would have probably been the last place he could have been before he was killed ... somewhere near the Farm. As Bülent led us up the steep and twisting Chailak Dere following in Harry's footsteps onto this small, isolated spot of flat ground, overlooked by Chunuk Bair 300 feet above us, we could only imagine the carnage and despair in this place on that day. We dwelled quite a while at the infrequently-visited CWGC Farm Cemetery, paid our respects should Harry be buried there or unlocated nearby, and left tokens of family remembrance. Judith later summed up our collective feeling when she wrote about the Farm:

A place I found particularly moving. So quiet, peaceful and remote, almost deserted, although now a War Grave Site. I find it difficult to imagine the sights and sounds of it as a battlefield in the suffocating heat of August 1915, under intense enemy fire and even some hand-to-hand fighting.

The New Zealanders were relieved on Chunuk Bair on the evening of the 9th August by the 6th Loyal North Lancashire Regiment (38th Brigade) and 5th Wiltshires (40th Brigade), both of which were swept away by the massed reserves of Turkish troops which counter-attacked at 4.45 am and eventually overran the Farm on 10th August.

6th East Lancs War Diary for 10th August:

[5.30am] Information received that the enemy had broken through in the night. The battalion took up a position on a spur behind Green Hill¹ to cover

¹ This is a feature locally named north-west of the Farm above Aghyl Dere not Green Hill further north at Suvla.

the retirement of the brigade, which was taking place and dug themselves in as quickly as possible. Suffered more casualties there ...

The picture of what happened is very confusing over 9th and the early hours of 10th August ... but there was severe hand-to-hand fighting at the Farm and Brigadier-General Baldwin's contingent was forced back down the narrow gully (Aghyl Dere) by which it had come up.

Death had no fancy of rank here. Brigadier-General Baldwin was killed at the Farm some time on 10th August and is commemorated on the Helles Memorial. What is unusual is that the battalion war diary does not mention that the commanding officer died during this action. Lieutenant-Colonel Cole-Hamilton is believed to have been mortally wounded here on the same day. His memorial stone is in 7th Field Ambulance Cemetery where he is 'believed to be buried.' We paid our respects to both of these men at these sites during our visit.

The attempt to seize the Sari Bair heights had failed and Peter Hart concludes concisely that:

The British forces had fought hard and significantly increased the original Anzac position, but although the ground captured was to prove valuable it was poor compensation for the glittering prizes that had eluded them. Over the next few days, the dying echoes of the battle reverberated around the hills as positions were established, and local confrontations resolved. On a military level they were irrelevant. The strategic questions, as opposed to the tactical niceties, had been answered. The Anzac offensive had effectively failed by dawn on 7th August when the assaulting columns were not entrenched up on the heights. After that failure, success was never particularly likely as more and more Turks arrived to oppose further assaults which were essentially re-workings of the original, failed plan.

This was the last serious offensive undertaken by either side during the campaign which was to fester another four months before the successful evacuation, finally completed on 9 January 1916.

So where was Henry Levett lost?

Henry Levett's name is on the Helles Memorial (panel 115), as he has no known grave, but he could have been buried as an unknown soldier somewhere in the Sari Bair area. In his letter home to his sister, Florence, we know that he said that he had volunteered to be a signaller ... therefore he could have been close to the battalion headquarters during the march up to the Farm. If his body was recovered but not identified and he had died on 8th August, then he may be in an unknown grave at No.2 Outpost Cemetery. If he was killed somewhere higher up on Sari Bair on 9th August, as is recorded, then he may be in an unknown grave in the Farm Cemetery. There is no way to tell.

What we must also be careful to consider is that because there is no specific detail of his death, Henry Levett could have been killed at any time between 6 – 9 August with the last date being when his death was officially recorded. Equally, his register of

soldiers' effects states that death was 'on or since' 9th August 1915, so it is possible that he was taken prisoner during the Turkish counterattack and subsequently perished. There are no records to suggest that he was taken prisoner of war in the long term.

At the time of Harry's death, the family home was at 4 Daisy Terrace, Wilpshire, Blackburn. Harry's mother was originally listed as next-of-kin on his dependent card. An undated amendment indicates that she was replaced at some point following her death by Henry's father Walter, who received Henry's war gratuity of £1 4s 7d on 18 April 1917. A further payment of £3 was made on 8 October 1919.

Henry's medal card records that his British War Medal and Victory Medal were issued. It does not list the 1914-1915 Star, which his father should also have received.

Letters to and from Harry

A Letter from Harry to his sister, Florence. No date but likely to have been written between September 1914 and May 1915.

Dear Flory, I expect you have started school again by this.

I have also got to go to a sort of School you see I have volunteered for signalling, about 30 of the Battalion have volunteered it means extra work on top of drills, learning 2 more alphabets (morse and semaphore) after the hard part of the work is done in about 2 or 3 weeks it will be a nice job.

We shall then go out signalling on the hills round here.

I wish you all were here for it is a nice place.

Give my love to all at home. Your affectionate brother.

Harry'

A Letter to Harry from his granny (Walter Levett's mother).

Date unknown but likely to have been September 1914 during the recruitment and training of the 6th Battalion, and prior to its deployment to Gallipoli. The script is, in places, unclear and marked as '????' where this is the case.

Dear Harry, I am sending you this card as I thought you would like it, uncle Jim and ??? are enjoying a nice holiday with lovely weather wish you were here with us ask Mother to write us in London we return on Thursday – should be pleased also with letter from you everybody send love to everybody.

Granny, thank you ????

Helles Memorial

Our final act of remembrance was held, fittingly, at the Helles memorial where Harry's name is inscribed.

Over-watched by some visiting tourists we laid a wreath, emblazoned with the East Lancashire Regiment cap badge, under Harry's name and took a few moments to remember Harry, his brothers-in-arms, his family – especially our mother and Granny Florence – and all those who have been killed and badly affected by the tragedy of war.

Seb read out the words attributed to Mustafa Kemal Atatürk's 'Johnnies and Mehments' 1934 speech, and emphasised what a magnanimous gesture this was as a mark of respect and reconciliation.

Jamie read out a touching poem by the late lance Corporal Bill Brookes of the Queen's Lancashire Regiment. The poem is sometimes read out at the funerals of those who served in the regiments associated with Lancashire.

Rocky and Bülent were given small tokens of appreciation from our family for the enormous efforts they had put into our pilgrimage.

And finally, Jamie and Seb presented a replica World War 1 memorial plaque (medallion) inscribed with Harry's name as would have been provided to the Levett family. Judith was presented with a complete set of replica medals that would also have been sent to the family, all inscribed as the originals would have been.

A moving and fitting end to our pilgrimage.

Rest in peace Harry, you are loved and not forgotten.

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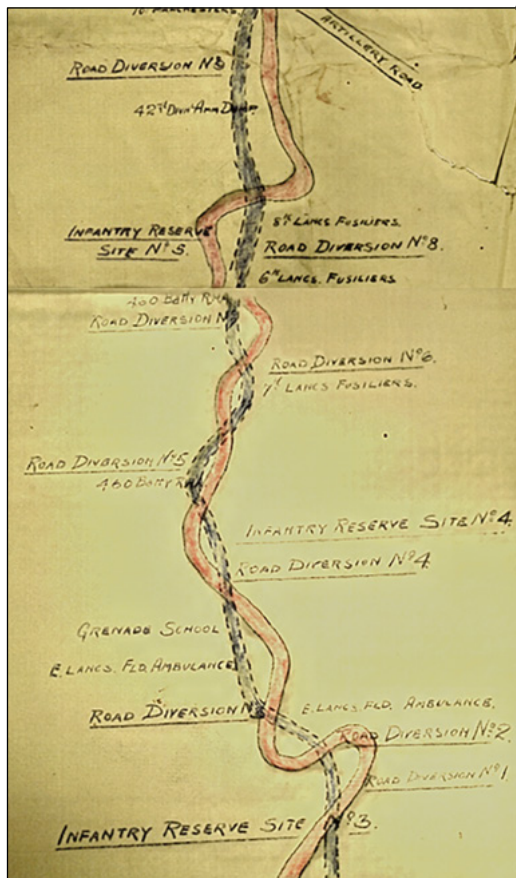
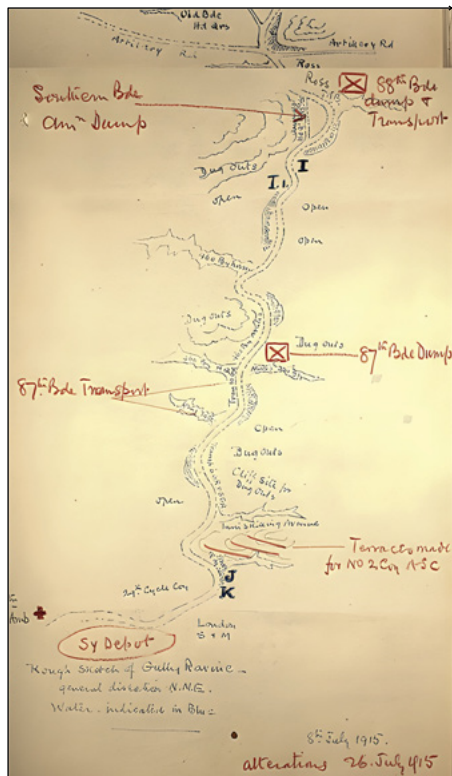
War Diary of the 6th East Lancshires, Gallipoli

Medal card of Levett, Henry. NAA WO 372/12/69072



The Farm

"The story of that grim plateau, and the nullahs surrounding it which for years afterwards were found to be 'thigh-deep' with whitening human bones, is one that can never be told in anything like comprehensive detail. Every man's view was different, for each saw in it only that which came within his own little orbit... The losses in officers, from generals downwards, who fought side by side with the troops, were terrible. But the men fought on in groups, dropping their scientific weapons and flying at each others' throats."



Above left:

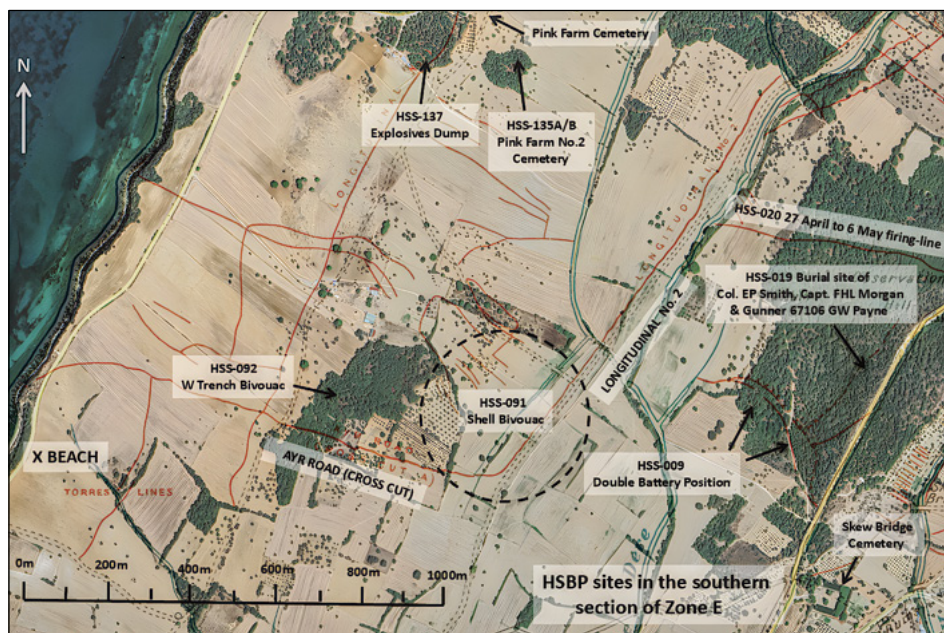
Helles Battlefield Study Project 2025 Field Trip, Sketch Map No.1A (lower section)
 – 29th Division, Admin Section diary:
 sketch map showing sites in the lower third of Gully Ravine.

Above right:

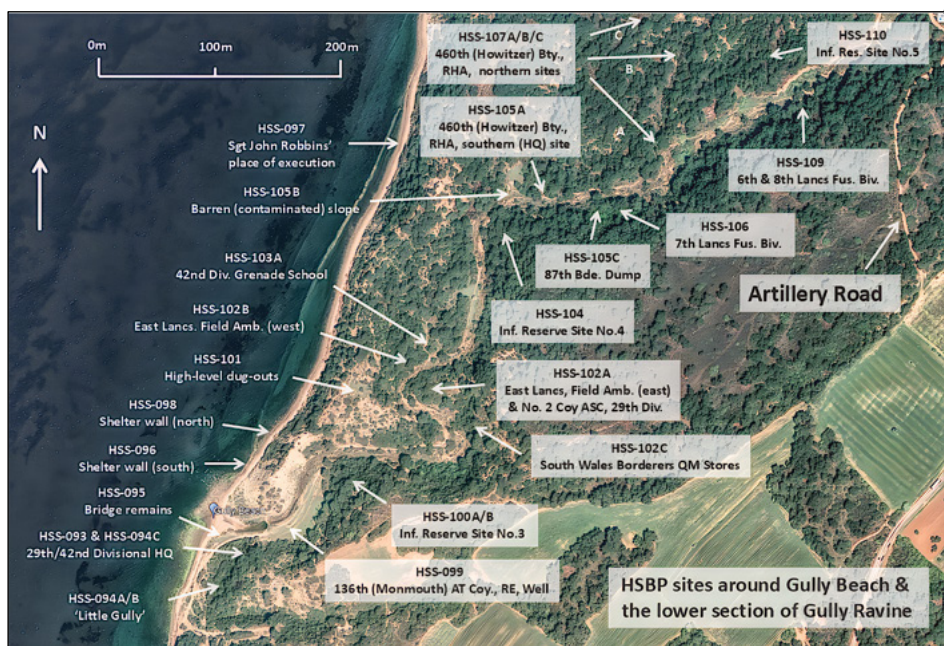
Helles Battlefield Study Project 2025 Field Trip, Sketch Map No.2A (lower section)
 – 42nd Division diary:
 sketch map showing sites in the lower third of Gully Ravine.

See article

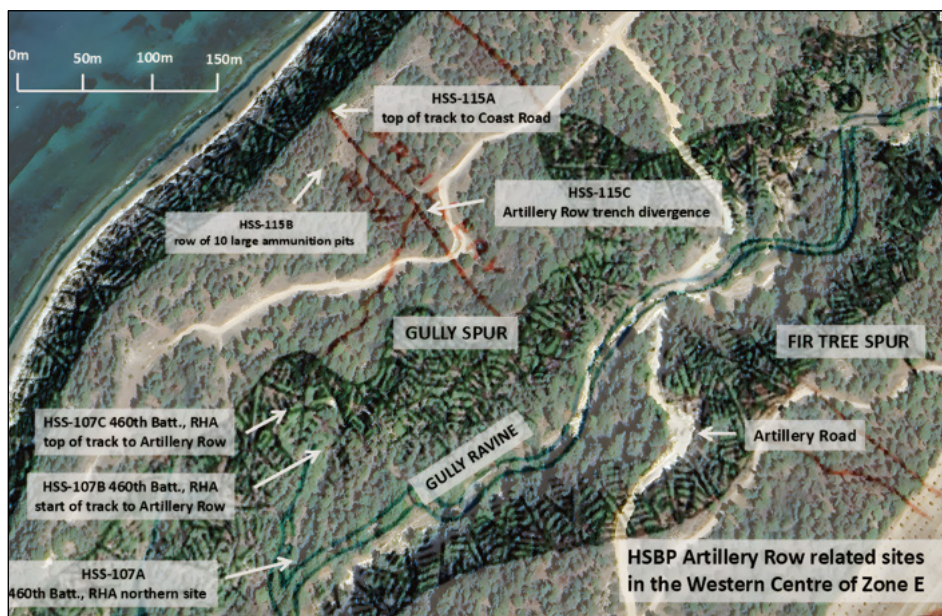
Helles Battlefield Study Project September 2025 Field Trip – Part I
 Pages 7 to 18.



HBSP 2025 Field Trip, Site Map No. 1: Southern section of Zone 'E' (Official History map: Helles, The Opposing Trenches, January 1916, overlaid onto Google Earth imagery).



HBSP 2025 Field Trip, Site Map No. 2: Gully Beach and the lower section of Gully Ravine. See pages 7-18.



HBSP 2025 Field Trip, Site Map No. 3: Artillery Row related sites. (Official History map: *Helles, The Opposing Trenches, January 1916*, overlaid onto Google Earth imagery). See pages 6-17.



Malcolm Harris, long-standing member of the Association, Margaret Carter, hon. Secretary, and Captain Christopher Ducklin, National Memorial Arboretum, Staffordshire.
Anzac / Gallipoli Day ceremonies. See page 2.



Tracing Henry Levett: Above: (l) Family set off walking up Chailak Dere to the Farm:
Little Table Top in distance. (r) Seb helps Judith climb Chailak Dere.

Below: Peter and Judith arrive at the Farm Cemetery.





Tracing Henry Levett: The Farm Cemetery: Family Group.

See pages 22-30.

Below: Rocky reads from 6th East Lincs War Diary at the Farm.





Above: The 'grim plateau' - The Farm plateau and cemetery from Chunk Bair.
See pages 22 - 30

Below: the group at the place Henry Levett's name appears, Helles Memorial.





See 'Archaeology Under Fire', pages 54 - 64.





Storm damage to V Beach Cemetery, Helles, seaward entrance, 11 August 2026.
Photo courtesy Serpil and Bill Sellars. See page 66.



Steve Moore (left) and John Hale. See facing page (37).

GREAT WAR MEMORIAL PLAQUE SAVED

Margaret Carter, Hon. Secretary, Gallipoli Association

Gallipoli Association members John Hale and Steve Moore have worked doggedly since 2015 to locate, preserve and ensure a visible presence of a “missing” bronze memorial plaque. The plaque was originally located in the hall at the Sir Gilbert Cloughton School, Dudley. It was unveiled by then-Headmaster James Golding on 28th May 1921, when the school was called Dudley Higher Standard School, and commemorated the 53 ex-pupils of the school who died in the Great War. Local Great War historian John Hale located a copy of the order of service for that event.

When the building finally closed it was ravaged by vandalism and arson, and it was thought that the plaque had disappeared. John Hale, however, discovered that it had been safely stored by the council's Corporate Landlords team, which had the foresight to remove it.

John Hale and Steve Moore (an ex-pupil of the school) have been patiently encouraging Dudley Council to put the memorial on secure public display. Now, thanks to the interest of ex-Mayor Hillary Bills and the support of local councillors, the impressive plaque is mounted in a prominent new location at the main entrance to Dudley Council offices. John and Steve were invited by Councillor Ali Shaukat to see the plaque in its new location in the council offices on 29th January this year. Four of the men on the plaque have a Gallipoli connection:

Sidney Brough, Private PO/18470, Portsmouth Battalion RMLI. Killed in action by shellfire on 27th December 1915 and buried in Redoubt Cemetery

Wilfred Dukes, Private 16385, 4th Worcesters. Killed in action at Krithia Vineyard, 6th August 1915. No known grave; commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

Hiram Hinton, Private 16434, 4th Worcesters. Killed in action First Krithia, 28th April 1915; No known grave; commemorated on the Helles Memorial.

James Keeley, Private 2165, 2 Troop A squadron, Worcestershire Yeomanry, died from dysentery in Dudley Road Military Hospital, Birmingham, on 8 February 1916. Buried in St James Churchyard, Eve Hill, Dudley.

To mark the relocation and 105th anniversary of the dedication, a commemorative event is planned, allowing relatives, local residents and former pupils to attend and view the memorial plaque in its new home. See photo bottom facing page (36).

DISCLAIMER

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

INTERNATIONAL ZOOM CONFERENCE REPORT

Saturday 11 July

John Wilson, Association education officer

The second Gallipoli Association International online conference commenced at 9am UK time to accommodate people dialling in from different time zones, and as a result a good number of overseas members were able to connect.

The conference started with Vic Nurcombe standing in for Lewis Fredrickson, who as a member of the Australian armed forces had just been deployed. Vic's talk 'Holding Quinn's Post: one of the finest feats at Anzac', covered many less well-known aspects of the actions at the head of Monash Valley. The talk had some great maps which really brought home how small the Anzac area was and I have no doubt some of these will find their way into tour guides' information packs!

The next speaker was Greg O'Reilly, whose talk 'Machine Guns at Anzac - April/May 1915' covered a lot of ground. This captivating talk looked at the development of machine gun tactics and the learning that was taken from Gallipoli to support the development of the tactics both on the peninsula and on the western front. The explanation of the siting of the various machine guns in the Anzac posts on Second Ridge and the reasons for how they were sited provided an important insight into the defence of Anzac.

The final speaker was Dr. Mesut Uyar with his talk 'The Ottoman Offensive at Anzac on 19 May 1915: Anatomy of a Disaster.' This was an opportunity to hear about actions at Gallipoli from the other side, which gave an important counter-balance to the other speakers (see also the excerpt from the account by Private Sharian, a stretcher-bearer with the 16th Sanitary Company, Ottoman forces, on the following page - ed.) Mesut's talk looked at the Ottoman command structure for the 19th May attack and considered the strengths and weaknesses of the commanders, in an attempt to determine who was liable for one of the Ottoman forces' worst days of the campaign.

I would like to thank all of our speakers for this year's conference for taking the time to talk and making the event such a great success.

RARE 1927 GERMAN ACCOUNT OF GALLIPOLI

Presented to Çanakkale researchers

On 14 May 2026, Thomas Iredale – Overseas Liaison Officer and Trustee, Gallipoli Association – presented an original 1927 copy of *Gallipoli – Bedeutung und Verlauf der Kämpfe 1915* by Hans Kannengiesser Pasha, to Ms Sıdıka Yamaç, historian at the research centre of the Gallipoli Historic Site Directorate in Çanakkale.

The Centre did not previously hold a copy. Thomas felt the book belonged somewhere it could be read and consulted by researchers, rather than on a private bookshelf.

THE OTTOMAN ATTACK OF 19 MAY 1915

An account by an Armenian stretcher-bearer serving with the Ottoman forces

On a bright evening of one of the early days of May, 1915, fresh Turkish reinforcements had been arriving from Constantinople. The officers and the generals began to make their fiery speeches and lectures to their troops to encourage them and make them fearless by filling their hearts with the spirit of passion, hatred and vengeance toward the British. This was intended as the final touch of preparation for the inevitable and awful attack on the British lines early in the morning. The army was exhorted to drive the enemy from Turkish soil and force them into the sea. These officers were so strong and forceful in their fiery speeches that the feeble-hearted soldiers were imbued with bravery and enthusiasm. All the soldiers knew that it would be the last day in this world for many of their number. They cast aside their extra blankets and other materials to lighten their burdens. They began to give their farewells to one another. Some were agreeing with each other to write to the home folks to let them know of the outcome, should either survive.

The soldiers could scarcely sleep that night. Early in the morning, between 3:30 and 4:00 o'clock, most terrific Turkish attacks began upon the British line. The whole earth was on fire; the mountains and hills were trembling under the detonations of the heavy guns. Hell had opened her real mouth. The rain of the deadly machine gun bullets was sweeping the whole area. Both the British battleships from the sea and the field artillery on land were bombarding the entire Turkish front to resist their advance. Soon orders reached the headquarters of the sanitary companies to rush their stretcher bearers to the fighting lines, to pick up the wounded and move them to the field hospitals. This was a testing time for unselfish service and bravery. The stretchermen soon arrived on the scene and found numerous wounded officers and soldiers to be carried back to the field hospitals which were located several miles from the firing lines, behind the hills and mountains. There was only one passage or road cut through the hills and valleys, through which the army moved; and this single passage, which served the whole Turkish army in these critical days, was under the shells and bullets of the British troops.

During three days and nights constantly the stretcher bearers of all the fighting divisions were in active service, bearing their wounded comrades on their shoulders, on mules, donkeys, horses, camels, in carriages, on stretchers - in any way that it was possible to move the wounded from the field to the hospitals. Many of the workers themselves were, of course, shot down, others were wounded. Not infrequently wounded soldiers who were being carried away by the stretcher bearers were wounded again or shot to death. Flying bullets and shrapnel are not discriminating in what they hit.

Pye, E. *Prisoner of War* 31,163 Bedros M Sharian, New York, Fleming H Revell, 1938 p81-2.

THE DIARY OF PRIVATE C J LAWLESS

'1375 C Section, 4th Field Ambulance, A.M.C. Aust Exp. Forces'

4 Bidder Street, Islington, Liverpool, England.

1375 Private Cornelius Joseph ('Con') Lawless was born 20 January 1891 in Liverpool, Lancashire, the son of Cornelius Lawless and Mary Ann Ivers. He attested into the Australian Imperial Force at Blackboy Hill, Western Australia, on 5 Nov 1914. He was then 23, and gave his occupation as "Clerk. Miner." He was posted to C Section of the 4th Infantry Brigade's Field Ambulance, Australian Army Medical Corps.

The diary he kept was kindly lent to the Gallipoli Association by his son, Frank Lawless. Frank and his wife Sheila both share a Gallipoli connection, as Sheila's grandfather was 241143 Private Robert Edwards of the 5th Royal Welsh Fusiliers. He landed in Suvla Bay on 8/9 August, 1915, and was killed in action at Gaza on 26 March, 1917. Robert's name is on the war memorial in his home town of Holywell, Flintshire.

The diary ends abruptly in June 1915, but Private Lawless survived Gallipoli and the Western Front, married in 1917, and returned to Western Australia in 1919.

This is just a few things that I can think of in connection with my wandering more particularly since I joined this force]. While I was in the West [Australia] I had a good time on the whole. Sometimes things were rough and hard and at other times I had some fun, and at nearly all times it was interesting. But I am now dealing with my experiences since I took the bob. I joined the A.M.C. about the beginning of October. I first tried to get in the Light Horse but I was fooled about [too much with them] and hearing there was a chance I went up to the camp at Blackboy Hill and joined C Section. I was examined by Capt. Kenny and passed as fit.

The other two who were in with me were rejected. The following morning I joined the camp. For the greater part they are a bonza crowd in C, and I soon made a lot of friends but my chief pal from the first was Cornelius Joseph Murphy commonly known as "Murf". After a few weeks in Camp I was in the [2nd] Reinforcements (there were eight of us), and we were sent to Melbourne, or a trip it was in reality, for we did scarcely any work and had a really fine time while we were there. Nearly every night we were in town and things were lively. I enjoyed myself well and there are some funny things happened in connection. I was on three days' leave in town and been having a bonza time, knocking about with the boys the friends of Flanagan, and on the last day of my leave, the 3rd Brigade had a big march through Melbourne and I saw them pass and a fine sight they were. After they had passed me and Cameron of the A.S.C., and about eight o'clock, I met Murph in a pub outside Richard's Theatre, where I was passing an hour away all on my (Pat Malone) own, and he had got back from the march. We had a drink together and I thought he was going back to Camp and I went in and saw the rest of the performance.

Left Melbourne **22/12/1914** in the “Berrima”.¹ Arrived Alexandria **30/2/1915**. [30.1.1915]

Left Egypt in the “Californian” **12th April, 1915**.

Arrived Lemnos **16th April, 1915**. Bay filled with destroyers, battleships and cruisers. “Dublin” with funnels riddled. “Agamemnon” part of funnel shot away. Both got in range of forts accidentally and got knocked about before they could get away. Transport “Royal George” arrived here today 18th April and reported having been chased by submarine, but drove it off with rifle fire. The “Silesia” is here (Anchor Line) as a hospital ship. “Haider Pasha” with 16th Battalion on board.

The tale of the “Haverford” [a transport ship].

It appeared that when a sub was sighted, the first order given was to man the boats, as the has only given 10 minutes for the men to get off. The captain, seeing that he could not get the men off in time, tried to countermand his previous order, and ordered the men to fire on the sub. In the rush for the boats following the first order 100 men were drowned. The order was then given full steam ahead and the captain decided that his ship would take its chance in its speed. The sub fired three torpedoes but all missed, and he beat the enemy off with rifle fire.

April 19th. Went ashore to Lemnos Island. Had a bathe and stretcher drill to collect wounded on hills. Quite a picnic. Evening: “Agamemnon”, nicknamed “Game ‘un”, went out, we reckon for Dardanelles!

April 20th. Practice: lowering pontoons.

April 22nd. Orders out saying that we are to go to Gallipoli almost immediately. Expect to go today. We were also told that we will in all probability have to land under fire at night. If it is rifle-fire we are to make for shelter and throw ourselves down on the ground. If we are under shell fire we are to split up into sections and advance to cover. It seems to me that we are going to have a lively time, and some of us will be sure to lose a number of our men. The Third Infantry Brigade are to have “the Post of Honour” and are to be the first landing party.

April 23rd. A concert took place. It was good. Our last day before active work. The Colonel presided. The turns were Sgt. Jackson with funny stories and a song “So did father.”

April 24th. We had orders to sail but only got about a half-hour but when we had to return owing to a discovery of smallpox aboard. Hope it doesn't stop us from seeing the fun. We are anxiously awaiting the verdict. Some of the “Hood” Naval Brigade are aboard, also some men from the “Irresistible” which went down in the Dardanelles. The ships that passed us: “Queen Elizabeth” (“Lizzie”), “Triumph” (22 times in action - fired enough shells in one day to last 5 years' practice shooting). “Prince of Wales”, “Bacchante” (“Bagshanty”) (a cruiser with 4 x 12” gun turrets), “London” (battleship - marines & Australians aboard), “Majestic” [about 8 to 12 hundred(?)]. Then followed

¹ Embarkation roll states left aboard A47 *Mashobra*, 8 February 1915.

a flotilla of destroyers. Amongst them were “Ribble” and “Scourge,” all of the “Beagle” class - capable of 29 knots. “Ribble” was bringing up the rear.

She has 4 funnels and does 29 knots. Then followed a big trooper. A3 with artillery aboard [1400(?)]

The “Lizzie” broke out first and steamed right out to Port and all the rest followed the lead. Here a hospital ship (French) “Dugway Toquin” [*Duguay Trouin*] came in and immediately the Janina [?] A1 Trooper passed going out with 16th Battalion aboard. I think I saw Anderson on the Saloon Deck, but couldn't spec Snowy. Then came the A4 “Suffolk” simply packed. In her wake followed an oil tanker with white funnels. The “Cornwallis”, “Doris”. The next to pass out was the “Malda.”



Captioned 'Blackboy Hill Camp WA 1-12-14' Source: post on *Ancestry*.
Private Lawless standing, left.

B.I. A.2. Lying on our starboard were 2 P-class cruisers with 3 funnels. One of these was probably “Proserpine”. The “Osmanieh” has come in empty, probably landed her crowd somewhere.

Evening 24th April after tea: Nothing happened except that they have sent the smallpox case away to hospital ashore and we are still anchored here but from what we can hear we reckon that we shan't be long here. Even as I write this there is a throb of the engines and hurray! there goes the telegraph. The boys reckon we shan't be long now and Captain Welsh told a Lance-Jack that he can't get his Medical Haversack until 5 in the morning just before we go ashore, so its any minute now. There is a cruiser just steaming out now. It is one of the P-type cruisers I mentioned previously.

Hurrah! Were off! There go the propellers and were off to see the fun and to do our whack. It is neck or nothing now and I am glad I am here to be one of the first to do my little bit to what was reckoned the impossible. Snell reckons its 6.10 now, so we ought to get there about 10.30. The attack it is rumoured will start at day-break. There is no excitement aboard to speak of. Everybody "carried on" just as usual.

Murf looking for someone for to play pack-a-poo. I went broke just before tea. Nick Carter disposed of his helmet by the simple means of kicking it overboard. The boys are lounging about the deck, playing bridge and smoking and yarning just as usual, as if there was no such a thing as war, and we were going to a play instead of going to face death. I don't know my own feelings. I don't think I am afraid at any rate. It is just a mixture of excitement and wondering what it will all be like. Well this is about all. We are proceeding on our way and when next I take this book to enter it up, I may have something exciting to write, that is if I ever get another write in it. If not, whoever finds it send it to my mother at 4 Bidder Street and the photos to Miss Callaghan, 40a Greenside, Brunswick Road, Liverpool and tell them I have done my best and I love them both.

25th April Sunday

Our reveille was not the bugle call as is usual, but the "Lizzie" opening the ball of the Dardanelles with two ripping, tearing broadsides. Crash! Crash! Ashton was on picket and he saw the start as soon as we got here. A searchlight showed from the shore which went out simultaneously with the shots. Then Crash! Crash! went the guns of the "Game un" and the fort on the heads replied 4 times but two cruisers on the point working at nearly an angle of 90 pounded it unmercifully. Then the "packet of Woodbines" started with a terrible broadside fire directed to the top of the hill. She is Russian and her fire was terribly accurate, all the shells dropping in nearly the same place. So the thing goes on. Each ship taking turns at having a bang at the forts and trenches. Now and again "Lizzie" would speak and she made herself heard and understood. A tug passed us towing small boats with Australians and the Munsters.

We gave them a cheer and they cheered back. As they neared the shore, the enemy's machine-guns snapped out at them and many a poor fellow bit the dust. The mist that came on obscured our view. Shortly afterwards a tug came back with the wounded who were taken aboard a yellow-funnelled boat behind us. The roar of the guns kept on all the time except that it was not as fierce as before. By this time the town on the point of the cape was a wreck and a mass of ruins and the port only a sand heap. From a good position on the poop I was lucky enough to see a grand charge with bayonets by some of our boys. I don't know whether they were Aust. or Tommies, but it was a treat. After lunch we started to move aft along the coast and there were cruisers stationed all along keeping up a rattling fire at the trenches which run along the coast and here a captive balloon was up for observation purposes. The enemy fired at it several times but their shells fell short. The rattle of artillery and rifle fire is going on here. It is now about 1.30 p.m. and we are not ashore yet.

3 o'clock. Firing still going on. Aeroplane recon. For hidden Turk battery. We can't see anything from here except the shells bursting on the hill-top.

7 p.m. Firing from boats ceased on account of darkness. Turks pouring howitzers into our trenches.

11 p.m. Irregular firing from both sides. Machine gun fire heard from all sides.

12 p.m. Started raining like hell. Eight men from A Section sent ashore to see if we were needed.

26th April, Monday. 5 a.m. Fellows from A Section back again. Say they saw no wounded, but a big battle raging over the big ridge. Boats start shelling the enemy's trenches. Rumour came along of a night attack by 14 and 15 and a counter by reinforcements of enemy, in which we lost heavily, but later we hear that it was all rot. No confirmation of either through yet. Victorian and N.Z. howitzer battery landed on beach, one from Aust. A.30 and the other from A.9.

8.45 a.m. Aeroplane again up reconnoitring apparently - trying to draw enemy's fire - flying over enemy's country but so far as we can see no success except that our shells are now dropping further over. Seems as if the aero. has given the range. Our battery has mounted its guns on the beach with howitzers. Bombardment continued all day until dusk. Then the enemy started throwing shrapnel over, feeling for our battery. The shell was a kind of a shell that burst showing light on the place they hit, but our ships stood out, and let drive a couple of shells over the hill and the lighting shells stopped and rifle fire continued at intervals.

27th April, Tuesday. 5.30 a.m. Just a few stray shells dropping from the "Triumph".

8 a.m. The "Lizzie" stood out and shelled the valley, then went away again.

10 a.m. The enemy must have brought up heavy artillery for they are dropping shells right opposite to us about half-way to the shore but they are only dropping in the water. The "Triumph" replied and is keeping up a heavy fire into the valley and onto the ridge.

3.15 p.m. We were standing well in and our guns from "Triumph" and "Majestic" were shelling, when all of a sudden. Crash! Whiz! The shells came crashing over the boat standing on our left.

Evening. Picket boat took us ashore. Me and Claughton started a jig while Gethin played a mouth organ but Cassy stopped us saying we were not to make a row. We got aboard amid farewell cheers from the fellows left on the boat just at sundown. We came ashore amid a hail of shrapnel that the enemy poured over the hill. We got ashore and camped the night on the beach. We only carried our kit and waterproof.

Next morning we went up to the firing line and started work. The first trip took us over an hour to get back owing to the shells that were bursting to the tune of a ragtime all round. One I remember dropped within two yards of me and I heard its vicious swish as it passed me and dug its way into the ground. I gave up hope as I threw myself flat but by the mercy of God it didn't burst. If it had gone off I should have been in pieces I reckon. Then another went over me and I was nearly blinded by the flash. They kept us there for about a quarter of an hour, the shells bursting all round.

Then we thought we would risk it and made a dash for it and got through to just behind the firing line. We are forming a first-aid post. Captain Kenny is a plucky 'un. He went right to the trenches first thing until he was sent down. We worked like hell all day and it is a nasty trip. The snipers are popping at us all day but none of our crowd has been hurt yet except Jack Reyside [Raeside] got a smack on the foot from a splinter of shell and Alec Shaw got his hand hurt while ducking out of the way of a hand grenade while he was rescuing a wounded man from just outside the trenches. When evening came both us and the Infantry were relieved by B Section for us and the Naval Brigade relieved the infantry. The infantry had lost about 500 killed. Nearly every battalion has lost most of its officers. We camped the night on the beach and it rained like blazes. About two in the morning we had an alarm, but after we had all got up we were told things were all right and we could turn in again.

Next morning we took up our position again in the firing line. We had a pretty fair day and except that the shells still rained and the bullets whistled round us, nothing of event happened. We did a trip there and I missed the squad going back, so I boiled a billy on the beach and had a cup of strong tea which set me up. This is the first I have drunk for about 48 hours or more. As I was making my way back I met an infantry man and gave him a hand with some water for his mates in the trenches and we had a lively time getting back from snipers and shells. We dug ourselves in for the night when I got up to our crowd. We had orders to cut our brassards off as they were too much of a mark for the snipers.

One of the 2nd A.M.C. got killed, shot through the head while carrying a patient down the track. We had tea and turned in. There was only one alarm for wounded and it was not our turn. Beechey Jones and a few more went and searched the hill, but could not find anything.

30th, Friday. We started work about 6 a.m. Shortly afterwards there was a cry of stretcher bearers wanted on the left, but when some of our fellows went up there was nobody wanted up there and they got sniped at from the left flank. It appears that some German snipers (there are a lot of them with the Turks) had set the cry going and tried to get some of our fellows that way.

About 11 a.m. We got a call stretcher bearers wanted on the right. I was just talking to Snapper Loughton and I left him to go up to the trench. It was hot work. The 14th reckon that our own battery was firing on them. One shell killed about 8. We brought one fellow down. We were under fire all the time. Tom Carbury [Carberry] dressed him and we carried him down and then got him down to the beach. There were dead and wounded men lying all round. It was fearful, but I am used to it by now. We were ordered then to get down to the beach, as we were being relieved. So we came down and are camped in the gully and it is a pleasure to be out of the way of the vicious swish of the bullets, and here's for a good cup of tea and a sleep, even if some of those damned bullets do come a bit near.

Saturday 1st May 5 a.m. Breakfast is bacon, tea, biscuits and bully beef. No jam left, worse luck. Orders to get ready to go out again. C Section to relieve B. News that Old

Donald has been killed coming through the gully, shot through the head. He is the first of the 4th F.A. [Private 996 Edward Donald, officially died of wounds in Alexandria 1 May 1915]. Fell in for a march off.

Enemy shelling the gully as we came through. No-one hit. Met Snapper Jim Byron and Hurray! Good old Snowy, safe out of Suicide Point. He looks a bit tired but cheerful as ever. I was glad to see him. Arrived first aid Post. Nothing much doing.



Con Lawless: IWM 8452373

Noon. Took a patient down to the beach. Sniped at from the gully, but got the patient down all right. Missed the squad. When I tried to hunt up a mess tin someone had pinched mine. Started to get along and had a busy time. The valley was filled with shrapnel. Got up as far as the gully when I met Tom Carbury with a wounded man who had been shot while he was sitting down. We took him down and Captain Finn told us it was no use trying to get back yet. We took cover on the beach, but those damned Turks started to let off shrapnel which kept bursting about two feet above our heads on the bank of the dug-out. I stood it for about half an hour. Then we decided to try to get back to the post. It was nothing but shrapnel bursting all the way along and we had to take cover about every 100 yards. It was run all the way, every man for himself. I got up to the marines and there were dead and wounded men all along the track. When I got as far as the narrow gully Jim Byron was on guard there and the pass was held up by a crackshot sniper. There were two dead men there and there had been three wounded in about 20 minutes. Then one of the marines tried a dash

through and his mate a lad of about 18, but the latter got shot down right through the arm. We got him in and the doctor dressed him. Just as it got dusk we were told we could try to get through. It was crouch nearly double and then a two hundred yards sprint which I did in record. The swine banged at me. I could almost feel the wind of them as they passed. You could tell the crack of his gun, different from ours. It is sharper and with a more metallic click. I got back to the boys and we had three patients to take through, which we did. The hospital was crowded with patients. I never saw so much blood before.

It was busy. The surgeons were going like mad. Then we started to come back. The track was strewn with bearers and patients and dead mules. It was a pitiful sight that I saw at the death trap gully that I mentioned before. There was a herd of transport mules coming through and they all got through except a nice big white mule that came through wounded in three places covered with blood. He looked very sorrowful as much as to say, "What have I done to deserve this?" I turned in after tea.

Sunday, 2nd May. Got roused early. Stretcher squad wanted and we went up. We were the first squad to start. When we got there, there was nothing doing, so we stood by at the first station. About half an hour later Beechey came up to say Chilnere was shot not two yards from where I slept and had only come from. He was shot through the arm and chest. After a while I started to go down to get my kit. I was hungry and wanted breakfast. I hadn't had anything for 24 hours. When I got there Snell had been shot through the ankle. He slept in the dug-out on the side of me. There was a man shot on each side of me and I had been spared, thank God, for the present at any rate, but it is a hot shop. God only knows who will be next. This is the eighth day of this battle and it is raging as fiercely as ever yet. They tell us that the Tommies are coming on the right wing. God knows they are wanted. A message came from Kitchener saying "Good luck Australia. You are the pride of the world." Our big advance is nearly ready. It wants to come quick for things are hard.

Tuesday, 4th May. My God, what a time it has been. I hardly know what day it is, but I will try to write what I can. Bobby Warrener has just come and told me that Snowy has been wounded, shot in the ankle. He, Warrener, helped him down to the hospital on the beach. He reckons that it is not a serious wound but he says he is glad to get out of it as his nerve is going. By God, he is a hero. He is the only one out of the last two signallers left out of the eleven out of A Company.

I am glad he is away from this cursed spot. Warrener tells me that the way it happened was this: he just got out of his trench and dug himself in, when a shell came and buried him in, and his mates had to dig him out. He then set about and dug another shelter as he had lost all his kit which had been buried with him when the shell burst. He got a sack and put it over his feet. When all of a sudden he felt a pain in his foot and found he had been shot. Good luck to the lad. It has been a bad time the last couple of days.

On Sunday night about six o'clock we were standing by at the aid post when there was a cry of stretcher bearers wanted and four of us made a dash through the bullets that were pinging about to the left flank. I saw there a man shot through the leg, and who

was bandaging him up but Scotty McLaughlin. We had to lay low as we were dressing the patient, then we started to get him down. We had got him to the bottom when the big battle started. The guns from our artillery opened fire and all the shots flew over our heads and the damned sniper that had shot our man started pouring the lead at us too. We were within a dozen yards of our party and they shouted to us to keep down. Gillet, Jeffrey's batman, went down shot dead within a yard or two of us and all the time the shells burst over our heads. [1055 Private Arthur Samuel Thomas Gillett, killed in action 15/06/1915, aged 20].² A cry went along, "Tell the artillery that they are firing at our own men." They are firing too short and too low. It looked like continuing, so we made a dash through the fire with our patients. We got through, then started the ball. We had wounded, hundreds of them and as fast as we got them more came. It was hell. As we were leaving with our first patient on the stretcher and others following that could walk, the great charge was made. Our boys were fighting like madmen and singing "It's a long way to Tipperary".

The 16th lost heavily. In fact in a muster yesterday, out of a whole battalion of over 1,300 they could only muster 130 and this gallant handful held the position they took and could get no aid. Through some bloomer on the part of the officers of the 14th who were supposed to aid them by coming up behind.

The 14th never came. It was murder. The general has nicknamed them the "Gallant Sixteenth" and the name is not good enough for them. I finished carrying about 2 in the morning, beat to the world. I just grabbed my overcoat and threw myself down in a dugout and went off to sleep. At daylight the big guns started again and I woke up. Wounded came from everywhere.

One fellow said, "Our own guns blew us clean out of the trench we had taken the previous night." The Marines went by to reinforce our men and it was heavy work dressing from daylight to about nine o'clock. The rest of the day things were bad but not as bad as before, and I had a lot of narrow escapes from the snipers. I was within a dozen yards of a bearer who was shot in the back. Then while I was at the aid post I saw another of ours shot by a sniper just across the track from where I was. I wish this cursed thing was over. My nerve is going. I fancy I hear we are going up again tonight. I am going to try to get a sleep.

Wednesday, 5th May. We didn't go up last night after all. Nothing much doing so we had a spell. Been a few shells over here but nothing much.

Thursday, 6th May. Capt. Jeff and Trune and Cooper shot last night. Capt. Jeff below the lower rib, bad wound, Trune dangerous through the lung and Cooper slightly, both A Section. [2019 Private Henry Troon, Died of wounds at sea aboard HMHS *Gloucester Castle*, 6 May 1915]. Our casualties now are A - 4, B - 6, C - 2 and Capt. Jeff. Gillet is the only one we know is dead up to now, but the others are badly hit. We go up tonight.

² Note that the official date of death does not agree. Details around this soldier's death have long been a mystery; Private Lawless's diary has shed new light on Private Gillett's fate - ed.

11 a.m. A Turkish officer came along voluntary prisoner and gave himself up. Wonder the boys didn't shoot him on sight. They don't like taking these swines who fire on wounded and unarmed men. They generally give them short shrift. However he just came along dressed in jack boots, fur cap and a green uniform with a blanket coat (grey) on his arm. The boys say he offered his men's surrender on condition that we treated him decently and his men. They are short of water and tucker.

Friday, 7th May. 5 a.m. Came up here last night, had one patient to take down last night. A near shave. A bullet whizzed past about a foot behind us, just down at the gully. A few snipers about. Nothing to yell about. Things quiet up to now, thank God.

13 May, Thursday. What a lot of things have happened since I last wrote these notes. On Sunday afternoon those swines started shelling the beach. A big 35 lb. shell came over from one of the forts and missed exploding. Poor old Murf was sleeping in his dugout and it dashed his brains out, breaking Claughton's arm as he lay beside him. They were sleeping on their wrong sides, as they had been shifted out of their own place. Murf mentioned the fact, saying "you are on your wrong side." Claughton said, "All right. Change over", but Murf wouldn't have it. He said, "Oh, we can fix it up tonight. I'm going to have a bit of a sleep." It was his last. Poor old Murf. The best pal a man ever had. He felt no pain, but he is a great loss. I have had happier times with him than ever I had in my life before. They were wild nights out that we had. Nights that will live in my memory till I die, if I am spared to get through this. I helped to carry him down to the burial tent, and I cried for the first time for years at his loss. I wrote to Mrs. Murphy and told her of the sorrowful incident.

We came up here to the post on Sunday night any [?] just our luck. The 15th charged the enemy trenches on the right centre. The 16th supporting with their gallant 200, all that was left of that grand battalion of 1,200 men. They took the trenches all right losing heavily, but at daylight on Monday morning the enemy countercharged using hand grenades with terrible effect. Our boys had to retreat with great loss in which the 15th suffered heavily and the handful of 16th got further cut up. It's terrible. There must be some mistake somewhere. Two successive Sundays they have charged those trenches and on the following morning at daylight they have been driven back with terrible loss. The boys reckon that it is a trap that they are being let into every time. Sundays. Everything seems to happen on these holy days. We left Egypt, arrived here, landed the first party and the 16th and 15th charges all on Sundays. It's funny but it's a fact. We were going from 10 p.m. Sunday to 10 a.m. Monday and I was more tired than ever I had been in my life, but got some mail that cheered me up. During the shift we had poor little Sheeter shot through chest and Dan Dunn through shoulder.

Then during the morning a shell burst getting Palmer in the hand. About an hour after Jones' squad got caught on Shrapnel Point and a shell burst broke poor Doran's leg and arm, grazed Jones' skull and got Murray with a slight wound or two but he suffered most from shock.

Friday, 14th May. Since I last wrote nothing much has happened. The 1st and 3rd Brigade Light Horse relieved Infantry at trenches. Snipers got to work and got five of

them from the ridge. They were told to dig in on the right of the track right in the line of the snipers fire. A silly blooming order to give them.

They reckoned "Oh, we'll have those Turks out by tomorrow night." I don't reckon they will. They keep being brought down with bomb wounds and besides they brought a prisoner in. A thing never known in the infantry. They are an affectionate lot to each other, but too anxious. We have shifted somewhere on to the left flank. We have to find them after breakfast.

Evening. Took up a position on the left flank extreme, with N.Z. Light Horse [New Zealand Mounted Rifles] and our own L.H. We are now working on our own.

Monday, 17th May. There is not much of note to record since I last wrote. We on the left flank have had it very quiet as regards wounded, but last night and the night before there was a great deal of rifle fire in the trenches and our boys started singing "God save the King" from the trenches. How good it sounded. It fairly stirred one's blood to hear it. Yesterday and the day before all the transports and most of the warships went away somewhere. It is presumed that the transports have gone to Lemnos for safety on account of the report that some of the Turkish subs. had got out of the Dardanelles and were up to mischief, but today the bay here is lined up pretty much as usual with transports and warships. There is a new battery up on the hill here and she has been having a shot or two at the enemy and this morning I saw a 6 inch howitzer landing on the beach. She will tickle things up a bit for these Turks when she gets going. The battleship *Queen* with the curious bridge girder has been letting drive some heavy gunfire today and just about tea-time the Turks put in a heavy shrapnel fire here but I don't think it has done much harm to speak of. The *Queen* is replying to the shrapnel with her big guns. Boyle got hit in the head yesterday with a ricochet bullet which stuck in his head but he is not much the worse for it and the Major took it out and gave it him. He is knocking about today. That is two hits he has had - shrapnel in the shoulder and this and neither serious. Turk report says they have driven us into the sea. Just so, but it's only when we go for a swim 6. 30 each morning!

18th May, Tuesday. Evening. Sunset. The Turks sent in a heavy shrapnel fire on to the point from their right wing.

Our warships replied. The Turks kept up their heavy fire and then came lyddite.³ The first burst on the hill about 200 yards on our left and sent up a great cloud of dust. They are trying to find our gun, which replied. Then - Boom! another of those terrible shells landed right on the beach. Someone must be killed. Then through the next gully came our mules and horses with the Indians. Bam! Bam! Bam! Bam! Four shells burst and we can see the fragments of shell tearing up the ground practically amongst them. Some are hit. Another lyddite on the beach and more shrapnel. Another lyddite on the next hill to us. God help anyone there. Boom. There goes another of those hell-made things. They are all over our head and the shriek of them and the air vibrating

³ Lyddite - high explosive.

overhead is nerve-wracking. They are stopped except for an occasional shot and our howitzer is pouring it into them. It is terrible.

Sunday, 23rd May, 1915. We left here on **18th** and went up to the trenches to our aid post in the valley. Work just as usual but we were busy the night we got up there. It was on Thursday, 20th, that the truce for 30 minutes or so came on. We were just coming up the valley when word was passed "Cease firing!" About then all eyes were turned to the Turks' trench and a white flag appeared with a big man holding it. He stood on the trench like a statue. Then some more heads appeared.

A word was passed along "Interpreter wanted." Then a couple of our officers went up with a guard and came down with a blindfolded Turk. Word came down "Tell headquarters that they are collecting our rifles." Col. Cannon [Cannan] 15th ordered, "Stand to arms!" Then a few shots which we thought were blanks, but then one or two whistled - they were live. The Turk officer with the flag stepped into his trench and it was Hell let loose. I am sure that damned near every rifle on the peninsula fired at once and the shells flew. It was a terrible row. I never heard anything like it and our guns kept it up all night till daylight. They must have got on to something.

27th May, Thursday. On the **24th** an armistice was effected. Went up to trenches with the rest. Not a shot fired from 8 till 4.30. Saw some terrible sights. Received letters from Gertie and Frank and Bee. **25th** the "Triumph" sunk by torpedo. Went down in 15 minutes. 100 lives lost. The swines shelled the picket boats on rescue work.⁴

27th the "Majestic" sank, torpedoed this morning. Other rumours that some other boat is down.

29th May, Saturday. The Turks attacked all along the line and got driven back losing heavily. At the left 1,000 Turks charged and not a man was seen to get back.

3rd June, 1915, Thursday. King's birthday. Came on duty at Aid Post. Got some cigs and drank His Majesty's health in a big tot of rum. Word passed along the trenches, "King's Birthday, some rapid volleys to celebrate it boys!" All the lads let drive and kicked up such a row generally that the Turks were throwing night-lights over their trenches, thinking we were making an attack every minute.

4th June, Friday. Morning. Turks' snipers busy. Got Scotty Blain - compound fracture of femur. To the chaps that picked him up he said, "Never mind the other piece, get me on the stretcher." He thought half his leg had been shot off. He was very cheerful about his wound. He said he was sorry Ashton wasn't slightly wounded so as he could go with him. Poor old Scotty. He was a good man and is the first of our squad to be wounded.

Noon. That damned sniper has had two smacks at me. Me and Murphy had to go down the track for a fellow who was crook and the sniper put a bullet within a foot

⁴Most observers do not agree. Lieut. Colonel Joseph Beeston, CO 4th Field Ambulance, Con's unit, wrote: "As to their sense of fair play, when the *Triumph* was sunk, they never fired on her - though I understand it would have been quite allowable directly the men set foot on another warship." Alan Morehead wrote: "After a few opening shots no further attempt was made to fire on the wreck or her survivors."

of us and into the bags of the barricade. Saw Snowy the other day, back from Alexandria. He is right again.

16th June, Wednesday [Final entry]. Nothing much has happened since I last wrote here. We have had some heavy shrapnel fire from the right and left flanks but they have done no damage to speak of.



Con and Elizabeth Gertrude ('Gertie') Callaghan married 7 November 1917,
St Francis Xavier's Church, Salisbury Street, Liverpool.

Acknowledgements

The Gallipoli Association acknowledges and thanks Francis Lawless for making his father's diary available for publishing. Thanks and acknowledgement also to Reba Lawless, Francis's sister-in-law, for typing the original diary.

Information following supplied by Con's son, Francis:

Con's childhood sweetheart was Elizabeth Gertrude (Gertie) Callaghan. She broke off their relationship in 1911 and the next day Con went down to Liverpool docks and enlisted on the first ship available. He left the ship in Fremantle, Western Australia, after having worked his passage in the galley. He found work in the gold mines in the Kalgoorlie region [registered at Meekatharra on the 1916 electoral roll]. When war was declared he and many of his friends volunteered, and he became a stretcher bearer.

Francis and his wife Sheila have visited Con's best friend's (Con Murphy's) grave in Beach Cemetery. [Con Murphy was, coincidentally, also named Cornelius Joseph]. Con Lawless was evacuated from Anzac with influenza at the end of July 1915, was promoted, and went on to serve on the Somme and at Passchendaele, where three more of his original section were killed - Francis and Sheila have also visited their graves.

Con and Gertie became engaged in Chester in 1916, when Con had leave, and were married during another leave. They had kept in touch throughout the years by letter and postcard.

After the war they travelled back to settle in Western Australia, but left again when Gertie became pregnant, arriving in London on the *Osterley* on 3 Sep 1920. Con died on 26 April 1965 in Birkenhead, Cheshire, almost 50 years to the day after he landed at Anzac. Gertie died in Liverpool on Christmas Day 1982.

Works referred to in footnotes

Beeston, J L (Lieut-Colonel), *Five Months At Anzac. A Narrative of Personal Experiences of the Officer Commanding the 4th Field Ambulance, Australian Imperial Force*, Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1916.

Moorehead, A. *Gallipoli*, New York, Ballantine, 1956.

Con was mentioned in the following *Killed in Action* notice by Alice, wife of Con's great friend, Con Murphy, in *The West Australian* (Perth, WA) of 23 October 1915:

MURPHY. - On Sunday, May 3, 1915, at Anzac Gully, Gallipoli, Private Cornelius Joseph Murphy, stretcher bearer, 4th Field Ambulance, dearly loved husband of Alice Murphy, of 94 Argyle St., Fitzroy, Vic., dear comrade of Con. J. Lawless (Dardanelles), late member Fremantle Lumpers' Union.

May his soul rest in peace.

He felt it was his duty

To take a noble part:

There was no fear, no thought of danger

In my brave young husband's heart.

- his sorrowing wife.



ARCHAEOLOGY UNDER FIRE

Bernard de Broglio

In June 1915, a French army doctor at the toe of the Gallipoli peninsula wrote home about a cup. It was Greek, of fine clay, and its handles, he wrote, were ‘des bras qui s’ouvrent vers le ciel’ – arms opening to the sky. Soldiers had lifted it from a tomb that morning, working between bombardments. A Turkish shell could shatter it in an instant. He set it down with care.

The cup had lain buried for about 2,500 years. By 1915, the city it came from was lost in time – dropped from maps, argued over by historians, sought in three wrong places. Then, a heavy Turkish shell landed near the French frontline at Helles and exposed an intact stone sarcophagus.

Below the French trenches lay the buried cemetery of a forgotten Greek port called Eleonte (Éléonte in French; in antiquity ‘*λαιοῦς*’, Elaeus – ‘city of olives’). Across two campaigns, French soldiers and the classical archaeologists serving in their ranks cleared the cemetery tomb by tomb. In 1915, they worked from within their own communication trenches because the necropolis was swept by enemy fire. By the time the last team left in 1923, they had opened 709 tombs and recovered around 1,500 ancient objects. Most of them are now in the Louvre.

The lost city

Eleonte sat at the southern extremity of the Thracian Chersonese – the long peninsula now called Gallipoli – guarding the entrance to the Hellespont. Its harbour was Morto Bay, a sandy crescent with shallows that sheltered ancient ships from the strong currents of the Strait. The site had most of what a Bronze Age (3000–1200 BCE) and Iron Age (1100–800 BCE) port needed: anchorage, fresh water, a defensible promontory at Eski Hissarlik, and a position from which any fleet entering the Dardanelles could be watched, supplied, or stopped. Its weakness was the southerly: the bay opens south, and gales from that quarter could drive shipping onto the shore – though for most of the year the prevailing north-easterlies blew off the land.

According to Pseudo-Skymnos – the conventional name for the unknown author of a Greek geographical poem of the period – the city was founded by Ionian colonists from Teos in the second half of the 7th century BCE. A separate tradition gave the founder as Phorbas, the oikist or colony-leader of an Athenian foundation. The city’s identity was bound up with Protesilaus, the Thessalian chief who, in Homer’s account, was the first Greek to land at Troy and the first to fall, cut down the moment his foot touched the shore. His soldiers brought his body back across the Strait, where a heroon – a hero’s shrine and cult tomb – was raised on the Chersonese shore. Coins of Eleonte showed him standing on the prow of a ship.

The harbour appears repeatedly in surviving Greek records. Miltiades the Elder launched his Lemnos expedition from Eleonte around 500 BCE. During the Persian wars, the bay served the Persian fleet while Xerxes cut his canal at Mount Athos;

Artayctes, the Persian governor of Sestos, looted the shrine of Protesilaus, turned its precinct into pasture, and used its inner sanctuary as a brothel – for which the Eleousians had him crucified at Maidos (Eceabat), and his son stoned to death before his eyes. In 405 BCE, 180 Athenian ships put in at Eleonte before sailing on to defeat at Aegospotami (near the village of Sütlüce, which you pass on the road leading down to Eceabat). In 334 BCE, Alexander sacrificed at the tomb of Protesilaus before crossing the Hellespont, hoping for a safer landing in Asia than the hero's. Justinian fortified the site in the 6th century CE.

After that, silence. By the early 19th century, travellers in the region thought Eleonte must be somewhere on the southern shore, but no one could agree where. Some put it near Sedd-ul-Bahr, others further north at the rocky plateau of Eski Hissarlik – the right answer, as it turned out, though unprovable at the time. Heinrich Schliemann, famous for his work at Troy, dug at a nearby tumulus, found nothing he could identify as Eleonte, and moved on. The city had been lost for fifteen centuries and looked likely to stay that way.

The shell

On 15 May 1915, in the French sector at Helles, a large-calibre Turkish shell landed behind the front, gouged a deep crater, and uncovered an intact monolithic limestone sarcophagus. Chef de bataillon Vermeersch saw it from the parapet and went to look. Inside was Greek pottery, broken by the blast.

In the days following, Vermeersch used lulls in the fighting to widen the boyaux – the lateral communication trenches that linked the front line to the rear. As the soldiers cut, more tombs appeared: stone sarcophagi and large clay burial jars, pithoi, dating to the 4th and 5th centuries BCE. Some held terracotta figurines that the battalion medical officer, Dr Lentrot, compared to the Myrina figures in the Louvre – accurately, as it turned out.

A separate team was making the same discoveries on another stretch of trench. Aide-major Leuthreau, a senior medical officer, wrote on 13 June 1915 that infantrymen digging a connecting trench had cut into a child's grave, one metre long and 0.45m deep. Inside, in fine earth, lay a small clay torso of a naked female figure, a Greek terracotta head, and a small flask of glass painted gold and green. The next day, a larger tomb produced three statuettes, including one Leuthreau described as a girl of ten or twelve in a coat with – his phrase – 'an ingenuous smile'.

By late June, the scale of the find was clear. Colonel Niéger, commanding the 1st Régiment de Marche d'Afrique, opened a dozen more tombs about 300m south-east of the original discoveries and ordered wire fencing put up to keep souvenir hunters off the site. At that point the French command stepped in. On 26 June 1915, General Henri Gouraud, commander of the Corps expéditionnaire d'Orient, ordered that excavation control be reserved to the General Staff, that a proper scientific excavation be set up, and that all artefacts be catalogued and shipped to France.

The decision was less surprising than it sounds. French armies had carried scholars with them since Napoleon's expedition to Egypt in 1798, when 160 engineers,



‘An archaeological discovery made while digging trenches on the Gallipoli peninsula.’
(*L’Illustration*, 10 July 1915)



‘Storage jars from Alexander’s time found at the Dardanelles.’ *Pithoi* at Eleonte. Photograph credited to Lieutenant Paris, June 1915. (*Ministère de la Culture*, France / APOR162896)

naturalists, and antiquarians produced the *Description de l'Égypte*. Through the First World War and the occupation that followed, British, French, German, Russian, Italian, and Greek forces all conducted archaeology on Ottoman soil. Motives ranged from genuine scientific ambition to the acquisition of antiquities for European museums to the quiet staking of cultural claim. The Eleonte dig drew on all of these.

Excavating under fire

The official excavation opened on 8 July 1915 and closed on 12 December that year. The work was directed, in turn, by serving soldiers who happened to be among the most able classical archaeologists in the French army:

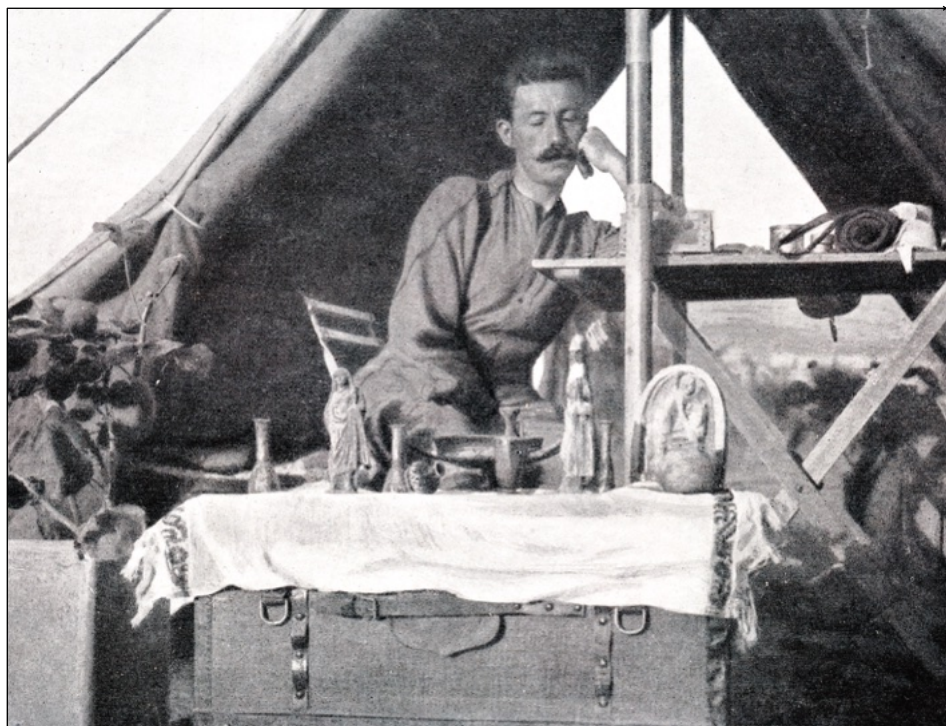
Lieutenant Édouard Dhorme, the Assyriologist, from 8 July to 22 August

Interprète stagiaire Joseph Chamonard, working alongside Dhorme, from 23 August to 25 September

Adjutant Fernand Courby, from 26 to 30 September

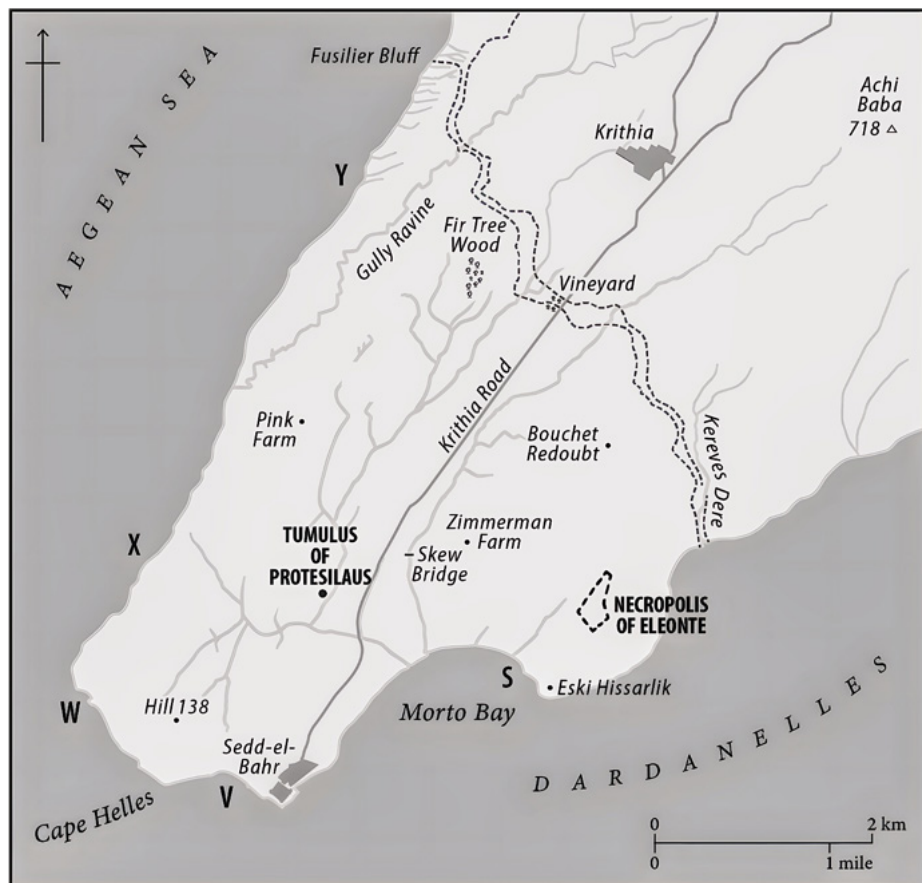
Lieutenant Jean Leune, from 7 October to 12 December.

All were former members of the *École française d'Athènes*, the French archaeological school in Greece, recalled to the colours in 1914.



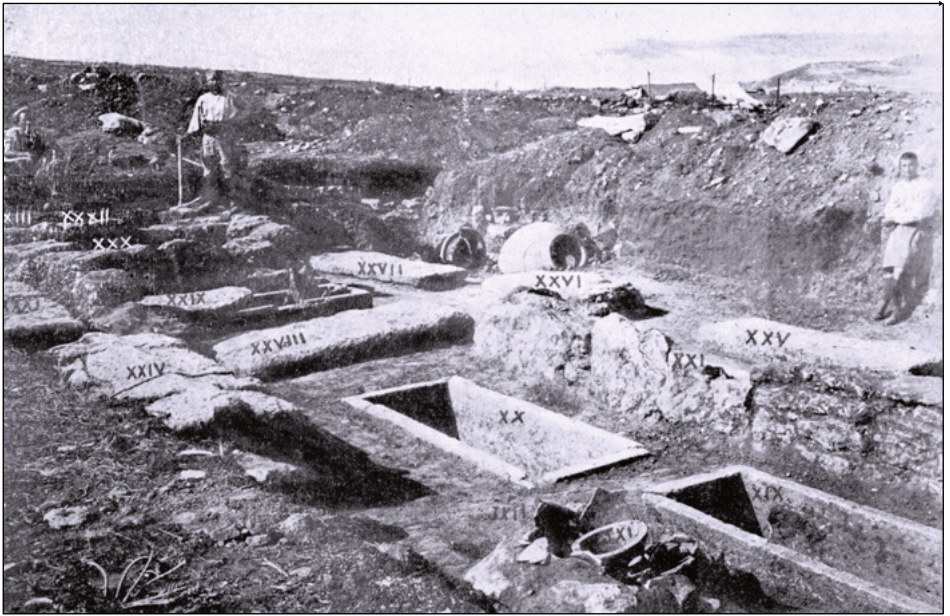
'A soldier-archaeologist and his tent, near Sedd-ul-Bahr.' (*L'Illustration*, 4 December 1915).

The site lay on the upper slopes of Sulayman Reis Dere, behind the front but still exposed to the enemy's artillery. To avoid drawing fire, the team was held to four men at a time, sometimes only two when illness or wounds reduced it. When Leune took over, he had three soldiers from the 54th Colonial Regiment and, from 13 November, a small party of *Tirailleurs sénégalais*, colonial infantry from West Africa. His report states that the fusillade thickened after 4 p.m. and the necropolis was swept by bullets; from then on, work could only be done from inside a trench. Leune's men dug downward into the tombs from the trench floor, using the spoil as a parapet against the fire passing overhead.



What they recovered, they catalogued before evacuation. The terracottas, glass alabastra, black-glaze pottery, and other finds were packed and sent back to France.

The story had already reached Paris. *L'Illustration* carried an early notice on 10 July 1915, and Edmond Pottier – Director of Antiquities at the Louvre – reported on the finds to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres in the summer. On 4 December, *L'Illustration* published a longer piece, quoting anonymously from the letters of the



'View of the excavation site, taken from the N.E. corner.' The sarcophagi are numbered; their contents are detailed individually in the archaeologists' report. (*Bulletin de correspondance hellénique* 39, 1915)

French army doctor, Joseph Vassal. He described holding the Greek cup whose handles he had likened to arms opening to the sky. Another of his letters told of two enormous earthen jars set side by side near the dig, opened when a heavy Turkish shell broke into a sepulchre sealed since antiquity. In each jar lay two skeletons. 'Un couple d'époux? un couple d'amoureux?' the writer asked – husband and wife, or lovers? Twenty centuries they had slept together.

The wartime excavation closed without ceremony when the men marched out. A detailed, 125-page report on the excavations, by Courby, Chamonard and Dhorme, was published in the *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique*, and formally presented to the Académie on behalf of the authors by Edmond Pottier in January 1916.

Coming back, 1920–1923

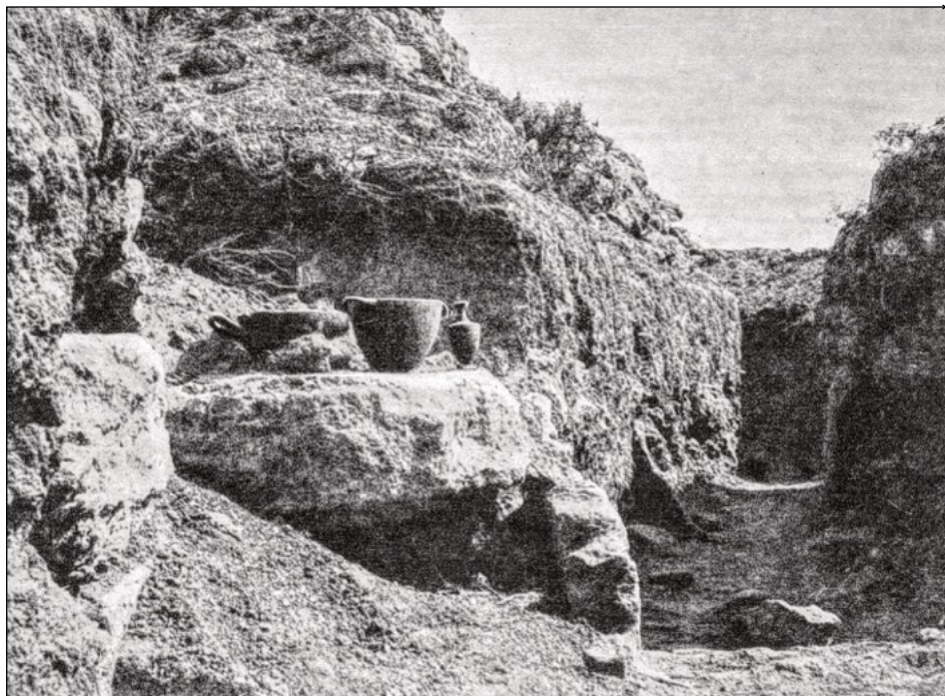
Five years later, the French were back, this time as the occupying power. Following the Armistice of Mudros, French troops held the Straits Zone under the command of General Charles Charpy and, in August 1920, he ordered the Eleonte excavation to be resumed, with technical direction once again drawn from the *École française d'Athènes*.

The leadership now sat with two scholars who would shape the publication: Charles Picard, who directed the work on the ground from August 1920, and Robert Demangel, who took over the field reports and would later publish the volume on the nearby Tumulus of Protesilaus. Both became leading figures in French archaeology.

Field officers continued to lead the practical work, regiment by regiment. Lieutenant Colin of the Engineers ran the excavation from early August to 28 September 1920. Lieutenant F. Pons of the 130th Tirailleurs sénégalais took over until 5 January 1921. Lieutenant J. Meslier, with the 12th Regiment, ran the work from December 1921 to June 1922 – and in those six months, opened 126 sarcophagi and 62 jars, recovering nearly 400 objects. Lieutenant Boff of the 12th took over in July 1922 and added 18 sarcophagi and 54 pithoi, yielding 122 catalogued items.

The Eleonte campaigns were part of a wider French archaeological programme during the Allied occupation. In Constantinople itself, the French School at Athens, under Charles Picard, was excavating Byzantine sites at Gülhane and Makriköy – work that drew formal objection from Halil Edhem, director of the Ottoman Imperial Museum, who learned of the Gülhane dig only after it had begun.

The post-war campaigns ran until 1923, when the last team withdrew. General Maurice Pellé, the French High Commissioner in Constantinople, found the budget for publication, and a four-part series was announced under the auspices of the Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts: separate volumes on the Tumulus of Protesilaus, the Eleonte necropolis, and two Byzantine sites in Constantinople itself. Only the first appeared. Demangel's *Le tumulus dit de Protésilas*, published in 1926, is detailed and well illustrated; in a review for *Échos d'Orient* in 1927, Sévérien Salaville called it a 'sure guarantee' of what was to come.



'An excavation trench at Eleonte.' (*L'Illustration*, 4 December 1915).

Sadly, the remaining three fascicles were never printed. The second, which was to contain the full catalogue of the Eleonte necropolis – 709 tombs, the artefact corpus, and the register of the 300 objects sent to the Istanbul Museum – was abandoned, and Demangel's draft catalogue for the Istanbul collection was lost. The 1915 *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique* report, documented from the dug-out, remains a key source for the site.

A different mound

While the Eleonte cemetery was being cleared, another French team opened the flattened mound two kilometres north of Sedd-ul-Bahr, beside Krithia Nullah. It sits a kilometre inland today, but in the 3rd millennium BCE Mörte Bay reached further north and the mound stood on or near the shore. Local tradition and a long line of European travellers had named it the Tumulus of Protesilaus. Schliemann had dug there in 1882 and found nothing he could identify with the hero. The French in 1921 expected to find the grave at last.



‘Sarcophagus XXIV, with a gabled lid.’ Twenty-two objects were found in this tomb.
(*Bulletin de correspondance hellénique* 39, 1915).

What they found was older and more interesting. The mound was not a tomb but a tell: a Bronze Age settlement built up in successive layers, room by room at the base and 11.5m deep, occupied from the late Neolithic until around 2000 BCE. The upper layers held at least nine examples of the two-handled ceremonial drinking goblet that signals Trojan trade contact through the Aegean – the type-fossil of Troy II. Pottery from earlier levels carries Balkan elements alongside Aegean ones, suggesting the site

was already a meeting point of north and south. After 2000 BCE the mound was abandoned. The earliest Greek pottery at Eleonte, a short distance away, dates to the late 7th century BCE. On this stretch of shore, fourteen centuries are silent.

The collection

The combined wartime and post-war excavations at Eleonte opened 709 tombs: 390 clay pithoi and 319 monolithic limestone sarcophagi. The graves were tightly packed, sometimes only half a metre apart, oriented north–south or east–west. In one cleared area of 150 square metres, 20 sarcophagi and eight jars stood within touching distance of each other. Most of the skeletal material had decayed to dust under the weight of earth above, and many sarcophagus lids had broken under the same pressure and reduced to powder. The site had never been built over in modern times and was almost entirely unlooted.

The grave goods were modest, domestic things buried in numbers – about 1,500 objects were uncovered across the eight years. Pottery dominated: Attic black-glaze drinking cups (skyphoi) and oil flasks (lekythoi) of the 6th and 5th centuries BCE, small perfume flasks of alabaster in deep ultramarine streaked with white, yellow, and green, and terracotta figurines including a seated Demeter and several scenes of women at their toilette. Among the simpler items were serpentine bronze bracelets and a silver ring. One sarcophagus contained a scattered hoard of knucklebones, including one cast in lead.



Large Attic black-figure drinking cup from the late 6th century BCE, depicting Dionysian dancing scenes and musicians, found inside an amphora on 21 August 1915. One of many plates from the wartime archaeologists' report in the *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique* 39, 1915.

The most consequential reanalysis came much later. In 1978, the French archaeologist Angelika Waiblinger reviewed the entire Eleonte collection – by then split between the Louvre and the Istanbul Museum – and corrected the dating proposed by the wartime excavators. They had judged the necropolis chiefly by its Attic pottery and placed its main use in the 5th century BCE and later. Waiblinger, working through the earlier Corinthian, Laconian and Ionian wares that the original team had not weighted heavily, pushed the foundation back to the late 7th century BCE. The new

dating confirmed Pseudo-Skymnos's tradition: Eleonte had been a working port for a century before the Athenians arrived.

After

Vassal's cup, like most of the Eleonte finds, was sent to France and is now in the Louvre's Greek collection. The remaining 300 objects went to the Istanbul Archaeological Museum. Eleonte material is on display in both museums. A traveller to either city can seek it out.

The excavated tombs were refilled and the shell crater of 15 May 1915 weathered out. The site is now farmland and olive groves, a short walk off the road to the Çanakkale Şehitler Abidesi, the Turkish memorial on the headland. Pottery sherds lie on the ground in abundance.

Dhorme went on to direct the École biblique in Jerusalem. Picard became one of the leading classical archaeologists in France. Demangel later directed the École française d'Athènes. Joseph Vassal, the army doctor whose anonymous report had appeared in *L'Illustration*, saw *Uncensored Letters from the Dardanelles* published in London in 1916.

The Allied occupation tried, and failed, to reshape the law. Article 421 of the 1920 Treaty of Sèvres called for a new Ottoman antiquities statute that would permit the partition and export of finds – a clause Western archaeologists had pressed for. The treaty was abrogated in 1923 when Turkish sovereignty was reasserted, and the Ottoman law of 1884 banning the export of antiquities stayed in place. The 300 objects sent to the Istanbul Museum stayed in Istanbul. Today's Turkish cultural heritage law is a direct descendant of the 1884 Ottoman statute.

Further reading: archaeology and Gallipoli

Eleonte is one of several ancient sites along the Gallipoli peninsula whose stories run alongside the 1915 fighting. For more on the peninsula's ancient past:

Lucienne Thys-Şenocak, 'Archaeology and artifacts of the Gallipoli peninsula', chapter 3 in *Divided Spaces, Contested Pasts: The Heritage of the Gallipoli Peninsula* (Routledge, 2017) – a scholarly survey from the early classical excavations through post-1979 Turkish surveys, the collecting of 'national relics', underwater archaeology, and First World War battlefield archaeology.

C J Mackie, 'Archaeology at Gallipoli in 1915', in A M Tamis, C J Mackie and S G Byrne (eds), *Philathenaios: Studies in Honour of Michael J. Osborne* (Athens: Greek Epigraphic Society, 2010) – a short study of the archaeological discoveries made by Allied troops across the peninsula as they cut trenches and dugouts in 1915, drawing together finds from the Anzac, Helles and Suvla sectors. Mackie, a classicist at La Trobe University, is also co-author of the 'Boundary and divide' chapter in *Anzac Battlefield* (2016).

Michael Robson, 'Captain Auden and Flavia's Well', *The Gallipolian* No. 163, Winter (December) 2023 – Captain G A. Auden RAMC's wartime recording of two Roman sepulchral inscriptions at Suvla, one of them on a sarcophagus reused as a sheep trough beside Flavia's Well, still standing on the track to Lala Baba CWGC Cemetery.

Bernard de Broglio, 'A short history of Mole Hill', Little Gully Publishing – the tumulus climbed by Second Corporal Alec Riley of the East Lancashire Division to watch the Lancashire Fusiliers go into action on 8 May 1915. Said to be the tomb of Protesilaus. <https://littlegully.com/blog/a-short-history-of-mole-hill/>

Sources

Primary sources (1915–1928)

Fernand Courby, Joseph Chamonard and Édouard Dhorme, 'Fouilles archéologiques sur l'emplacement de la nécropole d'Éléonte de Thrace (juillet–décembre 1915)', *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique* 39 (1915), pp. 135–240. Includes an appendix covering the October–December 1915 excavations under Lieutenant J Leune.

Robert Demangel, *Le tumulus dit de Protésilas. Fascicule I of Fouilles du Corps d'occupation français de Constantinople exécutées de 1920 à 1923*. Paris: E. de Boccard, 1926.

L'Illustration no. 3775, 10 July 1915, p. 43, photograph with caption.

'Les fouilles pendant la bataille: une nécropole antique dans nos tranchées de Gallipoli', *L'Illustration* no. 3796, 4 December 1915, p. 607.

Gustave Mendel, 'Les travaux du service archéologique de l'armée française d'Orient', *Comptes rendus des séances de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* 62, no. 1 (1918), pp. 9–17.

Charles Picard, 'Rapport sur les fouilles de la nécropole d'Éléonte (Thrace) (août 1920 à janvier 1921)', *Comptes rendus des séances de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* 65, no. 2 (1921), pp. 130–136.

'Chronique des fouilles et découvertes archéologiques dans l'Orient hellénique (nov 1921–nov 1922)', *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique* 46 (1922), pp. 539–541.

'Chronique des fouilles et découvertes archéologiques dans l'Orient hellénique (nov 1922–nov 1923)', *Bulletin de correspondance hellénique* 47 (1923), pp. 541–542.

Gabrielle Vassal, *Uncensored Letters From the Dardanelles, Written to his English Wife by a French Medical Officer of the Corps Expeditionnaire D'Orient*, London, Heinemann, 1916.

Sévérien Salaville, review of Robert Demangel, *Le tumulus dit de Protésilas*, in *Échos d'Orient* 26, no. 148 (1927), pp. 494–497.

Modern scholarship

Ceren Abi, 'The Idiosyncratic Case of Archaeology in Istanbul under Occupation', *Journal of the Ottoman and Turkish Studies Association*, vol. 9, no. 1 (Spring 2022), pp. 255–260; see also Abi, 'Digging Deeper: Cultural Property in the Ottoman Empire during the Great War and Allied Occupation 1914–1923' (PhD dissertation, UCLA, 2019).

Mehmet Özdoğan, 'Prehistoric Sites in the Gelibolu Peninsula', *Anadolu Araştırmaları* 10 (1986), pp. 51–66.

Angelika Waiblinger, 'La ville grecque d'Éléonte en Chersonèse de Thrace et sa nécropole', *Comptes rendus des séances de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres* 122, no. 4 (1978), pp. 843–857.

Collection

Louvre, Greek antiquities collection: <https://collections.louvre.fr/en> (search Eleonte).

PENINSULA OF DEATH

Beginning the August offensive

We left the holes and gullies of Anzac, the friendly lighted dug-outs, with the sea on our left and the maze of hills that was to be our object on the right. Never was there such a plunge into the unknown. Within half an hour of stumbling about in the darkness we had come upon a Turkish outpost and the battle was on. It was a strong post, protected by masses of barbed wire. We rushed, were brought up sharply against the wire. Fire was poured into us as we struggled to break a way through. We cut and chopped and hammered at the obstacle, ripped a way through, found the entrenchments heavily shielded by shell-proof head cover ingeniously manufactured in months of strenuous labour, went from chopping and battering of earth-works to much the same treatment of heads and faces. Unholy slaughter. But only a mere step in the great push we intended to make. We left them strewn about us, dead and dying that were never buried, but cleared by those damnable scavengers, the vultures. Their whitened bones lie on Gallipoli to this day, brave men, friend and foe, eaten up before the last breath had passed from their impotent bodies.

Blackledge, W. J. *Peninsula of Death*. From the account of Digger Craven, Sampson Low, Marston & Co., 1937, pp. 141 - 142.

'Digger Craven' is a fictional character. Blackledge frequently used this persona - and other pseudonyms such as 'Ex-Légionnaire 1384' and 'Patrolman Craven' to write sensationalised, highly embellished war stories presented as authentic first-hand accounts.

LAST POST

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

Rosan Porter - member 7104, died 31 October 2025, aged 90. Rosan's father was Richard Osbaldeston Spencer-Smith, a captain in the Hampshire Regiment. Rosan attended the Centenary Commemorations in Turkey, meeting King (then-Prince) Charles and Prince Harry on HMS *Bulwark*.

Penelope Mary Alexandra Tankerville Chamberlayne-Macdonald - member 6172 - died at home on 15 December 2025, aged 89.

Dr David Lord - Member 6769, a former Jersey resident, died 13 January 2026 at Braddan, Isle of Man, after a brief battle with cancer.

Keith Harries - Member 1790 - Died recently of natural causes, aged 89.

Bridget Joan Huxley died on 18th February 2026. Bridget was the widow of Colonel Michael Huxley, who died in February 2014, and was formerly the long-serving historian and a committee member of the Gallipoli Association. Bridget was born in Oxford in 1939. She and Michael married in 1960 and had two sons; Miles and James. They lived in 15 houses abroad and three in England. On Michael's retirement from the Army they made their home in Kintbury, Berkshire, for the past 22 years.

STORM DAMAGE AT GALLIPOLI

V Beach CWGC Cemetery and Anzac Cove

Bill Sellars

On February 16 of this year, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission posted the following message on its website:

We are aware that a series of storms have hit Helles peninsula in Gallipoli and unfortunately V Beach Cemetery has suffered significant structural damage ... There is damage to the entrance plot containing special memorials which do not mark specific known burials.

As of a visit to V Beach on 11th August, it is evident that some remedial work has been carried out by the Commission. The southern (seaward) wall that was in danger of collapse has been pushed back to near vertical by the use of heavy moving equipment, following excavations in the cemetery behind the wall. See photo page 36.

The cemetery has been partially reopened for visitors, with a new entrance created through its eastern wall. The 'special memorials' - headstones commemorating some of those believed to be buried here, specifically those overlooking the beach, had subsided due to the shifting of the front wall, and have now been removed.

The retaining wall at Anzac Cove is also at risk, with some of the central section of the wall now canting over.

Excavation behind the front wall in V Beach Cemetery.
Photo courtesy of Serpil and Bill Sellars.





V Beach Cemetery, Helles 11 August 2026. The photo below shows the new cemetery entrance. Photos courtesy of Serpil and Bill Sellars.





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.



Dixon, C E: *The Beaching of River Clyde, V Beach, Dardanelles.*
National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, PAJ3081

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. 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