

Gallipoli Diary, Volume 2

Ian Hamilton

The background of the lower half of the cover is a teal color. Overlaid on this is a complex, abstract pattern of thick purple lines. The pattern consists of various geometric shapes: triangles, squares, rectangles, and curved lines. Some lines intersect to form an 'X' shape in the center. The overall effect is a modern, geometric design.

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Ian Hamilton



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DIARY, VOLUME 2 ***

GALLIPOLI DIARY

BY GENERAL

SIR IAN HAMILTON, G.C.B.

AUTHOR OF "A STAFF-OFFICER'S SCRAP-BOOK," ETC.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS AND MAPS

IN TWO VOLUMES

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"Central News" phot.

BRAITHWAITE, SIR IAN AND FREDDIE MAITLAND

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GALLIPOLI DIARY

CHAPTER XIII

K.'S ADVICE AND THE P.M.'S ENVOY

11th July, 1915. Worked in my office from early morning till 12.45. The whole scheme for to-morrow's attack is cut and dried, according to our cloth: time tables fixed and every round counted.

Freddy Stopford and his Staff turned up from Mudros. Stopford in very good form. The first thing he did was to deliver himself of a personal message from Lord K. He (Stopford) wrote it down, in the ante-room, the moment he left the presence and I may take it as being as good as verbatim. Here it is:—

"Lord Kitchener told me to tell you he had no wish to interfere with the man on the spot, but from closely watching our actions here, as well as those of General French in Flanders, he is certain that the only way to make a real success of an attack is by surprise. Also, that when the surprise ceases to be operative, in so far that the advance is checked and the enemy begin to collect from all sides to oppose the attackers, then, perseverance becomes merely a useless waste of life. In every attack there seems to be a moment when success is in the assailant's grasp. Both the French and ourselves at Arras and Neuve Chapelle lost the opportunity."

Well said! K. has made Stopford bring me in his pocket the very text for what I wanted to say to him. Only my grumbling thoughts find expression by my pen but I have plenty of others and my heart has its warm corner for K. whenever he cares to come in.

As I told Stopford, K. has not only anticipated my advice but has dived right down into this muddle of twentieth century war and finds lying at the bottom of it only the old original idea of war in the year 1. At our first landing the way was open to us for just so long as the *surprise* to the Turks lasted. That period here, at the Dardanelles, might be taken as being perhaps

twice as long as it would be on the Western front which gave us a great pull. The reason was that land communications were bad and our troops on the sea could move thrice as fast as the Turks on their one or two bad roads. Yet, even so, there was no margin for dawdling. Hunter-Weston and d'Amade had tried their best to use their brief *surprise* breathing space in seizing the Key to the opening of the Narrows—Achi Baba, and had failed through lack of small craft, lack of water, lack of means of bringing up supplies, lack of our 10 per cent. reserves to fill casualties. At that crucial moment when we had beaten the local enemy troops and the enemy reinforcements had not yet come up, we could not get the men or the stuff quick enough to shore. Still, we had gained three or four miles and there were spots on the Peninsula where, to-day, three or four miles would be enough. Also, supposing he had to run a landing, his (Stopford's) action would take place under much easier conditions than Hunter-Weston's on April 25th.

First and foremost, in our "beetles" or barges, conveying 500 men under their own engines, we had an instrument which reduced the physical effort three quarters. This meant half the battle. When we made our original landing at Anzac we could only put 1,500 men ashore, per trip, at a speed of 2½ miles per hour, in open cutters. Were a Commander to repeat that landing now, he would be able to run 5,000 men ashore, per trip, at a speed of five miles per hour with no trouble about oars, tows, etc., and with protection against shrapnel and rifle bullets. As to the actual landing on the beach, that could be done—we had proved it—in less than one quarter of the time. Each beetle had a "brow" fixed on to her bows; a thing to be let down like a drawbridge over which the men could pour ashore by fours; the same with mules, guns, supplies, they could all be rushed on land as fast as they could be handled on the beaches. Secondly, we had already been for some time at work to fix up the wherewithal to meet our chronic nightmare, the water trouble. Thirdly, the system of bringing up food and ammunition from the beaches to the firing line had now been practically worked out into a science at Helles and Anzac where Stopford would be given a chance of studying it at first hand.

As to place, date, command, and distribution of forces, these were still being considered; still undetermined; and I could say no more at present. Braithwaite was away at Helles but, if he would go over to the General

Staff, he would find Aspinall, my G.S. (1), and the Q. Staff who would give him the hang of our methods and post him in matters which would be applicable to any date or place.

There was more in this message as taken down by Stopford. After going into some details of trench warfare, K.'s message went on:—

"It is not the wish of the Cabinet that Sir Ian Hamilton should make partial attacks. They (the Cabinet) consider it preferable that he should await the arrival of his reinforcements to make one great effort, which, if successful, will give them the ridge commanding the Narrows. It is not intended, however, that Sir Ian should do nothing in the meantime and if he gets a really good opportunity he is to seize it."

There is something in this reminds me of Kuropatkin's orders to Stakelberg, yet I am glad to find that our spontaneously generated scheme jumps with the views of the Cabinet, for, there is only one "ridge commanding the Narrows" (Kilid Bahr is a plateau), and it is that ridge we mean to try for by "one great effort."

In my reply I shall merely acknowledge. Sari Bair is my secret; my Open Sesame to the cave where the forty thieves of the Committee of Union and Progress have their Headquarters. It makes me uneasy to think the Cabinet are talking about Sari Bair.

A battle is a swirl of "ifs" and "ands." The Commander who enters upon it possessed by some just and clear principle is like a sailing ship entering a typhoon on the right tack. After that he lives from hand to mouth. How far will wise saws cut ice? How much nearer do you get to shooting a snipe by being *told* how not to take your aim? Well thought out plans and preparations deserve to win; order and punctuality on the part of subordinates tend to make the reality correspond to the General Staff conception; surprise, if the Commander can bring it off, is worth all K. can say of it; the energy and rapidity of the chosen troops will exploit that surprise for its full value—bar, always, Luck—the Joker; and Wish to Fight and Will to Win are the surest victory getters in the pack. The more these

factors are examined, the more sure it is that everything must in the last resort depend upon the *executive* Commander; and here, of course, I am referring to an *enterprise*, not to a huge, mechanically organized dead-lock like the western front.

Stopford was away in G.H.Q. Staff tents all afternoon; afterwards both he and Adderley, his A.D.C., dined. Stopford likes Reed who is, indeed, a very pleasant fellow to work with. Still, I stick to what I wrote Wolfe Murray:—the *combination* of Stopford and Reed is not good; not for this sort of job.



F. A. Swaine phot.
MAJ.-GEN. SIR G. F. ELLISON, K.C.M.G.

12th July, 1915. Imbros. Had meant to start for Helles an hour before daylight to witness the opening of the attack by the French Corps and the

Lowland Division. But am too bad with the universal complaint to venture many yards from camp.

Stopford and Staff breakfasted. He has fallen in love with our ideas. After lunch he and his party left for Mudros. Am forcing myself to write so as to ease the strain of waiting: the battle is going on: backwards and forwards—backwards and forwards—I travel between my tent; the signal station, and the G.S. map tent.

A delightful message from K., thanking me for my letters: patting me on the back; telling me that Altham is coming out to run the communications, and Ellison to serve on my Staff.

Thank heavens we are at last to have a business man at the head of our business! As to Ellison, K.'s conscience has for long been smiting him for not having let me take my own C.G.S. with me in the first instance. But Braithwaite has won his spurs now in many a hair-raising crisis, so K. may let his mind rest at ease.

Freddie Maitland and I dined with the Vice-Admiral who kept a signaller on special watch for my messages from the shore—but nothing came in. He, the Admiral, wants to take all the 600 stokers serving in the Royal Naval Division back to the ships. This will be the last straw to the Division. We had the treat of being taken off the *Triad* in the Admiral's racing motor boat and when we got ashore found good news which I have just cabled home:—

"In the southern section we attacked at daylight to-day with our right and right centre. After heavy fighting lasting all day the troops engaged, namely, the French Corps and the LIInd Lowland Division, have succeeded in carrying the two strongly held and fortified lines of Turkish trenches opposite to them. The ground covered by the advance varies in depth from 200 to 400 yards, and if we can maintain our gains against to-night's counter-attacks the effect of the action will be not only to advance but greatly to strengthen our line. Full details to-morrow."

13th July, 1915. Imbros. Still feeling very slack. Nothing clear from Helles. My cable best explains:—

"Troops have been continuously engaged since my last cable, but situation is still too confused to admit of definition, especially as telephone wires all cut by shell or rifle fire.

"So far as can be gathered the sum total of the engagements taking place in a labyrinth of trenches is satisfactory up to the hour of cabling and we have taken some 200 prisoners. I hope I shall be able to send definite news tomorrow morning."

Oh, energy, to what distant clime have you flown? I used to be energetic; not perhaps according to Evelyn Wood's standards—but still—energetic! Yet, see me to-day, when a poor cousin to the cholera—this cursed enteritis—lays me by the heels; fills me with desperate longing to lie down and do nothing but rest. More than half my Staff and troops are in the same state of indescribable slackness and this, I think, must be the reason the Greeks were ten long years taking Troy.

Some newspaper correspondents have arrived. I have told them they may do whatever they d—d well please. Ashmead-Bartlett is vexed at his monopoly being spoiled. Charlie Burn, who came with the King's bag, lunched. The Vice-Admiral, Roger Keyes, and Flag-Lieutenant Bowlby dined; very good of them to leave their own perfectly appointed table for our rough and ready fare. The A.D.C.s between them managed to get some partridges, opulent birds which lent quite a Ritzian tone to our banquet.

As was expected, the Turks counter-attacked heavily last night but were unable to drive us out except in one small section on our right. To-day, fighting is still going on and the Naval Division are in it now. We have made a good gain and taken over 400 prisoners and a machine gun. We are still on the rack, though, as there are a lot of Turks not yet cleared out from holes and corners of our new holding, and ammunition is running very short. If our ammunition does not run out altogether and we can hold what we have, our total gain will be 500 yards depth.

Since June 4th, when we had to whang off the whole of our priceless 600 rounds of H.E., we have had *none* for 18-prs. on the Peninsula—not one solitary demnition round; nor do we seem in the least likely to get one solitary demnition round. Hunter-Weston and his C.R.A. explain forcibly, not to say explosively, that on the 28th June the right attack would have scored a success equally brilliant to that achieved by the 29th Division on our left, had we been able to allot as many shell to the Turkish trenches assaulted by the 156th Brigade—Lowland Division—as we did to the sector by the sea. But we could not, because, once we had given a fair quota to the left, there was not enough stuff in our lockers for the right. Such is war! No use splitting the difference and trying to win everywhere like high brows halting between Flanders and Gallipoli. But I *am* sick at heart, I must say, to think my brother Scots should have had to catch hold of the hot end of the poker. Also to think that, with another couple of hundred rounds, we should have got and held H. 12. H. 12 which dominates—so prisoners say—the wells whence the enemy draws water for the whole of his right wing.

To-day the old trouble is a-foot once again. Hunter-Weston tells us the Turkish counter-attacks are being pressed with utmost fury and are beginning to look ugly, as we can give our infantry no support from our guns although the enemy offer excellent artillery targets. When K. is extra accommodating it is doubly hard to be importunate, but it's got to be done:

General Sir Ian Hamilton to Earl Kitchener.

"With reference to my telegrams No. M.F. 328 of 13th June and No. M.F. 381 of 28th June. Each successive fight shows more clearly than the last how much may hang on an ample supply of ammunition, more especially high explosive howitzer ammunition. In my telegram No. M.F. 381 I said that I hoped we might be able to achieve success with the ammunition already promised, and I adhere to that opinion; but every additional 100 rounds means some reduction of risks and greater assurance of success. I raise this question again because I gather from what I hear that matters in the other theatre of operations may possibly be at a standstill without much

prospect of any vital alteration before the autumn fairly sets in. If this should be the case it is for you to consider whether a larger and more regular supply of ammunition should be sent to me in order to give this force the utmost chance of gaining an early success. Judging from the increased effect of the bombardments before the last two attacks on facilitating the Infantry advance I am led to hope that this success would not be long delayed under the cumulative effect of unremitting bombardment. If, therefore, any change in the general situation should make it possible to allow me temporary preferential claim to all the ammunition I should like, I would ask for the following amounts to be here by 1st August, in addition to those accompanying the troops and already promised, namely, 4.5-inch howitzer, 3,000 rounds; 5-inch howitzer, 7,000 rounds; 6-inch howitzer, 5,000, and 9.3-inch howitzer, 500 rounds, all high explosive. I should also ask for a monthly supply on the following scale, first consignment to arrive before 15th August:—

"18-pr.	300,000
"4.5-inch howitzer	30,000
"5-inch howitzer	30,000
"6-inch howitzer	24,000
"60-pr.	15,000
"9.2-inch howitzer	6,000

"The howitzer ammunition to be all high explosive, the 60-pr. to be one-third shrapnel and two-thirds high explosive, and the 18-pr. to be half of each.

"The above monthly scale includes ammunition for the following additional ordnance which I should like to get, namely, two batteries of 4.5-inch howitzers for each of the Xth and XIth Divisions (since 5-inch howitzers are found to be too inaccurate to bombard the enemy trenches even in close proximity to our own), one battery of 6-inch howitzers and four 9.2-inch howitzers.

"On the assumption already made it might be possible for you to arrange to forward to Ordnance Stores, Marseilles, the ammunition asked for to be here by 1st August. Time would thus be gained to accumulate the supply required, and I could arrange with the Vice-Admiral to send a fast steamer

of 1,000 tons hold capacity to bring the consignment of high explosives from Marseilles. To get the steamer coaled, to arrive at Marseilles, coal again and be ready to receive the ammunition, would take seven days.

"Please understand that this suggestion is only prompted for the following reasons: (1) My growing belief that ample artillery might, within a limited period, lead to quite a considerable success in this theatre, and (2) because the reports which reach me seem to indicate that an offensive is not likely to be undertaken elsewhere at present (and I have mainly asked for offensive ammunition).

"The monthly supply above detailed I should not expect would be required for more than two months."

If our Government really—whole-heartedly—*will* that there should be a complete success in the East, they must, equally, with whole hearts and braced-up *will*, resist (for a while) the idea of any offensive in the West. In saying this I speak of the A.B.C. of war. The main theatre is where the amphibious power wishes to make it so. This cable of mine sent to a man like Lord K. is a very strong order. But now is the time to speak up and let him realize that he must let the fields of France lie fallow for the summer if he wishes to plough the Black Sea waves in autumn.

14th July, 1915. Imbros. Wrote letters in the morning, and in the evening went for a ride to the Salt Lake and there inspected the new aeroplane camp on the far side of the water.

Last night more counter-attacks, all driven off. The French right is now actually on the mouth of the Kereves Dere where it runs into the sea. We have made about 500 prisoners and have captured a machine gun. Hunter-Weston had to transfer the command of the 52nd Division, temporarily, to Shaw, the new Commander of the 13th Division.

Baikie is crying out to us for shells as if *we* were bottling them up! There are none.

15th July, 1915. Imbros. The answer has come in from the War Office:—the answer, I mean, to mine of the day before yesterday in which it is suggested that *if* our rich brethren were off their feed for the moment, some crumbs of high explosive might be spared:—

"We have great difficulty in sending you the amounts of ammunition mentioned in our No. 5770, cipher, and even now the proportion of 18-pr. high explosive will be less than stated therein. In response, however, to your No. M.F. 444, we are adding 1,000 rounds 4.5-inch, 500—5-inch, 500—6-inch and 75—9.2-inch. It will be quite impossible to continue to send you ammunition at this rate, as we have reduced the supply to France in order to send what we have to you, and the amounts asked for in the second part of your telegram could not be spared without stopping all operations in France. This, of course, is out of the question."

"This, of course, is out of the question." "Stopping all operations in France" is the very kernel of the question. If half the things we hear about the Bosche forces and our own are half true, we have no prospect of dealing any decisive blow in the West till next spring. And an indecisive blow is worse than no blow. But we can *hold on* there till all's blue. Now H.E. is offensive and shrapnel is defensive. I ought to attack at once; French mustn't. Therefore, we should be given, *now*, dollops of H.E.

This talk does not come through my hat. Some of the best brains on the Western field are in touch with those of some of my following here. The winning post stares us in the face; my old Chief gallops off the course; how can I resist calling out? And then I get this "of course" cable (not written by K. I feel sure) which shows, if it shows anything, that "of course" we ought never to have come here at all! Simple, is it not? In war all is simple—that's why it's so complex. Never mind; my cable has not been wasted. We reckon the 1,100 extra rounds it has produced may save us 100 British casualties.

Rode over to "K" Beach and inspected the 25th Casualty Clearing Station, Commandant Lieutenant-Colonel Mackenzie. Walked through the different hospital wards talking to some twenty officers and two hundred men; mostly medical cases. Did not think things at all up to the mark. Made special note of the lack of mosquito nets, beds, pyjamas and other comforts. For weeks past Jean has been toiling to get mosquito nets bought and made up, which was simple, and to get them out to us, which seems impossible. Too bad when so much money is being spent to see men lying on the

ground in their thick cord breeches in this sweltering heat, a prey to flies and mosquitoes.

Discussing the landing of the New Divisions in Suvla Bay and the diversion to be made by Legge on the right by storming Lone Pine, Birdwood makes it clear in a letter just to hand, that he has told his two Divisional Generals everything. I had not yet gone into some of these details with Hunter-Weston, Stopford or Bailloud, all Corps Commanders, for I am afraid of the news filtering down to the juniors and from them, in the mysterious way news does pass, to the rank and file of both services. Thence to the Turks is but a step. Were the Turks to get wind of our plan, there would be nothing for it but to change the whole thing, even now, at the eleventh hour.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. Fuller, my late G.S.O. (1) in the Central Force, came over to lunch. He is now G.S.O. (2) of the 9th Corps.

At 5.30 p.m. rode over to "K" Beach for the second time and inspected the Indian Brigade under Brigadier-General Cox. They had to be pulled out some time ago and given a rest. On parade were the 5th, 6th and 10th Gurkha Battalions with the 14th Sikhs. Walked down both lines and chatted with the British and Indian Officers. The men looked cheerful and much recovered. In the evening Charlie Burn, King's Messenger, and Captain Glyn came to dinner. Glyn has been sent out as a sort of emissary, but whether by K. or by the Intelligence or by the Admiralty neither Braithwaite nor I are quite able to understand.

Cabled the War Office *insisting* that the lack of ammunition is "disturbing." Also, that "half my anxieties would vanish" if only the Master-General of Ordnance would see to it himself that the fortnightly allowance could be despatched regularly. I could hardly put it stronger.

Midnight.—Just back from G.S. tent with the latest. So far, so good. Bailloud and Hunter-Weston have carried two lines of Turkish trenches, an advance of two to four hundred yards. But the ammunition question has reached a crisis, and has become dangerous—very dangerous. On the whole Southern theatre of operations, counting shell in limbers and shell loaded in guns, we have 5,000 rounds of shrapnel. No high explosive—and fighting is still going on!

Hi jaculis illi certant defendere saxis.

To whomsoever of my ancestors bequeathed me my power of detachment deep salaams! How many much better men than myself would not close their eyes to-night with a battle on the balance and 5,000 rounds wherewith to fight it? But I shall sleep—D.V.; I can't create shell by taking thought any more than Gouraud could retake the *Haricot* by not drinking his coffee.

16th July, 1915. Imbros. Forcing myself to work though I feel unspeakably slack; wrangling with the War Office about doctors, nurses, orderlies and ships for our August battles. A few days ago I sent the following cable and they want to cut us down:—

"It seems likely that during the first week of August we may have 80,000 rifles in the firing line striving for a decisive result, and therefore certain that we shall then need more medical assistance. Quite impossible to foresee casualties, but suppose, for example, we suffered a loss of 20,000 men; though the figure seems alarming when put down in cold blood, it is not an extravagant proportion when calculated on basis of Dardanelles fighting up to date. If this figure is translated into terms of requirements such a battle would involve conversion of, say, 30 transports into temporary hospital ships, and necessitate something like 200 extra medical officers, with Royal Army Medical Corps rank and file and nurses in proportion. If my prognosis is concurred in, these should reach Mudros on or about 1st August. Some would D.V., prove superfluous, and could be sent back at once, and in any case they could return as soon as possible after operations, say, 1st September. Medical and surgical equipment, drugs, mattresses in due proportion. In a separate message I will deal with the deficiencies in ordinary establishment, but I think it best to keep this cable as to specified and exceptional demands distinct."

17th July, 1915. Imbros. After lunch felt so sick of scribble, scribble, scribble whilst adventure sat seductive upon my doorstep that I fluttered forth. At 2 o'clock boarded H.M.S. *Savage* (Lieutenant-Commander Homer) and, with Aspinall and Freddie, steered for Gully Beach. We didn't cast

anchor but got into a cockleshell of a small dinghy and rowed ashore under the cliffs, where we were met by de Lisle. Along the beach men were either bathing or basking mother-naked on the hot sand—enjoying themselves thoroughly. I walked on the edge of the sea, as far as the point which hides the gully's mouth from the Turkish gunners, and was specially struck by the physique and class of the 6th East Lancashires under Colonel Cole Hamilton. Then mounted and rode to the Headquarters of General Shaw, commanding the 13th (new) Division. Shaw was feeling his wounds; he had already been once round his lines; so I would not let him come again. But Colonel Gillivan, G.S.O.1, Major Hillyard, G.S.O.2, Captain Jackson, G.S.O.3, Colonel Burton, A.A. and Q.M.G., joined us. First we went to the Headquarters of the 39th Brigade commanded by Brigadier-General Cayley (the Brigade Major is Captain Simpson). Then I went and looked at the trenches J.11-12-13, where I met Colonel Palmer of the 9th Warwicks, Colonel Jordan, D.S.O., of the 7th Gloucesters, Colonel Nunn of the 9th Worcesters, Colonel Andrews of the 7th North Staffordshires. We tramped through miles of trenches. The men were very fit and cheery. It was the day when they were relieving one another by companies from the reserve and there was a big crowd in the Ravine. De Lisle told me that one week had made the most astonishing difference to the savvy of these first arrivals of the New Army. At first there was confusion, loss of energy and time; by the end of the week they had picked up the wrinkles of the veterans. There was a good lot of shelling from the Turks but, humanly speaking, we were all quite snug and safe in the big gully or moving down the deep communication trenches. No one, not even the new 13th Division, paid the smallest deference to the projectiles.

Now began one of these semi-comic, semi-serious adventures which seem to dog my footsteps. Just as I got into the little dinghy, two bluejackets pulling and a Petty Officer steering, the Turks began to shell H.M.S. *Savage* as she lay about a hundred yards out. She did not like it, and, instead of waiting to let us get aboard, Commander Homer thought it wiser to sheer off about half a mile. When she quitted the Turks turned their guns on to our cockleshell, and although none of the shot came near us they still came quite near enough to interest the whole gallery of some thousands of bathing Tommies who, themselves safe in the dead ground under the cliff, were hugely amused to see their C.-in-C. having a hot time of it. After ten

minutes hard rowing we got close to the destroyer and she, making a big circle at fairly high speed, came along fast as if she was going to run us down, with the idea of baffling the aim of the enemy. Not a bad notion as far as the destroyer was concerned but one demanding acrobatic qualities of a very high order on the part of the Commander-in-Chief. Anyway just as she was drawing abreast and I was standing up to make my spring a shell hit her plump and burst in one of her coal bunkers, sending up a big cloud of mixed smoke and black coal dust. The Commander was beside himself. He waved us off furiously; cracked on full steam and again left us in the lurch. We laughed till the tears ran down our cheeks. Soon, we had reason to be more serious, not to say pensive. The *Savage* showed a pair of clean heels this time and ran right away to Helles. So there we were, marooned, half a mile out to sea, in a tiny dinghy on which the Turks again switched their blarsted guns. The two bluejackets pulled themselves purple. They were both of them fat reservists and the mingling of anxiety and exertion, emotion and motion, made the sweat pour in torrents down their cheeks. Each time a shell plunked into the water we brightened up; then, gradually, until the next one splashed, our faces grew longer and longer. At last we got so far away that the Turks gave us up in disgust. How much I should like to see that battery commander's diary. Altogether, by the time we had boarded the *Savage*, we had been in that cursed little dinghy for just exactly one hour, of which I should think we were being gently shelled for three quarters of an hour. On board the destroyer no harm to speak of: only one man wounded.

Cast anchor at Imbros at 9 p.m. General Legge and Captain H. Lloyd came over to stay the night. Mail from England.

Have cabled again to stir them up about the hospital ships.

18th July, 1915. Church Parade. Inspected troops. Wrote in camp all the afternoon. Walked out to the lighthouse in the evening and watched the shells bursting over Gully Beach where we were yesterday. How often have I felt anxious seeing these shrapnel through the telescope. On the spot, as I know from yesterday's experience, their bark is worse than their bite. Colonel Ward of the Intelligence came to dinner and Captain Doughtie, commanding H.M.S. *Abercrombie*, paid me a visit.

19th July, 1915. Too much office work. Mr. Schuler, an Australian journalist and war correspondent, turned up. Seems a highly intelligent young fellow. He had met me on tour in Australia. Gave him leave to go anywhere and see everything. The Staff shake their heads, but the future is locked away in our heads, and the more the past is known the better for us.

Braithwaite has heard from the War Office that the Brigade of Russians which had started from Vladivostock to join us here has been counter-ordered. The War Office seem rather pleased than otherwise that this reinforcement has fallen through. Why, I can't imagine. As they are sending us a big fresh force of Britishers, they probably persuade themselves that 5,000 Russians would be more trouble than they are worth, but they forget the many thousands of shortage in my present formations. Since they fixed up to send me the new Divisions I must have lost ten thousand rifles, but as all my old Divisions remain at the Dardanelles *in name*, they are being regarded at home, we strongly suspect, as a sort of widow's cruse, kept full by miracles instead of men and still, therefore,—Divisions!

In the evening the Vice-Admiral came over and we rode together down to the Naval Seaplane Camp. The King's Messenger left at 5 p.m.

20th July, 1915. Imbros. Wrote double quick, then galloped over to Kephalos to see the New Army, *sub rosa*. The men we struck were A.1. They belong to the 32nd and 34th Brigades of the 11th Division. The 33rd has gone to Helles to get salted.



F. A. Swaine phot.

LIEUT.-GEN. SIR A. HUNTER-WESTON, K.C.B., D.S.O.

Hunter-Weston is still staying with the Admiral. He has had a hard time and a heavy responsibility and is quite worn out. I devoutly trust he may be on his legs again ere long. Have put in Stopford to act for him at Helles. This should teach the young idea how to shoot. With every aspect of the command and administration of the Southern theatre of operations thus under his immediate orders he has a rare chance of learning how to do it and how not to do it.

21st July, 1915.—Just signed a letter to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff and as it gives the run of my thoughts at the moment I spatchcock the opening and final paras:—

"My dear Wolfe Murray,

"How do you manage to find time to write these charming letters of yours with your own hand? They come like a gift from some oriental potentate and carry with them the same moral obligations; i.e., that they ought to be returned in kind. But to-day the time limit interposes, and I know you will pardon me for once if I dictate.

"I am immensely interested in what you say with reference to the 29th Division being below strength, namely, that we are getting short of men. Well,—though one of the keenest voluntary service people existing, I have always envisaged the fact that during a war we might be driven to compulsion. Also in writing out fully my views on this subject (views which I was not permitted by late Chiefs of the General Staff to publish) I have always, for that reason, pressed for National Registration. It does no one any harm, and rubs into the mind of the young man that, under certain conditions, the State has first pull on his pocket, labour, life and everything else. But, of course, if your own wish that the 29th Division should take out 10 per cent. extra for drafts (like the regiments do in France), had been carried into effect, they would never have fallen as low as they actually did.

"Freddy Stopford and Reed have been staying with me for 24 hours, and the former is now in command of the 8th Corps on the Peninsula, Hunter-Weston having gone sick. He asked to stay with the Admiral for a couple of days' rest, and the very moment he got safe on board ship the overstrain of the past month told on him and he went down with a sharp go of fever. I earnestly pray he will get right again quickly for there are not many Commanders of his calibre. Freddy Stopford will now have a good chance of getting the hang of this sort of fighting generally, surrounded as he will be by Hunter-Weston's experienced Staff. After sending my last letter I rather repented of one or two harsh things I said about Reed. There is some truth in them, but I need not have said them. I hope he will do very well out here."

Now since that letter was written (yesterday) in comes a cable from K. saying Winston can't leave England but that Hankey starts in his place.

K. says he is sure I will give him every facility.

A pretty stuffy cable in from the War Office on the Hospital ships and medical personnel and material wrangle which is still going on. I, personally, have checked every item of my estimate with closest personal attention, although it took me hours in the midst of other very pressing duties. This is not Braithwaite's pidgin but Woodward's and there was no help for it. Our first landing found out a number of chinks in our arrangements, and now, my Director of Medical Services is (quite naturally) inclined to open his mouth as wide as if ships were drugs in the market. So I have tried very hard, without too much help, to hit the mean between extravagance and sufficiency. Now the War Office, who would be the first to round on me if anything went wrong with my wounded, query my demands as if we had just splashed off a cable asking for the first things that came into our heads!

I am all for thrift in ships, but thrift in the lives of my wounded comes first; my conscience is clear and I have answered sticking to my point,—firmly! They say the thing is impossible; I have retaliated by saying it is imperative.

CHAPTER XIV

THE FORCE—REAL AND IMAGINARY

22nd July, 1915. Imbros. Had a jolly outing to-day. Left for Cape Helles by trawler just before 10 o'clock. Aspinall, Bertier and young Brodrick came with me. Lunched at 8th Army Corps Headquarters with Stopford and handed him a first outline scheme of the impending operations. We read it through together and he seems to take all the points and to be in general agreement. Left Aspinall behind to explain any questions of detail which might not seem clear, whilst I went a tour of inspection through the Eski Lines of trenches held by the 6th and 7th Manchesters of the 42nd Division. These Eski Lines were first held about the 7th or 8th May and have since been worked up, mainly by the energy of de Lisle, into fortifications, humanly speaking, impregnable. General Douglas, Commander of the Division, came round with me. He reminds me greatly of his brother, the late Chief of the Imperial General Staff; excellent at detail; a conscientious, very hard worker. When I had seen my Manchester friends I passed on into the Royal Naval Division Lines. There General Paris convoyed me through his section as far as Zimmerman's Farm, where I was joined by Bailloud with his Chief of Staff and Chief of Operations. Together we made our way round the whole of the French trenches winding up at de Tott's Battery.

After this whopping walk, we left by pinnace from below de Tott's wondering whether the Asiatic Batteries would think us game worth their powder and shot. They did not and so we safely boarded our trawler at Cape Helles. Didn't get back to Imbros Harbour till 9 p.m. Being so late, boarded the ever hospitable *Triad* on chance and struck, as usual—hospitality. Hunter-Weston is really quite ill with fever. He did not want to see anyone. As we were sitting at dinner I saw him through the half open door staggering along on his way to get into a launch to go aboard a Hospital ship. He is suffering very much from his head. The doctors prophesy that he will pull round in about a week. I hope so indeed, but I have my doubts. Aspinall reports that Stopford is entirely in accord with our project and keen.

23rd July, 1915. Imbros. Spent day in camp trying to straighten things out: (1) the personal, (2) the strategical and (3) the administrative arrangements.

(1) Hunter-Weston has to go home and I have begged for Bruce Hamilton in his place, and have told them I would have a great champion in him. He and Smith-Dorrien were my best Brigadiers in South Africa. They stood on my right hand and on my left all the way between Bloemfontein and Pretoria, and I never quite made up my mind as to which was the better. Bruce is a fighting man with an iron frame, and, in Gallipoli, his chief crab, his deafness, will be rather a gain to him.

(2) Bailloud, with his own War Minister in the background, is doing all he knows to get 20,000 of my new troops allotted to a side show, not for strategy's sake, but for the tactical relief of his troops from the shelling. I quite sympathize with his reason as, after all, he is responsible for his own troops and not for the larger issue. But, to take one objection only, the Navy could not land a force at Besika Bay and at the same time carry out landings at Suvla and Anzac. Again, since Bailloud urged these views, the guns fixed up at de Tott's Battery have already begun to gain mastery over the fire from the site of Troy. When we have one of the new 14-inch gunned monitors moored off Rabbit Island we shall get cross fire observations and give the Turkish Asiatic guns the clean knock out. Amphibious operations are ticklish things: allied operations are ticklish things: but the two together are like skating on thin ice arm in arm with two friends who each want to cut a figure of his own.

(3) Slovenly bills of lading. Bertie Lawrence, who was sent to Mudros in June when things were growing desperate, was here yesterday and has made a report on the present business situation which, though less chaotic, is still serious. There are not launches enough to enable people to get about. There are not lighters enough to work the daily transshipment of 300 tons. But the worst trouble lies in the bills of lading. Sometimes they arrive a week after their ships. Usually cargo shipped at Malta or Alexandria is omitted. Half the time we can't lay hands on vital plant, tackle, supplies, munitions, because we have no means of knowing what is, or is not, on board some ship in the harbour. The trouble is of old date but has reached its climax owing to our shortage of rounds for our 18-pounders.

We were notified a new fuse key would be required for the new shells on the 12th June. The shells arrived but the keys were not despatched till the 15th July! The vouchers are all wrong, and there, in idleness, lies the stuff that spells success. A soldier is not a conjurer that he should be handed over a fully laden ship and told to ferret out a fuse key.

24th July, 1915. Last night the Turkish Commander drove his troops into their tenth attack upon our extreme left where they were beaten off as usual with a loss of several hundreds—this time we only suffered about a dozen casualties. Together with Braithwaite, I rode over to "K" Beach at 11 a.m. to inspect part of the 11th Division there encamped. General Hammersley, Divisional Commander, met me. Also Colonel Malcolm, his General Staff Officer and Major Duncan. The first Brigade I looked at was Sitwell's—the 34th. A fine looking lot of men:—

8th Northumberland Fusiliers,
5th Dorsets,
9th Lancashire Fusiliers,
1 Coy. 11th Manchester Fusilers.

Next I passed on to Haggard's Brigade—the 32nd. On parade were—

9th West Yorkshires,
6th Yorkshires,
8th West Riding Regiment,
6th York and Lancashires.

Lastly I inspected the 67th and 68th Companies R.E. of the 134th Fortress Company, as well as the Field Ambulance. Officers and men looked splendid. I was glad indeed to be able to congratulate Hammersley on his command. The doctors tell me, that, short as has been their stay, a large number of the men are already infected by the prevalent disease. Well, they don't look like that,—and it won't kill them that's certain, for I have had it on me strong for the best part of two months. But it knocks out the starch from its victims, and if fair play existed in moonlit lands, every white man here should be credited with 25 per cent. extra kudos for everything that he does with his brains or his body under the shadow of this pestilence.

Have got a reply from the War Office (Q.M.G.2) making light of my shipping troubles and saying the War Office has always cabled full advices. What can I say to that? As the lamb thought to himself when the wolf began to growl.

25th July, 1915. Spent most of the day in camp. Church Parade at 9 a.m. Charles Lister came over from "K" Beach to lunch. He is a fascinating creature and has made a name for himself with the Naval Division, where standards are high, as being the keenest of the keen and the bravest of the brave. Hammersley, Malcolm and Aitkin called in the evening, but I had gone for a stroll and missed them.

The great Turkish attack timed by all our spies for the 23rd has never come off but, as showing the fine spirit which animates the Anzacs, it is worth noting that on that day not one soul reported sick. They would not go near the doctors for fear they might be made to miss a battle.

Last night the French took a small trench, and though the Turks had a dash at it in the morning, they were easily beaten off. Twice out of three times we gain something when we fight and the third time we lose no ground.

Given, therefore, the factors of the problem, men, munitions and the distance to be covered (two to three miles), the result pans out like a proposition by Euclid. No question of breaking through is involved as in any other theatre, but merely a question of pushing back a very clearly limited number of yards. The men have in their hearts a reservoir of patience which will never run dry so long as they are sure of the Will to Win at their backs. They need have no qualms about G.H.Q. here, but politicians are more—shall we say, mercurial? And the experts from France are throwing cold water on our cause by day and night. Therefore, as the Fleet is not going to have a dash, it is just as well we are about to try the one great effort and get it done quickly. We will gain a lot of ground; so much is certain, and it's as sure as anything can be in war that somewhere we shall make good a key to the position.

26th July, 1915. Stifling. Am sticking out about the lack of proper advices of shipments. Ammunition *makes* itself scarce enough without being *made* scarce. Rare and curious articles are worth careful booking; that's the text of my cable.

27th July, 1915. *Imbros*. Hard at it. Altham came in to see me and spent an hour and a half. A man of business! Mahon arrived at mid-day. Very cheery but he feels that he is the only Lieutenant-General executively employed with troops who has so small a command as a Division. He says that either he should be given a Corps, or that his Lieutenant-General's rank should be reverted to that of Major-General. I quite agreed. I feel as strongly as he does that, as a Lieutenant-General, he is clean out of his setting in a Major-General's appointment and has blocked the way to a go-ahead young Corps Commander, because that Corps Commander must, by K.'s decision, be his senior. Still, there didn't seem to be anything to be done, so after my telling him how things stood here, and hearing with great pleasure the fine account he gave me of his Irish Division, we adjourned to lunch. Colonel King, his G.S.O. (1), also lunched and seemed to be a very nice fellow. After lunch they both went off to the G.S. to be posted.

Admiral Wemyss came over from Mudros and saw me. He is senior to de Robeck but has waived that accident of rank seeing we are at war. An interesting man and a Keyesite; i.e., he'd go right through the Straits tomorrow,—or go under. He is one of those men, none too common in the Services, whose mind has gained breadth in the great world without losing its keenness. These rival tenets are straining the fabric of the Fleet, but, as I constantly tell our General Staff, my course is as clear to me as a pikestaff. I back the policy of the *de facto* Naval Commander-in-Chief—my own coadjutor. There is a temptation to do wrong, but I resist it. What would it not be to me were the whole Fleet to attack as we land at Suvla! But obviously I cannot go out of my own element to urge the Fleet to actions, the perils of which I am professionally incompetent to gauge.

At 5.30 p.m. I went off riding with de Robeck, Ormsby Johnson and Freddie Maitland. We cantered over to Seaplane Camp; passed the time of day to the men there and over-hauled some of the machines. Coming back, we passed through part of the 11th Division Camp; all very ship-shape and clean. Freddie Maitland and I dined on board the *Beryl* with Sir Douglas Gamble. He seems highly pleased with everyone and everything; I wouldn't go quite so far! There we met de Robeck, Keyes, Altham, Ellison and Captain Stephens. Got back at 11.

28th July, 1915. A cable from K. about Hunter-Weston's breakdown, telling me the Prime Minister thinks that Bruce Hamilton is too old for active work and heavy strain. Instead I am to have Davies. I know Joey Davies—everyone does. But I also know Bruce Hamilton. There is no tougher man or more resolute fighter in the Army. In my letter to K. I said, "The only man I can think of who would really inspire me with full confidence in these emergencies, excursions and alarms, would be Bruce Hamilton. Bruce Hamilton is a real fighting man, and his deafness here would be a great asset as he would be able to sleep through the shell and rifle fire at night."

The older Officers will be sorry indeed to hear Bruce Hamilton is barred. Shaw, the new Commander of the 13th Division, will be especially disappointed.

Admiral Gamble came off to see me and afterwards dined. I was very careful as I don't want to be quoted about the Sister Service. Gamble sings praise of our outfit, but I can't help wondering how, when and where he has got it into his head that we have small craft in abundance!

29th July, 1915. Imbros. Stuck to camp, and lucky I did so, for the cipher of a queer cable from S. of S. for War came in and called for as much thought as is compatible with prompt handling. The message begins with a ripe sugar plum:—

"At this stage of the operations which you have conducted with so much ability and in which your troops have so greatly distinguished themselves, we" (this "we" is a new expression; the S. of S. always says "I") "consider it advisable to summarize what we are placing at your disposal for the effort which we hope will bring your operations to a successful termination.

"We have sent you out" and then the cable launches out into an inventory of the forces entrusted to me which, though very detailed, is yet largely based on what we call the widow's cruse principle. As to the demnition total, "we" tells "me," categorically, (as the Lawyers say when they describe the whiteness of soot) that I have "a total of about 205,000 men for the forthcoming operations." The A.G. who brought me the cable could make

nothing of it. Braithwaite then came over and he could make nothing of it. We can none of us see the point of pretending to *us* that my force has been kept up to the strength all the time, or of adding bayonets to the French or of assuming to *us* that *we* possess troops which Maxwell has told me time and again he requires for Egyptian defence. Were these figures going to the enemy Chief they might intimidate him—coming here they alarm me. There is a "We" at the other end of the cable which knows so little that it tells me, who know every gun, rifle and round of ammunition I have at my disposal, that I have double that number to handle. We won't defeat the enemy by paper strengths. As far as sentiments go, the cable is by chalks the heartiest handshake we poor relations to the West have had since we started. From the outset we've been kicked by phrases such as, if you don't hurry up we will have to "reconsider the position," etc., etc. Now, the "Wees" wind up with a really wonderful paragraph:—

"We should like to hear from you after considering your plans whether there is anything further in the way of personnel, guns or ammunition we can send you, as we are most anxious to give you everything you can possibly require and use. You will realize that as regards ammunition we have had to stop supplying France to give you the full output, which will be continued as long as possible; in the short time available before the bad weather intervenes the Dardanelles operations are now of the highest importance."

The position seems now, to me, extraordinarily delicate. Are we to let the mistakes in this flattering cable slide, and build upon its promises, or, are we to pull whoever believes these figures out of their fool's paradise? Well, I feel we must have it out and although deeply grateful for the nice words and for the splendid effort actually being made, we *cannot* let it be assumed by *anyone* that our vanishing Naval and Territorial Divisions are complete and up to strength. As to ammunition, I asked plainly over a fortnight ago, for what I thought was necessary to rapid success. I was told in so many words that France would not spare it; though it would have been a small affair to them. Now; as if these cables had no existence, they ask if there is "anything in the way of *personnel, guns or ammunition you can possibly require and use.*" The truth is, I don't like this cable; in spite of its flowery

opening I don't like it at all. As to personnel, I ask for young and energetic commanders, Byng and Rawlinson, and am turned down. Next I ask for an old and experienced Commander, Bruce Hamilton, and am turned down. Next I say that Reed, who would be a good staff officer to some Generals, is not well suited to Stopford; I am turned down. I try to get a business man to run Mudros and have been turned down till just the other day. In all these points the War Office are supreme and are acting well within their rights. But they show some want of consistency in talking to me all of a sudden, as if it was a matter of course I should be met half way in my wishes.

So there and then we roughed out this reply:—

"Your Nos. 6583 and 6588. Your appreciation of our efforts will afford intense gratification and encouragement to everyone.

"In regard to what we should like if it is available in the shape of guns and ammunition, please see my No. M.F. 444, of 13th July, which still holds good. As to the final paragraph of your No. 6583, I did not realize that you were stopping supplies to France in order to give us full output, since a fortnight ago your No. 6234 stated that it was then impossible for you to send the ammunition I asked for, and that it would be impossible to continue supplies even on a much lower scale, since it would involve the reduction of supplies to France. Naturally, I have always realized that you, and not I, must judge of the comparative importance of the demands from the Dardanelles and from France.

"With regard to numbers, the grand total you mention does not take into account non-effectives or casualties; it includes reinforcements such as LIVth and part of the LIIIrd Divisions, etc., which cannot be here in time for my operation, and it also includes Yeomanry and Indian troops which, until this morning, I was unaware were at my unreserved disposal. For the coming operation, the number of rifles available is about half the figure you quote, viz., 120,000. I am only anxious, in emphasizing this point, to place the statement regarding my strength on the correct basis, and one which gives a true view of the position.

"What I want in a hurry is as much additional high explosive shell as you can send me up to amounts asked for in my No. M.F. 444, and as many of the 4.5-inch and 6-inch howitzers asked for in that telegram as there is ammunition for. I am despatching a ship immediately, and its time of arrival at Marseilles will be telegraphed later.

"With regard to sending the IInd Mounted Division unmounted, I am at once telegraphing Maxwell to obtain his views."

The Mail bag went out this morning.

Hankey is now busy going over the Peninsula. I have not seen much of him. A G.S. Officer has been told off to help him along and to see that he does not get into trouble. I am not going to dry nurse him. He showed me of his own free will a copy of a personal cable he had sent to Lord Kitchener in which he says, speaking of his first visit to Anzac, "Australians are superbly confident and spoiling for a fight." This is exactly true and I feel it is good that one who has the ear of the insiders should say it. I wrote Wolfe Murray a week ago that he was a successor to those Commissioners who were sent out by the French Republic in its early days. Actually, I am very glad to have him. Lies are on the wing, and he, armed with the truth, will be able to knock some of them out hereafter when he meets them in high places.

I have been bothered as to how to answer a letter from a statesman for whom I cherish great respect, who has always been very kind to me and whom I like very much. He writes:—

"It may interest you to know the Cabinet has entrusted the superintendence of the Dardanelles business to a comparatively small and really strong committee drawn equally from the two parties. We most thoroughly understand the extreme difficulty of your task and the special conditions of the problem in front of you and the Admiral. All we ask from you is complete confidence and the exact truth. We are not babes and we can digest strong meat. Do not think that we ever want anything unpleasant concealed from us, nor do we want you ever to swerve one hair's breadth from your own exact judgment in putting the case before us, certainly never

on the pleasant side; if you ever swerve pray do so on the unpleasant side....
If you want more ammunition say so...."

"Could you eat a bun, my boy?" said the old gentleman to the little boy looking in at the shop window. "Could I eat ten thousand b ... buns and the baker who baked them?" So the dear little fellow answered. If I want more ammunition indeed? If ...? I fear the "comparatively small and really strong committee." They fairly frighten me. There they sit, all wishing us well, all evidently completely bamboozled. "If you want more ammunition, say so!" Anyway, my friend means me well but my path is perfectly clear; I have only one Chief—K.—and I correspond with no one but him, or his Staff, whether on the subject of ammunition or anything else....

As to the letter, I know it is entirely kind, genuine and inspired by the one idea of helping me. But I've got to say no thank you in some unmistakable manner. So I have replied:—

"I am grateful for your reassuring remarks about your Committee having confidence in my humble self. For my part I have confidence in the *moral* of my troops and in the devotion of the Navy which are the two great and splendid assets amidst this shifting kaleidoscope of the factors and possibilities of war.

"I am not quite sure that I clearly understand your meaning about cabling home the exact truth. Is there any occasion on which I have failed to do so? I should be very sorry indeed to think I had consciously or unconsciously misled anyone by my cables. There is always, of course, the broad spirit of a cable which depends on the temperament of the sender. It is either tinged with hope or it has been dictated by one who fears the worst. If you mean that you would prefer a pessimistic tone given to my appreciations, then I am afraid you will have to get another General."

30th July, 1915. Gascoigne of "Q" branch lunched. On getting news of the decisive victory on the Euphrates I caused a *feu de joie* to be fired precisely at 5 p.m. by all the troops on the Peninsula. At the appointed hour I walked up the cliff's edge whence I clearly heard the roll of fire. The question of

whether musketry sounds will carry so far is settled. Evidently the Turks have taken up the challenge for it was quite a long time before the distant rumbling died away. In the cool of the evening took a walk. Commandant Bertier and la Borde dined.

Stopford, now commanding at Helles, has endorsed a report from the Commander of the 42nd East Lancs Division saying that out of a draft of 45 recruits just come from home three have been cast as totally unfit and nine as permanently unfit through blindness. Stopford says that he can't understand this, as the second line Battalion, from which these poor fellows were selected, contained good soldiers and tall fellows quite lately when they were under his command in England. Have cabled the facts home; also the following, showing the result of the Admiralty's attitude towards their own Naval Division now Winston has departed:—

"(No. M.F. 505). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to War Office. The effective strength of the Marine Brigade is now reduced to 50 officers and 1,890 rank and file. In addition, only five battalions, Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve Battalions, are now remaining in the Division, as the Anson Battalion has been withdrawn for special work in connection with the forthcoming operations. Moreover, 300 men, stokers, from this division have been handed over to the Navy for work in auxiliary vessels, see my telegram No. M.F.A. 1377, of 11th July. I have consequently decided to reduce the division to eight battalions and to reorganize it into two brigades as a temporary measure. Can you give me any idea when the reinforcements for this division are likely to be despatched and when they may be expected here? I should like to see the division again at its strength of 12 battalions, and do not want to lose it, as it contains a very valuable war-trained nucleus, but unless it is brought under army administration, it does not appear likely that it can be maintained."

31st July, 1915. Imbros. Quiet day spent in trying to clear my table before sailing for Mitylene to see the new Irish Division. The grand army with which some War Office genius credited us appear to have served their purpose. At our challenge they have now taken to their heels like Falstaff's

eleven rogues in buckram suits. The S. of S. (cabling this time as "I" and not as "We,") says, "it is not worth while trying to reconcile numbers by cable and it is difficult to make up accurate states."

Do not let me forget, though, that a slice of solid stuff is sandwiched into this cable—we are to get some 4.5 shell *via* Marseilles; H.E. we hope: also, two batteries of 4.5 howitzers: also that the A.G. has been trying hard to feed the 29th Division. The Territorials are the people who are being allowed to go to pot—not a word of hope even, and before the eyes of everyone.

1st August, 1915. Imbros. The usual rush before leaving. No time to write. Sent two cables, copies attached. The first to the War Office, in answer to one from the A.G. wherein he plumes himself upon the completeness of the 29th Division. That completeness, alas, is only so relatively; i.e., in comparison with the sinking condition of the Territorial Divisions:—

"We are deeply grateful to you for the drafts you have despatched for the XXIXth Division as the fighting existence of that fine formation has been prolonged by their timely arrival, but I fear that you are very wide of the mark in your assumption that these drafts have completed the Division.

"As I have ventured to point out incessantly since my arrival here, constant large numbers of casualties must occur between the demands for and the arrival of drafts owing to the length of the sea voyage. It was for this very plain reason that it was doubly necessary to have here the 10 per cent. margin granted in the case of battalions going to France. We must always be considerably under establishment in the absence of some such margin.

"I fully realize, in saying this, that it may be quite impossible to meet such demands as I suggest, but I feel bound to let you know the only possible terms on which any unit in this force can ever be up to establishment.

"At the present moment, excluding 1,700 drafts coming on *Simla* and *Themistocles*, the actual infantry strength of the XXIXth Division is 219 officers and 8,424 other ranks."

The second cable is to K. The War Office Army has melted into thin air and it only remains to express my heartfelt thanks for the real Army:—

"With reference to your No. 6645. Very many thanks. You have done everything for us that man can do. The ship will probably not reach me in time but since I know that the ammunition is actually *en route* for me, and that it will (D.V.) arrive, I need not husband what we have, but can fire freely if I see great results thus obtainable. The Turk, at any rate, where he knows that he is fighting for Constantinople, is a stubborn fighter, and the difficulty is not so much in the taking of positions as in the maintaining of them.

"Hence the extra ammunition you are sending me will come in the nick of time. The ship will arrive at Marseilles 7 p.m. 4th August, as I telegraphed to the Quartermaster-General yesterday. Many thanks for the two batteries of 4.5-inch howitzers, they are worth their weight in gold to us."

At 5 p.m. embarked on H.M.S. *Chatham* (Captain Drury Lowe) with George Lloyd of the General Staff and young Brodrick. At 6 p.m. sailed for Mitylene.

2nd August, 1915. H.M.S. "Chatham," Mitylene. We opened Mitylene Harbour at 5.30 a.m. So narrow was the entrance, and so hidden, that at first it looked as if the *Chatham* was charging the cliffs; next as if her long guns must entangle themselves in the flowering bushes on either side of the channel; then, as we sailed out over a bay like a big turquoise, I felt as though we were at peace with all men, making a pilgrimage to the home of Sappho, and that we had left far behind us these giant wars. But only for a moment!

After early breakfast, where I met Captain Grant of H.M.S. *Canopus*, left in a steam pinnace to inspect the 30th Brigade under Brigadier-General Hill.

Inspected:—

H.M.T. *Alaudia*, 9.30 a.m.
6th Royal Dublin Fusiliers,

7th Royal Dublin Fusiliers,
Col G. Downing, 7th R.D.F., in command.

H.M.T. *Andania*, 10.30 a.m.
6th R. Inniskilling Fusiliers,
5th Royal Irish Fusiliers,
Lt.-Col. M. Pike, 5th R.I.F., in command.

H.M.T. *Canada*, 11.30 a.m.
6th Royal Irish Fusiliers,
Lt.-Col. F. A. Greer in command.

H.M.T. *Novian*, 12 p.m.
5th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers,
Lt.-Col. H. Vanrennan in command.

The Royal Irish Fusiliers and Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers had not got back on board ship by the time I was ready for them, so I hurried off by motor launch to a landing in another part of the Bay and, walking through a village, caught them resting by their piled arms after a route march. All of these men looked very well and cheery. The villagers were most friendly and had turned out in numbers, bringing presents of flowers and fruit. Not more than 60 per cent. of the men are Irish, the rest being either North of England miners or from Somerset.

In the evening, crossed the glassy bay and motored to pay a double-barrelled visit to the Military and Civil Governors. Topping the watershed, yet another pleasure shock. Through the sea haze Mitylene shines out like an iridescent bubble of light. Never had I seen anything so vivid in its colour and setting as this very ancient, very small, very brilliant city of Mitylene. Rio de Janeiro, Sydney, the Golden Horn are sprawling daubs to flawless Mitylene.

Hesketh Smith and Compton Mackenzie were with us. The Governors very polite. The soldier man is a Cretan and seemed a good sort. We took tea at the Hotel and then made our way back to the *Chatham*. Found messages from G.H.Q. to say all's well and stuff being smuggled in without hitch at Anzac. At 7 p.m. we sailed for Imbros; a breeze from the West whipping up

little waves into cover for enemy periscopes. So the moment we left the harbour we took on a corkscrew course, dodging and twisting like snipe in an Irish bog, to avoid winding up our trip in the dark belly of a German submarine. Soon emerged from the sea a huge piled up white cloud, white and clear cut at first as the breast of a swan upon a blue lake, slowly turning to deep rose colour flecked here and there with gold. As it swallowed up the last lingering colours of the sunset, the world grew grey, then black, and we were, humanly speaking, safe.

3rd August, 1915. Imbros. Anchored at Imbros roadstead 5.30 a.m. Braithwaite not up yet so Altham got first innings about transport and supply.

Next the G.S. All our preliminaries are working on quite smoothly towards the climax and, so far, it seems likely the Turks have no notion of the scheme.

Girodon steamed over from Helles to see me and went back again in the evening. He is the mirror of French chivalry, modesty and good form, besides being an extraordinary fine soldier.

The 33rd Brigade, sent by me to gain wisdom at Helles, have now been brought here so that the whole 11th Division can start off together.

Just as the peculiar foggy air of Lancashire is essential to the weaving of the finer sorts of tissues, so an atmosphere of misunderstandings would really seem to suit the War Office.

In the cable telling me I would have 205,000 troops for my push, the S. of S. had informed me categorically that the 8,500 Yeomanry and mounted troops in Egypt, as well as 11,500 Indian troops and the Artillery stationed there *were mine*.

As the present garrison of Egypt numbers over 70,000 and as the old peace garrison of Egypt was 5,000 and as, further, there is no question of serious attack on Egypt from outside, it seemed to us there might be men in this part of the message. Leaving the Indian troops out of the account, for the moment, I therefore wired to Maxwell and asked him if he thought he would be able to organize a *portion* of the 8,500 mounted men, in order that, at a pinch, they might be able to come and reinforce us here. So the

matter stood when I got another cable from the S. of S. telling me 5,000 drafts are "*en route* or under orders" to join the 29th Division and that the War Office are "unable to carry out your views about additional marginal drafts." S. of S. then goes on:—

"Maxwell wires that you are taking 300 officers and 5,000 men of his mounted troops. I do not quite understand why you require Egyptian Garrison troops while you have the LIIIrd Division at Alexandria, and the LIVth, the last six battalions of which are arriving in five or six days, on the *Aquitania*.

"When I placed the Egyptian Garrison at your disposal to reinforce at the Dardanelles in case of necessity, Maxwell pointed out that Egypt would be left very short, and I replied that you would only require them in case of emergency for a short time, and that the risk must be run. I did not contemplate, however, that you would take troops from the Egyptian Garrison until those sent specially for you were exhausted. How long will you require Maxwell's troops, and where do you intend to send them? They should only be removed from Egypt for actual operations and for the shortest possible time."

We may read this cable wrong but it seems to us to embody a topsy-turvy tactic! To wait till one part of your forces are killed off (for that is the plain English of "exhausted") before you bring up the other part of your forces.

It is not easy to know what to do. The very best we can do, it sometimes seems to me, is to keep quiet rather than add one iota to the anxieties of people staggering under a load of responsibilities and cares. In the good old days the Gordons fought in two decisive battles in two Continents within a few months and no one worried the War Office about drafts! The 92nd carried on—had to carry on; they fell to quarter strength—still they were the Gordons and they carried on, just as if they counted a thousand rifles in their ranks. Now, I am quite prepared to do that to-day—*if that is the policy*. If that *were* the policy; not one grouse or grumble should ever cross my lips. But that is *not* the policy. Press and People believe a Division is a unit

made up in scientific proportions of different branches and numbering a certain number of rifles. They are told so; the War Office keep telling them so; they believe it, and, in fact, it is an absolute necessity of this modern trench war that it should be so. Although the Gordons got no *drafts* between the battle of Kandahar and the battle of Majuba Hill, they got six months' *rest*; which was even better. In those days, apart from sieges, a battle was an event, here it is the rest or respite that is an event. Even British soldiers can't stick day and night fighting for ever. The attack spirit begins to ebb *unless* it is fed with fresh blood. Whether K.'s mind, big with broad views, grasps this new factor with which he has never himself come into personal contact, God knows. But for his sake, every bit as much as for my own, it is up to me to keep hammering, hammering, hammering at drafts, drafts, drafts.

Dined with the ever hospitable and kind hearted de Robeck on *Triad*. The Navy are still divided. Some there are who would wish me to urge the Admiral to play first fiddle in the coming attack. This *I will not do*. I have neither the data nor the technical knowledge which would justify me to my conscience in doing so.

4th August, 1915. Imbros. Have been out seeing the New Army at work. Some of the XIth Division were practising boat work in the evening and afterwards a Brigade started upon a night march into the mountains. The men are fit, although just beginning to be infected with the Eastern Mediterranean stomach trouble; i.e., the so-called cholera, which saved Constantinople from the Bulgarians in the last war.

5th August, 1915. Imbros. The day so longed for is very near now. O that it had come at the period of our victories! But there is time enough still, and the first moves of the plan are working smooth as oiled machinery. For the past few nights there has been steady flow into Anzac of troops, including a Division of the New Army. This has taken place, without any kind of hitch, under the very noses of the Turkish Army who have no inkling of the manœuvre—as yet! The Navy are helping us admirably here with their organization and good sea discipline. Also, from what they tell me, Shaw and the 13th Division of the New Army are playing up with the clockwork regularity of veterans. All this marks us up many points to the good, before even the flag drops. For, given the fine troops we have, the prime factors of the whole conception; the factors by which it stands or falls; are:—

(1) Our success in hoodwinking the Turks; i.e., surprise.

(2) Our success in getting the 13th Division and the Indian Brigade unnoticed into Anzac.

(3) Our success in landing the Divisions from Imbros, Lemnos and Mitylene, at moments fixed beforehand, upon an unknown, unsurveyed, uncharted shore of Suvla. Of these three factors (1) and (2) may already be entered to our credit; (3) is on the knees of the Navy.

The day before the start is the worst day for a Commander. The operation overhangs him as the thought of another sort of operation troubles the minds of sick men in hospitals. There is nothing to distract him; he has made his last will and testament; his affairs are quite in order; he has said *au revoir* to his friends with what cheeriness he can muster. Looking back, it seems to me that during two months every conceivable contingency has been anticipated and weighed and that the means of dealing with it as it may arise is now either:—embodied in our instructions to Corps Commanders, or else, set aside as pertaining to my own jurisdiction and responsibility. To my thinking, in fact, these instructions of ours illustrate the domain of G.H.Q. on the one hand and the province of the Corps Commander on the other very typically. The General Staff are proud of their work. Nothing; not a nosebag nor a bicycle has been left to chance.^[1]

Davies and Diggle, his A.D.C., lunched and the Admiral came to haul me out for a walk about 6 p.m.

Have written K. by this evening's Mail bag about the sickness of the Australians, and indeed of all the troops here, excepting only the native Indian troops, and also about our Medical *band-o-bast* for the battle. No question about it, the Dardanelles was the theatre of all others for our Indian troops.

Have now seen all the New Army units except six Battalions of the 10th Division.

French has written me a very delightful letter.

CHAPTER XV

SARI BAIR AND SUVLA

6th August, 1915. Imbros. O! God of Bethel, by whose hand thy people still are fed,—I am wishing the very rare wish,—that it was the day after to-morrow. Men or mice we will be by then, but I'd like to know which. K.'s New Army, too! How will they do? What do they think? They speak—and with justice—of the spirit of the Commander colouring the *moral* of his men, but I have hardly seen them, much less taken their measure. One more week and we would have known something at first hand. Now, except that the 13th Division and the 33rd Brigade gained good opinions at Helles, all is guess work.

Went down to "K" Beach to see the 11th Division go off. Young Brodrick, who was with us, proved himself much all there on the crowded pier and foreshore; very observant; telling me who or what I had not noticed, etc. First the destroyers were filling up and then the lighters. The young Naval Officers in charge of the lighters were very keen to show me how they had fixed up their reserves of ammunition and water. Spent quite a time at this and talking to Hammersley and Malcolm, his G.S.O. (1); also to Coleridge, G.S.O. (2), and to no end of Regimental Officers and men. Hammersley has been working too hard; at least he looked it; also, for the occasion, rather glum. Quite natural; but I always remember Wolseley's remark about the moral stimulus exerted by the gay staff officer and his large cigar. The occasion! Yes, each man to his own temperament. Some pray before battle; others dance and drink. The memory of Cromwell prevails over that of Prince Rupert with most Englishmen but Prince Rupert, *per se*, usually prevailed over Cromwell. To your adventurous soldier; to our heroes, Bobs, Sir Evelyn, Garnet Wolseley, Charles Gordon (great psalm-singer though he was) an occasion like to-night's holds the same intoxicating mixture of danger and desire as fills the glass of the boy bridegroom when he raises it to the health of his enigma in a veil. But I don't know how it is; I used to feel like that; now I too am terribly anxious. Disappointed not to see Stopford nor Reed. They were to have been there. Besides the men on the

beetles there are men packed like herrings upon the decks of the destroyers. I had half a mind to cruise round in the motor launch and say a few words to them Elandslaagte fashion, but was held back by feeling that the rank and file don't know me and that there was too long an interval before the entry into the danger zone.

The sea was like glass—melted; blue green with a dull red glow in it: the air seemed to have been boiled. Officers and men gave me the "feel" of being "for it" though over serious for British soldiers who always, in my previous experience, have been extraordinarily animated and gay when they are advancing "on a Koppje day." These new men seem subdued when I recall the blaze of enthusiasm in which the old lot started out of Mudros harbour on that April afternoon.



SUVLA FROM CHUNUK BAIR

The *moral* of troops about to enter into battle supplies a splendid field of research for students of the human soul, for then the blind wall set in everyday intercourse between Commander and commanded seems to become brittle as crystal and as transparent. Only for a few moments—last moments for so many? But, during those moments, the gesture of the General means so much—it strikes the attitude of his troops. It is up to Stopford and Hammersley to make those gestures. Stopford was not there, and is not the type; Hammersley is not that type either. How true it is that age, experience, wisdom count for less than youth, magnetism and love of danger when inexperience has to be heartened for the struggle.

Strolled back slowly along the beach, and, at 8.30, in the gathering dusk, saw the whole flotilla glide away and disappear ghostlike to the

Northwards. The empty harbour frightens me. Nothing in legend stranger or more terrible than the silent departure of this silent Army, K.'s new Corps, every mother's son of them, face to face with their fate.

But it will never do to begin the night's vigil in this low key. Capital news from the aeroplanes. Samson has sent in photographs taken yesterday, showing the Suvla Bay area. Not more than 100 to 150 yards of trenches in all; half a dozen gun emplacements and, the attached report adds, no Turks anywhere on the move.

7th August, 1915. Imbros. Sitting in my hut after a night in the G.S. tent. One A.D.C. remains over there. As the cables come in he runs across with them. Freddie Maitland runs fast. I am watching to see his helmet top the ridge of sand that lies between. The 9th Corps has got ashore; some scrapping along the beaches but no wire or hold-up like there was at Sedd-el-Bahr: that in itself is worth fifty million golden sovereigns. The surprise has come off!

I'd sooner storm a hundred bloody trenches than dangle at the end of this wire. But now, thank God, the deadliest of the perils is past. The New Army are fairly ashore. That worst horror of searchlights and of the new troops being machine gunned in their boats has lifted its dark shadow.

At Anzac, the most formidable entrenchment of the Turks, "Lone Pine," was stormed yesterday evening by the Australian 1st Brigade; a desperate fine feat. At midnight Birdie cabled, "All going on well on right where men confident of repelling counter-attack now evidently being prepared: on left have taken Old No. 3 Post and first ridge of Walden Point, capturing machine gun: progress satisfactory, though appallingly difficult: casualties uncertain but on right about 100 killed; 400 wounded."

At Helles a temporary success was scored, but, during the early part of the night, counter-attacks have brought us back to "as you were." Fighting is going on and we ought to be pinning the enemy to the South which is the main thing.

From Suvla we have no direct news since the "All landings successful" cable but we have the repetition of a wireless from G.H.Q. IXth Corps to the Vice-Admiral at 7.58 a.m. saying, "Prisoners captured state no fresh

troops have arrived recently and forces opposed to us appear to be as estimated by G.H.Q. Apparently one Regiment only was opposed to our advance on left."

I have caused this cable to be sent to Stopford:—

"4.20 p.m. G.H.Q. to 9th Corps. Have only received one telegram from you. Chief glad to hear enemy opposition weakening and knows you will take advantage of this to push on rapidly. Prisoners state landing a surprise so take every advantage before you are forestalled."

8th August, 1915. Imbros. Another night on tenter hooks: great news: a wireless from a warship to tell us the Suvla troops are up on the foothills: two cables from Stopford: many messages from Anzac and Helles.

"2.12 a.m. IXth Corps to G.H.Q. As far as can be ascertained 33rd Brigade hold line the sea about 91.I.9 to Suvla East corner^[2] of Salt Lake to Lala Baba inclusive. North of Salt Lake 31st and 32nd Brigade extended East of Asmak 117.U. preparatory. 34th Brigade advancing having followed retreating enemy towards line diagonally across 117.X. and 117.D. One battalion latter Brigade occupy high ground about square 135.X."

"5.10 a.m. IXth Corps to G.H.Q. Yilghin Burnu is in our hands. No further information."

Awful work at Lone Pine. Desperate counter-attacks by enemy, but now Birdie thinks we are there to stay. Bulk of Turkish reserves engaged there whilst Godley's New Zealanders and the new 13th Division under Shaw are well up the heights and have carried Chunuk Bair. Koja Chemen Tepe not yet; but Chunuk Bair will do: with that, we win!

At Helles we have pushed out again and the East Lancs Division have gallantly stormed the Vineyard which they hold. The Turks are making mighty counter-attacks but their columns have been cut to pieces by the thin lines of the Lancashire Fusiliers. Neither from Helles nor from the Southern

area of Anzac are the enemy likely to spare men to reinforce Sari Bair or Suvla.

At 11.30 I ordered the *Arno* for mid-day sharp. Then happened one of those aquatic incidents which lend an atmosphere all their own to amphibious war. Rear-Admiral Nicholson, in local naval command here, had ordered the *Arno* to fill up her boilers. Some hitch arose, some d—d amphibious hitch. Thereupon, without telling me, he ordered the Commander of the *Arno* to draw fires, so that, when my signal was sent, a reply came from the Rear-Admiral saying he was sorry I should be inconvenienced, but he thought it best to order the fires to be drawn; otherwise the boilers might have suffered. When, at a crisis, a boiler walks into the middle of his calculations, a soldier is simply—boiled! I could not altogether master my irritation, and I wrote out a reply saying this was not a question of convenience or inconvenience but one of preventing a Commander-in-Chief from exercising his functions during battle. I sent the signal down to the signal tent and about an hour later Braithwaite came over and said he had taken it upon himself to tone it down.^[3] Just as well, perhaps, but here I was, marooned upon an island!

No other ship could be signalled. As a rule there was a destroyer on patrol about Helles which could be called up by wireless, but to-day there was no getting hold of it. I began to be afraid we should not get away till dark when, at about 3.30 p.m. Nicholson signalled that the *Triad* was sailing for Suvla at 4.15 p.m., and would I care to go in her, the *Arno* following after she had watered. We were off like a shot, young Brodrick, Captain Anstey and myself for Suvla. Braithwaite remained to carry on with Anzac and Helles. The moment I quit my post I drop out and he takes up the reins. His hands are capable—fortunately! To-day's cables before I left were right from Helles; splendid from Anzac and nothing further from Suvla.^[4]

As we sailed in, that bay, always till now so preternaturally deserted and silent, was alive and bustling with ships and small craft. A launch came along from the *Chatham* and I jumped in whilst we were still going pretty fast and shot off to see de Robeck. He seemed to think things naval were going pretty well and that Rear-Admiral Christian had been coping quite well with his share, but suggested that, as he was under a severe strain, I had better leave him alone. As to the soldiers' show, he said what Turks

were on the ground, and there weren't many, had been well beaten—but—but—*but*; and all I could get him to say was that although he was well aware the fighting at Helles and Anzac demanded my closest attention; still, that was in practised hands and he had felt bound to wireless to beg me to come up to Suvla and see things for myself.

Roger Keyes said then that the landings had come off, on the whole, A.1. Our G.H.Q. idea, which the Navy had shared, that the whole of the troops should be landed South of Lala Baba had been sound. The 33rd Brigade had landed there without shot fired; the 32nd had been sharply, but not very seriously opposed; the Brigade (the 34th) which we, to meet the wish of the Corps, had tried to land for them opposite Hill 10 inside the Bay, instead of with the others as we had originally arranged, had only been able to find depth at the mouth of the Salt Lake; had suffered loss from rifle fire and had been thrown into disorder by the grounding of some lighters. The long wade through the water and mud had upset the cohesion of the Brigade.

Aspinall now turned up. He was in a fever; said our chances were being thrown away with both hands and that he had already cabled me strongly to that effect. Neither the Admiral's message nor Aspinall's had reached me.^[5]

Not another moment was to be lost, so Keyes took us both in his motor boat to H.M.S. *Jonquil* to see Stopford. He (Stopford) seemed happy and said that everything was quite all right and going well. Mahon with some of his troops was pressing back the Turks along Kiretch Tepe Sirt. There had been a very stiff fight in the darkness at Lala Baba and next morning the Turks had fought so hard on a little mound called Hill 10 that he (Stopford) had been afraid we were not going to be able to take it at all. However, it had been taken, but there was great confusion and hours of delay in deploying for the attack of the foothills. They were easily carried in the end but by that time the men were so thirsty and tired that they did not follow up the beaten enemy.

"And where are they now?" I asked.

"There," he replied, "along the foot of the hills," and he pointed out the line, north to south.

"But they held that line, more or less, yesterday," I said.

"Yes," said Stopford, and he went on to explain that the Brigadiers had been called upon to gain what ground they could without serious fighting but that, actually, they had not yet occupied any dominating tactical point. The men had been very tired; he had not been able to get water up to them or land his guns as quickly as he had hoped. Therefore, he had decided to postpone the occupation of the ridge (which might lead to a regular battle) until next morning.

"A regular battle is just exactly what we are here for" was what I was inclined to say, but what I did say was that most of this was news to me; that he should have instantly informed me of his decision that he could not obey my cabled order of yesterday afternoon to "push on rapidly." Stopford replied that he had only made up his mind within the past hour or so; that he had just got back from the shore and was going to send me a full message when I arrived.

Now, what was to be done? The Turks were so quiet it seemed to me certain they must have taken the knock-out. All along the beaches, and inland too, no end of our men were on the move, offering fine targets. The artillery which had so long annoyed Anzac used to fire from behind Ismail Oglu Tepe; i.e., within point blank range of where our men were now strolling about in crowds. Yet not a single shell was being fired. Either, the enemy's guns had been run back over the main ridge to save them; or, the garrison of Ismail Oglu Tepe was so weak and shaken that they were avoiding any move which might precipitate a conflict.

I said to Stopford, "We must occupy the heights at once. It is imperative we get Ismail Oglu Tepe and Tekke Tepe *now!*" To this he raised objections. He doubted whether the troops had got their water yet; he and Reed were agreed we ought to get more guns ashore; the combination of naval and military artillery was being worked out for the morning; orders would all have to be re-written. He added that, whilst agreeing with me on principle as to the necessity for pushing on, there were many tactical reasons against it, especially the attitude of his Generals who had told him their men were too tired. I thought to myself of the many, many times Lord Bobs, French, every leader of note has had to fight that same *non possumus*; of the old days when half the victory lay in the moral effort which could impel men half dead with hunger, thirst and sleeplessness to push along. A cruel,

pitiless business, but so is war itself. Was it not the greatest of soldiers who said his Marshals could always find ten good reasons for putting off an attack till next day!

So I said I would like to see the G.O.C. Division and the Brigadiers personally so as to get a better grip of things than we could on board ship in harbour. Stopford agreed; nothing, he said, would please him more than if I could succeed where he had failed, but would I excuse him from accompanying me; he had not been very fit; he had just returned from a visit to the shore and he wanted to give his leg a chance. He pointed out Hammersley's Headquarters about 400 yards off and said he, Hammersley, would be able to direct me to the Brigades.

So I nipped down the *Jonquil's* ladder; tumbled into Roger Keyes' racing motor boat and with him and Aspinall we simply shot across the water to Lala Baba. Every moment was priceless. I had not been five minutes on the *Jonquil* and in another two I was with Hammersley.

Under the low cliffs by the sea was a small half-moon of beach about 100 by 40 yards. At the North end of the half-moon was Hammersley. Asked to give me an idea of the situation he gave me much the same story as Stopford. The 9th West Yorks and 6th Yorks had done A.1 storming Lala Baba in the dark. There had been marching and counter-marching in the move on Hill 10. The Brigadier had not been able to get a grip of his Battalions to throw them at it in proper unison and form. A delay of precious hours had been caused in the attack on Yilghin Burnu by a Brigadier who wanted to go forward finding himself at cross purposes with a Brigadier who thought it better to hold back. At present all was peaceful and he expected a Staff Officer at any moment with a sketch showing the exact disposition of his troops. He could not, he feared, point me out the Brigade Headquarters on the ground. The general line held followed the under features of the hills.

Malcolm, G.S.O.1, was then called and came up from the far end of the little beach. He was in the act of fixing up orders for next morning's attack. I told both Officers that there had never been a greater crisis in any battle than the one taking place as we spoke. They were naturally pleased at having got ashore and to have defeated the Turks on the shore, but they

must not fly away with the idea that with time and patience everything would pan out very nicely. On the contrary, it was imperative, absolutely imperative, we should occupy the heights before the enemy brought back the guns they had carried off and before they received the reinforcements which were marching at that very moment to their aid. This was no guess: it *was* so: our aeroplanes had spotted Turks marching upon us from the North. We might be too late now; anyway our margin was of the narrowest.

Hammersley assured me that sheer thirst, and the exhaustion of the troops owing to thirst, had been the only reason why he had not walked on to Ismail Oglu Tepe last night. After Yilghin Burnu had been carried, there was nothing to prevent the occupation of the heights as the Turks had been beat, but no one could fight against thirst.

I asked him how the water question stood. He said it had been solved by the landing of more mules; there was no longer any serious supply trouble. All the troops were now watered, fed and rested. They had been told they should gain as much ground as they could without committing themselves to a general action, but they had not, in fact, made much progress. Thereupon, I pressed again my view that the Division should get on to the ridge forthwith. Let the Brigade-Majors, I said, pick out a few of their freshest companies and get on to the crest right now. Hammersley still clung to the view that he could not get any of his troops under weigh before daylight next morning. The units were scattered; no reconnaissance had been made of the ground to their front; that ground was jungly and blind; it would be impossible to get orders round the whole Division in time to let the junior ranks study them. Hammersley's points were made in a proper and soldierly manner. Every General of experience would be with him in each of them, but there was one huge danger rapidly approaching us; already casting its shadow upon us, which, to me as Commander-in-Chief, outweighed every secondary objection. We might have the hills at the cost of walking up them to-day; the Lord only knew what would be the price of them to-morrow. Helles and Anzac were both holding the Turks to their own front, but from Asia and Bulair the enemy were on the march. Once our troops dug themselves in on the crest no number of Turks would be able to shift them. But; if the Turks got there first? If, as Colonel Malcolm said, it was impossible to get orders round the Division in time,—a surprising statement—was there no body of troops—no Divisional reserve—no

nothing—which could be used for the purpose of marching a couple of miles? Seemingly, there was no reserve! Never, in all my long soldiering had I been faced with ideas like these. I have seen attack orders dictated to a Division from the saddle in less than five minutes. Here was a victorious Division, rested and watered, said to be unable to bestir itself, even feebly, with less than twelve hours' notice! This was what I felt and although I did not say it probably I looked it, for Malcolm now qualified the original *non possumus* by saying that although the Irish and the 33rd and 34th Brigades could not be set in motion before daylight, the 32nd Brigade, which was concentrated round about Sulajik, would be ready to move at short notice.

The moment had now come for making up my mind. I did so, and told Hammersley in the most distinct terms that I wished this Brigade to advance *at once and dig themselves in on the crestline*.^[6] If the Brigade could fix themselves upon the heights overlooking Anafarta Sagir they would make the morning advance easy for their comrades and would be able to interfere with and delay the Turkish reinforcements which might try and debouch between the two Anafartas during the night or march down upon Suvla from the North. Viewed from the sea or studied in a map there might be some question of this hill, or that hill, but, on the ground it was clear to half an eye that Tekke Tepe was the key to the whole Suvla Bay area. If by dawn, I said, even one Company of ours was well entrenched on the Tekke Tepe height we should have the whip hand of the enemy in the opening moves next morning.

Hammersley said he understood my order and that the advance should be put in hand at once. Malcolm hurried off; I left a little before 6.30 and went, *via the Chatham*, back to the *Triad*. The *Arno* had by now come in, but de Robeck has kindly asked me not to shift quarters if Anzac and Helles troubles will permit me to stay the night at Suvla.

All was dead quiet ashore till 11 p.m. I was on the bridge until then and, seeing and hearing nothing, felt sure the Brigade had made good Tekke Tepe and were now digging themselves in.

Captain Brody dined. The scraps of news picked up from the sailormen, mainly by young Brodrick, confirm what the soldiers had told us about the landing inside Suvla Bay along the narrow strip of land West of the Salt

Lake. The attacks on Hill 10 went to pieces, not against the Turks, but by mishap. The first assault made by one or two Companies succeeded, but the assailants were taken for Turks and were attacked in turn and driven off by others of our men. A most distressing affair.

If there was hesitation and mix-up in the general handling, the Regimental folk atoned and there were many incidents of initiative and daring on the part of battalions and companies.

Mahon with some of his Irish and a Manchester Battalion are fighting well and clearing Kiretch Tepe Sirt. Until this morning bullets from that ridge were falling on "A" Beach; now the working parties are not in any way disturbed.

9th August, 1915. Imbros. With the first streak of dawn I was up on the bridge with my glasses. The hills are so covered with scrub that it was hard to see what was going on in that uncertain light, but the heavyish shrapnel fire was a bad sign and the fact that the enemy's guns were firing from a knoll a few hundred yards East of Anafarta Sagir was proof that our troops were not holding Tekke Tepe. But the Officer of the Watch said that the small hours passed quietly; no firing ashore during the hours of darkness. Could not make head or tail of it!

As the light grew stronger some of ours could be seen pushing up the western slopes of the long spur running out South-west from Anafarta. The scrub was so thick that they had to climb together and follow-my-leader along what appeared to be cattle tracks up the hill. On our right all seemed going very well. Looking through naval telescopes we thought—we all thought—Ismail Oglu Tepe height was won. Very soon the shrapnel got on to those bunches of men on our left and there was something like a stampede from North to South. Looking closer we could see the enemy advancing behind their own bursting shrapnel and rolling up our line from the left on to the centre. Oh for the good "Queen Bess," her high command, and her 15-inch shrapnel! One broadside and these Turks would go scampering down to Gehenna. The enemy counter-attack was coming from the direction of Tekke Tepe and moving over the foothills and plain on Sulajik. Our centre made a convulsive effort (so it seemed) to throw back the steadily advancing Turks; three or four companies (they looked like)

moved out from the brush about Sulajik and tried to deploy. But the shrapnel got on to these fellows also and I lost sight of them. Then about 6 a.m., the whole lot seemed suddenly to collapse:—including the right! Not only did they give ground but they came back—some of them—half-way to the sea. But others made a stand. The musketry fire got very heavy. The enemy were making a supreme effort. The Turkish shell fire grew hotter and hotter. The enemy's guns seemed now to be firing not only from round about Anafarta Sagir, but also from somewhere between 113 and 101, 2,500 yards or so South-west of Anafarta. Still these fellows of ours; not more than a quarter of those on the ground at the outset—stuck it out. My heart has grown tough amidst the struggles of the Peninsula but the misery of this scene well nigh broke it. What kept me going was the sight of Sari Bair—I could not keep my eyes off the Sari Bair ridge. Guns from all sides, sea and land, Turks and British, were turned on to it and enormous explosions were sending slices off the top of the high mountain to mix with the clouds in the sky. Under that canopy our men were fighting for dear life far above us!

Between 7.30 and 8.0 the Turkish reinforcements at Suvla seemed to have got enough. They did not appear to be in any great strength: here and there they fell back: no more came up in support: evidently, they were being held: failure, not disaster, was the upshot: few things so bad they might not be worse. By 8.0 the musketry and the shelling began to slacken down although there was a good deal of desultory shooting. We were holding our own; the Welsh Division are coming in this morning; but we have not sweated blood only to hold our own; our occupation of the open key positions has been just too late! The element of surprise—wasted! The prime factor set aside for the sake of other factors! Words are no use.

Looked at from the bridge of the *Triad*—not a bad observation station—the tendency of our men to get into little groups was very noticeable: as if they had not been trained in working under fire in the open. As to the general form of our attack against the hills on our right, it seemed to be what our French Allies call *décousu*. After a whole day's rest and preparing, there might have been more form and shape about the movement. Yet it was for the sake of this form and shape that the Turkish reinforcements have been given time to get on to the heights. Our stratagems worked well, but there is a time limit set to all make-believes; the hour glass of fate was set at forty-eight hours, and now the sands have run out.

Before going over to Anzac I had to get hold of Stopford so as to hear what news had come in from Hammersley and from Mahon. If only Mahon is pushing forward to Ejelmer Bay and can occupy the high range to the East of it that would make amends for much. After breakfast, therefore, at 8.30 got into a launch and landed at Ghazi Baba with young Brodrick as my only companion. Our boat took us into a deep, narrow creek cut by nature into the sheer rock just by Ghazi Baba—a name only; there is nothing to distinguish that spot from any other. Along the beach feverish activity; stores, water, ammunition, all the wants of an army being landed. Walking up the lower slope of Kiretch Tepe Sirt, we found Stopford, about four or five hundred yards East of Ghazi Baba, busy with part of a Field Company of Engineers supervising the building of some splinter-proof Headquarters huts for himself and Staff. He was absorbed in the work, and he said that it would be well to make a thorough good job of the dug-outs as we should probably be here for a very long time. I retorted, "Devil a bit; within a day or two you will be picking the best of the Anafarta houses for your billet."

From the spot he had selected the whole of Suvla Bay and the Salt Lake lay open; also the Anafartas and Yilghin Burnu. But, being on a lower spur of Kiretch Tepe Sirt, his post was "dead" to the fighting taking place along the crest of Kiretch Tepe Sirt itself. I remarked on this and asked what news of the Irish, saying that now we were certainly forestalled at Yilghin Burnu and, apparently, on Tekke Tepe also, it was doubly essential Mahon should make a clean sweep of the ridge. Stopford said he was confident he would be able to do so, aided as he would be by the fire from the ships in the harbour—a fire which enfiladed the whole length of this feature.

As to this morning's hold up, Stopford took it philosophically, which was well so far as it went, but he seemed hardly to realize that the Turks have rushed their guns and reinforcements here from a very long way off whilst he has been creeping along at the rate of a mile a day. Stopford expected Hammersley would be in to report progress in person; he will keep me well posted in his news and he understands that the Welsh Division will be at his disposal to help the 11th Division.

As Stopford could give me no recent news from Mahon I suggested I should go and find out from him personally how matters then stood. Stopford said it was a good idea but that he himself thought it better not to

leave his Headquarters where messages kept coming in. I agreed and started with George Brodrick to scale the hill.

About half a mile up we struck a crowd of the Irish Pioneer Regiment (Granard's) filling their water bottles at a well marked on the map as Charak Cheshme. In their company we now made our way Northwards along a path through fairly thick scrub as high as a man's waist. We were moving parallel to, and about 300 yards below, the crestline of the ridge. When we had gone another mile a spattering of "overs" began to fall around like the first heavy drops of a thunderstorm. So wrapped in cotton wool is a now-a-days Commander-in-Chief that this was the first musketry fire I could claim to have come under since the beginning of the war. To sit in a trench and hear flights of bullets flop into the sandbag parapet, or pass harmlessly overhead, is hardly to be under fire. An irregular stream of Irishmen were walking up the path along with us; one of them was hit just ahead of me. He caught it in the thigh and stretcher men whipped him off in a jiffy. At last we got to a spot some 2½ miles from Suvla and had not yet been able to find Mahon. So I sat down behind a stone, somewhere about the letter "K" of Kiretch Tepe Sirt, and sent young Brodrick to espy the land. He found that we had pulled up within a couple of hundred yards of the Brigade Headquarters, where portions of the 30th, 31st and 34th Brigades (sounds very formidable but only five Battalions) were holding a spur and preparing to make an attack. General Mahon was actually in the Brigade Headquarters (a tiny ditch which only held four or five people) and came back to where I was sitting. He is angry, and small wonder, at the chaos introduced somehow into the Corps. He is commanding some of Hammersley's men and Hammersley has the bulk of his at the far extremity of the line of battle. He besought me to do my utmost to get Hill and his troops back to their own command.

I told him G.H.Q. had always understood Stopford would land his, Mahon's, two Brigades intact at A Beach. When the naval people could not find a beach at A, they, presumably with Stopford's concurrence, had most unluckily dumped them ashore several miles South at C Beach. This was the cause of the mix-up of his Division which Stopford, no doubt, would take in hand as soon as he could. Mahon seemed in fighting form. He said he could clear the whole of Kiretch Tepe Sirt, but that he did not want to lose men in making frontal attacks, so he was trying to work round South

through the thick scrub so as to shift the enemy that way. He had reckoned five or six hundred men were against him—gendarmes. But there were more than there had been at daylight. My talk with Mahon made me happier. Here, at least, was someone who had an idea of what he was doing. The main thing was to attack before more Turks came down the coast. My own idea would certainly have been to knock the Turks out by a bayonet charge—right there. So far they had not had time to dig a regular trench, only a few shallow scrapings along a natural fold of the ground. If Mahon wished to make a turning movement, then, I think, he would have been well advised to take it by the North where the ground over which he must advance was not only unentrenched and clear of brush, but also laid quite open to the supporting fire of the Fleet. But I kept these views to myself until I could see Stopford; said good-bye to Mahon and wished him luck; found Brodrick had wandered off on his own to see the fun at close quarters; legged it, all alone, down the open southern slope of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt and got down into ground less open to snipers' fire from the scrub-covered plain.^[7] Then, still quite alone, I made my way back South-west towards Ghazi Baba on Suvla Bay. After a little I was joined by two young Irish soldiers. I don't know who or what they took me for; certainly not for the Generalissimo. They came along with me and discussed identical adventures from diametrically different standpoints. One, in fact, was an optimist; the other a pessimist. One found fault with the war for not giving him enough hardship and adventure; the other was entirely fed up with adventures and hardships. This seems a trivial incident to jot down amidst issues so tremendous, but life is life, and my chat with these youngsters put some new life into me. Nearing the shore, I again struck Stopford's Headquarters, now beginning to look habitable. Braithwaite, and one or two others of my Staff turned up from Imbros at that moment. He shoved some cables into my hand and hastened off to interview Reed. Helles and Anzac have been duly warned we are both here for a few hours; all the component parts of my machine, its cranks, levers, pulleys, are assembled at Imbros, and G.H.Q. simply cannot be left under a junior much longer. Meanwhile I told Stopford about Mahon and the gendarmes. When I said that the sooner the Kiretch Tepe nettle was grasped the less it would sting, he informed me he had issued an order that Commanders were not to lose men by making frontal attacks on trenches but were to turn them.

So here is a theory which South African practice proved to be more often wrong than right being treated as an axiom at Gallipoli!

We next went into the question of digging a defensive line of trenches half-way between Corps Headquarters and Mahon's force. Here we were in accord. No man knows his luck and the tide may turn any moment. Both at Liao-Yang and the Shaho the Japanese began to dig deep trenches directly they captured a position.

Young Brodrick rejoined me here; rather anxious at having lost me. He had found Mahon with the Brigade Staff. He had been shown the exact positions on a rough sketch map made by one of the Officers. We had three Battalions in the firing line and two in reserve. The gendarmerie had been reinforced and were now estimated at 700 without machine guns or artillery. We had a mountain battery shelling the gendarmes and a monitor occasionally gave them a big fellow. The Brigade Staff had said nothing to him about a battalion working round to the South. I repeated this to Stopford and begged him to make a push for it here.

By now Braithwaite had finished with Reed, so we hurriedly discussed his budget of news. Hammersley is expected but he has not turned up yet. Indeed the situation is still by no means free from anxiety although the arrival of the Welsh Division gives confidence. A battalion of the 32nd Brigade did get up on to Tekke Tepe last night, it seems, but were knocked off this morning before they had time to entrench.^[8] Seeing they should have had several hours time to dig in, that seems strange. Braithwaite handed me a bunch of signals and wires; also the news of what I had known at the back of my mind since morning,—the fact that we had not got Sari Bair! Then we started back to see de Robeck and Keyes. For the first time in this expedition Roger Keyes seemed down on his luck: we had often before seen him raging, never dejected. These awful delays:—delay in landing the Irish; delay in attacking on the 7th; delay all night of the 7th; delay during the day of the 8th and night of the 8th, have simply deprived him of the power of speech,—to soldiers, that is to say, though, to shipmates, no doubt...!

Now for Anzac. Since dawn a fever about Anzac had held me. Shades of Staff College Professors, from you no forgiveness to a Chief who runs

about the mountain quitting his central post. But the luminous shade of Napoleon would better understand my desperation. Some Generals are just accumulators of the will of the C.-in-C. When that is the case, and when they run down, there is only one man who can hope to pump in energy.

Exact at noon Roger Keyes and I pushed off in the racing motor boat. On our way we stopped at "C" beach and picked up Commander Worsley. Next to Anzac, but at the Cove, found that Birdwood had left word he would meet me at the ex-Turkish Post No. 2,—so, as the water was shoal in spots, we rowed down there in a dinghy, along the shore where our lives would not have been worth half a minute's purchase just three days ago.



"Elliott and Fry" phot.

GENERAL SIR W. R. BIRDWOOD, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

After scrambling awhile over the new trenches, Birdwood, Godley and I sat down on a high spur above Godley's Headquarters which gave us a grand outlook over the whole Suvla area, and across to Chunuk Bair. Here we ate our rations and held an impromptu council of war; Shaw, commanding the new 13th Division, joining in with us. All three Generals were in high spirits and refused to allow themselves to be damped down by the repulse of the morning's attack on the high ridge. They put down that check to the lethargy of Suvla. Had Stopford taken up any point on the watershed yesterday when it was unoccupied except by some fugitives, the whole Turkish position on the Peninsula would have become so critical that they could not have spared the numbers they have now brought up to defend "Q" and Koja Chemen Tepe. The Anzac Generals allowed that they themselves had got into arrears in their time tables, but they had been swift compared to Suvla.

Even as Godley was holding forth, messages came to hand to say that the Turks were passing from the defensive to the offensive and urging fresh attacks on the New Zealanders holding Chunuk Bair. Godley is certain the Turks will never make us quit hold. Shaw, who also has some of his men up there, is equally confident. Birdwood thinks Chunuk Bair should be safe, though not so safe as it would have been had we held on to that ridge at "Q" where Baldwin's delay from causes not yet known, lost us the crestline this morning. Birdie said he could have cried, and is not quite sure he didn't cry, when the bombardment stopped dead and minute after minute passed away, from one minute to twenty, without a sign of Baldwin and his column who had been booked to spurt for the top on the heels of the last shell. Unaided, the 6th Gurkhas got well astride the ridge, but had to fall back owing to the lack of his support. None the less, these Anzac Generals are in great form. They are sure they will have the whip hand of the Narrows by to-morrow.

Birdie was offered my last reserves, the 54th Essex Territorials under Inglefield. But he can't water them. The effort to carry food, water and cartridges to the firing lines is already overtaxing the Corps. If Inglefield's men were also pushed in they simply could not be kept going. When communication trenches have been dug and brushwood and rocks flattened out, it will be easier. Till then, the Generals agreed they would rather the extra pressure was applied from Suvla. Birdwood and Godley were keen, in fact, that the Essex Division should go to Stopford so that he might at once

occupy Kavak Tepe and, if he could, Tekke Tepe. All that the Anzacs have seen for themselves, or heard from their own extreme left or from aeroplanes, leads them to believe that the Turkish reinforcements to the Suvla theatre came over the high shoulder of Tekke Tepe or through Anafarta Sagir about dawn this morning and that the enemy are in some strength now along the ridge between Anafarta Sagir and Ismail Oglu Tepe with a few hundred on Kiretch Tepe Sirt: the Turkish centre was a gift to us yesterday; certainly yesterday forenoon; now it can only be won by hard fighting. But the Turks have not yet had time to work round on to the high ridges east of Suvla Bay and although a few Turks did pass over Kavak Tepe, it seems to be now clear of any enemy. There is no sign of life on the bare Eastern slope of that mountain. Probably one half of the great crescent of hills which encircles the Suvla plain and, in places, should overlook the Narrows, still lies open to an advance.

So together we composed a message to Stopford and Godley sent it off by telephone—now rigged up between the two Corps Headquarters: the form was filled in by Godley; hence his counter signature:—

TO:—G.O.C., IXth Corps.

Sender's number.	Day of month.	In reply to number
N.Z.G. 103 9		AAA

After speaking to Birdwood and Godley think most important use fresh troops could be put to if not urgently required to reinforce would be the occupation as early as possible of the commanding position running through square 137-119 AAA Ismail Oglu Tepe are less vital to security of base.

SIR IAN HAMILTON.

From

Place Fisherman's Hut.

Date 2 p.m. 9th August, 1915.

A. J. GODLEY,

Maj. Gen.

Took leave of the Anzacs and the Anzac Generals about 4.30 p.m. The whole crowd were in tip-top spirits and immensely pleased with the freedom and largeness of their newly conquered kingdom. We of the G.H.Q. were bitten by this same spirit; Suvla took second place in our minds and when we got on board the *Arno* the ugly events of the early morning had been shaken, for the moment, out of our minds. But, on the sail home, we were able to look at the Peninsula as a whole. Because the Anzacs, plus the 13th Division of the New Army, had carried through a brilliant stroke of arms was a reason, not for shutting our eyes to the slowness of the Suvla Generals, but for spurring them on to do likewise. There is nothing open to them now—not without efforts for which they are, for the time being, unfit—but Kavak Tepe and the Aja Liman Anafarta ridge. So, on arrival at 6 p.m., wrote out the following message from myself to General Stopford:—

"I am in complete sympathy with you in the matter of all your Officers and men being new to this style of warfare and without any leaven of experienced troops on which to form themselves. Still I should be wrong if I did not express my concern at the want of energy and push displayed by the 11th Division. It cannot all be want of experience as 13th have shown dash and self-confidence. Turks were almost negligible yesterday once you got ashore. To-day there was nothing to stop determined commanders leading such fine men as yours. Tell me what is wrong with the 11th Division. Is it the Divisional Generals or Brigadiers or both? I have a first-rate Major General I can send at once and can also supply two competent Brigadiers. You must get a move on or the whole plan of operations is in danger of failing, for if you don't secure the AJA LIMAN ANAFARTA ridge without delay the enemy will. You must use your personal influence to insist on vigorous and sustained action against the weak forces of the

Turks in your front, and while agreeing to the capture of W Hills and spur mentioned in C.G.S. letter to you of to-day, it is of vital importance to the whole operation that you thereafter promptly take steps to secure the ridge without possession of which SUVLA BAY is not safe. You must face casualties and strike while the opportunity offers and remember the AJA LIMAN ANAFARTA ridge is your principal and dominant objective and it must be captured. Every day's delay in its capture will enormously multiply your casualties. I want the name of the Brigadier who sent the message to say his left was retiring owing to a strong attack and then subsequently reported that the attack in question has never developed. Keep Birdwood informed as he may be able to help you on your right flank."



"Elliott and Fry" phot.

LIEUT. GEN SIR A. J. GODLEY, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

This message seemed so important that it was sent by hand of Hore-Ruthven and another Officer by special destroyer. Braithwaite tells me that, when he was at 9th Corps Headquarters to-day he showed General Stopford the last two paragraphs of this memo which I had written when toning down the wording of a General Staff draft:—

"C.G.S.

"(1) I do not think much good rubbing it into these fellows, there are very few Turks opposed to them. We have done it, and that was right, but we

must not overdo it.

"(2) But the men ought to be made to understand that really the whole result of this campaign may depend on their quickly getting a footing on the hills right and left of Anafarta. Officers and rank and file must be made to grasp this.

"(3) If Lindley and his new men were kept intact and thrown in on the Anzac flank, surely they ought to be able to make a lodgment.

(Initialed), "IAN H."

CHAPTER XVI

KAVAK TEPE ATTACK COLLAPSES

10th August, 1915. Imbros. Had to remain at G.H.Q. all day—the worst of all days. My visit to Anzac yesterday had infected me with the hopes of Godley and Birdwood and made me feel that we would recover what we had missed at Suvla, and more, if, working from the pivot of Chunuk Bair, we got hold of the rest of Sari Bair.

They believed they would bring this off and then the victory would have been definite. Now—Chunuk Bair has gone!

The New Zealand and New Army troops holding the knoll were relieved by two New Army Battalions and, at daylight this morning, the Turks simply ran amok among them with a Division in mass formation. Trenches badly sited, they say, and Turks able to form close by in dead ground. Many reasons no doubt and lack of swift pressure from Suvla. The Turks have lost their fear of Stopford and concentrated full force against the Anzacs. By Birdie's message, it looks as if the heavy fighting was at an end—an end which leaves us with a fine gain of ground though minus the vital crests. Next time we will get them. We are close up to the summit instead of having five or six hundred feet to climb.

News from Suvla still rotten. Here is the result of Hammersley's visit to Stopford after I left:—

"August 9. 5.35. Suvla Bay.

"DEAR BRAITHWAITE,

"I have had a talk with Hammersley and he tells me that his troops are much exhausted, have had very heavy fighting, severe losses and have felt

the want of water very much. He does not consider that they are fit to make a fresh attack to-morrow.

"I have decided after consultation with him to make an attempt on the ridge about Abrikja with three fresh Territorial Battalions and six which have been used to-day. I am afraid from what I hear that the Naval guns do not have much effect on account of difficulty of accurate observation but I will arrange a programme, to be carefully timed, with Brigadier-General Smith, my Brigadier R.A., and of course all the field guns will also help. I *must* see Smith so please ask the V. Admiral to place a boat at Smith's disposal to bring him here to see me and then to see Generals Hammersley and Lindley. General Lindley will be in immediate command of the operations as all troops engaged in the attack will be Territorials.

"I trust the attack will succeed though to-day's did not, but in view of the urgency of the matter I feel the attempt ought to be made.

"It is absolutely necessary that I should see Smith.

"Yours sincerely,
(*Sd.*) "FRED W. STOPFORD."

At mid-day, got a cable from the 9th Corps saying that Lindley's Division had duly gone at Hill 70, a key feature on the ridge, about 1,500 yards North-east of Yilghin Burnu—and had failed!

In giving me this news, Stopford proposes to make a second attack this afternoon with the same Division. Have caused Braithwaite to cable:

"Hear you propose attacking again. Chief doubts advisability with tired troops after morning's failure; if you agree consolidate where you are and rest and reorganize."

In a letter from Stopford in answer to my signal of yesterday from Fisherman's Hut, he says:—

"No. 1. *Date*, Aug. 9. *Time*, 4 p.m.
Place, Suvla Bay.

"To:

"DEAR SIR IAN,

"I have received your message from Fisherman's Hut. Hammersley has not been able to advance to-day, but the Turks have been counter-attacking all day and he has had to put in one of the Territorial Brigades to prevent being driven back.

"I quite realize the importance of holding the high ground East of Suvla Bay, but as the Turks advance through the gap between the two Anafartas where all the roads are, it is absolutely necessary to keep sufficient troops between Anafarta Sagir and Ismail Oglu Tepe, as otherwise if I were to seize the high ground between Anafarta Sagir and Ejelmer Bay without securing this gap, I might find myself holding the heights and the Turks pouring down to the harbour behind me. I will bear what you say in mind, and if I get an opportunity with fresh troops of taking the heights whilst holding on tight to my right flank I will do so. I understand that one reason why it was necessary to go for Ismail Oglu Tepe was that if I did not hold the Turks there they would fire into the rear of Birdwood's troops attacking Hill 305.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

(*Sd.*) "FRED W. STOPFORD."

For myself I wish the Turks would try to pour down over that flat, open country by the Salt Lake to seize the beaches under the guns of the warships.

Well, we had Chunuk Bair in our hands the best part of two days and two nights. So far the Turks have never retaken trenches once we had fairly taken hold. Have they done so now? I hope not. Birdie and Godley are at

work upon a scheme for its recapture. The Turks are well commanded: that I admit. Their Generals knew they were done unless they could quickly knock us off our Chunuk Bair. So they have done it. Never mind: never say die. Meanwhile we have the East Anglian Division available to-morrow, and I have been over in the G.S. marquee working out ways and means of taking Kavak Tepe which may also give us an outlook, more distant, but yet an outlook, on to the Dardanelles.

11th August, 1915. Imbros. Did not dare to break away from the wire ends. A see-saw of cardinal events between Suvla and Anzac.

A workable scheme of attack has now been put into such shape as to let Stopford dovetail his Corps orders into it, and first thing sent him this cable:

"G.H.Q. to IXth Corps. General Commanding wishes 54th Division Infantry to attack line Kavak Tepe peak 1195.5. at dawn to-morrow after night march to foothills; G.S.O. proceeding with detailed instructions. See Inglefield, make arrangements and give all assistance possible by landing 53rd Signal Company, water gear and tools. 53rd Division becomes general reserve."

At 4.30 p.m., a letter from Stopford anent the failure of the 53rd Division, —depressing in itself but still more so in its inferences as to the 54th Division. He says these troops showed "no attacking spirit at all. They did not come under heavy shell fire nor was the rifle fire very severe, but they not only showed no dash in attack but went back at slight provocation and went back a long way. Lots of the men lay down behind cover, etc. They went on when called upon to do so by Staff and other Officers but they seemed lost and under no leadership—in fact, they showed that they are not fit to put in the field without the help of Regulars. I really believe that if we had had one Brigade of Regulars here to set an example both the New Army and Territorials would have played up well with them but they have no standard to go by."

Worse follows, for Stopford takes back his assurance given me after my cable of the 9th when he said, "given water, guns and ammunition, I have no doubt about our being able to secure the hills." He tells me straight and without any beating about the bush, "I am sure they" (the Territorials) "would not secure the hills with any amount of guns, water and ammunition assuming ordinary opposition, as the attacking spirit was absent; chiefly owing to the want of leadership by the Officers."

Ignoring our Kavak Tepe scheme, he goes on then to ask me in so many words, not to try any attack with the 54th Division but to stick them into trenches.

This letter has driven me very nearly to my wits' ends. Things can't be so bad! None of us have any complaint at all of the New Army troops; only of their Old Army Generals. Stopford says the 13th Division were not reliable when they were at Helles, whereas now, under Godley at Anzac they have fought like lions.

Rushed off in this, the good tub *Imogene* (Lieutenant-Commander Potts). There the rushing ceased as she steamed along so slowly that we didn't get to Suvla till 7 p.m. Walked up with Braithwaite and Freddie to the 9th Corps Headquarters. Saw Stopford. Wrestled with him for over an hour; Braithwaite doing ditto with Reed.

Stopford urged that these last two Territorial formations sent out to us were sucked oranges, the good in them having been drafted away into France and replaced by rejections. He says he would have walked on to the watershed the first day had we only stiffened his force with the 29th Division. There happened to be some pretty decisive objections but there was no use entering into them then. So I merely told him that the 9th Corps and the Territorials being now well ashore we may be able to bring up the 29th. No doubt—had we a couple of Regular Divisions here—British or Indian—at full strength—no doubt we could astonish the world. Having the 53rd and the 54th Divisions, half-trained and at half strength, I tried to make Stopford see we must cut our coats with the stuff issued to us. The 54th were good last winter, and, even if the best have been picked out of them, the residue should do well under sound leadership: Inglefield was a practised old warrior, and would not let him down.

There was nothing solid to go upon in crying down the credit of the 54th beyond hearsay and the self-evident fact that they are half their nominal strength. To assume they won't put up a fight is a certain way of making the best troops gun-shy. We are standing up to our necks in a time problem, and the tide is on the rise. There is not a moment to spare. The Turks have reinforced and they have brought back their guns; that is true. Now they will begin to dig trenches—indeed they are already digging—and more and more enemy troops will be placed in reserve behind the Anafartas and to the East of the Tekke Tepe—Ejelmer Bay range. On the 10th the Hellenes reported that, in spite of their efforts to hold the Turks, they had detached reinforcements to the North. These extra reinforcements may arrive tomorrow at Anzac or on the Anafartas; but, for at least another twenty four hours, they will not be able to get round to the high ridge between Anafarta and Ejelmer Bay. So far as can be seen by aeroplane scouting, this ridge is still unoccupied; certainly it is unentrenched.

Stopford who, at first, was dead set on digging agreed to have a dart at Kavak Tepe. He will throw the 54th at it. He will turn out the 9th Corps and, if chance offers, they will attack along their own front. His chief remaining ghost inhabits the jungly bit of country between Anafarta Ova and the foothills. In that belt he fears the Turkish snipers may harass our line of supply so that, when the heights are held, we may find it hard to feed and water our garrison. The New Armies and Territorials have no trained counter-snipers and are much at the mercy of the skilled Anatolian shikarris who haunt the close country.

So I suggested blockhouses on the South African system to protect our line where it passed through the three quarters of a mile or so of close country. The enemy artillery would not spot them amongst the trees. I promised him also one hundred picked Australian bushmen, New Zealand Maoris and Gurkhas to act as scouts and counter-snipers.

Stopford took to this idea very kindly; has fixed up a Conference of 9th Corps and Territorial Generals early to-morrow morning to discuss the whole plan, and will make every effort to occupy Kavak Tepe to-morrow night. Stopford seemed in much better form to-night; I think he is more fit: there has been 24 hours' delay but by waiting that time Inglefield and the Essex will have the help of a body of first-class scouts—quite a luminous

notion. Stopford, himself, presides at to-morrow's Conference. Inglefield is a good, straight fellow, not so young as we were in South Africa, but quite all right.

Boarded the *Imogene*. Dropped anchor at 11 p.m. at Imbros.

12th August, 1915. Imbros. Last thing last night Stopford promised to let me know the result of the conference to be held at his Headquarters, and upon the plans for the lines of supply. Sent him a reminder:—

"G.H.Q. to IXth Corps. Have you arranged practical system for supplying troops in the event of Tekke Tepe ridge being secured?"

A cable from K.:—

"I am sorry about the Xth and XIth Divisions in which I had great confidence. Could you not ginger them up? The utmost energy and dash are required for these operations or they will again revert to trench warfare."

K.'s disappointment makes me feel *sick*! I know the great hopes he has built on these magnificent Divisions and I know equally well that he is not capable of understanding how he has cut his own throat, the men's throats and mine, by not sending young and up-to-date Generals to run them. K. in this, and this alone, is with Tolstoi. The men are everything; the man nothing. Have cabled back saying, "I am acting absolutely as you indicate by 'ginger'; I only got back at 11 last night from a further application of that commodity. As a result a fresh attack will be made to-morrow morning by the IXth Corps and the LIVth Division."

As to the New Army I point out to K. that "they are fighting under conditions quite foreign to their training and moreover they have no regulars to set them a standard": also, (and pray Heaven it is truth) "Everyone is fully alive to the necessity for dash, so I trust the attack of to-morrow will be much better done than were the two previous attempts."

Hardly had my cable to K. been despatched when Stopford gives us a sample specimen of "dash" by his answer to my reminder. He wires:—

"IXth Corps to G.H.Q. I foresee very great difficulty. The only system possible at first probably will be convoy under escort."

Twelve hours ago, more or less, Stopford had agreed that there was a difficulty which it was up to him to solve and that, at first, (i.e., till blockhouses had been built) the system would be convoy under escort. We ask him what he had done, expecting to get the particulars worked out by his Staff after the conference of Generals, and this is the reply!

Five minutes later, in came another wire giving the general situation at Suvla; saying the 53rd Division had failed to clear ground from which the right of the advance of the 54th Division might be threatened, and that Stopford wished to postpone his night march another four and twenty hours.

So this is the result of our "ginger," and Braithwaite or I must rush over to Suvla at once. Meanwhile, tactics and Kavak Tepe must wait.

Wired back:—

"In the circumstances the operation for to-morrow is postponed. Chief sending C.G.S. over now to see you."

Braithwaite went: is back now: has seen both Stopford and Reed: has agreed (with a sad heart) on my behalf to the night march being put off another twenty four hours.

Have had, therefore, to cable K. again, shouldering the heavy blame of this further delay:—

"(No. M.F. 545). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Earl Kitchener. After anxiously weighing the pros and cons, I have decided that it is wiser to wait another 24 hours before carrying out the general attack mentioned in my No. M.F. 543. Braithwaite has just returned from the IXth Corps, and he found that the spirit and general organization were improving rapidly. A small attack by a Brigade, which promised well, was in progress. This morning the Xth Division captured a trench."

The story of the Suvla Council of War:—At first the Generals were for fighting. Inglefield, of the LIVth, who is told off for the attack, was keen. All he asked was, a clean start from Anafarta Ova. If his Division could jump off, intact and fresh, from that well-watered half-way house, Kavak Tepe was his. The LIIIrd Division for their part agreed to make good Anafarta Ova; to clear out the snipers and to hold the place as a base for the LIVth.

So at 10 a.m. Stopford issued orders saying the LIVth must march off at 4 p.m. moving East of Anafarta Ova. Then,—when at last all seemed settled, in came a message from the G.O.C. LIIIrd Division, saying he could not undertake to clear Anafarta Ova of snipers and to hold it as a cover to the advance of the LIVth.

Stopford thereupon cancelled his first order, and, at 1.15 p.m., issued fresh orders directing the LIVth Division *to send in one of their own Brigades* as an advance guard to clear the ground up to a point East of Anafarta Ova. Braithwaite stayed at Corps Headquarters at Suvla until this Brigade, the 163rd, was moving on Anafarta Ova driving the snipers before them. Mahon, too, after sitting for three days where I left him on the morning of the 9th, has got tired of looking at the gendarmes and has carried their trenches by the forbidden frontal bayonet charge without much trouble or loss although, naturally, these trenches have been strengthened during the interval.

Amidst these tactical miss-fires entered Hankey. He has had a cable from his brother Secretary, Bonham Carter, saying the Prime Minister wishes him to stay on longer and that Lord K. would like to know if he can do anything to give an impetus to the operations. Hankey showed me this cable; also his answer:—

"Reference your 6910. I am glad to stay as desired. The chief thing you could send to help the present operations would be more ammunition. For supplies already sent everyone is most grateful. It is also important that units should be kept up to strength.

"As General Officer Commanding has already apprised you fully of the situation I have nothing to add."

In the Gordons' Mess "a Marine" used to stand as synonym for emptiness. Asquith's "Marine"^[9] is the reverse. Into two sentences totalling 27 words he boils down the drift of hundreds of cables and letters.

13th August, 1915. Imbros. Well, I must put it down. Worked till lunch. In the afternoon, left in H.M.S. *Arno* and sailed over to Suvla to have a last look over the *band-o-bast* for to-morrow's twice to-morrowed effort. First, saw the Admiral and Commodore who are simply dancing with impatience. No wonder. Whether or no Kavak Tepe summit gives a useful outlook on to the back of Sari Bair and the Dardanelles, at least it will give us the whip hand of the guns on the Anafarta ridge and save our ships from the annoying attentions they are beginning to receive. The sailors think too they have worked out an extra good scheme for ship and shore guns.

Stopford then came aboard; in the mood he was in aboard the *Jonquil* on the 8th,—only more so! The Divisional Generals are without hope, that is the text of his sermon. Hopeless about to-night, or to-morrow, that is to say; for there are rosy visions and to spare for next week, or the week after, or any other time, so long as it is not too near us. There is something in this beats me. We are alive—we are quite all right—the Brigade of the LIVth sent on to Kuchuk Anafarta Ova made good its point. True, one battalion got separated from its comrades in the forest and was badly cut up by Turkish snipers just as was Braddock's force by the Redskins, but this, though tragic, is but a tiny incident of a great modern battle and the rest of the 163rd Brigade have not suffered and hold the spot whence, it was settled, the attack on Kavak Tepe should jump off. Nothing practical or tactical seems to have occurred to force us to drop our plan.

But no; Stopford and Reed count the LIIIrd Division as finished: the LIVth incapable of attack; the rest of the IXth Corps immovable.

If I accept; we have lost this battle. We are not beaten now—the men are not—but if I accept, we are held up.

There is no way out. Whether there is any good looking back even for one moment, God knows; I doubt it! But I feel so acutely, I seem to see so clearly, where our push for Constantinople first began to quit the rails, that I must put it down right here. The moment was when I asked for Rawlinson or Byng, and when, in reply, the keen, the young, the fit, the up-to-date Commanders were all barred, simply and solely that Mahon should not be disturbed in his Divisional Command. I resisted it very strongly: I went so far as to remind K. in my cable of his own sad disappointment at Bloemfontein when he (K.) had offered him a Cavalry Brigade and he returned instead to his appointment in the Sudan. The question that keeps troubling me is, ought I to have fought it further; ought I to have resigned sooner than allow generals old and yet inexperienced to be foisted on to me?

These stories about the troops? I do not accept them. The troops have lost heavily but they are right if there were leaders.

I know quite well both Territorial Divisions. I knew them in England that is to say. Since then, they have had their eyes picked out. They have been through the strainer and the best officers and men and the best battalions have been serving for months past in France. The three show battalions in the 54th (Essex) Division are in France and their places have been taken by the 10th and 11th London and by the 8th Hants. Essex is good; London is good and Hants is good; but the trinity is not Territorial. The same with the Welshmen.

Yet even so; taking these Territorials as they are; a scratch lot; half strength; no artillery; not a patch upon the original Divisions as I inspected them in England six months ago; even so, they'd fight right enough and keen enough if they were set fair and square at their fence.

In the fight of the 10th the Welshmen were not given a chance. Sent in on a narrow front—jammed into a pocket;—as they began to climb the spur they

caught it from the guns, rifles and machine guns on both flanks.

We might still do something with a change of commanders. But I have been long enough Military Secretary both in India and at home to realize that ruthlessness here is apt to be a two-edged sword. You can't clap a new head on to old shoulders without upsetting circulation and equilibrium. Still, I would harden my heart to it now—to-night—were not my hands tied by Mahon's seniority. Mahon is the next senior—in the whole force he stands next to myself. Had not Bruce Hamilton been barred by the P.M. when I wanted to put him in vice Hunter-Weston at Helles, the problem would be simple enough. Even if I had not, at the outset, given that well-trying, thrusting old fighter the conduct of the Suvla enterprise, at least I would have brought him in on the morning of the 9th instant quite easily and without causing any upset to anyone or anything. He ranks both Stopford and Mahon and nothing would have been simpler than to let him bring up a contingent of troops from Helles, when, automatically, he would have taken command in the Suvla area. What it would have meant to have had a man imbued with the attack spirit at the head of this IXth Corps would have been just—victory!

Anchored at 9 p.m. and, before going to bed, sent following cable:—

"From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Secretary of State for War.

"The result of my visit to the IXth Corps, from which I am just back, has bitterly disappointed me. There is nothing for it but to allow them time to rest and reorganize, unless I force Stopford and his Divisional Generals to undertake a general action for which, in their present frame of mind, they have no heart. In fact, these generals are unfit for it. With exceeding reluctance I am obliged to give them time to rest and reorganize their troops.

"Though we were to repeat our landing operations a hundred times, we would never dare hope to reproduce conditions so favourable as to put one division ashore under cover of dark and, as the day broke, have the next division sailing in to its support. No advantage was taken of these

favourable conditions and, for reasons which I can only explain by letter, the swift advance was not delivered,—therefore, the mischief is done. Until we are ready to advance again, reorganized and complete, we must go slow."

14th August, 1915. Imbros. Before breakfast, Braithwaite brought me a statement of our interview of last night with Stopford. He dictated it, directly he got back last night; i.e., about three hours after the event. I agree with every word:—

"Notes of an interview which took place on board H.M.S. *Triad* between 6 and 7 p.m. on the 13th August, 1915, between the General Commanding and Sir Frederick Stopford, commanding 9th Corps.

Present:—

General Sir Ian Hamilton, G.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.,
Lieut.-General Hon. Sir Frederick Stopford,
K.C.M.G., etc.,
Major-General Braithwaite, C.B.

"Sir Frederick represented that the 9th Corps were not fit to undertake an advance at the present moment. Questioned why, he replied that the losses had been considerable, that the disorganization of units was very great, and that the length of the line he had to hold was all too thinly held as it was. He stated that his Divisional Generals were entirely of the same opinion as himself; in fact, he gave us completely the impression that they were 'not for it,' but he only specifically mentioned Hammersley and Lindley. He said water was no difficulty. He implied that the troops were getting better every day, and given time to rest and reorganize, he thought they would be able in time to make an advance. But he was very emphatic on the point that at present such a thing as an attack had practically no chance of success. He told us that the opposition in the centre about Anafarta Ova could no longer

be classed as sniping, but that it was regular opposition. But as he also told us that his landing was an opposed landing, I think perhaps that during the short time he has been on active service in this country he has not quite realized what opposition really means. But the salient fact remains that none of his Divisional Generals who would be employed in the attack thought that that attack would have any chance of success whatever. Indeed, he saw every difficulty, and though he kept saying that he was an optimist, he foresaw every bad thing that could possibly happen and none of the bright spots. It was a most depressing interview, but it left no doubt in the minds of the hearers that it would be quite useless to order an attack to be undertaken by a Commander and Divisional Generals whose hearts were confessedly not in it, who saw a Turk behind every bush, a battalion behind every hill, and a Brigade behind every mountain."

At lunch time Lord K. answered my last night's cable:—

"If you should deem it necessary to replace Stopford, Mahon and Hammersley, have you any competent Generals to take their place? From your report I think Stopford should come home.

"This is a young man's war, and we must have commanding officers that will take full advantage of opportunities which occur but seldom. If, therefore, any Generals fail, do not hesitate to act promptly.

"Any Generals I have available I will send you."

Close on the top of this tardy appreciation of youth, comes another cable from him saying he has asked French to let me have Byng, Horne and Kavanagh. "I hope," he says, "Stopford has been relieved by you already."

Have cabled back thanking him with all my heart; saying I shall be glad of the Generals he mentions as "Byng, Kavanagh and Horne are all flyers."

Between them, these two messages have cleared the air. Mahon's seniority has been at the root of this evil. K.'s conscience tells him so and, therefore, he pricks his name now upon the fatal list. But he did not know, when he

cabled, that Mahon had done well. I shall replace Stopford forthwith by de Lisle and chance Mahon's seniority.

De Robeck came over for an hour in the evening.

Lord and Lady Brassey arrived in the *Sunbeam*, together with two young friends. They have both of them shown great enterprise in getting here. The dear old man gave me a warm greeting, but also something of a shock by talking about our terrible defeat: by condoling and by saying I had been asked to do the impossible. I have *not* been asked to do anything impossible in taking Constantinople. The feat is perfectly feasible. For the third time since we began it trembled in the balance a week ago. Nor is the capture of Suvla Bay and the linking up thereof with Anzac a defeat: a cruel disappointment, no doubt, but not a defeat; for, two more such defeats, measured in mere acreage, will give us the Narrows. A doctor at Kephalos, it seems, infected them with this poison of despondency. In their *Sunbeam* they will make first class carriers.

15th August, 1915. Imbros. De Lisle has come over to relieve Stopford. He has got his first instructions^[10] and is in close communication with myself and General Staff on the preparations for the next move which will be supported by the Yeomanry from Egypt and by some more artillery. I had meant to make time to run across to Suvla to-day but Stopford may wish to see me on his way to Mudros so I shall sit tight in case he does.

Cables to and from K. about our new Generals. Byng, Maude and Fanshawe are coming. A brilliant trio. All of the three Fanshawe brothers are good; this one worked under me on Salisbury Plain. Maude is splendid! Byng will make every one happy; he never spares himself. K. has agreed to let de Lisle hold the command of the 9th Corps until Byng turns up. He wants Birdie to take over the control of the whole of the Northern theatre, i.e., Anzac and Suvla. I must think over this. Meanwhile, have cabled back, "I am enchanted to hear Byng, Maude and Fanshawe are coming—I could wish for no better men."

Sent also following which explains itself:—

"When I appointed de Lisle to command temporarily the IXth Corps I sent the following telegram to Mahon:—

"'Although de Lisle is junior to you, Sir Ian hopes that you will waive your seniority and continue in command of the Xth Division, at any rate during the present phase of operations.'

"To this Mahon sent the following reply:—

"'I respectfully decline to waive my seniority and to serve under the officer you name. Please let me know to whom I am to hand over the command of the Division.'

"Consequently, I have appointed Brigadier-General F. F. Hill to command temporarily the Division and have ordered Mahon to go to Mudros to await orders. Will you please send orders as to his disposal. As Peyton is not due from Egypt till 18th August, he was not in any case available."

Also:—

"Personal. You will like to know that the XIIIth Division is said to have fought very well and with great tenacity of spirit. In many instances poor company leading is said to have been responsible for undue losses."

16th August, 1915. Imbros. A great press of business. Amongst other work, have written a long cable home giving them the whole story up to date. Lots of petty troubles. Stopford goes to Mudros direct. De Lisle makes a thorough overhaul at Suvla.

Glyn and Hankey both looked in upon me. It is a relief to have an outsider of Hankey's calibre on the spot. He said, "Thank God!" when he heard of

K.'s cable, and urged Birdie should be told off to take Suvla in hand, in his stead. I suppose the G.S. have let him get wind of K.'s identical suggestion. As I told Hankey, I have not yet made up my mind. But it would be an awkward job for Birdie with all the Anzacs to run, and no nearer Suvla really—in point of time—than we are. Nor is he staffed for so big a business. Hankey has been too long away from executive work to realize that difficulty. But the decisive factor is this; that having been closely associated with him and with his work for a good many years, I know as Hankey cannot know, how much of his strength lies in his personal touch and presence:—spread his powers too wide he loses that touch. Felt the better for my talk with Hankey. He can grasp the bigness of what we are up against and can yet keep his head and see that the game is worth the candle and that it is in our hands the moment we make up our minds to pay the price of the illuminant.

Have written to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff saying:—

"I have just been through a horrible mental crisis quite different from the ordinary anxiety of the battlefield, where I usually see what I think to be my way and chance it. I refer to Freddy Stopford. Here is a man who has committed no fault; whose life-long conscientious study of his profession has borne the best fruits in letting him see the right thing to do and how it should be done. And yet he fails when many a man possessing not one quarter of his military qualifications carries on with flying colours. For there is no use beating about the bush now and, simply, he was not big enough in character to face up to the situation. It overwhelmed him.

"A month ago we had the Turks down, undoubtedly and, whenever we could get a little ammunition together, we were confident we could take a line of trenches. As for their attacks, it was obvious their men were not for it. Now their four new Divisions of fine fighting material seem to have animated the whole of the rest of the force with their spirit, and the Turks

have never fought so boldly as they are doing to-day. They are tough to crack, but D.V., we will be the tougher of the two."

17th August, 1915. Imbros. From his cable of the 14th, K. seems prepared to see me relieve Mahon of his command. But Mahon is a fighter and if I give him time to think over things a bit at Mudros, he'll be sure to think better. I am sure the wisest course to take, is to take time. A Lieutenant-General in the British Army chucking up his command whilst his Division is actually under fire—is a very unhappy affair. Lord Bobs used to say that a soldier asked, for the good of the cause, to serve as a drummer boy under his worst enemy should do so not only with alacrity but with joy. Braithwaite agrees with me that we must just take the responsibility of doing nothing at all and of leaving him quietly to cool down at Mudros. Hill, who carries on, was the General in command at Mitylene when I inspected there; he is a good fellow; he was anxious to push on upon that fatal 7th August at Suvla and everyone says he is a stout fellow.

Have got the name of the doctor who upset the Brasseys with his yarns. He declares he only retailed the tales of the wounded youngsters whom he tended. No more to be said. He has studied microbes extensively but one genus has clearly escaped his notice: he has never studied or grasped the fell methods of the microbes of rumour or panic. Am I sure that I myself have not crabbed my own show a bit in telling the full story of our fight to K. this afternoon? No, I am by no means sure.

"(No. M.F. 562.) From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Earl Kitchener. Have thought it best to lay the truth fully before you, and am now able to give a complete *résumé* of the past week's operations, and an appreciation of the situation confronting me.

"In broad outline, my plan was to hold the Turks in the Southern zone by constant activity of French and VIIIth Corps, and to throw all the reinforcements into the Northern zone with the object of defeating the enemy opposite Anzac, seizing a new base at Suvla, and gaining a position astride the narrow part of the peninsula. With this object, I reinforced General Birdwood with the XIIIth Division, 29th Brigade, Xth Division, and 29th Indian Brigade, all of which were secretly dribbled ashore at Anzac Cove on the three nights preceding commencement of operations.

This was done without arousing the suspicions of the enemy. Arrangements were made for the XIth Division to land at Suvla Bay on the same night as General Birdwood commenced his attack. Meanwhile, the Turks were deceived by ill-concealed preparations for landings on Asiatic coast near Mitylene, at Enos, South of Gaba Tepe.

"Following is detailed plan of operations:—

"On the afternoon of 6th August the VIIIth Corps were to attack Krithia trenches, and simultaneously General Birdwood was to attack Lone Pine trenches on his right front, as though attempting to break out in this direction. In this way it was hoped to draw the Turkish reinforcements towards Krithia and Gaba Tepe and away from Anzac's left and Suvla Bay. At 10 p.m. General Birdwood's main attack was to develop on his left flank, the Turkish outposts were to be rushed and an advance made in several columns up the precipitous ravines leading to Chunuk Bair and the summit of Hill 305, which it was hoped might be captured before daybreak.

"As soon as the high ridge was in our hands an advance was to be made down the Hill 305 to take in the rear the trenches on Baby 700 (see enlarged map of Anzac positions) and at the same time the troops in the original Anzac position were to attack all along the line in an endeavour to break out and hurl the enemy off the Sari Bair. Meanwhile the XIth Division was to commence landing 10.30 p.m. on 6th August, one brigade inside Suvla Bay, two brigades on shore to South were to seize and hold all hills covering Bay and especially Yilghin Burnu and Ismail Oglu Tepe on which enemy were believed to have guns which could bring fire to bear either on back of General Birdwood's advance on Hill 305, or on Suvla Bay. The ridge from Anafarta Sagir to Aja Liman was also to be lightly held. The Xth Division, less one brigade, was to follow XIth Division at daybreak and LIIIrd Division was held in general reserve. The LIVth Division had not arrived and could not be employed in the first instance.

"The moment Stopford had fulfilled the above tasks, which, owing to the small number of the enemy in this neighbourhood and the absence of any

organized system of trenches, were considered comparatively easy, he was to advance South-west through Biyuk Anafarta with the object of assisting Birdwood in the event of his attack being held up.

"Reliable information indicated the strength of the enemy about Suvla Bay to be one regiment, one squadron and some Gendarmerie with at most twelve guns, and events have shown that this estimate was correct. It was also believed that the enemy had 36,000 in the Southern zone, 27,000 against Anzac, and 37,000 in reserve. Also 45,000 near Keshan who could not arrive for three days and 10,000 on Asiatic shore.

"The attack by the VIIIth Corps opposite Krithia took place as arranged, but was met by determined opposition. Some enemy trenches were captured, but the Turks were found in great strength and full of fight. They counter-attacked repeatedly on the night of 6th/7th, and eventually regained the ground we had taken. Prisoners captured stated that the Turks had planned to attack us that night in any case which accounts for their strength.

"In the Northern zone General Birdwood's afternoon attack was successful and Lone Pine trenches were captured by a most gallant Australian assault. Throughout the day, and for three successive days the enemy made repeated attempts to recapture the position, but each time were repulsed with severe loss. At 10 p.m. the main advance on the left flank by the New Zealanders, XIIIth Division, 29th Brigade and Cox's Brigade began, and in spite of stupendous difficulties, moving by night in most difficult country, all enemy's posts in foot of hills were rushed and captured up to and including Damakjelik Bair. The enemy was partly surprised, but his reinforcements were all called up, and this, coupled with the extreme difficulty of the country, made it impossible to reach the crest of the hill that day or the following. The position immediately below the crest, however, was reached, and on the morning of the 8th, after severe fighting, two battalions of the XIIIth Division and Gurkhas reached the top of Kurt Ketchede, and two battalions of New Zealanders established themselves on the crest of the ridge at Chunuk Bair.

"Unfortunately, the troops on Kurt Ketchede were shelled off the ridge by our own gun fire, and were unable to recapture it; and 48 hours later two battalions of the XIIIth Division, who had relieved tired New Zealanders on

Chunuk Bair, were driven back by determined daybreak assault, carried by the Turks in many successive lines, shoulder to shoulder. Our troops were too weary, and much too disorganized to make a counter-attack at that time, and could only maintain positions below crest. Water supply, which had always been an anxiety, began to fail, and grave difficulties arose which prevented the possibility of reinforcing Birdwood, and almost necessitated our giving up our gains. All this, however, has now been put right.

"Meanwhile, Stopford's Corps at Suvla had landed most successfully, but, owing to lack of energy and determination on the part of leaders, and, perhaps, partly to the inexperience of the troops, had failed to take advantage of the opportunities as already reported.

"The result is that my coup has so far failed. It was soon realized that it was necessary to give impetus to the IXth Corps, and the LIIIrd Division was put in on 8th-9th. By this time the LIVth Division was available as general reserve. Unfortunately, the LIIIrd Division broke in my hand, leaving me like a fencer with rapier broken, and by the time the LIVth Division arrived the remaining troops of the Corps were too tired and disorganized for further immediate effort.

"The IXth Corps holds the position from Kiretech Tepe Sirt, bench mark 2; Sulajik; Yilghin Burnu, with right flank thrown south to connect with Birdwood at Kazlar Chair. Godley has picket between Kazlar Chair and Damakjelic Bair, whence his line runs South-east to the spur South of Abdel Rahman Bair, thence South-west to square 80 D, South-east again to within 300 yards of Point 161 on Chunuk Bair, and thence back to the left of the Anzac position.

"De Lisle has at his disposal the Xth Division, less one brigade, the XIth, LIIIrd and LIVth Divisions; total rifles, owing to casualties, under 30,000. The Suvla losses have been too severe considering extent and nature of the fighting that has taken place, and can only be attributed to the inexperience of the troops and their leaders, and the daring way in which the enemy skirmishers presumed upon it in the broken and wooded country. Birdwood has lost about 13,000 since the action began, and has now available some 25,000 rifles. The VIIIth Corps has 23,000 rifles, and the French 17,000 rifles.

"The Turks have continued to be most active in the South, no doubt with the object of preventing us moving troops, but apparently they have now no more than 35,000 in this zone. The majority of the enemy Commander's troops are against Anzac and in reserve in the valley between Hills 305 and 261, his strategic flank.

"In the Northern zone, in the fighting line at Suvla and Anzac and in reserve he may now have in all 75,000, and can either reinforce Hill 305 or issue through the gap between the two Anafartas to oppose any attack on Ismail Oglu Tepe or on the ridge running thence to Anafarta Sagir. He has guns on Hill 305, on Ismail Oglu Tepe, and on the ridge North of Anafarta Sagir from which he can shell landing places at Suvla Bay, but is not holding the latter ridge in strength, nor do I think he has enough troops to enable him to do so.

"The position regarding the Turkish reinforcements from Keshan is not clear. Only small parties have been located by aeroplanes marching South, and it appears that either this information was incorrect or that the enemy's forces had already got as far as the peninsula before fighting began.

"I consider it urgently necessary to seize Ismail Oglu Tepe and Anafarta Sagir at the earliest possible moment, and I have ordered de Lisle to make the attempt at the earliest opportunity. I have also ordered Birdwood to make a fresh attack on Hill 305 as soon as troops are reorganized and the difficulties of water supply solved, but for this he will require drafts and fresh troops. I have great hopes that these attacks may yet be successful, but it is impossible to disguise the fact that owing to the failure of the IXth Corps to take advantage of opportunities and the fact that surprise may now be absent, and that the enemy is prepared and in much greater strength, my difficulties are enormously increased. In any case my cadres will be so depleted as a result of action that I shall need large reinforcements to enable me to bring the operations to a happy conclusion.

"The Turkish losses have been heavier than ours, and the total number of prisoners taken is 702, but I estimate that they have now in the peninsula at least 110,000 rifles to my 95,000 and they have all the advantage of position. They have, apparently, all the ammunition they need and obtain reinforcements as they are wanted. In particular, we have had no news of

the arrival of the 45,000 troops reported to be at Keshan, and only one of the Asiatic Divisions has as yet come over. I had hoped that their reinforcements would be of poor quality and not a match for ours but this is not the case, and unfortunately the Turks have temporarily gained the moral ascendancy over some of our new troops. If, therefore, this campaign is to be brought to an early and successful conclusion large reinforcements will have to be sent to me—drafts for the formations already here, and new formations with considerably reduced proportion of artillery. It has become a question of who can slog longest and hardest.

"Owing to the difficulty of carrying on a winter campaign, and the lateness of the season, these troops should be sent immediately. My British Divisions are at present 45,000 under establishment, exclusive of about 9,000 promised or on the way. If this deficit were made up, and new formations totalling 50,000 rifles sent out as well, these, with the 60,000 rifles which I estimate I shall have at the time of their arrival, should give me the necessary superiority, unless the absence of other enemies allows the Turks to bring up large additional reinforcements.

"I hope you will realize how nearly this operation was a success complete beyond anticipation. The surprise was complete, and the army was thrown ashore in record time, practically without loss, and a little more push on the part of the IXth Corps would have relieved the pressure on Anzac, facilitated the retention of Chunuk Bair, secured Suvla Bay as a port, and threatened the enemy's right in a way that should have enabled Anzac to turn a success into a great victory.

"We are up against the Turkish Army which is well commanded and fighting bravely."

After all's said and done the troops at Helles and Anzac are still perfectly game and we have got nearer our goal. We started forth to:—

(1) Seize Suvla Bay;

(2) Break out of Anzac and join on to Suvla;

(3) Seize Sari Bair crestline;

(4) Hold enough of the hinterland of Suvla Bay to make it a comfortable harbour.

(1) and (2) we have carried through handsomely. We have trebled our holding at Anzac and we have put Suvla Bay in our pocket. (3) we have not done; we are short of it by a couple of hundred yards; (4) we have not done; it is a practicable harbour but subject certainly to annoyance. In honest, gambler's language, we have won a good stake but we have not broke the Ottoman Bank.

De Lisle reports confusion throughout Suvla Bay area. He *must* have three or four days to pull the troops together before he organizes a fresh offensive. The IXth Corps has been *un corps sans tête*.

CHAPTER XVII

THE LAST BATTLE

18th August, 1915. Imbros. Freddie and I left in the *Arno* this morning; Braithwaite and his boy Val came with us. We sailed for Suvla *via* Anzac and held a meeting which was nearer a Council of War than anything up to date. Dawnay, Deedes and Beadon stood by; so did Generals Skeen, Hammersley and Peyton. Reed, C.G.S., IXth Corps, was also present. The discussion of the steps to be taken within the next two or three days lasted an hour and a half. Every one who spoke had studied the data and the ground and there was no divergence of view, which was a comfort. Our attack will have as its objective the seizure of a foothold on the high ground. Anzacs will co-operate. As I explained to the Generals, we hardly dare hope to make a clean break through till drafts and fresh munitions arrive as the Turks now have had too long to dig in. But if we can seize and keep a point upon the watershed (however small) from which we can observe the drop of our shell, we can knock out the landing places of the Turks. At the end, I told them I had asked for 95,000 fresh rifles, 50,000 in new formations, 45,000 to bring my skeleton units up to strength, adding, that if I was refused that help then I felt Government had better get someone cleverer than myself to put their Fleet into the Marmora. The Generals seemed satisfied with my demands and sympathetic towards my personal attitude.

As to the coming attack, the tone of the Conference was hopeful. They agreed that the nut was hard for our enfeebled forces to crack, but they seemed to think that if we were once to get the enemy on the run, with the old 29th Division and the new, keen Yeomanry on their heels, we might yet go further than we expected. One Brigade of the 29th Division has been brought round from Helles to put shape and form into the 53rd Division. Peyton's men are to be attached to the Irish Division. There is a new spirit of energy and hope in the higher ranks but the men have meanwhile been aimlessly marched and counter-marched, muddled, and knocked about so that their spirit has suffered in consequence.

No end of Yeomen on the beaches; the cream of agricultural England. Many of them recognized me from my various home inspections. Would like very much to have had a war inspection, but the enemy gunners are too inquisitive.

De Lisle tells me he has now been round every corner of Suvla and that the want of grip throughout the higher command has been worse than he dared to put on paper. To reorganize will take several weeks; but we have to try and act within two or three days.

Skeen told us that when the Turks stuck up a placard saying Warsaw had fallen, the Australians gave three hearty cheers.

The chief trouble in making plans for the coming attack lies in the want of cover on, and for a mile inland of, the Suvla Bay beaches. The whole stretch of the flat land immediately East and South of the Bay lies open to the Turkish gunners. This is no longer a serious drawback if the men are holding lines of trenches. But when the trench system is not yet in working order, and they want to deploy, then it is so awkward a factor that I would have been prepared to turn the whole battle into a night attack. The others were not for it. They thought that the troops were not highly enough trained and had lost too many officers to be able to find their way over this country in the darkness. They are in immediate touch with the men: I am not.

Lindley asked if he might walk with me to the Beach, and on the way down he told me frankly his Division had gone to pieces and that he did not feel it in himself to pull it together again. Very fine of him to make a clean breast of it, I thought, and said so: also advised him to put what he had told me into writing to de Lisle, when we will relieve him and I promised for my part, to try and fit him with some honourable but less onerous job.

On Hammersley's report, Sitwell, Brigadier of the 34th Brigade, 11th Division, has just been relieved of his command.

19th August, 1915. Imbros. Sat sweating here, literally and metaphorically, from morn till dewy eve. King's Messenger left in the evening. Altham came over from Mudros. He stays to-night and we will work together to-morrow when the mails are off my mind.

Hankey dined and left with the King's Messenger by the *Imogene*. He has been a real help. The Staff has never quite cottoned to the chief among us takin' notes, but that is, I think, from a notion that it is not loyal to Lord K. to press the P.M.'s P.S. too closely to their bosom. From my personal standpoint, it will be worth anything to us if, amidst the flood of false gossip pouring out by this very mail to our Dardanelles Committee, to the Press, to Egypt and to London Drawing Rooms, we have sticking up out of it, even one little rock in the shape of an eye-witness.

A shocking aeroplane smash up within a few yards of us. A brilliant young Officer (Captain Collet of the R.F.C.) killed outright and three men badly hurt.

20th August, 1915. Stayed in my tent keeping an eye on to-morrow. Put through a lot with Altham. Am pressing him to hurry up with his canteens at Helles, Anzac and Suvla. In May I cabled the Q.M.G. begging him either to let me run a canteen on the lines of the South African Field Force Canteen, myself; or, to run it from home, himself; or, to put the business into the hands of some private firm like the Mess and Canteen Company, or Lipton's, or Harrods or anything he liked. In South Africa we could often buy something. In France our troops can buy anything. Here, had they each the purse of Fortunatus, they could buy nothing. A matter this, I won't say of life and death, but of sickness and health. Now, after three months without change of diet, the first canteen ship is about due. A mere flea bite of £10,000 worth. I am sending the whole of it to the Anzacs to whom it will hardly be more use than a bun is to a she bear. Only yesterday a letter came in from Birdie telling me that the doctors all say that the sameness of the food is making the men sick. The rations are A.1., but his men now loathe the very look of them after having had nothing else for three months. Birdie says, "If we could only get this wretched canteen ship along, and if, when she comes she contains anything like condiments to let them buy freely from her, I believe it would make all the difference in the world. But the fact remains that at present we cannot count on anything like a big effort from the men who have been here all these months."

De Robeck came over at 4 p.m., by formal appointment, to talk business, and deadly serious business at that! He has heard, by cable I suppose, that the people at home will see him through if he sees his way to strike a blow

with the Fleet. He takes this as a pretty strong hint to push through, or, to make some sort of a battleship attack to support us. De Robeck knows that when the Fleet goes in our fighting strength goes up. But he can gauge, as I cannot, the dangers the Fleet will thereby incur. Every personal motive urges me to urge him on. But I have no right to shove my oar in—no right at all—until I can say that we are done unless the Fleet do make an attack. Can I say so? No; if we get the drafts and munitions we can still open the Straits on our own and without calling on the sister Service for further sacrifice. So I fell back on first principles and said he must attack if he thought it right from the naval point of view but that we soldiers did not call for succour or ask him to do anything desperate: "You know how we stand," I said; "do what is right from the naval point of view and as to what *is* right from that point of view, I am no judge."

The Admiral went away: I have been no help to him but I can't help it.

Hardly had he gone when Braithwaite (who had heard what was in the wind by a side wind) came and besought me to try and induce the Admiral to slip his battleships at the Straits. All the younger men of war are dying to have a dash, he said. That's as it may be but my mind is clear. If a sailor on land is a fish out of water, a soldier at sea is like a game cock in a duckpond. When de Robeck said on March 22nd he wanted the help of the whole Army that was quite in order. He would not have been in order—at least, I don't think so—had he said in what manner he wanted the Army to act after it had got ashore. We are being helped now by the Navy; daily, hourly: we could not exist without the Fleet; but it is not for me to say I think the battleships should or should not take chances of mines and torpedoes.

Brodrick is quite seedy. We are all afraid he won't be able to stick it out much longer although he is making the most heroic efforts. In the morning I attended the funeral of young Collet, killed yesterday so tragically. A long, slow march through heavy sand all along the beach to Kephalos; then up through some small rocky gullies, frightfully hot, until, at last, we reached a graveyard. The congregation numbered many of the poor boy's comrades who seemed much cut up about his untimely end.

The P.M. has answered my cable to Lord K. asking for 45,000 rifles to fill up and for 50,000 fresh rifles. K. is in France, he says, and I will have my

answer when he gets back. The 5th Royal Scots are down to 289 rank and file. I have just cabled about them. Something must be done. Certainly it must be "out" for that particular unit if they don't very soon get some men. The War Office still refer to them as a Battalion!

21st August, 1915. Sailed for Suvla about 1 o'clock with Braithwaite, Aspinall, Dawnay, Deedes, Ellison, Pollen and Maitland. The first time I have set forth with such a Staff. Not wishing to worry de Lisle, I climbed up to the Karakol Dagh, whence I got something like a bird's eye view of the arena which was wrapt from head to foot in a mantle of pearly mist. Assuredly the Ancients would have ascribed this phenomenon to the intervention of an Immortal. Nothing like it had ever been seen by us until that day and the cloud—mist—call it what you will—must have had an unfortunate bearing on the battle. On any other afternoon the enemy's trenches would have been sharply and clearly lit up, whilst the enemy's gunners would have been dazzled by the setting sun. But under this strange shadow the tables were completely turned; the outline of the Turkish trenches were blurred and indistinct, whereas troops advancing from the Ægean against the Anafartas stood out in relief against a pale, luminous background.

As a result of our instructions; of conferences and of the war council we had got our plan perfectly clear and ship-shape. Everyone understood it. The 10th Division was Corps reserve and was lying down in mass about the old Hill 10 in the scrub. We had to trust to luck here as they were under the enemy's fire if they were spotted. But very strict orders as to keeping low and motionless had been issued and we had just to hope for the best. The Yeomanry were also Corps reserve at Lala Baba where they were safe. But when they advanced, supposing they had to, they would have to cross a perfectly open plain under shell fire. This was the special blot on the scheme but there was no getting away from it. There was no room for them in the front line trenches and communication trenches to the front had not yet been dug.

As to the attack:—on the extreme right the Anzacs and Indian Brigade were to push out from Damakjelic Bair towards Hill 60. Next to them in the right centre the 11th Division was to push for the trenches at Hetman Chair. On the left centre the 29th Division were to storm the now heavily entrenched

Hill 70. Holding that and Ismail Oglu Tepe we should command the plateau between the two Anafartas; knock out the enemy's guns and observation posts commanding Suvla Bay, and should easily be able thence to work ourselves into a position whence we will enfilade the rear of the Sari Bair Ridge and begin to get a strangle grip over the Turkish communications to the Southwards. From the extreme left on Kiretch Tepe Sirt by the sea, to Sulajik where they joined the 29th Division the 53rd and 54th Divisions were simply holding the line.

Only the broad outline of the fighting was visible through the dim twilight atmosphere and I have not yet got any details. Our bombardment began at 2.30 and lasted till 3 p.m., very inadequate in duration but the most our munitions would run to. Then, to the accompaniment of quick battery salvoes of shrapnel from the enemy and a heavy rattle of musketry, the whole line from about a mile due East of the Easternmost point of the Salt Lake down to Damakjelic Bair, nearly two miles, began to stir and move Eastwards. We had the joy of seeing the Turks begin to clear out of the trenches on Hill 70, and by 3.30 p.m. it seemed as if distinct progress was being made: about that time it was I saw the Yeomen marching in extended order over the open ground to the South of the Salt Lake in the direction of Hetman Chair. The enemy turned a baddish shrapnel fire on to them, and although they bore it most unflinchingly, old experience told me that their nervous fighting energy was being used up all the time. If only these men could have been brought within charging distance, fresh and unbroken by any ordeal! But here was just one of the drawbacks of the battlefield and no getting over it.

After a bit, I went down to de Lisle and found him sitting on a little spur about fifty yards from his own Headquarters with one of his Staff Officers. He was smoking a pipe—quite calm. There is usually nothing to be said or to be done once our war dogs have been slipped. A soldier might as well try to correct the aim of his bullet after he has pulled the trigger! Whilst I was there we heard—probably about 4.30—that the 11th Division had captured the Turkish first line trenches which run North and South of Hetman Chair. Real good news this. We were considerably bucked up. Climbed back to Karakol Dagh but, from that time onwards, could make out nothing of the course of the battle save that Ismail Oglu Tepe was not yet taken. As to Knoll 70, it was completely shrouded in dust and smoke. Sometimes it

seemed as if the Turkish guns were firing against it; sometimes we thought they were our own. Far away by Kaiajik Aghala things looked well as many enemy shrapnel were bursting there or thereabouts showing our men must have got home. By 6.30 it had become too dark to see anything. The dust mingling with the strange mist, and also with the smoke of shrapnel and of the hugest and most awful blazing bush fire formed an impenetrable curtain.

As the light faded the rifles and guns grew silent. So I clambered down off my perch and went again to de Lisle's post of command where I found him still sitting. He had seen no more than I had seen. The bulk of our reserves had been thrown in. No more news had come to hand. All was quiet now. Our *rôle*, in fact, was finished, and Marshall, the man on the spot, by now held our destinies in his hands. Firm hands too. The telephone was working all right and I told de Lisle to try and get a message through to him quickly saying that I hoped he would be able to dig in and hold fast to whatever he had gained. I have no fears about de Lisle's nerve; nor of Marshall's.

Went on board and sailed for Headquarters, through darkness made visible by the fires blazing on the battlefield. No shooting. Got on the wires and found no news from Anzac nor more from de Lisle. Crossed backwards and forwards the best part of the night between my tent and the G.S. tent, but de Lisle had heard nothing definite enough to report. Brodrick still has fever. Ruthven has been wounded.

22nd August, 1915. Suvla gone wrong again; Anzac right. Left G.H.Q. at 11 o'clock with Braithwaite, Commodore Keyes, Captain Phillimore, Aspinall, Beadon, Freddy and Val in the *Arno* and went direct to Anzac. There I picked up Birdie and heard the Anzac part of the battle. The Indian Brigade have seized the well at Kabak Kuyu, and that fine soldier, Russell, fixed himself into Kaiajik Aghala and is holding on there tooth and nail. There was fighting going on there at the moment but Russell is confident. How delightful it is to have to deal with men who are confident!

This success of old Cox's is worth anything. The well alone, I suppose, might be valued at twenty or thirty thousand a year seeing it gives us beautiful spring water in free gift from Mother Earth instead of very dubious fluid conveyed at God only knows what cost from the Nile to

Anzac Cove. If we can only hold on to Kaiajik Aghala, then the road between Anzac and Suvla will be freed from the sniper's bullet.

Went on to Suvla and landed with all my posse, remaining in consultation with Corps Headquarters till 3.30.

Our attack on Hill 70 and Ismail Oglu Tepe has failed. The enemy has dug himself well in by now and, therefore, we depended far more on our gun fire than we did on the 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th. Unfortunately, the bombardment seems to have been pretty near futile—not the fault of the gunners, but simply because, on the one hand, the mist interfered with the accuracy of their aim, on the other, shortage of shell prevented them from making up for inaccuracy by quantity. Then the bush fires seem to have come along in the most terrible fashion and interposed between our brave 29th and the Turks. The ancient Gods fought against us yesterday:—mist and fire, still hold their own against the inventions of man. Last but not least, all are agreed the fine edge of the 11th Division has been at last blunted—and small wonder: there is no use attacking any more with the New Army until it has been well rested and refreshed with new drafts.

So far de Lisle has no clear or connected story of the battle. The 29th Division say they were shouldered off their true line of attack by the 11th Division, then driven in by the fire; the 11th Division, on their side, say that the Yeomen barged into them and threw them off their line. Had we been able to dig in we would have made good a lot of ground. But Marshall, not showy or brilliant but one of my most sound and reliable soldiers, decided, although he knew my wishes and hopes, that the troops had got themselves so mixed up and disorganized that it would be imprudent. So orders were issued by him, on the battlefield, to fall back to the original line. There was neither use nor time to refer back to de Lisle and he had to come to the decision himself. I am quite confident he will be able to give good reasons for his act. Many of the men did not get the order and were still out at daylight this morning when they were heavily attacked by the Turks and fell back then of themselves into their old trenches. Another case of "as you were." We have lost a lot of men and can only hope that the Turks have lost as many. I don't think for a moment they did, not at least in the Suvla Bay sphere, but Cox and Russell claim to have accounted for a very great

number of them in their first retreat and in their counter-attacks in the Southern sector of the battle.

23rd August, 1915. Imbros. Not one moment, till to-day, to weigh bearing of K.'s message of the 20th instant,—the message sent me in reply to my appeal for 50,000 fresh troops and 45,000 drafts. In it K. tells me that a big push is going to take place in the Western theatre, and that I "must understand that no reinforcements of importance can be diverted from the main theatre of operations in France." Certain named transports are carrying, he says, more troops to Egypt, and he hopes Maxwell will be able to spare me some. If we can't get through with these we must hang on as best we may.

To-day it has been up to us to try and bring home to the Higher Direction the possible effects of trying to do two things at once; i.e., break through in France and break through here. We are to stand aside for a month or so just when we have made a big gain of ground but not the decisive watershed gain; when the Turks, despite their losses in life, shell, trenches and terrain, are shaken only; not yet shattered.

K. sees all the Allied cards—we don't. But we do know our own hand. We know that our Navy have now come clean down on the Ægean side of the fence, and have determined once for all to make no attack on their own. We have the *feel* of the situation in our bones and it was up to us—I *think* it was—to rub it in that although the British War Direction may decree that the Dardanelles are to hang on without further help, indefinitely, yet sickness is not yet under their high command, nor are the Turks.

So Dawnay, who is making a name for himself as a master of plain business diction, was told off to draft me an answer to the War Office which should remove as many beams as possible out of their optics. He overdid it: the whole tone of it indeed was despondent, so much so that, as I told Braithwaite, a S. of S. for War getting so dark a presentment of our prospects would be bound to begin to think it might be better to recall the whole expedition. So I rewrote the whole thing myself:—

"(No. M.F. 578). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Secretary of State for War. We will endeavour to do the best possible with forces at our disposal; we quite understand reason for your inability to send us reinforcements necessary to bring operations to a successful conclusion, and thank you for putting it so plainly. After the failure of the IXth Corps to take prompt action after landing I took immediate steps to persevere with plan in spite of absence of surprise and reinforced northern wing with 2nd Mounted Division from Egypt and XXIXth Division from Cape Helles. These movements and the necessary reorganization of the IXth Corps formations which had become very mixed took time, so that I was not able to renew the attack until 21st August.

"By then enemy positions in Ratilva Valley had been immeasurably strengthened and I was confronted with the difficulty that if I could not drive the Turks back between Anafarta Sagir and Biyuk Anafarta my new line from right of old Anzac position to sea coast North-east of Suvla Bay would be more than I could hold with the troops at my disposal. It would thus be a case of giving up either Anzac Cove or Suvla Bay. Therefore, as a preliminary step to my fresh offensive I determined to mass every man available against Ismail Oglu Tepe which position it was necessary for me to capture whether as a first step towards clearing the valley, or, if this proved impossible and I was thrown on the defensive, to secure comparative immunity from shell fire either for Suvla Bay or Anzac Cove.

"De Lisle planned the attack well. The LIIIrd and the LIVth Divisions were to hold enemy from Sulajik to Kiretch Tepe Sirt, and XXIXth Division and XIth Division were to attack Ismail Oglu Tepe with two Brigades of Xth Division and the IInd Mounted Division (5,000 rifles) in corps reserve. I arranged that General Birdwood should co-operate by swinging his left flank to Susak Kuyu and Kaiajik Aghala.

"The troops attacked with great dash and stormed the lower slopes of the hill in spite of strong entrenchments, but I regret to say they were not able to attain their objective nor even to consolidate the position gained and yesterday found the whole line back in their original trenches except the left of the Australians where one battalion of Gurkhas and new Australian Battalion continue to hold Susak Kuyu. Casualties not yet to hand, but I fear they amounted to some 6,000 in all. This renewed failure combined with the

heavy total casualties since 6th August, and the fact that sickness has been greatly on the increase during the last fortnight has profoundly modified my position, and as you cannot now give me further reinforcements it is only possible for me to remain on the defensive. Naturally, I shall keep on trying to harry the Turks by local attacks and thus keep alive the offensive spirit but it must be stated plainly that no decisive success is to be looked for until such time as reinforcements can be sent.

"The total casualties including sick since 6th August amount to 40,000, and my total force is now only 85,000, of which the fighting strength is 68,000. The French fighting strength is about 15,000. Sick casualties are becoming abnormal chiefly owing to troops other than late arrivals being worn out with hardship and incessant shell fire, from which even when in reserve they are never free. Where Anzac evacuated 100 a day they are now evacuating 500, where Royal Naval Division evacuated 10 they are now evacuating 60. The result is that I have only some 50,000 men in the North to hold a line from the right of Anzac to the sea North-east of Suvla, a distance of 23,000 yards.

"When there is no serious engagement, but only daily trench fighting, the average net wastage from sickness and war is 24 per cent. of fighting strength per month. The Anzac Corps, the XXIXth Division and the XLIIInd Division are very tired and need a rest badly. Keeping these conditions in view, it appears inevitable that within the next fortnight I shall be compelled to relinquish either Suvla Bay or Anzac Cove, and must also envisage the possibility of a still further reduction of my front in the near future. Taking the first question of abandoning Anzac Cove and closing to the North, Suvla Bay is now netted and comparatively secure from torpedo attack. Further, it offers certain facilities for disembarkation in winter gales. It has, therefore, some decided advantages but though I should be able to hold it safely at present, it would present no facilities for further contraction of my line to meet the future wastage of my force. On the other hand, by retiring South of Suvla I could first hold a line Lala Baba—Yilghin Burnu—Kaiajik Aghala, and then, when normal wastage diminished my strength below this limit I could, if necessary, withdraw into the original Anzac position. For these reasons it must probably be Suvla and not Anzac which must be given up, though on account of its advantages as indicated above, and on account of

the moral effect of retiring, you may rely on my not relinquishing it a single day before I am compelled.

"I do not wish to paint a gloomy picture. It is a simple problem of arithmetic and measurement. On the basis of normal wastage and the present scale of drafts my total fighting strength by the middle of December, including the French, will be only, say, 60,000. Of this force, a certain percentage must of necessity be resting off the peninsula, and the remainder will only suffice to hold Cape Helles and the original Anzac line unless, of course, the enemy collapses. Until now, however, the Turks replace casualties promptly, although frequently by untrained men. Also our other foe, sickness, may abate, but seeing how tired are the bulk of my force, I doubt if it would be wise to reckon on this."

At 11.15, red hot from France, there arrived in camp Byng (to command the 9th Corps), Maude and Fanshawe (to command Divisions); also Tyrrell and Byng's A.D.C., Sir B. Brooke, nephew of my old friend, Harry Brooke. All three Generals remained for lunch and then the two Divisionals made off respectively to the 11th and 13th Divisions. Byng and Brooke stayed and dined. These fellows seem pretty cheery. Maude especially full of ardour which will, I hope, catch on.

24th August, 1915. Imbros. Been resolving yesterday's long cable. How often it happens that a draft letter, if only it is well put, fixes the mind into its grooves. My words were brighter than Dawnay's but the backbone was not really me. No one knows better than myself that a great deal more than arithmetic or measurement will be needed to make me give ground at Suvla. The truth is, it is infinitely difficult to spur these high folk on without frightening them; and then, if you frighten them, you may frighten them too much. That's why cables are no substitutes for converse.

To a Commander standing in my shoes, the forces of the infidels are not one half of the battle. The wobblers sit like nightmares on my chest. "Tell them the plain truth" cries conscience. What is the plain truth? Where is it? Is it in Dawnay's draft, or is it in my message, or does it lie stillborn in some cable unwritten? God knows—I don't! But one thing at least is true:—to steer a course between an optimism that deprives us of support and a pessimism that may wreck the whole enterprise, there indeed is a Scylla and Charybdis

problem, a two-horned dilemma, or whatever words may best convey the notion of the devil.

The blessed cable is now lying on the well-known desk where K. will frown at it through his enormous spectacles. Then he calls the Adjutant-General and tells him Hamilton must be mad as all his formations are full to overflowing and yet he says he is 45,000 short. Next enters the Master-General of the Ordnance with a polite bow and K. tells him Hamilton must be delirious as he keeps on raving for shell, bombs, grenades although as he, Von Donop, knows well, he has been sent more guns and explosives than any man has ever enjoyed in war. Impossible to be so disrespectful to the Field Marshal or so inconsiderate to their department as to reject the soft impeachment. How easily do the great ones of this world kid themselves back into a comfortable frame of mind! Then K. stalks off to the Dardanelles Committee.

Turns out that Cox and Russell did even better than Birdwood had thought in the fighting on the 21st and the morning of the 22nd. They have killed more Turks and the line held runs well out to the North-east and quite a good long way to the North of Kaiajik Aghala.

Byng left to take over his command. Davies came over from Helles and stayed for dinner.

The *Imogene* sailed in with Mails. News by wireless of German Naval defeat in the Baltic and Italian declaration of war against Turkey. Well, that part at least of K.'s aspirations has come off; we have dragged in Italy. Now—will she send us a contingent?

Davies dined. With his ideas still framed on Western standards he puts it forcibly, not to say ferociously, that we must, must, *must* be given our fair share of trench mortars, bombs and gun ammunition. Fresh from France he watched the artillery preparation at Helles and (although we had thought it rather grand) says we simply don't know what the word bombardment means. Instead of seeing, as in the Western theatre, an unbroken wall of flame and smoke rising above the enemy trenches about to be stormed, here he saw a sprinkling of shells bursting at intervals of 20 yards or so—a totally different effect. And yet the Turks are as tough as the Germans and take as much hammering!

When I read the British Press, starved and yet muzzled, I feel as if I could render my country no better service than to kill my friend the Censor and write them one or two articles.

By surprise either Army can bulge in a sector of the opposing lines but, until one Army loses its *moral*, neither Army can break through. An engine will be found to restore marches and manœuvres but, at this historic moment, our tactics are at that stage. To break through, Armies must advance some six or seven miles; otherwise they can't bag the enemy's big guns. But, the backbone of their attack, their own guns, can't support them when they get beyond five or six miles. The enemy reserves come in; they come at last to a stop. A three or four mile advance *should* be easy enough, but, in the West, that would mean just three or four miles of land; nothing more. But *here*, those three or four miles—nay, two or three miles—(so ineffective in France) are an objective in themselves; they give us the strategical hub of the universe—Constantinople!

Suppose even that by paying the cost in lives we did succeed in driving the Germans over the Rhine, still we stand to gain less than by taking this one little peninsula! A quarter of the energy they are about to develop for the sake of getting back a few miles of *la belle France* could give us Asia; Africa; the Balkans; the Black Sea; the mouths of the Danube: it would enable us to swap rifles for wheat with the Russians; more vital still, it would tune up the hearts of the Russian soldiery to the Anglo-Saxon pitch.

Victory by killing Germans is a barbarous notion and a savage method. A thrust with small forces at a weak spot to bring the enemy to their knees by loss of provinces, resources and prestige is an artistic idea and a scientific stroke: the one stands for a cudgel blow, the other for rapier play.

We take it for granted that we have to "push" in France and Flanders; that we *have* to exhaust ourselves in forcing the invaders back over their own frontiers. Whereas, content to "hold" there, we might push wherever else we wished.

I can well understand that a Frenchman should say, "Let the world go hang provided I get back my *Patrie*, whole; undivided and at once." Indeed, only the other day, one of the best French Generals here, after speaking of the decisive, world-embracing consequences of a victory at the Dardanelles,

went on to say, "But we ought to be in France." Seeing my surprise he added, "Yes, I am quite illogical, I admit, but until our nine *departements* are freed from the Boche, world strategy and tactics may go to the devil for me."

Have been writing my weekly budget. Part of my letter to K. harks back to the first Suvla landing, and tries to give him a better notion of the failure to profit by the enemy's surprise. Not that I have yet got any very clear conception of the detail myself. No coherent narrative does, in fact, exist. New troops, new Staff, new Generals, heavy losses, have resulted in the confusions, gaps and contradictions still obscuring the story of those first few days.

Now that I am getting more precise news about what fighting there was, it seems clear that this great mass of young, inexperienced troops failed simply because their leaders failed to grasp the urgency of the time problem when they got upon the ground, although, as far as orders and pen and ink could go, it had been made perfectly clear. But, in face of the Turk, things wore another and more formidable shape. Had Lord Bobs been Commander of the 9th Corps; yes, just think of it! How far my memory carries me back. Every item needed for the rapid advance: water, ammunition, supplies and mules closely and personally checked and counter-checked. Once the troops landed a close grip kept on the advance. At the first sign of a check nothing keeps him from the spot. The troops see him. In an hour they are up upon the crest.

So far, so good. We had not another Lord Bobs and it would not have been reasonable of us to expect him. But when I come to the failure of the 21st, where I have a seasoning of Regulars—as well as a commander of energy—still we do not succeed. This time, no doubt, the enemy were on the scene in force and had done ten days' digging; the non-success, in fact, may be traced to the loss of the element of surprise; energy, in fact, was met by preparation. The battle had to be fought like a manœuvre battle and yet the enemy were ready for us, more or less, and already fairly well entrenched. Since the morning of the 7th the chances had been rising steadily against us. Still, even so, the lack of precise detail baffles me almost as much as in the case of the first Suvla landing.

CHAPTER XVIII

MISUNDERSTANDINGS

25th August, 1915. Imbros. Davies left for Helles at mid-day. Was to have gone with him but heard that Bailloud with Captain Lapruin would like to see me, so stayed to receive them.

Have got K.'s answer to my cable pointing out the probable results of his declared intention of sending us no "reinforcements of importance" during an indeterminate period.

"(No. 7315, cipher). From Earl Kitchener to General Sir Ian Hamilton. Your No. 578. You will, I hope, fully discuss the situation described by you with Birdwood and the Generals who have just joined you, and, when a thorough examination on the ground of the whole state of affairs has been made, give me the opinion at which you arrive.

"It has been a sad disappointment to me that the troops have not been able to do better, and that the drafts and reinforcements sent out to you and Egypt, excluding any you have drawn from Egypt, amounting from 6th August to 47,000, have not proved sufficient to enable you to contemplate holding your positions."

Braithwaite and I have been electrified by this reference to 47,000 drafts and reinforcements: it is so much Greek to us here: had there been any question of reinforcements coming to us on that scale, my 578 of 23rd August would never have been sent.

On the heels of this has followed another:—

"(No. 7319, cipher). From Earl Kitchener to General Sir Ian Hamilton. My No. 7315. I hope that the result of your deliberations will reach me by

Friday morning, as the decision to be taken is one of considerable importance."

I have replied off the reel:—

"(No. M.F. 588). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Earl Kitchener. With reference to your telegrams Nos. 7315 and 7319. I feel sure you cannot think I would be capable of sending a telegram of such import as my No. M.F. 578 without the deepest consideration and sense of my personal responsibility which remains unaffected by any amount of conferences with my subordinate commanders. I was careful in this instance, however, to discuss the situation on the spot with both Corps Commanders concerned and I then cabled you my considered opinion. I constantly visit both Suvla and Anzac and have personally thoroughly examined the state of affairs. In view of your telegram No. 7172, cipher, I do not understand your allusion to 47,000 drafts and reinforcements from 6th August as we have not been advised of any such number as 47,000. I felt bound to lay the case plainly before you as to what might have to be undertaken, though I do not contemplate giving up any position one hour before I need. If the present wastage from sickness continues, however, and if my cadres are allowed to fall below their present attenuated strength I may be compelled to undertake such a step as I have indicated."



"Exclusive News" phot.
GENERAL BAILLOUD

Bailloud arrived at tea time. Away from Piépage he is another person. At dinner, he cracked jokes even about serious things like the guns of Asia.

Brodrick was carried off to the Hospital ship. The doctors think there should be no real danger. We shall all miss him very much; as an aide he has been A.1.; sympathetic and thoughtful.

Braithwaite dined to meet Bailloud.

26th August, 1915. After clearing my table and taking early lunch, started off in the *Arno* with C.G.S., Pollen, Freddie and Val. Sailed for Suvla and went up straight to see Byng, brought by the whirl of Fortune's wheel from a French chateau to a dugout. During the two days he has been here, he has been working very hard. I hope he may not too regretfully look back

towards *la belle France*. Our old "A" Beach was being briskly shelled as we walked down to our boats. Between Hill 10 and the sea there were salvos of shrapnel falling and about every thirty seconds a big fellow, probably a six incher, made a terrible hullabaloo. The men working at piling up stores "carried on."

When we got back to G.H.Q. there was a heavy thunderstorm in progress. Mail bag closed 9.30.

During our inspection at Suvla this "Personal" from K. to myself has been deciphered:—

"(No. 7337, cipher). From Earl Kitchener to General Sir Ian Hamilton. Personal. I considered it advisable, that as the decision the Government may have to come to on your No. 578 is one of grave importance, the Generals out there should previously fully consider the situation on the Gallipoli Peninsula; hence my No. 7315. It was intended to obviate any possibility of overlooking points and in such cases two or more heads sometimes elucidate matters that might otherwise be missed or not given due weight to. It was in no way intended thereby to detract from the importance of your views on the subject or to minimise your personal responsibility for them.

"I have no idea of the French Generals' views on the matter, and you were apparently not fully considering the drafts and reinforcements that were being sent out.

"A detailed telegram is being sent you from the office of the 47,000 men mentioned in my No. 7315.

"I hope that the return of Younghusband's Brigade from Aden to Egypt will still further increase these in a day or two (less one battalion).

"But you should look on the forces in Egypt and your own as a whole, allowing, of course, for the proper defence of Egypt, when you take the general situation at the Dardanelles into consideration.

"Do you think the Navy could do anything more than they are already doing to help the situation? I hear it is thought that they could land heavy naval 6-inch guns on positions such as those in square 92 M and other points, and might threaten from Aja Liman the main road of Turkish supplies between Karna Bili and Solvili (by gunfire from ships) and also bring a heavy and effective shell fire on the Turkish positions at and behind Anafarta. There is a cabinet to-morrow."

I would much like to sleep over this cable—so plain seemingly; really so obscure. At face value, how splendidly it simplifies the Dardanelles problem! Had I been, all along, as this cable seems to make me, the C.-in-C. of the Eastern Mediterranean with Maxwell administering my Egyptian Base, then, humanly speaking, this entry would have been dated from Constantinople. But am I? I can't believe it even now, with the words before me. Anyway, whether by my own fault or those of others, one thing is certain, namely, that up to date there has been misunderstanding. Now, the Cabinet of to-morrow forces me to send a momentous wire without too much time to think it over. To clear my brain let me set down the sequence of facts as they have so far appeared to me:—

Less than a week ago—20th inst.—K. cables me he is sending certain units to Egypt and certain other units to the Dardanelles. The units and their ships are named. He says there is going to be a big push in France and that I must look to these troops, earmarked for the Dardanelles, plus any I "can obtain from Egypt" to carry on. He winds up by saying, "It is hoped the troops going to Egypt will enable Maxwell to send you more fighting men on your demand."

This same assumption that the G.O.C., Egypt, and myself are two equals each having equal command over his own troops, is fully borne out by another cable of the 21st August. My cable of 23rd August is based on these messages; i.e. on the idea that we must carry on here for a good long time to come with very little to help us. Then comes K.'s of the 25th telling me he is sorry 47,000 drafts and reinforcements he has sent to Maxwell and myself since 6th August are not going to be enough to enable me to hold on.

But no one can make head or tail of these 47,000 drafts and reinforcements; no one can run them to ground. He has notified me the units and the ships, but the total coming to Maxwell *and* myself don't tot up to that figure, much less the portion of them detailed for the Dardanelles.^[11] Now comes to-day's cable in which Egypt is spoken of as being mine, and the fatness thereof. Taking this message *per se*, any one might imagine I could draw any troops I liked from that country provided that *I* thought *I* was leaving enough to defend the Suez Canal: and, apparently, the 47,000 men are about to make an effort to materialize inasmuch as we are told that details are being wired us. Finally, Younghusband's Brigade sails to help us!

27th August, 1915. Imbros. As there is a Cabinet to-day I had to get off my answer last night. In it I have made a desperate effort to straighten out the tangle:—

"(No. M.F. 589). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Earl Kitchener. On returning from Suvla I have just found your No. 7337, cipher. I hope there may be no misunderstanding as to meaning or intention of my No. M.F. 578. I asked in my No. M.F. 562 for such drafts and reinforcements as I considered necessary for the campaign to be brought to a conclusion before the winter began. You told me in your No. 7172 that you could spare no more reinforcements beyond those mentioned therein, and that if I could not achieve success with these I must remain on the defensive for some considerable time. I explained situation in my No. M.F. 578, and said that the question was one of arithmetic and measurement. I was anxious to hold all I had got and to gain more, but I required all my available force at the present time merely to hold what I had got. I pointed out that meanwhile a large proportion of my troops were urgently in need of rest, and sickness was so great that unless reinforcements were sent out my force would soon be too small for the number of yards of front to be held. In that case, i.e., if reinforcements could not be spared, but in that case only, it would be necessary to contract my line. This welcome news of 47,000 reinforcements, however, alters the whole situation. Such a number will do much to complete my diminished cadres, and should materially lessen sick rate by giving more chance of taking tired troops out of the trenches. Byng

can certainly remain where he is at present, and will even be able to rest some of the tired XXIXth Division, while the arrival of the Australian Brigade will give General Birdwood a similar chance of resting some of his troops.

"General Birdwood meanwhile is to make a further advance to-morrow on the left flank, to gain possession of important tactical feature, which will eventually help an advance when the time arrives. Byng is getting everything in order and has infected all around him with his own energy and cheeriness and has quickly grasped the whole situation.

"In communication with Maxwell I find I can have seven Territorial Force units and the Scottish Horse, and now I have your welcome news of Younghusband's Brigade. Please believe I am the last man in the world to give up anything we have gained except under direct necessity, which I trust may now never arise. The Navy is supporting me to its full capacity. The guns of the four ships in Suvla Bay take on the Turkish positions you mention almost as well as and certainly more safely than if they were landed and placed where you suggest. Moreover, Navy cannot lend those guns unless I supply the detachments to work them from the Naval Division, and the latter is fully employed at present and cannot spare the men. We are constantly sending ships round to Aja Liman to fire at enemy positions from there, but I know you realize that one must not rely too much upon effective fire on land targets from ships which are not moored, as is the case in Suvla Bay.

"I have not consulted the French General about the situation in the North as he is at the Southern end and on the right of the line there. He thinks more of Asia than of these operations in which he has no troops engaged, but I discussed the matter with him only last night. Before I sent my No. M.F. 578 I discussed every point closely for two hours with the Corps Commanders."

In the evening my A.G. brought me the promised details of the 47,000 drafts and reinforcements. He has gone into the detail in proper A.G. spirit, namely, as an arithmetician rather than a tactician. The result has given us a shock! 10,000 men of the 54th Division and 4,000 drafts are shown in the War Office cable as being still due to come to me as reinforcements

whereas they had actually landed on the Peninsula; had, indeed, been shown in my total fighting strength of 68,000 in my original cable, M.F. 578 of 23rd August, and are, too many of them, alas already *hors de combat*. Here is the passage sent four days ago:—"The total casualties including sick since 6th August amount to 40,000, and my total force is now only 85,000 of which the fighting strength is 68,000." In this 68,000 were included 14,000 of the men shown in *subsequent* War Office cables as being drafts and reinforcements on their way to the Dardanelles!

So my A.G. has become a bit suspicious about the balance of the 47,000. On paper, he says, it looks as if I might expect to draw from Egypt and England 30,000 reinforcements, but—he remarks sententiously—"we know by now that paper is one thing and men are different." As to Younghusband's Brigade, it turns out they cannot be employed here: too many Mahomedans. Have sent the following reply:—

"(No. M.F. 595). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Secretary of State for War. With reference to your telegram No. 7337, cipher. Have now received details of the 47,000 drafts and reinforcements in your No. 7354 cipher, and I find that this figure includes nearly 10,000 men of the LIVth Division and 4,234 drafts, all of whom had been landed on the peninsula when I wrote my No. M.F. 578, and were reckoned in the total fighting strength of 68,000 mentioned in that telegram. The statement, however, shows that I can expect from England and Egypt during the next six weeks a total of some 29,000 reinforcements, including new formations and two battalions of non-fighting lines of communication troops.

"This is a better situation than I was led by your 7172, cipher, to expect, and you may rely on me to do the best I can with this addition to my present very depleted strength. I hope, however, you realize that whereas my British Divisions are now more than 55,000 rifles below their establishment only 17,000 of these 29,000 are drafts, and before the last of the drafts can arrive these divisions will have lost another 25 per cent. of their remaining number by normal wastage.

"In regard to Younghusband's Brigade, I learn that the three battalions are practically half Mahomedans, and I am advised that it is better if it can be avoided not to use Mahomedans so near the heart of Islam. Would it not be possible to exchange these for some Hindu regiments in France?"

These cables give us an uncomfortable feeling that the people at home wish to regard us as stronger than we are—a different thing from wishing to add to our strength.

On the other hand, another sort of message has come in which sheds a ray of hope across our path so darkened at many other points:—

"(No 7372, cipher). From Earl Kitchener to General Sir Ian Hamilton. Although it is understood that we do not at present see our way to change the recent decision not to send any fresh complete divisional units, we wish to have all the material possible on which to form a judgment from time to time. Therefore, will you please telegraph me your opinion, from the point of view of the military and strategical situation now existing on the peninsula, as to the prospects there are, after the experience you have recently had, of our achieving the main objective of turning the Turks out and what force you would consider would be required to do this."

Taylor of the G.S. lunched. A big parcel mail came in. Brodrick is to be sent to Alexandria.

28th August, 1915. Imbros. Braithwaite and I both feel we must take time to think over last night's last cable and I have wired to say so.

Cox's attack on Knoll 60 to the North-east of Kaiajik Aghala came off well. The New Zealanders under Russell and the Connaught Rangers did brilliantly. Fighting is still going on.

A reply from the War Office to mine of last week wherein I pointed out that the once splendid 5th Battalion Royal Scots had fallen from a strength of 1,000 down to 289. They have had no one since the campaign began. To-day the Battalion is just over 250—a Company! Now I am officially told that "no reinforcements can be found for the 1/5th Battalion of Royal Scots." This is the Battalion which did so well about 11 o'clock on the dreadful night of the 2nd May. I shall cable the Lord Provost of Edinburgh. If we could get into touch with the human beings of Edinburgh they would

help us to keep a battalion like the Royal Scots on their legs even if they had to break up half a dozen new formations for the purpose.

Freddie and I dined with de Robeck on board H.M.S. *Triad*. The V.A. was well pleased with my cable of the 26th.

29th August, 1915. *Imbros*. Last night two cables:—

"(No. 7414, cipher. C.I.G.S.). From War Office to General Headquarters, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. Reference your No. M.F.Q.T. 2737. The two Territorial Force battalions originally detailed—see my No. 7172 of 20th August—to sail in the *Orsova* will be taken by the *Ceramic*. Of these, the 2/5th Devons is only about 700 strong and contains a large percentage of recruits, while the 1/6th Royal Scots contains about 40 per cent. partially trained men and a new Commanding Officer who has only just been appointed. Until it has had further training neither battalion is fit for anything more than garrison duty. I suggest that under these circumstances the *Ceramic* should proceed direct to Egypt."

"(No. 7401, cipher, 554/A.3.). From War Office to Inspector-General of Communications, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. We are receiving from Malta and Alexandria very large demands for materials and explosives for making grenades. The supply of these seriously interferes with our manufacture of grenades. At present we are hoping to send you 30 to 40,000 grenades weekly and this figure will be increased. When the materials already sent out to Malta and Alexandria have been used up, can the manufacture of grenades at those places cease? Please reply at once; the matter is urgent."

Do what I will my pen carries me away and I find myself writing like an ill-conditioned "grouser." As an old War Office "hand" I ought to know—and I do know—the frightful time of stress under which Whitehall labours. But, just look at these two cables, you innocent and peaceful citizen of a thousand years hence! The residue of the famous 47,000 rifles sent me by the Adjutant-General are now being valued by the official valuer, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff. In all our calculations the 2/5th Devons has

hitherto masqueraded as an efficient battalion at full strength. Figures are sometimes more eloquent than words!

As to the second cable, that deals us a worse blow. Seeing clearly, at last, we should extract no hand grenades from the War Office, we turned to Maxwell and Methuen, who have interested themselves in our plight and have been making us so many that, with what we ourselves can add to their manufacture, we are at last beginning to make things hum in the Turkish trenches. Then in comes this War Office cable to crush our nascent industry and give us in exchange some pious aspirations.

There is no good making any trouble about the hand grenades. As to the two raw battalions, I am asking they be sent, raw and weak as they are, as I can train them in the trenches much better and more quickly than they could be trained in Egypt or England.

Church Parade; office work; sailed over to "K" Beach; inspected Clearing Stations and walked up to site for new camp. Then back to G.H.Q., to meet the V.A. and Roger Keyes. They remain the best of friends always.

This evening we were all in good form owing to the news from Anzac. Knoll 60, now ours throughout, commands the Biyuk Anafarta valley with view and fire—a big tactical scoop.

30th August, 1915. Imbros. Still good news from Anzac. Seeing that the stunt was on a small scale, we seem to have got into the Turks with a vengeance. In falling back as well as in counter-attacking after we had taken Hill 60, the enemy were exposed to the fire from our trenches along the Kaiajik Dere. Birdie declares that they have lost 5,000. We have taken several machine guns and trench mortars as well as some fifty prisoners. Have sent grateful message to all on the spot.

At 10.30 four Russian Officers made their salaams. They are to report how things are going, and they seem to have the usual quick Slav faculty for grasping essential points combined, no doubt, with the usual Slav slackness which lets them go again. I told them everything I knew. They told us that our landing had saved the whole Army of the Caucasus; that the Grand Duke knew it and that His Imperial Highness bitterly regretted that, first of

all, sheer lack of supplies; afterwards the struggles in Galicia and Poland, had prevented Istomine and his Army Corps from standing by to help.

At 1.30 the C.G.S., Deedes, Val., Freddy and I crossed to Helles in the *Arno*. Had a hard afternoon's walking, going first to 8th Corps Headquarters; next to the Royal Naval Division and last to the 52nd Divisional Headquarters. Returned to the 8th Corps Headquarters and there met Bailloud. He is now full of good cheer. Got back to Headquarters without adventure or misadventure.

Have cabled home a suggestion made to me by Mahon, that the 16th Irish Division at home might be used to fill up the gaps in the units of the 10th Division out here.

31st August, 1915. After early lunch, left in the *Arno* for Suvla. With me were Braithwaite, Manifold, Freddy and Val. Walked up to the 9th Corps Headquarters and saw Byng. I am very anxious indeed he should work his men up into the mood for making a push. He charms everyone and he is fast pulling his force together. Maude, Fanshawe, and de Lisle seem to be keen to do something, but Byng, though he also is keen, has the French standards for ammunition in his head. He does not think we have enough to warrant us in making an attack. Also, he does not realize yet that if he is going to wait until we are fitted out on that scale he will have to wait till doomsday.

Walked to de Lisle's Headquarters and saw him, and on to the 11th Divisional Headquarters where I met Fanshawe and Malcolm. With them I climbed back on to Karakol Dagh and sat me down on the identical same stone whereon I sweated blood during that confused and indecisive battle of the 21st August. From the Karakol Dagh I got a very fair idea of our whole trench system. On either flank we hold the hills; elsewhere we are on the flat. The 11th Division have recovered and only need drafts to be as good a formation as any General could wish to command. In the evening I left in the *Arno* carrying off with me de Lisle and Captain Hardress Lloyd to dine and stay the night. Quentin Agnew also dined.

My first feeble little attempt to act on K.'s assumption that Egypt and its army are mine has fallen a bit flat. The War Office promptly agreed to my taking these two weak, half-trained battalions, the 1/6th Royal Scots and 2/5th Devons, to be trained in my trenches. That was yesterday. But the

Senoussi must have heard of it at once, for Maxwell forthwith cables, "The attitude of the Senoussi is distinctly dangerous and his people have been latterly executing night manœuvres round our post at Sollum." To me, the night manœuvres of these riff-raff seem ridiculous. But distance, perhaps, has lent its enchantment to my view.

The quibble that the troops in Egypt are mine has been broken to pieces by my first touch! I have renounced the two battalions with apologies and now I daresay the Senoussi will retire from his night manœuvres round Sollum and resume his old strategic position up Maxwell's sleeve.

1st September, 1915. Imbros. Remained at Headquarters working. Wrote, amongst other things, to K. as follows:—

"I have just finished two days' hard physical exercise going round visiting Egerton and Paris with Davies, and Fanshawe and de Lisle with Byng. At Helles everything is quite right although they have only troops enough there for the defensive. They are getting a lot of stores in, and the really only anxious feature of the situation is the health of the men who are very, very tired right through, having had no sort of relief for months, and who go sick in large numbers.

"Fanshawe is first class. Full of go and plans, he will, if the Lord spares him, be a real treasure. Maude and Mahon I am going to see after Mail-day, and then I shall hope to inspect our new captured position on the left of Anzac.

"I do not know if they showed you the cable saying Hammersley has gone home very ill with a clot of blood in his leg. He has to lie perfectly prostrate and still, so I am told, as the least movement might set it loose and it would then kill him. Evidently he was not really fit to have been sent out on service. And this was the man, remember, on whom, under Stopford, everything depended for making a push.

"This Suvla Bay country, a jungle ringed round by high mountains, is essentially a country for Boers or for Indian troops. De Lisle and others who have watched them closely in India, say that a native soldier on the Peninsula (although there, too, he goes to pieces if he loses his Officers and under too prolonged a strain) is worth at least two Indian soldiers in France. The climate suits him better, but, most of all, the type of enemy is more or less the sort of type they are accustomed to encounter. Not *Sahibs* and *Ghora Log* in helmets but *Mussalman Log* in turbans. As to the South Africans there can be no two opinions, I think, that they would stand these conditions better than those of Northern Europe. Indeed, we have one or two Boers serving now with the Australians, and they have done extremely well."

Some of K.'s questions take my breath away. I wish very much indeed he could come and spend a week with me. Otherwise I feel hopeless of making him grasp the realities of the trenches. On the 30th of August he cables, "If required, I could send you a fresh consignment of junior Officers. Or have you sufficient supernumerary Officers to fill all casualties?" I have replied to him that, in my four regular Divisions, I am short of 900 effective Officers in the Infantry alone. To meet my total shortage of 1,450 Officers I have twenty-five young gentlemen who have lately been sent out here to complete their training!

De Lisle and Hardress Lloyd sailed back to Suvla in the evening.

CHAPTER XIX

THE FRENCH PLAN

2nd September, 1915. Imbros. An ugly dream came to me last night. My tent was at Imbros right enough, and I was lying in my little camp bed, and yet I was being drowned, held violently under the Hellespont.

The grip of a hand was still on my throat; the waters were closing over my head as I broke away and found myself wide awake. I was trembling and carried back with me into the realms of consciousness an idea that some uncanny visitor had entered my tent. Already the vision was fading. I could visualize the form of the presence, but the face remained hidden in shadow. Never had I suffered from so fearful a dream. For hours afterwards I was haunted by the thought that the Dardanelles were fatal; that something sinister was a-foot; that we, all of us, were pre-doomed.

Dreams go by contraries. Strange that so black a night should be followed by a noon so brilliant—so brilliant beyond compare.

K. cables the French are going to send three or four Divisions to work with us along the Asiatic mainland. From bankrupt to millionaire in 24 hours. The enormous spin of fortune's wheel makes me giddy!

These French Divisions will be real Divisions: *must* be; they have no others.

O, Hallelujah!

"The sending of a force of three or four Divisions to operate on the Asiatic mainland, independent as regards command, but in close relation with the British forces on the Peninsula, is being considered by the French Government. They will require an exclusively French military base at Mitylene, and us to help with transport and fleet.

"So far I have not discussed any details with the French, and have simply told them we shall be delighted to have the help, which would be given by such an expedition, towards the solution of the Dardanelles problem.

"Presumably they would require their two divisions now at Cape Helles. What forces would you require to relieve them? I have asked Sir John French if the XXVIIth and XXVIIIth Divisions could be spared for this purpose.

"Wire me any points that you think I had better settle with the French authorities."

Deo volente we are saved; Constantinople is doomed. How clearly stand forth the mosques and minarets of the Golden Horn.

Mr. Murdoch, an Australian journalist, paid me a visit to thank me for having stretched a point in his favour by letting him see the Peninsula. Seemed a sensible man.

Glyn and Holdich dined: both clever fellows in different ways. Dawnay and Glyn after dinner left for England. Dawnay goes to explain matters first hand to K. Next to my going home myself, or to K. himself coming out here, this is the best I can do. Dawnay is one of the soundest young officers we have, but he is run down physically (like most of us) and jaded. He should benefit by the trip and so should the rumour-mongers at home.

3rd September, 1915. Imbros. Two cables: one to say that the news about the French Divisions must be kept dark; the other, in reply to a question by me, refusing to let me consult de Robeck on the matter. So Braithwaite and I had to make out our cable expressing our delight and thankfulness, and advising how the troops might best be used entirely on our own.

The cable took some doing but got it off my chest by mid-day and then sailed with Ellison, Braithwaite and Val by the *Arno* to Suvla. We landed this time on Lala Baba instead of at our usual Ghazi Baba. Every five minutes the Turks plumped one six-incher on to the beach. But nobody now seems to mind. A lot of Generals present; Byng, Mahon, Marshall, Maude and Peyton. Mahon took me up to the top of Lala Baba and showed me the disposition of his division. He kindly asked us all to tea at his Headquarters but as someone added that Ashmead-Bartlett was going to take a cinema photo of the scene I thought I would not be thus immortalized. The Scottish Horse were bivouacking on the beach; they have just landed but already they have lost a member or two of their Mess from shell fire. No wonder

they looked a little bewildered, but soon they will shake down. When we got back to the *Arno* we found she had been hit by shrapnel, but no damage.

Things at Suvla are pulling together. No one gave me more confidence than Maude. His mind travels beyond the needs of the moment. He is firmly convinced that no very out-of-the-way effort by the Allies is needed to score a big point in the War Game and that our hold-up here is not a reality but only a hold-up or petrefaction of the brains of the French and of our Dardanelles Committee. I longed to tell him he was doing them both, especially the French, an injustice, and that four splendid divisions were as good as on their way, but I had to content myself with saying to him and to all the Generals that I was overjoyed at a piece of news received yesterday.

4th September, 1915. Imbros. Life would be as ditchwater were it not stirred to its depths by K.'s secret cable. Sailed over with Freddie at 11.30 to "K" Beach and inspected the 88th Brigade. Had given orders to the *Arno* to stand by and to take me over to Anzac in the afternoon, but the weather was so bad that I could not get off to her in the motor boat.

At 7.15 p.m. the V.A. sent his picket boat for me and Freddie and I went on board the *Triad*. At 10 p.m. she started for Mudros.

5th September, 1915. H.M.S. "Triad." Mudros. Anchored at Mudros at 6 a.m. Breakfast over, was met by Altham, Colonel McMunn and Captain Stephens who took me ashore. There I met Lindley, now commanding the troops on the island; also General Legge (commanding the 2nd Australian Division); Lord Dudley and Colonel Forster. Lindley seems pleased at having been given this command; says he feels like a man out hunting who has a bad fall but alights on his feet, and Altham tells me he is doing the work very well. Dudley, too, seemed full of business and contented with his lot.

The moment I got through the reception stunt I set myself to work like a nigger at the Red Cross stunt:—that's how people talk now-a-days. Saw the 15th Stationary Hospital; the 110th Indian Field Ambulance; "C" Section of No. 24 British Indian Hospital; ate a hearty lunch; inspected 1st Australian Stationary Hospital. Walking round a Hospital and seeing whether things are clean and bright is a treat but trying to cheer people up and give a fillip

to all good works—that implies an expenditure of something vital and leaves a man, after a few hours, feeling the worse for wear.

By 4.45 the day's task was well over so refreshed myself by some right soldier business reviewing the 4th Gurkhas under Major Tillard—a superb battalion—1,000 strong!!! Had forgotten what a full battalion looks like. At 5.45 wound up by inspecting a huge Convalescent Depot under Colonel Forde and got back to the *Triad* just in time for dinner. Wemyss dined also.

6th September, 1915. H.M.S. "Triad." Mudros. After breakfast sailed over to Mudros West; Lindley met me, also a host of doctors. Walked to No. 3 Australian Hospital with an old acquaintance whose Italian name slips my memory at the moment; then to No. 2 Australian Stationary Hospital; then to Convalescent Depot of Lowland Division. At 12.30 ran down to my launch and was swiftly conveyed to lunch on board the *Europa* with Admiral Wemyss. Such a lunch as a lost voyager may dream of in the desert. Like roses blooming in a snowdrift, so puffs and pies and kickshaws of all rarest sorts appeared upon a dazzling white tablecloth, and then—disappeared. We too had to disappear and sail back to Mudros West again. Horses were waiting and I rode to No. 18 Stationary Hospital and made a thorough overhaul of it from end to end; then tea with the Officers of No. 1. In No. 3 Australian General were eighty nurses; in No. 3 Canadian Stationary seven nurses; in No. 1 Canadian Stationary twenty-four nurses. Since Lady Brassey descended in some miraculous manner upon Imbros, they were the first white women I had seen for six months. Their pretty faces were a refreshing sight: a capable crowd too: all these Hospitals were in good order, but the sick and wounded in charge of the girls looked the happiest—and no wonder. The Canadian Medicos are fresh from France and discoursed about *moral*. Never a day passed, so they said, in France, but some patient would, with tears in his eyes, entreat to be sent home. Here at Mudros there had never been one single instance. The patients, if they said anything at all, have showed impatience to get back to their comrades in the fighting line. We discussed this mystery at tea and no one could make head or tail of it. In France the men got a change; are pulled out of the trenches; can go to cafes; meet young ladies; get drinks and generally have a good time. On the Peninsula they are never safe for one moment (whether they are supposed to be resting or are in the firing line) from having their heads knocked off by a shell.

Returned to the *Triad* in time for dinner.

Admiral vexed as his motor boat has gone ashore. Bowlby is with it trying to get it off.

The French Admiral commanding the Mediterranean Fleet has just sailed in.

7th September, 1915. Imbros. At 9.30 left the *Triad* to call on Admiral de la Perriera on board the *Gaulois*. Thence to *H.M.S. Raccoon* (Lieutenant-Commander Hardy) and started back for Imbros, where we arrived in time for tea.

8th September, 1915. Imbros. Trying to clear a table blocked with papers as a result of my two days' trip. Have written to K. as the Mail bag goes tomorrow. Have told him I have had a nice letter from Mahon, thanking me for allowing him to rejoin his Division and saying he hopes he may stay with them till the end. Have given him all my Mudros news and have sent him a memo. submitted to me by Birdwood showing how much of the sickness on the Peninsula seems due to the War Office having hung up my first request for a Field Force Canteen.



"Central News" phot.
FISH FROM THE ENEMY,

Here is one of the enclosures to Birdwood's memo.:—

"N. Z. and A. Division.

I desire to draw attention to the remarkable drop in the sick evacuations from this Brigade as shown by the following figures:—

August	28—59.
"	29—64.
"	30—58.
"	31—17.
Sept.	1—2.
"	2—6.

I am convinced that this amelioration, and the observable improvement in the condition of the men are largely to be attributed to the distribution, on August 30 and 31 of Canteen Stores, providing a welcome change of dietary.

I strongly recommend that every effort be made to maintain such Canteen supplies.

(*Sd.*), MONASH."

9th September, 1915. Imbros. At 9.30 Admiral de la Perriera returned my call. At 11.50 Braithwaite, Freddy and I went aboard the *Gaulois*.

A five course lunch and I had to make a speech in French.

When I got back I found that General Marshall, commanding the 53rd Division, had come over from Suvla to stay with me. Lancelot Lowther dined; he told us all the important things he was doing.

10th September, 1915. Imbros. Lancelot Lowther left with the Mails at 7 a.m., glad, I suspect, to shake from his feet the sand of these barbaric Headquarters.

Not easy to get Marshall to loosen his tongue about the battle of the 21st, and he would not, or could not, add much to my knowledge. The strength of Marshall depends not on what he seems but upon what his officers and men know. He has got his chance amidst the realities of war. In peace, except by a miracle, he would never have risen above the command of a Battalion. The main reason I cannot draw him about the battle of the 21st is, beyond doubt, that he does not want to throw blame on others.

Marshall is a matter-of-fact, unemotional sort of chap, yet he told the sad tale of young O'Sullivan's death in a way which touched our hearts. O'Sullivan was no novice where V.C.s were the stake and the forfeit sudden death.

11th September, 1915. Imbros. Ran across in the motor boat to see the 86th Brigade under Brigadier-General Percival. Went, man by man, down the lines of the four battalions—no very long walk either! These were the Royal Fusiliers (Major Guyon), Dublin Fusiliers (Colonel O'Dowda), Munster Fusiliers (Major Geddes), Lancashire Fusiliers (Major Pearson).

Shade of Napoleon—say, which would you rather not have, a skeleton Brigade or a Brigade of skeletons? This famous 86th Brigade is a combination. Were I a fat man I could not bear it, but I am as unsubstantial as they themselves. A life insurance office wouldn't touch us; and yet—they kept on smiling!

12th September, 1915. Imbros. The C.O.'s, Geddes, Pearson, Guyon and O'Dowda, lunched: an ideal lot; young, ardent, on the spot. Marshall left by the Suvla trawler. Windy day, but calmer in the evening and at night rained a little.

13th September, 1915. Imbros. Crossed again with Freddie Maitland and inspected the 87th Field Ambulance (Highland Territorials from Aberdeen) under Colonel Fraser. Became so interested the dinner hour was forgotten—a bad mark for a General. Much pleased with the whole show: up to date, and complete in all respects. Got back lateish. Altham dined. Sat up at business till midnight.

Dictated a long letter to Callwell, Director of Military Operations at the War Office, on the suicidal behaviour of the Military Censor. In South Africa,

my Chief of the Staff's latchkey let many a clandestine tit-bit slip through to keep interest alive in England. K. regularly, when the mails came back to roost, went for me, but the messages had got home and done their duty as good little tit-bits should. The B.P. cannot work up the full steam of their war energy when the furnaces of their enthusiasms are systematically damped down; shut off from any breath from outside. Your sealed pattern censor sees nothing beyond the mischief that may happen if the enemy gets to know too much about us; he does not see that this danger is negligible when compared with the keenness or dullness of the nation.

General Headquarters,
Medtn. Expeditionary Force,
13th September, 1915.

"Dear Callwell,

"I am about to commit an atrocity by writing to an overworked man on a subject which may seem to him of secondary importance. Still, to the soldiers out here, the said subject means encouragement or discouragement coming to them through the medium of their home letters,—so vital a factor in victory or failure that the thought emboldens me to proceed.

"Our misfire of last month came within only a fine hair's breadth of the grand coup and caused us proportionately bitter disappointment at the moment. Yet, looking back over the whole affair in a more calm and philosophical spirit, any General, I think, would now be bound to admit that in some respects at least fortune had not been too unkind.

"The Australians and New Zealanders have been extricated from what by all the laws and traditions of war, was, in theory, an untenable position; their borders have been enlarged; the heights they hold have become more elevated and commanding; they have been entirely released from shelling on the one flank and, on the other, the shelling has dwindled away to next door to nothing. North of them again we have captured a more or less practicable winter harbour, and have extended our grip on the coastline. From the extreme South point of Anzacs to their extreme North was formerly $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles. From the extreme South point of Anzacs to our extreme North point (along which there is inter-communication) is now 13 miles.

Thus we force the enemy to maintain a much larger number of troops on the Peninsula (where he is already slowly bleeding to death under the stress of his supply and transport difficulties) or else dangerously to weaken parts of his line.

"As to the fighting by which this has been accomplished, there is nothing from beginning to end that any army need be ashamed of. Every word I sent home in my Proemial cables might have been published without raising a blush to the cheek of the most ardent Imperialist. In saying this I do not, of course, assume that raw troops could tackle a totally strange and uncomfortable proposition with the swift directness and savvy of veterans. The feat performed by the Australians and New Zealanders was of the class of the storming of the heights of Abraham, only it was infinitely, infinitely more difficult in every respect.

"On the other side, still assuming the philosophical mantle, consider what might have happened. Had the Australians and New Zealanders been average troops, they would perhaps have burst through the first series of wire entanglements and trenches, but they would not have stormed the second, still less the third, fourth, fifth or sixth lines. Again, had the Turks got the smallest inkling of our intention, the landing at Suvla Bay would have failed altogether, and the New Armies would have been virtually smashed to pieces without being able to show any *quid pro quo*.

"We soldiers out here have then it seems to me, much for which to thank God on our bended knees. That, at least, is my personal attitude.

"How is it then that our letters from home are filled with lamentations and that, having just gained a proportionately very large accretion of territory, we see headlines in the papers such as 'The Gallipoli standstill,' whereas it does not seem to occur to anyone to speak about 'The French standstill'?

"Well, I will tell you. The system upon which the Press Bureau approaches the eagerly attentive ear of the British Public is the reason.

"Why I begged the War Office to change the method by which I sent copies of my Proemial cables to Maxwell was that I found he (animated, of course, by the best intentions) was improving the successes and minimising the failures. The finishing touch was given when, one day, he inserted the

phrase 'The enemy is demoralized and has to submit by day and by night to our taking his trenches.' Obviously, even the most stupid fellaheen after reading such a sentence must, in the course of time, begin to ask himself how, if trenches are being easily taken by day and by night, we still remain on the wrong side of Achi Baba!

"Turning now to the Press Bureau and our landing, there was nothing in that landing, as I have just said, which need have caused sorrow to a soul in the British Isles excepting, of course, the deplorable heavy casualties which are inseparable now from making any attack. But, on the 23rd of August a correspondent cables to an American paper a sensational story of a decisive victory, which the Press Bureau must have known to be a tissue of lies. Had the lies taken the shape of disasters to the British there would not, from the point of view of us soldiers, have been the smallest objection to publishing them. Suppose Mr. X, for instance, had said that the landing did not succeed, and had been driven off with immense slaughter? Apart from the fact that such a cable would have made many poor women in England unhappy for a few hours, the fabrication would have done us positive good: when the truth was known the relief would have been enormous, we would have gained handsome recognition of what had actually been done, and German inspired lies would have been discounted in future.

"But there is no *moral* in the world that can stand against a carefully engineered disappointment. When you know perfectly well that the spirits of the people are bound to be dashed down to the depths within a few days, it is unsound statesmanship surely so to engineer the Press that you raise those selfsame spirits sky high in the meantime. To climb up and up is a funny way to prepare for a fall! If you know that your balloon must burst in five minutes you use that time in letting out gas, not in throwing away ballast. If you want to spoil a man's legacy of £500 tell him the previous evening he has been left £50,000!

"As I began by saying, do please forgive me, my dear Callwell, for taking up your most precious time. But you are more in touch with this particular business than anyone else at the War Office and, from your large mindedness, I feel sure you will be able to spare me some sympathy, and perhaps even get some recognition for the general principle I herewith put forward:—

"(1). Do not too curiously censor false alarmist reports put about by the enemy. Let the papers publish them with a query and then smash them as soon as this can be done with positive certainty.

"(2). Mercilessly censor any report which you think is, even in the smallest degree, overstating your own case.

"The system needs courage but, with the British Public, it would pay!

"Yours sincerely,
(*Sd.*), "IAN HAMILTON."

As suspense had, by now, become unbearable, cabled home asking S. of S. to "let me know, as soon as you can safely do so," when the new divisions may be expected. I tell him I have "informal" news from the French but dare not take action on that.

14th September, 1915. Imbros. Mails in with Ward as King's Messenger. Captain Vitali (Italian liaison officer) and Captain Williams dined. Vitali is worried about his status. He was told in the first instance he was to be liaison officer between General Cadorna and myself. On this understanding we agreed to his coming to our Headquarters. Once he was here the Italian Government (not Cadorna he is careful to explain) said he must be permanently attached to us. Vitali feels himself in a false position as he thinks that,—had we known, we might not have let him come. Personally, I am quite glad to have him; but we did not have much talk as, immediately after dinner, Braithwaite brought me the decipher of Lord K.'s answer to my reminder to him. This has greatly saddened me and takes up the whole of my thoughts.

"(No. 7843, cipher). From Earl Kitchener to General Sir Ian Hamilton. Reference your No. M.F. 630. I have just returned from France where I went to settle up the questions asked in that telegram which were in a very indefinite state owing apparently to a decision having been arrived at by the French Government without reference to their military advisers. The outcome of my meeting with Millerand, Joffre and Sarrail was that the French force of four Divisions proposed to be sent to the Dardanelles

cannot leave until the result of the approaching offensive in France is determined. If it be as successful as hoped for your position in the Dardanelles would naturally be affected favourably. It is hoped that the issue will be clear in the first few days of October, and if indecisive, that by 10th October two of our Divisions may be at Marseilles for embarkation to be followed closely by the four French Divisions. The embarkation and transport of so large a force would, it is thought, take about a month, but this has still to be worked out in detail, so that by about the middle of November would be the time when all would be ready.

"In the meantime, as transport is available, I shall continue to send you reinforcements and drafts of which you are fully informed, up to 20th instant, and on which you should alone calculate.

"Sarrail, backed by General Bailloud, is greatly in favour of the French expedition being employed independently on the Asiatic shore.

"Joffre greatly doubts the wisdom of this course, and Millerand requested me to ask you to state fully and confidentially, for his personal information, your opinion on this matter.

"Joffre's objections appear to be that a landing in Asia opens up a very wide field if the force be not immediately successful, and that in that case more troops, munitions and drafts would be eventually required than he could spare with due regard to the safety of France.

"Secondly, he is not very confident of Sarrail's leadership, particularly as the plans Sarrail has made seem to be worthless. Joffre is having careful plans worked out by his Staff for the expedition on the Asiatic shore which, he says, though unfinished, do not look promising. The same objection on his part would not, I gather, be felt if the French troops were given a definite area and objective on the Gallipoli Peninsula, where the scope of their activities, and consequently the support required from France, could be limited."

Where's the use of M. Millerand's consulting me over what lies on the far side of a dead wall? Had he asked me to show why action here should have priority over action in France, then I might have been of some use. But that is settled: the four French Divisions earmarked for the East will not now be

sent until *after* "the results of the coming offensive in France have been determined." "If the success of this push equals expectations you will reap the benefit." If indecisive then, "by the 10th October," two British Divisions and four French Divisions will be at Marseilles ready to sail out here: "about the middle of November would be the time when everything would be ready." There are altogether too many ifs and ands and pots and pans about Millerand's question. When a man starts going West who can foretell how long it will take him to arrive at the East?

(1) If the push in the West is victorious we will score, says K. That is so. Far as the Western battlefield lies from the scene of our struggle, the report of a German defeat in France would reverberate Eastwards and would lend us a brave moral impetus. But the point I would raise is this:—did K., as representing a huge Eastern Empire, press firmly upon Millerand and Joffre the alternative,—*if the push in the East is victorious the West will score?*

What express strategical gain do they expect from pushing back the Germans? A blow which merely destroys a proportion of men and material without paralysing the resources of the enemy is a blow in the air. War cannot be waged by tactics alone. That is a barbaric method. To bend back the German lines in the West, or to push the first line back on to the second or third, or twentieth, has of itself but slight strategical or economic import.

Here, on the other hand, we have literally in our grasp a clear cut gift offered us by the Gods. The impossible part, the landing, is done. All that remains is so many fresh men and so many thousand shell. The result is not problematical, but mathematical. Napoleon is the only man who has waged a world war in the world as we know it to-day. Napoleon said, I think it was on the famous raft, "Who holds Constantinople is master of the world." And there it lies at the mercy of the Briton—could he only convince Joffre that the shortest cut to freeing his country from the Germans lies through the Dardanelles.



"Exclusive News" phot.

MARSHALL LIMAN VON SANDERS

The principles which should underlie Entente strategy will be clear to military historians although obscured to-day by jealousies and amateurishness: just the usual one, two, three they are, in this order:—

- (a) Hold the sea.
- (b) Hold the West.
- (c) Smash the Turk.

A couple of miles won by us here gives England wheat and Russia rifles; gives us the whip hand in the Balkans plus security in a couple of Continents. A couple of miles lost by us here leaves the German with a

strengthened grip upon all the real world objectives for which he went to war: it leaves us with a ruined prestige in Asia. But what is all that to Joffre to whom, as a good Frenchman, the Balkans; the bracing up of the Russian Army; all the Odessa corn; Asia and Africa thrown in, do not count against *one departement of la Patrie*.

(2) If the push in the West is indecisive then our push is only to be postponed. Postponed! The word is like a knell. To write it gives me a feeling of sick despair. Only postponed! As well cable at once, *only* ruined!!

(3) But there is a third eventuality not mentioned by Lord K. How if our attack upon the main strength of the entrenched Germans is beaten off? To Joffre France comes first and the rest nowhere—every time: that is natural. But our Higher Direction are not Frenchmen—not yet! Armageddon is actually being fought *here*, at the Dardanelles, and the British outlook is focused on France. We are to sit here and rot away with cholera, and see the winter gales approach, until the big push has been made in the West where men can afford to wait—where they are healthy—where time is all on their side. And this push in the West is against the whole German Empire linked to all its own vast resources by a few miles of the best railways in the world. We *can* attack here with more men and more munitions than the enemy the very moment we care to accept the principle that, *at this moment*, Constantinople and the heartening up of Russia and ascendancy amongst the Balkan States are not only the true positive objectives of our strategy, but are the sole strategical stunts upon the board. We can do so because of our sea power. We can borrow enough howitzers, aeroplanes, munitions and drafts from the West; apply them here and then, if necessary, return them. We are not exploiting our own special characteristics, mobility and sea power!

Easy to preach patience to a nation in agony? Yes, for the whole agony of the whole world is more important even than the agonies of France. We've got to win the war and win it quick. There's only one way to do that. The resources of the Entente are not equal to carrying on two offensives at the same moment. If our Army in the West will just sit tight awhile, we here will beat the Turks, and snip the last economic lien binding the Central Powers to the outside world.

Once more, our game is to *defend* in the West until the *attack* in the East has borne economic fruit in the shape of ships and corn: political fruit in the sentiment of the Balkans: military fruit in the fillip given to the whole force of the Entente by actual tactical contact between the British soldiers and the rank and file of the Ruskies. The collapse of the Central Powers,—eclipsed in full view of all Asia and Africa by the smoke from the funnels of the British Fleet at anchor in the Golden Horn is what we are after here. Even if French and Joffre do drive the German main hordes back to the Rhine the scope of their scoop would be far less than ours, for we by getting to Constantinople can starve those main armies stiff.

How few of our people know anything of the Russians. At least, I have been attached for eight months to the Armies which fought against them in the field; have visited Russia and Siberia and have done two peace manœuvres as their guest. To send superior officers to Russia only produces jealousy; to send supplies only breeds dishonesty. But with 50,000 British soldiers as yeast we could leaven 5,000,000 Muscovites; we could fire their inert masses with our ardour; this is the best of all uses to which 50,000 British soldiers could at present be put.

From the early days when he told me the New Army should go to Salonika, K. had an intuition at the back of his big mind that victory would dawn in the East. But he is no longer the K. of K., the old K. of Khartoum and Pretoria. He still has his moments of God-sent intuition. First, he had *absolute* knowledge that the Germans would come through Belgium: I repeat this. The assumption was not uncommon perhaps, but he *knew the fact!* Secondly, when everyone else spoke of a six weeks' war; when every other soldier I can think of except Douglas Haig believed he'd be back before the grouse shooting was over; K. went nap on a three years' war. Pray heaven he was wrong; but, right or wrong, he has already proved himself to have been nearer the mark than anyone else. Thirdly, he had a call (by heavenly telepathy, I suppose) that his New Armies must go out to the East. There is no more question about this than there is about Belgium and the three years' duration. He has told me so; time and again.

Why then does he not act accordingly if he's in the Almighty know? Because he can't. With the one exception of the Battle of Paardeberg, he never in his palmiest days pretended to be a man of action. But now he has

lost his faculty of forcing others to act. He makes a spurt but he can't stay the distance. He has met Millerand, French and Joffre in Council and allowed the searchlights of his genius to be snuffed out! That is what surprises me:—He, who once could deflect Joe Chamberlain and Milner from their orbits; who twisted stiff-necked Boers round his little finger; who bore down Asquith, Winston, Prince Louis and Beatty in Valetta Harbour—East *versus* West—Mediterranean *versus* North Sea—who, from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m., withstood, wrestled with and overthrew Haldane's arguments in favour of his taking up the succession to the Duke of Connaught, and that although he had one arm tied to his side by having taken the King's shilling. What a marvel he was and now—

Ichabod!

There is something so tragical in what home letters let us guess that the pity of it almost makes me forget our own stillborn projects.

15th September, 1915. Imbros. Altham and Major Hood left G.H.Q. for L. of C. Headquarters. Had another hour with Altham before he got aboard his destroyer. Gave an interview to Buchanan, A.M.S. After lunch, Braithwaite, Val, Wells, Deedes, Freddie and myself went off to Suvla aboard H.M.S. *Scourge* (Lieutenant-Commander Tupper). On landing, Braithwaite branched off to see the G.S. Byng has a keen sense of humour; is energetic and by his looks and manner attracts all ranks. No one could wish a better corps commander and I have never in all my experience known anyone take greater and more minute trouble with his field days and manœuvres than he did in Egypt the year before the war. But his sojourn on the Western front has given him inflated standards as to the number of guns and stocks of H.E. shell which are essential to success; especially with troops who have suffered heavy losses. Perhaps he is right. This para. from a letter written to the great man to-night explains more generally what I feel:—

"Maude is burning to get on and do something and I heard him myself ask Byng when he was going to let him have a dash. As to Byng, I think myself he is not quite sure yet about the spirit of his men. I have been trying to spur

him on for the last day or so, although only by very gentle hints, as I think, with a man of Byng's great reputation, one must leave him to himself for as long as possible. I daresay he may be quite right and very wise. Still, these reinforcements have brought the Suvla Bay troops up to no less than 37,000 men, and I am most anxious they should do something soon a little more rapid than sapping out slowly towards the enemy's lines—which they are doing."

After my talk with Byng, we went on to meet Fanshawe and de Lisle. Maude came along with me as far as the crestline. I asked him about his Division. He replied: "Sir Ian, may I be frank with you about the Division?" At these ominous words I shivered. They positively gave me the shivers. So I braced myself up when I answered, "But of course!" Maude then said, "If you give the order now, and will arrange for a little artillery support, my Division will storm and hold on to any thousand yards of Turkish trench you like to point out; to-morrow." I could have embraced him, but I had to go steady and explain to him that a Corps Commander must judge all his Divisions and that, taking the situation as a whole, Byng did not think it fair on the men to let them have a dart yet—not, at least, till they had more munitions at their back. Byng has had wide experiences in the West and he looks on it as trying the men unfairly to ask them to attack without a preliminary bombardment on a scale which we cannot at present afford. "Yes," said Maude, "that is all very well but after all you must remember the Turks have neither the artillery nor the munitions the Germans have at their command on the Western front."

"Well," I replied, "you put your points to Byng and you know I am a man who never yet in my life refused a good brave offer like yours." He has a great admiration for Byng and so, though sadly, he went away.

Fanshawe met me at the South end of the Division trenches, as bright and keen as a new nail. His men, too, seem full of go. Fanshawe hopes to carry the whole ridge whenever he gets the order. The 11th Division promise to be as fine a unit as any in the Army once they get their gaps filled in.

16th September, 1915. Imbros. We had quite a lively morning here. At 7.30 an enemy's biplane dropped four bombs on our Headquarters camp and got away with hardly a shot fired at it. At 7.50 an enemy's Taube came over and

dropped bombs near my Signal Tent, also a little summer shower of small steel darts: five men were wounded. At 8.10 a.m. yet another enemy biplane circled round but was kept at a respectful distance by the ship's guns.

Gave an interview to Colonel Stewart, Armoured Car Squadron.

Vice-Admiral Foumet and Staff called on me in the forenoon. He replaces Admiral Nicol gone sick. Mails went out this evening. Freddie and I gave tone to our debilitated constitutions by dining with the ever hospitable V.A. on the *Triad*.

A cable from Dawnay saying Lord K. "would not regard unfavourably" a withdrawal from Suvla Bay.

Dawnay left under the cloud of the 21st August. He it was who rough-drafted the cable (in very much stronger terms than my final version) suggesting that we might have to draw in our horns if we were not kept up to strength. Since then our skies have cleared; the spirit of the men has risen to set fair and we have got drafts enough, not for a big push but certainly to enable us to be delighted should the Turks attempt any sort of an attack, either at Suvla or anywhere else. The Turks, in fact, are strictly on the defensive both actually and in their spirit.

17th September, 1915. Imbros. Had been going to Anzac to inspect and then to bring Birdie back to stay with me. But the weather was too bad. He got here all right as the wind is from the North and he was able to climb aboard under the lee of Nibrunesi Point. Just as well, perhaps, we did not go, for one way or another a good deal of extra work had to be got through. One thing; two cables from Maxwell to the War Office have been repeated to us here; inadvertently we think; divertingly for sure. The story is this:—

A few days ago we were offered the 51st and 53rd Sikhs who, despite their titles, are half Mahomedan. After consulting Cox, Birdie and other Indian Army Officers I cabled back saying we would gladly have them "as soon as transport can be arranged," unless French is willing to exchange them for

two purely non-Mahomedan units. Here are the collateral cables from Maxwell to the War Office:—

"Both the 51st and 53rd Sikhs have already been disembarked. They had better remain off ship as long as possible, I think, since they are reported to be feverish. The troopship can wait at Port Said. The men on the canal, I should like to point out, barely get two nights in bed per week."

"I have been asked by Hamilton to send him a double Company of Patiala Sikhs to reinforce the 14th Sikhs. I can do this, and if you concur I think it is a better arrangement than to send him the 51st and 53rd Sikhs."

The Sikhs meant for Gallipoli are gone; we shall never see them more; they mount guard by night against the ghosts of the Suez Canal.

Another thing; a Correspondent writes in and tells us that for the honour of his profession he feels bound to let us know that Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett has secretly sent home an uncensored despatch *per*, of all people in the world, Mr. Murdoch!

I had begun to wonder what had come over Mr. Murdoch and now it seems he has come over me!

The next paper on the table was my draft cable of advice for M. Millerand. Joffre wants his four Divisions to land on the Peninsula; Sarrail wishes them to work along the Asiatic side. No doubt the views of the French Generals are being coloured by their wish to stand as clear as they can of British command. So I have been careful to sweep away *that* obstacle by offering to stand down. Now they can fix up the problem on its merits:—

"Closest consideration has been given to your No. 7843, cipher. Until now I have consistently opposed a landing on the Asiatic side of the Straits with less than 6 divisions—see my telegram No. M.F. 349 of 19th June. On Gallipoli Peninsula area and difficulties of supply limited liabilities of the

opposing forces whereas mainland of Asia gave scope for the deployment of large forces by the enemy. Now, however, the situation is clearing up and there has been a great change in the conditions.

"The Turks had formerly 10,000 to 12,000 men on Asiatic shore with large reserves on the Peninsula available to cross over there if necessary. Now Anatolia and Syria have been drained of troops to oppose us on the Peninsula where the Turks have far longer front to hold, namely, $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles instead of $2\frac{1}{2}$, whilst our position and strength at Suvla and Anzac are more threatening to their communications than was our position at Anzac in June. If, therefore, we can be strong enough to maintain pressure on whole Turkish line on the Peninsula it is unlikely that Turks could detach troops to oppose French landing on Asiatic shore. Assuming even that the Turks were enabled to release every soldier from Thrace by a definite understanding being arrived at with Bulgaria, I calculate they might gather a total of five divisions but of these probably only one or at most two would be on Asiatic side at beginning of the operations and would probably be scattered so that opposition in strength to surprise landing is improbable. Moreover, only one of the divisions is composed of good Nizam troops, others believed to be not up to establishment. The Asiatic coast down to Yukeri Bay is now heavily trenched but I do not think much has been done below that point. Supposing, therefore, French bring good divisions at war strength and succeed in keeping their destination secret, they appear to have a good chance of obtaining good covering positions without much loss and of thence advancing on Chanak defeating any Turkish forces sent against them. Degree of their success would depend on whether the entrenched positions which have been prepared on the Kum Kale—Ehren Keui road could be turned by the good road which leads from Yukeri through Ezine and Ishiklar to Chanak, as it is unlikely that Turks would be able to quickly organize new defensive positions with entirely new line of supply. The distance of landing place from objective is a secondary consideration. It is easier to march and fight 100 miles than to take three lines of trenches. In the one case there is room for manœuvre at which Turks are bad while in the other case siege warfare results at which the Turks stand supreme. Once Ehren Keui reached, the Turks between that place and Kum Kale would be forced to retire and Kum Kale would become our base, thereby greatly shortening line of supply. Supposing Turks endeavoured to make

bridgehead on Chanak promontory, the country is so big that large forces would be necessary and once the Turks were cut off from North their supply difficulties would be most serious. French possession of Chanak should be equivalent to victory, but as Turks are stubborn fellows it is better to confine anticipations to commencement of results which I consider would be as follows:—Cutting off of Turkish supply line Chanak to Akbashi Liman. Narrows would be useless to Turks. Nagara communications could be cut. Our 15-inch howitzer could be used to batter Kilid Bahr forts. Allied Fleets should be able to enter Marmora without loss.

"Turning to alternatives. If French were held up and unable to reach Chanak, at least the last Turkish reserves would have been used up and I think happy termination of operations though postponed would begin to come clearly into view. Supposing the worst happened and that the French were compelled to fall back after landing. In that case a clear road for retirement to a bridgehead would be open. Positions covering landing could be taken up and there they would continue to draw towards them considerable Turkish forces which would otherwise be available for use on Peninsula.

"Finally, greater difficulties beset all other schemes. The notorious military disadvantages of independent command would be less harmful if the respective armies were separated by the Straits than if they were mixed up together on Peninsula. As Achi Baba is now one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, it would be unpopular to palm off the Cape Helles end upon the French. Moreover, all the French here are, and always have been, dead set on Asia. If the French were employed at Suvla they would have to fight side by side with the British, a situation which, with co-equal commanders, would be a military absurdity. Were that course decided upon, I would ask the Allied Governments to make up their minds which General had the most daring, brains and experience, and if it were the Frenchman I would serve under him loyally.

"As to making the attempt to the North of the Gulf of Xeros: a landing there is certain to be opposed, and the Turkish reinforcements which are always held ready in the neighbourhood of Uzunkiupru and Keshan could arrive in strength very quickly and imperil the whole project. A further objection lies in the distance of the French intermediate base and great strain it would

throw on Allied Fleets. Finally, it is all-important that absolute secrecy should be maintained. I suggest that it should be allowed to leak out that the destination of the French is Enos, this would probably have the effect of tricking Turkish troops in Thrace, as Enos is a destination which would gain most credence."

Birdie has at last worn off the fine edge of his keenness; he looks a little tired: General Russell, the New Zealander, dined also and was in great form.

18th September, 1915. Imbros. A cable to say that the French Government are anxious to form two bases each capable of supplying three Divisions: one to be at Mudros, the other at Mitylene. Is it business? In spite of delay, in spite of lost chances, is it business?

CHAPTER XX

LOOS AND SALONIKA

Left G.H.Q. at noon to-day, 18th, sailed to Helles; lunched with Davies; went up to inspect the East Lanes Division. The trenches are in apple-pie order and the men are in good heart, but the stomach has always been held to be the mainstay of the fighting man, and theirs are in the grip of enteritis. Stopped at 5th Corps Headquarters on my way back.

De Putron and la Borde came back with me. Struck an interesting scientist called Lawes whilst I was in the Lancashire trenches. As we were entering the harbour at Kephalos an enemy Taube tried to drop a bomb aboard. No harm.

Dined with the V.A. together with Birdie, Lord Anglesey and Freddie.

When we got back found this from War Office. Rather amusing to be in the know of the counter moves and to see their outcome:—

"The exchange of battalions mentioned in No. 7873, cipher, of 14th September cannot be effected, so that at present the 51st and 53rd Sikhs will not proceed to France. From the General Officer Commanding, Egypt's, telegram No. 1854. E. of 15th September, it is understood that he can send you another double company of Patiala Sikhs to reinforce the 14th Sikhs. Possibly this will suffice for your requirements in the meantime, and the 51st and 53rd Sikhs will be left at the disposal of General Officer Commanding, Egypt. If so, will you please make arrangements with him accordingly?"

"Repeated to General Officer Commanding, Egypt."

Our defeat is a foregone conclusion: the Senoussi is too strong for us. All the same I am determined to press the matter to an issue, if only to have a clean cut precedent as to whether we do have a first call on troops in Egypt or whether it is the other way about. We want these men so badly. They don't get sick here; are worth four European Battalions at present, and Birdie has become most anxious to get them, especially the 53rd. So I am cabling to Maxwell just to send us our troops (for they are ours) forthwith and have cabled to the War Office:—

"With reference to your telegram No. 8012, cipher. In accordance with your telegram No. 8711, of 11th September, I am asking General Officer Commanding, Egypt, to send here, at once, the 51st and 53rd Sikhs, as I cannot do without them. I shall be very glad to receive the Patiala Sikhs as well, as the 14th Sikhs are badly in need of a reinforcement."

Imagine had we been sent Indian Divisions for Suvla and if the New Army, Territorials and Yeomen had been sent instead to France! Each category would have given (let me put it mildly) double value. The heat, the thirst, the scrub, the snipers, all so disconcerting to our fresh contingents would have been commonplaces of frontier warfare to our Indian troops. See what the handful with us here have achieved. Yet in vain do I write and cable my personal entreaties to Beauchamp Duff, the all-powerful Commander-in-Chief in India, and a very old friend, for two hundred Sikhs: first he offers me a couple of hundred Brahmins wherewith to fill the ranks of the famous 14th Sikhs and then, when I hesitate before a proposal which appears monstrous, withdraws even that offer. Again, I beg for 200 recruits for the 14th, saying I will train them myself; I am refused—very politely and at great length—refused, because it would be "politically inexpedient" to send them. In vain do we try to get our own two battalions through the Egyptian morass; they are going to stick and do sentry go over nothing. Why; were there any real trouble in Egypt I could land a whole Division there within four and a half days!

As for the New Army and Territorials, gradually entered with their veteran comrades in the trenches of France and Flanders, they too would have had

more familiar surroundings and fairer play—as everyone here now recognizes, too late!

The crystals of history take shape while we fight. As in a glass darkly the outlines begin to appear to anyone who has a moment wherein to peer beyond the end of the war. Everything has gone by the contrary. Our people have done as well as their neighbours, and better, with their imaginations, whether in diplomacy, strategy or tactics. Where the Gibbon or Plutarch who survives the War Office Censor is going to damn their reputations into heaps is over their failure in business commonsense. Under their noses, parts of their system, were two great live organisms; the Indian Army and the Territorial Force. From the moment the mobilization flag was dropped it was up to them to work tooth and nail to treble or quadruple these sound, vigorous existing entities. What have they done? After a year of war, the Indian Army and the Territorial Army are staggering on their last legs instead of being the best part of our forces. Compare the East Lanes Division, who had the good fortune to escape from War Office clutches by getting right out to Egypt at the outbreak of the war, with Territorial Divisions which have remained since then under the eyes and in the hands of the War Office!

The Turks are still withdrawing troops from the Caucasus front to ours. Good for the Russians. Whilst I was at Helles, the enemy guns started a heavy bombardment along the whole of our nine mile front from the right of Anzac to the left of Suvla; a heavy musketry fire also along the Turkish trenches. An attempt was then made to launch infantry assaults against our lines, but these fizzled out, the rank and file having no heart for the job. There is no doubt the Turks have had enough of it. They can still hold on, but that's about all.

19th September, 1915. Imbros. News in to say that the Turkish rank and file at Suvla are not equal to any attack. At the end of the bombardment yesterday a few officers jumped on to the parapet and waved their swords; the men shouted from the safety of the trenches—that was all. Alec McGrigor arrived from Alexandria as A.D.C. *vice* Brodrick. At 9 p.m. an enemy aeroplane dropped a couple of bombs. Very jolly having Birdie here. He says that his latest returns show a daily sick list of ten per battalion of British or Australian troops and of one per battalion of Indian troops.

20th September, 1915. Imbros. Nothing doing. There is still scope for action at Suvla but we can't get them to take up any little schemes we may suggest. Shell shortage is the invariable answer. At 5 p.m. Birdie and Anglesey went back to Anzac.

21st September, 1915. Imbros. Further development of the Sikh comedy:—Maxwell cables, "No. 1883 E. Your No. M.F. 648. I have received no orders to send these regiments. According to my last information from the War Office they were to remain here, as I require them, but that I should send you a double company of Patiala Sikhs to reinforce the 14th Sikhs."

I have cabled this on to the War Office, saying, "As I understand it, your No. 8012 of 18th September does not mean that the War Office have withdrawn the offer of these two regiments, which are urgently required here. I therefore hope that you will give early authority to General Officer Commanding, Egypt, to send them on to Mediterranean Expeditionary Force."

The battalions were thrown at my head when that grand statement was made as to the grand army I commanded; now where are they?

Started off with Taylor, Freddie and Colonel Napier (British Military Attaché to Bulgaria) for Anzac. No shelling. Went round the whole left centre and left of Birdie's position to right and left of Cheshire Point, and saw the new Australian Division—very fine fellows. Bullets were on the whistle and "the boys" were as keen and happy as any real schoolboys. Memories of the Khyber, Chitral and Tirah can hardly yield samples of a country so tangled and broken. Where the Turks begin and where we end is a puzzler, and if you do happen to take a wrong turning it leads to Paradise. Met various Australian friends—a full-blown Lord Mayor—many other leading citizens both of Melbourne and of Sydney.

At 5 p.m. re-embarked. Napier gave birth to a happy thought on our way back. His idea is that we should transfer the troops on the Gallipoli Peninsula to Salonika so as to hearten up the Serbians and Greeks and dishearten our enemies at Sofia. He has pressed his view, he said, on the Foreign Office. I asked him if his Chief, the Minister at Sofia, stood behind him. He said he could not vouch for his Minister's views, but that he,

Napier, had power in his capacity as Military Attaché to correspond with the British Government direct.

K. himself did at one time toy with the thought of sending his New Army to Serbia either under Rundle or myself, and was only restrained by the outbreak of typhus in that country. But, keen as I was for the warpath, a very little study of the terrain and supply question was enough to cool my ardour.

Salonika is ruled out by history. In all the campaigns waged of old in these very regions the part played by Salonika has been naval, not military. There must have been some reason for this: there was; it still exists—geography! You could not, and cannot, carry out anything big *via* a couple of narrow cracks through a trackless labyrinth of mountains. The problem is a repetition of the Afghanistan dilemma. A big army would starve at Nisch and along the Danube; a small army would be swallowed up by the enemy. Unless they are going to trust to Bulgaria and Roumania for supplies, one British Army Corps is about as much as can manage to live and fight in Serbia. If they want to make Serbia safe their only possible chance is to push through to Constantinople! There is no other way. I said all this to Napier and a lot more besides and left him keener on Salonika than ever.

He actually thinks that from Salonika we could do what could be done by us at any time at the Dardanelles! Salonika is no alternative to the Dardanelles. I wish the War Office could hear Gouraud; Gouraud, that big sane man with local knowledge. How strong he used to be on the point that Greece lay altogether outside the sphere of any military action by the Entente. We can't feed Russia with munitions through Salonika, nor can we bring back Russian wheat *via* Salonika,—not much, seeing we would not be able to feed ourselves were we fifty miles into the mountains. Salonika is a military mare's nest.

Scatters Wilson and Captain Cheape dined and stayed the night. The King's Messenger arrived with the Mails.

Three cables:—

"(No. M.F. 654). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to War Office. Only two machine guns per battalion are being brought by the City of London battalions, the balance, by order of General Officer Commanding, Egypt, being handed over to Chief Ordnance Officer, Egypt. The former telegraphs that this has been done by your order. There is nothing that is more important to my force than an ample supply of these guns. I would therefore request that early authority should be given to General Officer Commanding, Egypt, to send on these guns."

"(No. I.D. 116). From General Headquarters, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force, to War Office. My No. I.D. 110. Please inform me whether Murdoch has arrived, and whether my information was correct as regards his carrying a despatch for Sir Harry Lawson from Ashmead-Bartlett."

"(No. 8108, cipher). From War Office to General Headquarters, Mediterranean Expeditionary Force. Your No. I.D. 116. A despatch answering the description has been taken from Murdoch at Marseilles. You should delay action, however, until we have seen it and you hear from us further."

The despatch should have been censored here and ought, therefore, to be sent back here for censoring. The War Office, I suppose, want to have first look in!

22nd September, 1915. Scatters and Cheape sailed back for Suvla at 6.45 a.m.—just in good time to avoid a raid on our Headquarters carried out by three Taubes between 7.50 and 8 a.m. A dozen bombs dropped; no serious harm done.

Heseltine, King's Messenger, came to dinner.

Bad news from Bulgaria. She is mobilizing, not, we may be sure, for the sake of helping those who do not help themselves. Well do I remember Ferdinand, as long ago as 1909, turning to me and saying as he pointed to a picture of himself in the robes of a Byzantine Emperor, "*Quand vous arrivez au Bosphore, pensez à moi.*" Well, there is one good side to working over a narrow Peninsula, under the guns of your own Fleet, all the Bulgars in the Balkans cannot add a rifle to the number of enemy troops on Gallipoli, who already, can only be munitioned, watered and fed with the

greatest difficulty. The more targets the enemy cram on to their present narrow front the merrier for our gunners; the better the chance for our submarines starving the lot of them. So long as our Fleet holds the Ægean, we may snap our fingers at the Bulgarians, whereas they, were they fools enough to come here, would live on tenter hooks lest haply some fine morning our Fleet should sail into the Marmora.

Yes, two or three battleships in the Marmora! Think of it! The sea communications, Constantinople-Gallipoli and Asia-Gallipoli, would cease, *ipso facto*, to exist. The railways between Europe and Constantinople and Asia and Constantinople must shut down. In a fortnight the Turks on the Peninsula begin to pack up; in a month the Turks in Constantinople move bag and baggage from Europe to Asia. Ferdinand watching the cat's jump, prepares to turn those 400,000 bayonets of his against the Kaiser. So wags my world in the might-be; very much "might-be" for the Navy are turning down the "to be" for the third time of asking. Three times the Sibyl makes her prodigious offer: May—August—September a new world for old battleships:—two—four—six!

23rd September, 1915. Stormy weather: the *Imogene* could hardly crawl out. Have written K. to tell him how day succeeds day, never without incident, but never with achievement; how we are burnt up with longing to get on and how we know that he is as anxious. Yet, as I tell him, *we* "can't force the pace." How can we? We have not the wherewithal—the stuff. "Byng would like to have four days' successive bombardment for an hour, and then attack, and speaks of one H.E. shell per yard as pat as if they were shells we could pick up on the seashore. I have assured him it is no earthly use; that he shall have his share of what I have got, but that stuff for bombardment is simply not in existence,—not here, at least."

24th September, 1915. Imbros. Fought against exasperation all day. As I thought:—

"(No. 8193, cipher). From Earl Kitchener to General Sir Ian Hamilton. In the existing situation, the two battalions referred to in your No. M.F. 655 of

21st September, should remain for the present in Egypt. I have informed Maxwell to this effect."

K. has re-opened the idea of giving up Suvla, saying, "it might become necessary in certain eventualities to abandon that area." In my reply I have said, "I hope there will be no question now of the abandonment of Suvla.... In the Northern zone I have now more troops than at the time of my telegram, my line is stronger, the old troops are resting, the new troops are improving, and preparations are being made for a local advance. At this stage withdrawal will be a great moral victory for the Turks. Moreover, it would release a large number of enemy divisions to oppose the Russians in Asia, or for other enterprises."

Another cable also sent dealing with the ever present, ever pressing, ever ghastlier shortage upon the Peninsula generally:—

"My present shortages, 21st September, of infantry rank and file are 2,645 in the XXIXth Division, 17,166 in the three New Army Divisions, and 23,986 in the four Territorial Divisions, totalling 43,797; out of respective establishments of 11,652, 37,869 and 44,824, total, 97,345."

Were the Royal Naval Division included the percentage would be worse.

Peter Pollen and I dined with the Admiral. After dinner, we discussed Fox-Ferdinand's little tricks. The Admiral had heard a lot about his flirtations with the Duke of Mecklenburg lately sent from Berlin on some sort of an ambassadorial mission to the Balkans. I told him of my visit to Sofia during the interval which took place between Prince Ferdinand proclaiming himself Tsar, and the tardy and unenthusiastic recognition of his new rank by Great Britain. Ferdinand's Court Chamberlain asked me to dine. I wanted to refuse as I had meant to go on to Constantinople, but Sir George Buchanan, our Minister, begged me to accept. Diplomatic relations were broken off; he had not seen Ferdinand for a month: he wanted to know what that Prince would say to me: "*but*," he added, "you must on no account go in uniform. Seeing you are on the Army Council it would almost amount to a recognition of his Kingship if you went there in uniform." I thought this a

little far-fetched; however, I wrote back and said that I had the honour to accept, but that, as I was travelling, I had only my *kleine Uniform*; i.e., undress kit, handy. I proposed, therefore, with permission to take the liberty of presenting myself in evening dress, wearing miniature medals and decorations and the ribbon of the Grand Cross of the Bath. By return messenger an answer came back, "His Majesty particularly wished once more to see the admirable British uniform:" would I come in *kleine Uniform*; meanwhile, to put me quite at my ease, H.M. had commanded the Court also to wear undress. I showed this to Sir George, who laughed and said, "He is too sharp; he has done us; you must go now—there is no help for it." So I went in my grubby blue serge and found Ferdinand and the whole of his Court blazing with orders in the fullest of full dress!

25th September, 1915. To Anzac in the *Arno*. Birdie met me and we walked along the lower part of the left of the Australian trenches until we reached the New Zealanders and were joined by Godley. Lunched with General Inglefield; then plodded through the trenches held by his Division (the 54th; nice-looking boys) and by the Indian Brigade. On the left of the Indian Brigade I was met by Peyton who did pilot to me through the Scottish Horse section. The Bard joined us here and was in great form, full of administrative good works as in South Africa. The Scottish Horse are as keen as schoolboys out for their first shoot. They were very proud of themselves and of the effect their rifles with telescopic sights had produced when put into the hands of gillies and deer stalkers, and at every twenty yards or so there was a Scottish Horseman looking along his sights, finger on trigger, and by his side a spotter whose periscope was fixed on the opposite loophole. The moment a Turkish shadow darkened the loophole the word was given, the bullet sped. Not a very big mark a loophole at over 100 yards but they got it, they said, one try out of three.

At the end of the Scottish Horse we came to the Worcester Yeomanry trench. But time was up^[12] and I had to make tracks for Anzac where we had tea with Birdie, who had stuck to us throughout the tour. Imbros by dinner-time. The quietest day, bar none, we have had on the Peninsula since we first landed. Not a shot was fired anywhere except by our own snipers.

26th September, 1915. Imbros. Last night, after dinner, Braithwaite came across with a black piece of news in his pocket:—

"(No. 8229, cipher). From Earl Kitchener to General Sir Ian Hamilton. On account of the mobilization of the Bulgarian Army Greece has asked the Allies to send a force to Salonika in order to enable her to support Serbia should the latter be attacked by Bulgaria, as well as by German forces from the North. No doubt you realize that if by such action Bulgaria joins hands with the Central Powers they will have a clear road to Constantinople and Gallipoli, and be able to send large quantities of ammunition or troops, rendering your position very hazardous.

"Both France and ourselves have promised to send between us the troops asked for, viz., 150,000 men, and urgency is essential. It is evident that under these circumstances some troops will have to be taken from the Dardanelles to go to Salonika, but it must be clearly understood that there is no intention of withdrawing from the Peninsula or of giving up the Dardanelles operations until the Turks are defeated. Your staff officer has suggested to me that you saw no difficulty in reducing the length of your line and concentrating your forces by withdrawing from the position now held around Suvla Bay to the neighbourhood of the Kaiajik Aghala position whence a line might be drawn to the sea.

"Before the situation was changed by the Bulgarians' action we considered that, owing to the marshy nature of the country now occupied at Suvla and the approaching winter, this reduction of front would be strategically advantageous. Hence my telegram No. 8162 to which your No. M.F. 664 replies.

"An offensive along practically the whole line in France has now commenced. The infantry are attacking to-day. Far-reaching results are anticipated which, if secured, should greatly affect your situation.

"The projected dispatch of reinforcements of French and British divisions for Asiatic operations must be in abeyance until a decision in the Western theatre can be reached. The troops now at the Dardanelles which are required for Salonika would be two divisions, preferably the Xth and XIth. The French would also have to withdraw either a brigade or a division from their force at Helles for the same purpose. The Yeomanry now *en route* to

you would also have to be diverted to Salonika and we should have to arrange to mount them from Egypt after their arrival.

"Cable me at once your ideas as to meeting these requirements. The Dardanelles Committee consider a withdrawal from Suvla to be advisable under the circumstances, but they had not seen your telegram No. 664. We have been asked to send the 15-inch howitzer, now on board ship at Mudros, to Belgrade as soon as possible."

Amen—so be it! Our mighty stroke at the vitals of the enemy is to break itself to pieces against the Balkans. God save the King! May the Devil fly away with the whole of the Dardanelles Committee!!

What arguments—what pressure—I wonder can have moved K. to swap horse in mid-Dardanelles? In December K. as good as told me I was "for it" if the day should come along for his New Army to help the Serbians. G.H.Q. in France had belittled his effort to create it; they had tried to throw cold water on it (the New Army) and now we should see how they liked it going to Salonika! The reason why K., at that time, turned the project down was his view that one Army Corps was too small a force to launch into those regions of great armies and that, if the Germans turned seriously in that direction, it would be gobbled up. But two Army Corps would starve, seeing we had no pack transport and that the railway would only feed 40,000 men. Nor had we any mountain guns. In February he resurrected the question but that time he was put off by the typhus. "Whatever destroys my New Army," he said, "it shall not be the Serbian lice." Now he cables as if he was being quite consistent and sensible, *now*, when in every aspect, the odds have turned against the undertaking. As to the Bulgarians having "a clear road to Constantinople and Gallipoli" my memorable dinner with Ferdinand, and his insistence on his "pivotal" position, makes me perfectly certain that the bones of no Bulgarian grenadier will fertilize the Peninsula—whatever happens. And if the inconceivable were conceivable and Ferdinand were to work for anything but his own immediate gain—there is no room for them here! That fact is cast iron. The Turkish Empire is *here* in full force. Enver can't feed more! These numbers cause us no alarm. Since the last abortive effort of the Turkish Command to get their men to attack every soldier in the trenches knows well that the enemy are afraid of us. They dare not attack, they will not attack, and they cannot attack. We know

that quite well. If K. would only come out here he would realize that the Turk has lost his sting. I don't mean to say he is not still a formidable fellow to turn out of his trench, but he can't attack any more: and that is just the moment we have chosen to sit down and do nothing; now, when the enemy has been brought to a standstill!

During my absence Bailloud has wired saying he had received orders from his own Minister of War to arrange for sending away one Division of the C.E.O. and Braithwaite has cabled the startling news to our S. of S. for War.

Well, well. If the Greeks and ourselves are going to push through the mountains to help the Serbs to hold Belgrade and the line of the Danube, why then, no doubt, we are embarking upon something that would be fine were it feasible—something more hopeful than sitting at Salonika and in its salubrious suburbs, the "political" advantages of which were preached to us by Napier.

But let no man hereafter talk of Dardanelles adventures. *Mon Dieu!*

Once again see the dupes of maps preparing to dash out their brains, or rather the brains of others, against the rocks. If only Joffre and K. had looked at Belgrade over the guns of an Austrian Battery in Semlin, as I did in 1909! The line of the Danube is untenable except by a very large force against the very large forces that can, and will, be brought against it and there is no Fleet there to feed a large force. Also, the communications of such a defending force will not only be mechanically rotten but will also be strategically at the tender mercy of the most cunning Prince in Europe. We may think we have squared Ferdinand. But it is easier to square the circle than square a fox.

On the Danube, the Central Powers can put *and keep* six men to our one, *unless* we control the river from its mouth to Belgrade. This we can only do by forcing the Dardanelles.

After outlining an answer for Braithwaite to draft, I started off at 10.45 for Anzac and Suvla. With me were Taylor, Gascoigne, Lieutenant Moore and Freddie. From Anzac I walked along the old communication trench for a couple of miles, and then went round General Taylor's Brigade along the front by Green Hill and the Chocolate Hills. The heat was very exhausting.

Yesterday's calm has proved to be the prelude to an attempted storm. At 5 a.m. there was a big bombardment of the front line trenches, and the Turks made a gesture of defiance. The gesture did not go beyond fixing bayonets and shouting "Allah!" and the only result has been to render Suvla more convinced than ever that the Turks are absolutely fed up.

After invigorating myself with a good draught of regimental spirit, set forth to walk back to Anzac. Half way I halted at the Indian Brigade Headquarters, and, on the invitation of the hospitable Colonel Palin, had a square meal. Met Allanson, the brave commander of the 6th Gurkhas; Allanson who scaled the heights of Sari Bair and entered for a few hectic hours into the promised land. Oh, what a wonderful adventure his has been! To have seen the Dardanelles and their defences lying flat at his feet! To feel—as he says he did—that he held the whole Turkish Army by the throat!

To-day's inspection has once more brought me into personal touch with the perfect confidence felt both at Anzac and Suvla in the demoralization of the Turks. This has nerved me to cable agreeing to spare the 10th and 53rd Divisions from Suvla as well as a Brigade of French from Helles and four and a half Brigades of British Field Artillery:—

"(No. M.F. 675). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Secretary of State for War. Reference your No. 8229. Let me begin by saying that I quite realize that, to you, playing for your large stakes, the Dardanelles operation may temporarily become of a secondary nature. In spite of the Salonika scheme I am, however, particular to note that it is not intended to withdraw from the Gallipoli Peninsula, nor to give up here until the Turks are beaten. Bearing this in mind it becomes my duty to point out the objection to the abandonment of Suvla Bay, the consequences of which at this stage would, I consider, be so grave that I am warranted in running much risk to get you your two divisions by other means. The situation has greatly changed since I first suggested the possibility of abandoning the Bay, and its abandonment at this stage would, I feel convinced, enormously accentuate the difficulties of any subsequent attempt to capture the Narrows; unless, as a result of our landing troops at Salonika, Bulgaria were induced to side with us and not

against us. Even when I told you in my No. M.F. 578 of 23rd August that the diminution of my forces might compel me to contract my line, I could not view the project without misgiving, in spite of the fact that, at that time, I had landed few reinforcements and little artillery in the new zone, and my views are not rightly interpreted when it is said that I saw no great difficulty in the enterprise. After I had received the reassuring news of reinforcements I sent you my No. M.F. 589 of 26th August and I have from that date been pouring in large quantities of reinforcements and supplies in anticipation of winter, and have landed a large additional amount of artillery. Therefore, I could not hurriedly evacuate the Bay without sacrificing the majority of supplies and warlike stores. I might also have very considerable losses, for the Turks, who were previously 700 yards away, are now within bombing distance in places. They have a large number of guns in the northern zone and a retirement could only be effected under heavy fire, which with unseasoned troops would make the retreat a hazardous one. As explained in my No. M.F. 664 evacuation of the Bay would involve with it the *eventual* evacuation of all but the original Anzac position. But even if this last step were not necessary the withdrawal of British soldiers from Suvla would be an overwhelming victory for the Turks. Our position in the Dardanelles would be entirely altered for the worse and even the effect of our landing of troops at Salonika might be discounted in Bulgarian eyes. At the present moment the Turkish commissariat difficulties and tales of starving families which the wounded bring back from Constantinople are having a bad effect on their *moral* and the number of desertions is on the increase. Two Turkish attempts at the offensive have broken down completely during the last week as their troops refused to leave cover. If I give ground the Turkish *moral* will immediately recover and instead of containing over 60,000 Turks in the Northern Zone there would be large numbers set free to go elsewhere. All these arguments seem to prove plainly that to evacuate a yard of Suvla would be a most serious, and might prove a disastrous step. I would therefore prefer to run the risk of holding the line defensively with fewer troops in order to spare two divisions for the new enterprise.

"I have at present one division in Corps Reserve at Suvla and the 1st Australian Division resting at Mudros and also one brigade resting at Imbros. By bringing the tired Australians back and making them replace the Mounted Division in the section north of Susak Kuyu I could spare Xth and

LIIIrd Divisions or else Xth and XIth. I could also spare one French brigade from Cape Helles without replacing it by troops from Suvla, and a total of 4½ British Field Artillery brigades. This would at any rate enable me to postpone any evacuation at Suvla and if the withdrawal became necessary later on there would be less loss involved in supplies and stores, as I could gradually make necessary preparations for this deplorable contingency.

"The 15-inch howitzer is at Alexandria and can be sent whenever you desire on the receipt of instructions. To-morrow I am having a conference here with the Corps Commanders concerned to consider the details. I hope that you realize that though the IXth Corps consists of Xth, XIth and XIIIth Divisions there are attached to it LIIIrd Welsh Division, Mounted Division and XXIXth Division, and I therefore sincerely trust you will not contemplate the withdrawal of the Corps Staff and Corps Commander to accompany the two divisions destined for Salonika, for I have absolutely no one to replace them."

27th September, 1915. After breakfast a dove, the German sort, flew across from Chanak and dropped four bombs on our Headquarters; all wide; no damage. At 11 o'clock Birdwood and Byng came over for a confab on the last upset. Both Generals went word by word through my M.F. 657 of the 26th September,—(1) as to drawing in our horns at Suvla,—(2) as to our power of holding on after we lose the 10th and 53rd Divisions. They concur in my cables and are emphatic as to the futility of making a gift of ground to any enemy who are shaking in their shoes. What the Turks want is a gift, not of ground but of high explosive shell. A few thousand pounds worth of that and Byng would go ahead and settle their hash for good. Birdie stayed to lunch during which meal I got a message from Bailloud telling me flat that he had orders from his Government to get one Division over to Mudros forthwith. As long as I am in command no soldier but myself shall handle the troops entrusted to me. I have sent the following reply:—"Sorry that as my orders already telegraphed to you this morning are specific, I cannot permit any movement of troops away from the Peninsula pending further instructions."

Ross and Nevinson (Press Correspondents), who have been away on a jaunt, called on me and had tea. Lord William Percy and Sir Walter Barttelot dined.

28th September, 1915. Office. At midnight an enemy aeroplane let us have a taste of his high explosive—no harm done. At 10.30 this morning another came over and dropped a couple of bombs into the aerodrome close by—two men hit.

Colonel Dorling reported himself to me as Senior Paymaster.

A cable from K. saying he is glad to meet me as to holding on at Suvla. He agrees in fact that to draw in our horns would merely set free six Turkish Divisions to attack us elsewhere. He agrees also with my choice of Divisions for Salonika. K. seems astonished at the behaviour of the French Government in sending tactical orders direct to Bailloud. Most extraordinary, he calls it. He wants Byng to go to Salonika and winds up gloriously by telling me of the great things they are doing in France; that, up to the present, 23,000 prisoners and over 40 guns have been taken, and that he hopes there are more of each to follow. This fine success, he says, should help us along in the East. So it should. I have cabled the good news across and ordered a *feu de joie* to be fired everywhere on the Peninsula in honour of the victory. The ball was opened at Helles at 7 p.m., the Turks replied vigorously with every gun and rifle they could bring to bear, and rarely, I imagine, has a "furious joy" expressed itself more furiously.

Nowhere in the Empire has this fine victory brought more heartfelt relief and joy than at the Dardanelles: to have been brought to a standstill, for the third time of asking, for *nothing*; that was the fear which had haunted us.

29th September, 1915. Work. At 11 a.m. tore myself away from my papers to play principal part in a gay little ceremony. Outside my office a guard of honour of Surrey Yeomanry, Naval Division and Australians formed three sides of a square. Bertier, de la Borde and Pelliot were led in smiling like brides going up to the altar, and, after a tiny speech, I decorated the first with the D.S.O. and the other two with the Military Cross. All three Officers are most popular, and there were loud cheers. De la Borde had tea and Mitchell came in at the same time to say good-bye. We are all distressed at losing Mitchell. He is a very fine specimen of the sailor of the modern school. Efficient, modest, untiring at his work. He has collaborated in the most loyal and devoted manner with the G.S., and I don't know how we should ever have got on without him.

Nevinson, the Correspondent, came again with Maxwell, the Press Censor. Nevinson wants to find out whether it would be worth his while to go to Salonika. I would like to lend him a hand for he is such a nice fellow, but the matter is about as secret as can be, and I don't feel myself free to say much. The Captains of H.M.S. *Cornwall* and *Cornwallis* dined; also Flight Commander Samson and Ward, King's Messenger. The last named starts to-morrow night and carried off with him my letter to K. Amongst other things I write:—"In the cables which have passed between us, I have found it anything but an easy business to strike the happy mean between executing your wishes promptly and cheerfully on the one hand, and, on the other, giving you a faithful impression of how we should stand here once your orders had been carried out.

"If I make too little of the dangers which surround me, then you may be encouraged to weaken me still further, thereby jeopardizing the whole of this enterprise. But if I allow my anxieties to get too much the upper hand, why then I may be ruining some larger enterprise, the bearing of which I have no means of gauging."

I then explain the situation and wind up:—"In the small hours of the morning, before I have had my matutinal cup of tea, the immediate outlook gives me a feeling of cold feet in a more aggravated form than I have hitherto experienced. The whole plan of the French Asiatic subsidiary operation has gone, for the meantime, by the board. England and France between them cannot find men enough, I should think, to send considerable forces to Asia as well as run an entirely new show elsewhere. Indeed, Naval requirements alone would seem entirely to forbid it. But I must not worry you any more with surmises. After all, nothing great in this world was ever easily accomplished. Never has there been such an example of that as in the Dardanelles Expedition. How many times has success seemed to be on the point of crowning our efforts, and yet, on each occasion, just as we are beginning to see light through the tangle of obstacles, preparing for an assault, or whatever it may be, something occurs to upset the apple-cart. None the less we do advance, and we will succeed in the end. I feel I am playing it rather low down inflicting on you the outline of my own trouble at a moment when your own must be infinitely greater.

"Reading over this letter which I have not now time to re-write or correct, it strikes me that in concentrating my mind purely on the Dardanelles I may have given a wrong impression of my general attitude towards your latest demand. No one can realize, I believe, more clearly than I do that the Dardanelles operations themselves hinge for their success to a very large extent upon the maintenance of a barrier between the Central Powers and Constantinople. As far as reinforcements of men to the enemy in the field are concerned, such inter-communication would not be so fatal as might perhaps be imagined. The Gallipoli Peninsula is a limited area, and if the Germans had a million men at Constantinople they could not, under present conditions, add many, if any, to the numbers already opposed to us. But the free transit of coal, flour, ammunition and big guns might well put us all in the cart—the cart being in this instance, the sea."

My A.D.C. has brought me an irritated message from the A.G., War Office:

"Your No. M.F.A. 4003 of the 24th instant. Are you aware that your telegram was really a demand for 60,000 men with a weekly supply in addition. We do not see how to meet such large numbers in view of the present situation in France. Have the numbers at Base, Alexandria, and men returning from hospital, etc., been taken into account? Please state what are your minimum requirements to carry on with."

Am I aware, etc.? Why certainly; *and so is the A.G.* To ignore facts is one thing; to be ignorant of them is another. These facts are, or should be, the daily bread of his Department. I resent this surprise; it is not genuine. If, as the A.G. says, they have not got the men to send, why in God's name do they go on telling the people they *have* got them?

Have drafted out this answer:—

"A.G. My telegram No. M.F.A. 4003 told you the number required to bring and keep all formations up to establishment and, as an estimate, the numbers given therein are accurate. There is nothing new in that telegram; it is only the culmination of many demands, the deficiency, which was serious enough before, being aggravated by the prevailing epidemic. I took into account the numbers in Base depots and men returning from hospital. I certainly hope that there may be a decrease in the sick rate and that there will be an increase in the numbers returning from hospital, but that cannot make any difference to my present shortage of establishment though it would affect the strength of monthly drafts required.

"I would like further to point out that only 750 of the 20,000 drafts now coming are for the Territorial Force, the remainder being for the Regulars. Hence assuming that wastage will be equally distributed over all the eight divisions, the estimated shortage of 30,490 on 9th October will be constituted as follows:—Four Territorial Force divisions, 26,583; four Regular divisions, 3,907.

"When my No. M.F.A. 4003 was sent no question had arisen of denuding my force for a fresh expedition elsewhere. I fully realize that you cannot send what does not exist and I will do the best possible with what you, knowing my situation, are able to send; but I do not consider that it is possible to view my position in winter with any equanimity unless I am to receive substantial drafts and unless a normal flow of reinforcements for all divisions can be arranged so as to counter the difficulties that are inherent in keeping a force operating so far from England up to establishment."

30th September, 1915. Imbros. Peace on the Peninsula; trouble at G.H.Q. The 10th Division is taking its departure from Suvla undisturbed by the enemy. Not a shot is being fired. Some say this denotes extraordinary skill in the conduct of the withdrawal; others, extraordinary delight on the part of the Turks to see them clearing out. I don't believe in either theory. The Turks have been fought to a standstill and there is no attack left in them—not under *any* circumstances or temptation; that is what I believe in my heart, otherwise I would refuse point blank to strip myself of two full divisions under their noses. Still, it is nervous work presuming to this extent upon their fatigue and I will not agree to the 53rd going too, as the loss of three Divisions would leave an actual hole in our line. Meanwhile, it is a

relief to hear that the move is going on just like peacetime. As to G.H.Q., all is held up by uncertainty. Our whole enterprise hangs still in the balance. No date for the sailing of our troops for Salonika can yet be fixed, and we may get them back. Am glued to the cable terminus waiting, waiting, waiting. I have agreed to let the 2nd Brigade of the French go!

This cable sent to-day to Lord K. explains itself:—

"The following has just been received from Bailloud:—'I have the honour to inform you that I have received a telegram from the French Minister of War ordering me (1) to embark one division of the Corps Expéditionnaire immediately for Salonika; (2) to organize this division, which will be placed under my command, into two brigades of Metropolitan Infantry with two groups of 75 mm., one group of mountain artillery, one battery of 125 mm. howitzer and four 120 mm. guns. I am taking steps to execute this order and to hold the present section of the French line with the force remaining in the Peninsula, which will be placed under General Brulard.'

"I said in my telegram No. M.F. 675, that I could only spare one brigade of the French. I desire to place on record that if this order of the French Government is carried out the LIIIrd Division cannot possibly be spared without seriously endangering the safety of this force and the whole future of the Dardanelles enterprise. Even if I were to keep the LIIIrd Division it would not relieve me of intense anxiety. The fact will not escape your notice that the division to go is being re-constructed so that nothing but European troops are included, thus leaving an undue proportion of Senegalese. This constitutes such a grave danger that, if I had the power, I would refuse to allow Bailloud to carry out this order of his Government. It need hardly be pointed out that all your hopes of success in the Balkans would be upset by a disaster at Cape Helles. Even when I said that I could spare one French Infantry Brigade the Commander of the VIIIth Corps, who is one of the last men in the Army to express alarmist views, represented to me, in view of the physical condition of a large proportion of his troops, the gravity of the case in the strongest terms."

A reminder of mine *re* the Ashmead-Bartlett incident has drawn an amusing and highly unexpected answer from the War Office:—

"Murdoch was found to be carrying a despatch for the Prime Minister criticizing military operations in Gallipoli. He carried nothing for Lawson."

I could not help laughing heartily at the blue looks of Tyrrell, the Head of our Intelligence. After all, this is Asquith's own affair. I do not for one moment believe Mr. Asquith would employ such agencies and for sure he will turn Murdoch and his wares into the wastepaper basket. I have reassured Tyrrell. Tittle-tattle will effect no lodgment in the Asquithian brain.

Lieutenant Moore from the Military Secretary's office in London dined. He has been useful to us. During the night there was rain and heavy fog. The evacuation of Suvla by the 10th Division goes on without the smallest hitch and is almost finished—all except the guns. Whether the Turks have fallen asleep or only closed an eye is the question of the hour but Birdwood's Intelligence are certain they are stone cold and cannot be dragged to the attack.

1st October, 1915. Imbros. S. of S. cables he will not overlook our wants in the matter of ammunition but that "at the present moment all he can get has to be sent to France." I have thanked him. Not a word from France since we fired the *feu de joie*.

K. believes in the East and sends shell to the West. The reason is that K.'s *beliefs* are only intuitions; he believes in the same sort of way that Elijah knew certain things.

The principle underlying the world war seems to me this:—that wherever the new system of trenches, dug-outs, barbed wire, can reach its fullest development, *there* we should prefer the defensive. Wherever this new system cannot be fully developed, there the old ideas hold good and there are the theatres for the offensive. In France and Flanders where both sides are within a few hours' run, on good railways, from their own chief arsenals

and depôts the new system attains prodigious power. In the Turkish Empire almost all the conditions; railways, material, factories, etc., are favourable to the old and unfavourable to the new conditions.

To me these views appear as clear as crystal and as unanswerable as Euclid. The tenacity of the new system of defence; the pressure of France; the apathy of a starved military opinion; the fact that all our most powerful soldiers are up to their necks in the West, combine to keep us ramming our heads against the big pile of barbed wire instead of getting through by the gate called strait.

Next Braithwaite with the following electrical bombshell:—

"By Bailloud's report I see that he considers that the French line can be held by one division. If, on reconsideration, you agree with this view can you spare the LIIIrd Division?"

K. has pounced like a hawk on Bailloud's statement (which I cabled to him yesterday) that he is taking steps for Brulard to hold the French section with one division.

Have answered:—

"(No. M.F. 703). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Earl Kitchener. Your No. 8409, cipher. Not one word of my No. M.F. 693 can I take back. The situation at Cape Helles cannot be fully realized. May I remind you that when on 20th August I moved the XXIXth Division to Suvla, I left at Cape Helles only the minimum garrison compatible with safety. Since that date the total British troops there have decreased in strength from 15,300 to 13,300 rifles, and now I am losing a French composite division which is made up of the only troops of the Corps Expéditionnaire on whom I can rely, as well as 44 guns. It is my considered opinion that to leave protection of Cape Helles to one division of Colonial troops, plus 13,300 worn-out

British Territorials and Naval Volunteers, is running too serious a risk. To-day, therefore, I am moving one brigade of XXIXth Division back from Suvla to reinforce VIIIth Corps in order to have some regular troops there on whom I can rely. This makes it impossible to spare the LIIIrd Division. The change of opinion on the part of Bailloud, when he gets away from a position which I have found it difficult to persuade him to hold with two divisions, and which he now, as you say, thinks can be held with one division composed largely of blacks, is startling enough to need no comment. If you want to get at his real opinion, suggest that he stays here with one division while Brulard goes to Salonika.

"A despatch from Bailloud has *just* reached me on the situation in French section after his own departure with one division. It is as follows:—

"One division will then be defending our present line with an effective strength reduced by half, and with Infantry which comprises only Colonial contingents, half European and half native. I feel it to be my duty to expose the situation to you in order that you may be able to decide whether the time has not now arrived to reduce the present section of the C.E.O., making part of it occupied by British troops and holding a solid reserve in rear of the Allies' first line capable of dealing with any situation.'

"I believe this indicates Bailloud's real opinion; it is a curious contrast to that quoted in your No. 8409, cipher, dated 30th September."

At 11.30 crossed to "K" and inspected the 87th Brigade of the 29th Division. Lucas, of the Berks Regiment, commanded. Saw the Border Regiment under Colonel Pollard; then the renowned Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers under Major Pierce, the full strength of the Battalion on parade "all present" was 220! Next the K.O.S.B.s; they were under the command of Major Stoney; last the South Wales Borderers under the command of Captain Williams.

The men were in rags and looked very tired. This is the first time in the campaign our rank and file have seemed sorry for themselves. Ten days of rest had been promised them and now they are being hurried back to the

trenches before they have had a week. My heart goes out to them entirely. Were I they I would feel mad with me. The breaking of my word to the 29th Division has to be shouldered by me just like all the other results of this new Balkan adventure; the withdrawal of the Irish and the French for Salonika leaves no margin of rest for what's left.

Inspected also the West Riding Field Company of Royal Engineers under Major Bayley, and the West Lancashire Field Ambulance.

A long letter from Maxwell putting his point of view about the 51st and 53rd Sikhs. Were we both sealed-pattern Saints we'd be bound to fall foul of one another working under so perverse a system. He has written me very nicely; nothing could be nicer. I have replied by return:—

"Yours of 24th just received. As to the wires about the 51st and 53rd between myself and the War Office, and your remarks thereon, we stand so much on one platform, and are faced so much by the same difficulties, that I think it ought to be fairly easy for us to come to an understanding in most conceivable circumstances, as indeed our co-operation up to date has shown.

"If Egypt goes, then I shall not last very long. If I am wiped out, I think it will be the preface to trouble in Egypt.^[13]

"As to myself I am 60,000 below strength. I had a cable from the War Office a day or two ago expressing naïve astonishment at this figure. I replied that the figure was accurate and that there was nothing new about it as it only denoted the accumulation of a state of things which had been continuously reported since the very first day when we started off from England minus the ten per cent. margin of excess given to every unit going across to France. This is the essential cause of our repeated failure to make that last little push which just differentiates partial from conclusive success. In every case this has been so. Had I been able to throw in my ten per cent. margin on the third day after landing, there is no doubt in the world we would have got right up on to Achi Baba. Afterwards, each engagement we fought, although our total numbers may have been largely increased, the old

formations were always at half strength or something less. However, I won't bother you about this as your time is too precious to enter into 'might-have-beens' and so is mine.

"Meantime, my line is very, very thin, and the men are getting entirely worn out. In the midst of this I am called upon to send away two Divisions, the French and the Irish, to —— you know where. I have done so without a murmur, although it puts me into a ticklish position. Reinforcements are now to be diverted elsewhere and my command is not an enviable one. I quite understand the necessity of trying to maintain a barrier between Essen and Constantinople. I quite understand also the danger of doing so at the expense of this attenuated, exhausted force. I have represented the facts home, and it is for them to decide."

Dined with the Admiral.

2nd October, 1915. The despatch of the Salonika force and their outfit are absorbing all my energies. Our whole Expeditionary Force is being drawn upon to send the 10th Division creditably turned out to the new theatre. The twenty-four hours' delay caused by the political crisis at Athens has been a godsend in enabling me to reclothe and re-equip the detachment from top to toe. The supplies for my own force are now exhausted, but,—on the principle of the starving garrison who threw loaves over the ramparts at the besiegers, we must try and make a good first impression on the Greeks.

The submarine catcher, or the "Silver Baby" as the men call it, has been flying about all day, without luck. Gascoigne and Bertier dined. Blazing hot; quite a setback to August temperatures.

CHAPTER XXI

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

3rd October, 1915. Imbros. Church Parade. Inspected escort, men of the Howe and Nelson Battalions and a contingent from the 12th and 26th Australian Infantry. At 12.15 Bailloud, Brulard and Girodon arrived from Mudros for a last conference. Everything is fixed up. We are going to help the derelict division of French in every way we can. Bailloud, for his part, promises to leave them their fair share of guns and trench mortars. Whenever I see him I know he is one of the best fellows in the world. We went down and waved farewells from the pier. He was quite frank. He does not think the Allies have either the vision or the heart to go through with Gallipoli: he begins to suspect that the big push on the Western Front is going to yield no laurels: so Salonika hits his fancy.

Lieutenants Weston and Schemallach of the Australians and Lieutenant Gellibrand of the Naval Division lunched. A Mr. Unsworth came to talk over gifts for the Australian troops. He seems a capital chap; full of go and goodwill to all men.

4th October, 1915. Imbros. Vague warnings have taken shape in an event. A cable from K. telling me to decipher the next message myself. I have not drafted out an average of fifty telegrams a day for Lord K. for six months at a stretch without knowing something of his *modus scribendi*. The Staff were pleasantly excited at the idea that some new move was in the wind. I knew the new move—or thought I did.

Well, not that: not exactly that; not this time. But the enemies of our enterprise have got our range to a nicety and have chucked their first bomb bang into the middle of my camp.

A "flow of unofficial reports from Gallipoli," so K. cables to me, is pouring into the War Office. These "unofficial reports" are "in much the same strain" (perhaps they spring from the same source?). "They adversely criticize the work of the Headquarters Staff and complaints are made that its

members are much out of touch with the troops. The War Office also doubt whether their present methods are quite satisfactory." K. therefore suggests "some important changes in your Headquarters Staff; for instance, if you agreed, Kiggell from home to take Braithwaite's place with you. Should you, however, decline and desire to remain as at present, may we assume that we are quite safe in regarding these unofficial reports as not representing the true feelings of the troops?"

So——! On the face of it this cable seems to suggest that a man widely known as a straight and capable soldier should be given the shortest of shrifts at the instance of "unofficial reports"; i.e., camp gossip. Surely the cable message carries with it some deeper significance!

I am grateful to old K. He is trying to save me. He picked out Braithwaite himself. Not so long ago he cabled me in his eagerness to promote him to Major-General; he would not suggest substituting the industrious Kiggell if he didn't fear for me and for the whole of this enterprise.

K. wants, so he says, "some important change"; that cannot mean, surely, that he wants a sufficiently showy scapegoat to feed the ravenous critics—or does it? Perhaps, he's got to gain time; breathing space wherein to resume the scheme which was sidetracked by the offensive in France and smashed by the diversion to Salonika. Given time, our scheme may yet be resumed. The Turks are in the depths. Sarrail with his six divisions behind him could open the Narrows in no time. I see the plan. K. must have a splendid sacrifice but by the Lord they shan't have the man who stood by me like a rock during those first ghastly ten days.

The new C.R.E., General Williams, and Ellison turned up for lunch. Williams gave us the first authentic news we have had about those Aden excursions and alarms.

An amusing aftermath of the evacuation by the French and Irish Divisions. When the last of Bailloud's troops had embarked the Turks dropped manifestoes from aeroplanes along the lines of the Senegalese calling upon these troops to make terms and come over now that their white comrades had left them to have their throats cut. I have cabled this queer item to the S. of S. Evidently the enemy were quite well aware of our withdrawal. Then *why* didn't they shell the beaches? At French Headquarters they believe that

the Turks were so glad to see our backs that they hardly dared breathe (much less fire a shell) lest we should change our minds.

5th October, 1915. First thing another cable from K. saying, "I think it well to let you know" that it is "quite understood by the Dardanelles Committee that you are adopting only a purely defensive attitude at present." Also:—"I have no reason to imagine you have any intention of taking the offensive anywhere along the line seeing I have been unable to replace your sick and wounded men." But, if he knows I *can't* take the offensive, why trouble to cable me that the Dardanelles Committee expect me to adopt "only a purely defensive attitude"? I realize where we stand; K., Braithwaite and I,—on the verge. We are getting on for two months now since the August fighting—all that time we have been allowed to do nothing—literally, allowed to do nothing, seeing we have been given no shell. What a fiasco! The Dardanelles is not a sanatorium; Suvla is not Southend. With the men we have lost from sickness in the past six weeks we could have beaten the Turks twice over. Now Government seem to be about to damn everything—themselves included.

But after all, who am I to judge the Government of the British Empire? What do I know of their difficulties, pledges, and enemies—whether outside or inside the fold?

I have no grouse against Government or War Office—still less against K.—though many hundred times have I groused.^[14]

Freely and gratefully do I admit that the individuals have done their best. Most of all am I indebted—very deeply indebted—to K. for having refrained absolutely from interference with my plan of campaign or with the tactical execution thereof.

But things are happening now which seem beyond belief. That the Dardanelles Committee should complacently send me a message to say we "quite understand that you are adopting only a purely defensive attitude at present" is staggering when put side by side with the carbon of this, the very last cable I have sent them. "I think you should know immediately that the numbers of sick evacuated in the IXth Corps during the first three days of October were 500 men on the 1st instant; 735 men on the 2nd instant and

607 men on the 3rd instant. Were this rate kept up it would come to 45 per cent. of our strength evacuated in one month."

Three quarters of this sickness is due to inaction—and now the Dardanelles Committee "quite understand" I am "adopting only a purely defensive action at present." I have never adopted a defensive attitude. They have forced us to sit idle and go sick because—at the very last moment—they have permitted the French offensive to take precedence of ours, although, on the face of it, there was no violent urgency in France as there is here. Our men in France were remarkably healthy; they were not going sick by thousands. But I feel too sick myself—body and soul—to let my mind dwell on these miseries.

Sealed my resolution (resignation?) by giving my answer about Braithwaite. Though the sins of my General Staff have about as much to do with the real issues as the muddy water had to do with the death of the argumentative lamb, I begin by pointing out to the War Office wolf that "no Headquarters Staff has ever escaped similar criticism."

Grumblings are an old campaigner's *vade mecum*. Bred by inaction; enterprise and activity smother them. A sickness of the spirit, they are like the flies that fasten on those who stay too long in one place. Was Doughty Wylie "much out of touch with the troops" when he led the Dublins, Munsters and Hampshires up from "V" beach and fell gloriously at their head? Was Williams "out of touch" when he was hit? Was Hore Ruthven? "As to Braithwaite," I say, "my confidence in that Officer is complete. I did not select him; you gave him to me and I have ever since felt most grateful to you for your choice."

Now—I feel better.

The plot thickens. A cable just come in from the S. of S. for War:—

"The following statement has been made in letter to Prime Minister, Australia, by Mr. Murdoch: 'The fact is that after the first day at Suvla an order had to be issued to officers to shoot without mercy any soldier who

lagged behind or loitered in advance.' Wire me as to the truth or otherwise of this allegation."

Murdoch must be mad. Or, is there some method in this madness?

Mr. Murdoch was not a war correspondent; he is purely a civilian and could hardly have invented this "order" on his own. No soldier could have told him this. Someone not a soldier—someone so interested in discrediting the Dardanelles Campaign that he does not scruple to do so even by discrediting our own troops must have put this invention about, *per* Murdoch. Doubtless we strike here upon the source of these "unofficial statements" which have been flowing into the War Office. All I remember of his visit to me here is a sensible, well-spoken man with dark eyes, who said his mind was a blank about soldiers and soldiering, and made me uncomfortable by an elaborate explanation of why his duty to Australia could be better done with a pen than with a rifle. He was one week at the Press Correspondents' camp and spent, so they tell me, a few hours only at Anzac and Suvla, never once crossing to Helles. If then his letter to his Prime Minister is a fair sample of the grounds upon which Braithwaite has been condemned, Heaven help us all!

As a relief to these disagreeable thoughts, a Taube dropped a couple of bombs into camp. She flew so high that she was hard to see until the bursting shrapnel gave us her line. As she made tracks back through the trackless blue, the ships gave her a taste of some big projectiles, 12-inches or 9.2. The aerial commotion up there must have been considerable.

At noon, sailed over to Suvla in H.M.S. *Savage*. We took our lunch on board. As we came into harbour the Turks gave us a shell or two from their field guns, then stopped. Young Titchfield, the Duke of Portland's son, met us at the beach and brought us along to Byng's Headquarters, where I met also de Lisle and Reed. After hearing their news I started off with the whole band to make a tour of the trenches held by the 88th Brigade, under General Cayley. On the way I was taken up to "Gibraltar" observation post to get a bird's-eye view of the line. Besides my old friends of the 29th Division I saw some of the new boys, especially the 1st Newfoundland Battalion under Colonel Burton, and the 2/1st Coy. of the London Regiment. This was the Newfoundlanders' first day in the trenches and they were very

pleased with themselves. They could not understand why they were not allowed to sally forth at once and do the Turks in. The presence of these men from our oldest colony adds to the extraordinary mix-up of people now fighting on the Peninsula. All the materials exist here for bringing off the biblical coup of Armageddon excepting only the shell.

In the course of these peregrinations I met Marshall of the 53rd Division, Beresford, commanding the 86th Brigade, and Colonel Savage, R.E.

After tea with Byng, including the rare treat of a slice of rich cake, we went down to our friend H.M.S. *Savage*. The wind had risen to a fairly stiff gale, and the sea was beginning to get very big. Those field gun shells had caused the *Savage* to lie a desperate long way out to sea; we had a very stiff pull in the teeth of the waves, and every one of us began to think that salt water rather than the bullet was going to end our days. However, we just managed by the skin of our teeth and the usual monkey tricks, to scramble up on board. As I said in my wrath when I first stood on the firm deck, I would sooner have a hundred shells fired at me by the Turks.

Captain Davidson commanding H.M.S. *Cornwallis* dined; everyone liked him very much.

6th October, 1915. Left General Headquarters soon after 11 o'clock for Helles, taking with me Aspinall and Freddie. Lunched with Davies at 8th Corps Headquarters.

Afterwards rode across to Royal Naval Division and saw Paris. Then went with Bertie Lawrence, commanding 52nd Division, to his lines. Our route lay up Achi Baba Nallah and along the trenches to the Horse Shoe; then along Princes Street trench up the Vineyard, and back along the Krithia Nallah to the Headquarters of the 156th Brigade. There we mounted our horses and rode back to Corps Headquarters. I brought Steward back with me to dine and sleep the night. Colonel Tyrrell and Major Hunloke (King's Messenger) also dined.

7th October, 1915. Wasted energy brooding over the addled eggs of the past. Are the High Gods bringing our new Iliad to grief in a spirit of wanton mischief? At whose door will history leave the blame for the helpless, hopeless fix we are left in—rotting with disease and told to take it easy?

That clever fellow Deedes dined; also Rowan Hamilton, son of my old Simla friend the Colonel of that name.

8th October, 1915. Imbros. At 11 a.m. Ellison, Taylor, Gascoigne and Freddie sailed with me for Anzac. There we lunched with the ascetic Birdie and Staff off bully beef, biscuits and water. Then, the whole lot of us, together with de Crespigny, Birdie's Staff Officer, hurried five miles an hour down the communication trench to the Headquarters of the Indian Brigade. After greetings we shoved on and saw the 2nd Lovat Scouts under Lieutenant-Colonel Stirling and met, whilst going round their line, Major Morrison Bell and Captain Oppenheim. They seemed in very good fettle, and it would have been hard to find a finer lot of men. Taking leave of the 2nd Lovat Scouts, we worked along the trenches of the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, under Colonel Mitchell, until we came to the 1st Lovat Scouts under Colonel Bailey. Lovat himself was sick, but Peyton commanding the 2nd Mounted Division turned up just when the inspection was at an end. He had got lost in the trenches, or we had. Next time the way was lost there was no mistake as to who had made the mistake. Birdie and I were pushing along as fast as we could leg it back towards Anzac. In the maze of trenches we came to a dividing of the ways. Two jolly old Sikhs were sitting at the junction. I asked if the road to the left led to the Headquarters of the Indian Brigade. They said, "Yes," so on we went, I leading, Birdie following. The trench got shallower and shallower until, in a little grove of trees, it petered out entirely. But it seemed to begin again in the other side and so we crossed through the trees. Once there we found that the supposed trench was only a shallow scratching up of the earth, and that we were standing within a hundred yards of the Turkish lines just about half way between them and the Lovat Scouts! I shouted to Birdie and we turned and ran for it—for our lives, I mean. Luckily the Turks were slow at spotting us, all except one who was a rank bad shot: so tumbling back into the trenches from which we had emerged, we saved ourselves by the skin of our teeth. I could not have been smarter about dodging two or three bullets had it been the beginning of our enterprise and had the high minarets of Constantinople glittered before my eyes.

When we got back to where the two old Sikhs were sitting, as placid as idols, Birdie gave them his opinion of their ancestors. On reaching the Australian and New Zealand Division we were done to a turn, but Godley

revived us with tea and then we made our way back to our destroyer and to Headquarters. It was dark when we arrived and a bad storm was setting in—wind and rain—which went on till midnight.

Replies have come in to our enquiries as to Mr. Murdoch's statement to the Prime Minister of Australia that British Officers had been ordered to "shoot without mercy any soldier who lagged behind or loitered." As the Secretary of State seems to take this charge seriously, I thought it well, before I sent my answer, just to make sure that no subordinate had said, or done, or written anything which could plausibly be twisted into this lie. The Generals have denied indignantly; are furious, in fact, at the double insult to their men and to themselves.

Have cabled accordingly:—

"(No. M.F.A.B. 4491). From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Secretary of State for War. With reference to your No. 8554 M.O. 414 of the 5th inst. I have *pro forma* made full enquiries and I find that there is no truth whatever in the allegation made by Murdoch."

9th October, 1915. Had made my *band-o-bast* for running over to Helles, but the Vice-Admiral cabled he wanted to see me if he could at 11.45. Anyway the sea is still a bit rough for the crossing and landing. A lot of damage was done last night to the Anzac piers, two of them being clean washed away. Peter Pollen is off colour. Freddie and I dined on board the *Triad*.

Whilst at dinner got full reports both from Suvla and Anzac as to the effects of the storm. The southerly gale, which not only washed away the piers but sunk the water lighters at Anzac, has done no harm at Suvla except that three motor lighters have been driven ashore. The Admiral is clear that, during southerly gales we shall have to supply both Anzac and Suvla by the new pier just north of Ari Burnu. The promontory is small but last night it gave complete protection to everything in its lea. By sinking an old ship we can turn Ari Burnu into quite a decent little harbour.

10th October, 1915. Made my deferred visit to Helles, going over this morning in the *Arno* with Braithwaite, Val and Alec McGrigor. Looked in at the Clearing Hospital and cast an eye over Lancashire Landing. Then, in company with Jimmy Watson and Colonel Ayres, walked up to Corps Headquarters where we had a fine lunch with Davies, de Rougemont and the melancholy Yarr. Afterwards rode across to the Headquarters of the Royal Naval Division and on to their trenches, some 3½ miles. Generals Mercer and Paris followed us through their trenches. The Hood and Hawke Battalions were in the firing line where we talked to great numbers of old comrades of all ranks. Glad to meet Freyberg again (the man who swam to light the flares at Enos). Kelly of the Hood Battalion too, I saw, and Fairfax of the Hawke, also Commander King of the Drake Battalion and Burrows, a gunner who was running a bombing school with much zeal on a piece of ground specially patronized by the Turks as a target for their own shelling practice. Got back to Helles by the Saghur Dere and the Gulley. Going down the Gulley, nearly lost two of our attendant Generals, a shrapnel bursting between them with a startling loud report caused by the high banks of the Gulley on either side.

In the Gulley we met a swarm of old friends from Kent; Brigadier-General Clifton-Browne, an officer whose command I had inspected both at Potchefstroom and near Canterbury, with a Brigade of West and East Kent and Sussex Yeomen. They made a brave showing, but he tells me some of them have caught this wretched enteritis already. Amongst others, I spoke to Douglas, commanding the East Lancashire Division, Major Edwards of the Sussex Yeomanry, Major Sir S. Scott and Colonel Whitburn of the West Kent Yeomanry, Colonel Lord Guilford, East Kent Yeomanry. A cheerier crowd no one could wish to meet. If these are the type of men who spin black yarns for home wear, I can only say that not the most finished actors could better disguise their despair. General King, R.A., rode part of the way back with us.

After all this hard exercise, got back to the *Arno* in a lather of sweat about 6 o'clock carrying Davies with me. Leslie Wilson, commanding the Hawke Battalion, had gone sick to-day, so sent him a telegram after dinner to the Hospital ship *Somali*, telling him his trenches had been found in apple-pie order.

11th October, 1915. Bad night with this beastly complaint. De Robeck came up at 11 o'clock to see me. He has had a message from the Admiralty asking him what number of extra troops could be maintained on the Peninsula if the units there now were brought up to strength. The Admiral asked me for the figures and the A.G. brought them over. My force as a whole is as near as may be to half strength. Half of that half are sick men. We have 100,000 men on the Peninsula, 50,000 of whom are unfit: if the unfits were up to strength there would be 200,000 men on the Peninsula as well as excitement and movement which would greatly reduce the disease. Bearing in mind that the Anzacs have been well supported by their Governments and that their units are fairly strong, these figures show what wait-and-see-sickness has meant to British Regiments.

The tone of this Admiralty question had seemed cheerful: almost as if the Higher Direction were thinking of putting us on our legs but, in the evening, another cable from K. gave a different and a very ominous complexion to the future:—

"From Earl Kitchener to General Sir Ian Hamilton. What is your estimate of the probable losses which would be entailed to your force if the evacuation of the Gallipoli Peninsula was decided on and carried out in the most careful manner?"

"No decision has been arrived at yet on this question of evacuation, but I feel that I ought to have your views.

"In your reply you need not consider the possible future danger to the Empire that might be thus caused."^[15]

If they do this they make the Dardanelles into the bloodiest tragedy of the world! Even if we were to escape without a scratch, they would stamp our enterprise as the bloodiest of all tragedies! K. has always sworn by all his Gods he would have no hand in it. I won't touch it, and I think he knew that and calculated on that when he cabled. Anyway, let K., cat or Cabinet leap where they will, I must sleep upon my answer, but that answer will be NO!

Just as I am turning in, a cable from the S. of S. saying, "there is an idea that Sir John Maxwell is not sending you as many troops as he might from Egypt. Have you any complaints on this score?" Rather late in the day this

"idea." Certainly, I have never made any "complaints" and I don't mean to do so now. The War Office have only to look up their returns and see how many men are being maintained to defend us from the Senoussi!

Maxwell has never had less than 70,000 troops in Egypt, a country which might have been held with 10,000 rifles—ever since we landed here, that is to say. My troops can sail back to Egypt very much faster than the Turks—or the Senoussi for that matter—can march to the Canal.

In the same cable the S. of S. asks what is the cause of the sick rate and remarks that, "some accounts from the Dardanelles indicate that the men are dispirited." Small wonder if they were! When they see two Divisions taken away from the Peninsula; when their guns can't answer those of the enemy; when each unit finds itself half-strength, and falling—why then, tumbling as they do to the fact that we won't get through till next year, they *ought* to be unhappy. But the funny thing is that the Cabinet, the Secretaries of State, are the people who are "dispirited" and *not* the people out here. If the P.M. could walk round the trenches of the Naval Division at Helles, or if K. could exchange greetings with the rank and file at Anzac and Suvla, they would find a sovereign antidote for the blues and would realize that it was they who were down-hearted and *not* the men at the Dardanelles. There was an old French Colonel, killed at Gravelotte; he had studied the classic world battles and he shows that it was never the front line who gave way first, but always the reserves:—they, the reserves, watched bloodshed in cold blood until they could stand it no longer and so took to their heels whilst the fighting men were still focussed upon victory. Not the enemy in front but the friends behind are the men who spread despondency and alarm.

Charley Burn has arrived on the *Imogene* with Dawnay.

Davies went back to Helles after tea. Dawnay says K. was most interested in him and most charming to him all through his stay until his last interview just before he started on his return journey. K.'s manner then, he said, had changed—so much so as to give him an impression that the great man was turning, or was being turned, against all of us out here. K.'s conduct at the first meetings is in full harmony with his message sent to Braithwaite for me by Fitz about a fortnight ago, saying I possessed his fullest confidence. The change of manner was marked and Dawnay is sure he made no mistake

about it. But nothing has happened since the date of Dawnay's arrival and departure save a very well engineered withdrawal of the 10th and the French Divisions for which, in point of fact, we have all been rather expecting congratulations. Dawnay thinks some queer things are happening. He could—or would—say nothing more.

12th October, 1915. Imbros. Early in the morning got off my answer to K.'s evacuation cable. The elements, the enemy and ourselves are the three factors of the problem. Were I to measure my problem by the night flitting of the Irish and French Divisions (who lost neither man nor beast in the process), I could guarantee that we would shoot the moon with the balance of the force smoothly, swiftly and silently. That is to say, supposing the Turks and the weather remain constant. But these are two most inconstant things: no one can tell how a Turk will behave under any given conditions; the Turks themselves do not know how they will behave: the weather now is written down by the meteorologists for sudden changes; for storms. Unsettled weather is due and ought to be reckoned upon. Imagine a blow coming up from the South when the evacuation is half way through. That does not seem to be, and is not, any great stretch of imagination. Well then, having so imagined, we get a disaster only equalled in history by that of the Athenians at Syracuse: a disaster from which the British Empire could hardly hope to recover.

Twice backwards and forwards to the General Staff Marquee with the draft of my guesses, my first being that we would probably lose 35 to 45 per cent. But the General Staff have also been consulting their oracle and were clear for 50 per cent. Months of the most anxious calculations will not get a white man one whit forrarder in seeing into the brains of an Asiatic Army or in forecasting Mediterranean weather. Safest to assume that both brains and weather will behave as the German General Staff would wish them to behave rather than as they chanced to behave when the French and Irish went off a few days ago. So have ended by taking the Staff's figure because any figure being, in any case, the wildest of shots, their shot best suits my views on the issue.

"From General Sir Ian Hamilton to Earl Kitchener. Our losses would depend on such uncertain factors, enemy's action or inaction, weather, question whether we could rely on all troops covering embarkation to fight

to the last, that impossible to give you straight answer especially until I have permission to consult Admiral. Once discussing this very problem with General Gouraud, we came to the conclusion that at Cape Helles we must sacrifice two divisions out of total of six divisions and Cape Helles easiest of three places to get away from. My opinion now is that it would not be wise to reckon on getting out of Gallipoli with less loss than that of half the total force as well as guns, which must be used to the last, stores, railway plant and horses. Moral of those who got off would fall very low. One quarter would probably get off quite easily, then the trouble would begin. We might be very lucky and lose considerably less than I have estimated. On the other hand, with all these raw troops at Suvla and all these Senegalese at Cape Helles, we might have a veritable catastrophe."

Do the men toying with the idea of bringing off our men not see that thereby the Turks will be let loose somewhere; not nowhere? Do they not see that if they are feeling the economic pinch of keeping their side of the show in being, the Turks, much weaker economically, must be feeling it much more—!

It was a relief to get this perilous stuff off my chest, and in a brighter frame of mind, sailed for Anzac on the destroyer *Lewis*. We took biscuits and bully beef with us but the hospitable sailors insisted on regaling us with a hot meal. Sat in cabin all the way as usual writing up my record. Freddie tells me that these studious habits of mine have started the shave that I spend my time composing poetry, especially during our battles!

At Anzac Birdwood took us round the trenches and underground passages about Russell's Top and Turk's Head, held by the 5th Brigade, 2nd Division, under Legge. Half way up to Russell's Top was the 3rd Battery Australian Field Artillery:—talked with Major King, the C.O. Next unit was the 20th Infantry Battalion under Major Fitzgerald. Colonel Holmes, commanding the 5th Infantry Brigade, and Wilson, his Brigade Major, took us through their cave dwellings. Ex-westerners say that in France they have nothing to touch these Australian tunnellings. In one place they are boring into a crater only 20 feet from the Turkish trench. There is nothing unusual in the fact,

but there is in the great depth they are going down so as to cross the danger zone far below the beaten track of mines and counter-mines. On the steep slope in another place there is a complete underground trench running parallel to, and only a short bomb-throw from, a Turkish trench. We went through it with a lantern. Sandbags, loopholes, etc., all are there, but blind! They are still veiled from view by several feet of clay. To-morrow night the Anzacs are going to chip off the whole upper crust of earth, and when light dawns the Turks will find a well equipped trench, every loophole manned, within bombing range of their own line.

Other notables met with were Major Murphy of the 20th Infantry Battalion, Major Anderson (an old friend) commanding the Australian Field Artillery, and Captain Perry Oakdene, the Engineer Officer on the job. Saw Birdie and returned in the destroyer about 6.30. The day had been so quiet that it would have been almost dull had it not been for the sightseeing—hardly a shot was fired by Turk or Anzac with either gun, trench mortar or rifle.

Bishop Price, the Bishop of North China, and Charlie Burn, King's Messenger, dined. The quietness of the Bishop was remarkable.

Have cabled the S. of S. for War in answer to his enquiries about the causes of the sickness, and as to whether Maxwell is not holding up my share of troops in Egypt, saying:—(1) that "constant strain and infection by dust and flies" have caused the sickness but that the men are getting better; (2) that "we have been under the impression that drafts meant for us and due to us have been retained in Egypt; also, that men discharged fit from Hospitals have been held back, but I have represented this last point to Maxwell personally as I always feel I am not the person to gauge Maxwell's needs. On 27th September, I asked him to send up all available Australian—New Zealand Army Corps drafts and reinforcements, and, as you already know, am at present in telegraphic correspondence about these reinforcements coming straight here without being kept in Egypt for training at all."



"Central News" phot.

CREMATING THE ENEMY DEAD

At 10.40, after clearing my table, went with Ellison, Taylor, and Freddie on board H.M.S. *Lefroy* (Commander Edwards) and steamed for "V" Beach. Enjoyed a fine luncheon with Brulard and then started off for the trenches. At Morto Bay we were met by Captain de Bourbon, a big handsome man with the characteristic Bourbon cut of countenance. He took us first to the *château* whence we worked down along the trenches to where our extreme right overlooks the Kerevez Dere. General Faukard was here and he thinks that we ought easily to get complete mastery of both sides of the Kerevez Dere as soon as we get the means and the permission to shove ahead again. When we do that the advance will let our Fleet another half mile up the Straits and the "spotting" for the ships' guns will double their value in the Narrows. From the Kerevez Dere we worked along the fire trenches towards the French centre and then, getting to a sheltered strip of country, walked back across the open to the second line. From the second line we made our way, still across the open, to the third line, over a heather covered strip. No one ever moves here by daylight except in double quick time as there is always danger of drawing a shell either from Asia or from Achi Baba and so it was that "Let the dead bury the dead" had been the motto and that we met many corpses and skeletons. Merciful God, what home

tragedies may centre in each of these sinister bundles. But it is the common lot—only quicker. Here, too, we found excavations made by the French into a burial ground believed to be of the date 2,500 B.C. The people of that golden age had the sentimental idea of being buried in couples in big jars. A strange notion of our Allies unburying quiet people who had enjoyed dreamless rest for 2,000 years whilst, within a few yards, their own dead still welter in the parching wind.

Had meant to run across and see Davies but time had slipped away and so we made tracks for H.M.S. *Lefroy*, and on back here to G.H.Q., where a letter from Callwell was laying in wait as a refresher after my fatigues.

Callwell begins by saying he encloses a document written by my late visitor, Mr. K. A. Murdoch, although "there are certain statements in this which are palpably false," and although Dawnay has pointed out to him at the War Office "a number of passages in it which are wholly incorrect as matters of actual fact." He says, Lord K., "who has not had time to read it yet," thinks I ought to be given a chance of defending myself.

Callwell goes on to write about the Press Censorship and my plea for publicity and then says he dislikes the Salonika stunt "because I am not quite clear of where we are going to, and the immediate result at the present is to take away from you troops that you can ill spare." Also, because "we may be involving ourselves in operations on a great scale in the heart of the Balkans, the result of which it is very difficult to foresee."

Godley dined. Captain Davidson, R.N., the Senior Naval Officer in harbour now, is a real Godsend. He looks after us as if we were Admirals of the Fleet.

Have now read, marked, learnt and inwardly indigested Callwell's enclosure; viz., the letter written by Mr. K. A. Murdoch to the Prime Minister of Australia. Quite a Guy Fawkes epistle. Braithwaite is "more cordially detested in our forces than Enver Pasha." "You will trust me when I say that the work of the General Staff in Gallipoli is deplorable." "Sedition is talked round every tin of bully beef on the Peninsula." "You would refuse to believe that these men were really British soldiers ... the British physique is very much below that of the Turks. Indeed, it is quite obviously so. Our men have found it impossible to form a high opinion of the British K. men

and Territorials. They are merely a lot of childlike youths, without strength to endure or brains to improve their conditions." "I shall always remember the stricken face of a young English Lieutenant when I told him he must make up his mind for a winter campaign." "I do not like to dictate this sentence, even for your eyes, but the fact is that after the first day at Suvla an order had to be issued to Officers to shoot without mercy any soldier who lagged behind or loitered in an advance."

Well, Well! I should not worry myself over the out-pourings of our late guest, who has evidently been made a tool of by some unscrupulous person, were it not that Mr. Asquith has clothed the said out-pourings in the title, number, garb and colour of a verified and authentic State paper. He has actually had them printed on the famous duck's egg foolscap of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and under his authority, as President and Prime Minister, they have been circulated round the Government and all the notables of the Empire without any chance having been offered to me (or to K.) of defending the honour of British Officers or the good name of the British Rank and File. K. tells Callwell I should be given the opportunity of making a reply. Not having read it himself he has not yet grasped the fact that he also should have been given the opportunity of making a reply to the aspersions upon his selections. As for me, by the time my answer can get home and can be printed and circulated the slanders will have had over a month's start in England and very likely two months' start in Australia, where all who read them will naturally conclude their statements must have been tested before ever they were published in that impressive form.

Here we see an irresponsible statement by an ignorant man and I instinctively feel as if it were being used as one more weapon to force Asquith's hand and to ruin our last chance. I only hope it may not prove another case of, "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"

Certain aspects of this affair trouble my understanding. The covering note (dated 25th September) which encloses the letter to the Prime Minister of Australia (dated 23rd September) is addressed by Mr. Murdoch to Mr. Asquith by name. In that covering note Mr. Murdoch says, "I write with diffidence, and only at Mr. Lloyd George's request." Within three days (so great the urgency or pressure) Mr. Asquith causes—as he, President of the Committee of Imperial Defence, alone can cause—the covering note as well

as the seven or eight thousand words of the letter to be printed and circulated round the big wigs of Politics, as well as (to judge by the coincident hardening of the tone of this mail's papers) some of the Editors. Not one word to me as to Mr. Murdoch's qualifications or as to the truth or falsity of his statements, until these last have been a week in circulation. Then, I receive; first, a cable saying unofficial reports had come in censuring my General Staff and that I had better, therefore, let Braithwaite go; secondly, a cable asking me whether the absurd story of my having ordered my own soldiers to be shot "without mercy " is well-founded; thirdly, a bad last, the libellous letter itself.

Yet Mr. Asquith did know the paper contained *some* falsehoods. He *may* have attached weight to Mr. Murdoch's tale of the feelings of French soldiers at Helles (although he never found time to go there): he *may* have believed Mr. Murdoch when he says that Sir John Maxwell "has a poor brain for his big position"; that "our men feel that their reputation is too sacred to leave in the hands of Maxwell"; that Sir William Birdwood "has not the fighting quality or big brain of a great General"; that General Spens was "a man broken on the Continent" (although he never was broken and never served on the Continent); that "Kitchener has a terrible task in getting pure work from the General Staff of the British Army, whose motives can never be pure, for they are unchangeably selfish"; that "from what I saw of the Turk, I am convinced he is ... a better man than those opposed to him" (although, actually, Mr. Murdoch saw nothing of the Turks). The P.M. may have taken these views at their face values: even, he *may* have swallowed Mr. Murdoch's picture of the conscientious Altham "wallowing" in ice whilst wounded were expiring of heat within a few hundred yards; but *Mr. Asquith has seen the K. Army* and, therefore, *he cannot have believed* that these soldiers have suddenly been transformed into "merely a lot of childish youths without strength to endure or brains to improve their conditions."

Once more; these reckless scraps of hearsay would not be worth the paper they are printed on were it not that they are endorsed with the letters C.I.D., the stamp of the ministerial Holy of Holies. Only the Prime Minister himself, personally, can so consign a paper. Lord K. and I were both members of the C.I.D., and members of long standing. For the President to circularize our fellow members behind our backs with unverified accusations is a strange act, foreign to all my ideas of Mr. Asquith. On this

point Callwell is quite clear: the Murdoch letter was published to the C.I.D. on the 28th ult. and Callwell writes on the 2nd inst., and says Lord K. "has not had time to read it yet."^[16] But nothing else is clear. In fact, the whole thing is foreign to all my ideas of Mr. Asquith. He does not need to work the C.I.D. oracle in this way. As P.M. he has only to speak the word. He does not work the Press oracle either: not his custom: also he likes K. The whole thing is a mystery, of which I can only say with Hamlet—"miching mallecho; it means mischief."

14th October, 1915. Imbros. Colder than ever. We are told that the winter will kill the flies and that with their death we shall all get hearty and well. Meanwhile, they have turned to winged limpets.

Being Mail day as well as rough, stuck to camp. My friend England sailed into harbour in the *Chelmer* and came up to lunch. In the evening he took Godley back to Anzac. Duncannon came to dinner. I have made him liaison officer with the French in place of de Putron who has gone to Salonika with Bailloud.

As to the Murdoch unpleasantness, I began an *exposé* to be sent to the Governor General of Australia; another to the Secretary of the C.I.D. But Pollen, Braithwaite and Dawnay (the last of whom had been shown the document whilst he was at home, though he had said nothing to me about it) thought this was to make much ado about nothing. They cannot believe Lord K. will trouble himself about the matter any further and they think it best handled in lighter vein. Is K. still the demi-God, that is the question? Anyway, there is simply no time this Mail to deal with so many misstatements, so that has settled it.

"GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,
"MEDTN. EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
"14th October, 1915.

"DEAR CALLWELL,

"I have read Mr. Murdoch's letter with care, and I have tried to give it my most impartial consideration and not to allow myself in reply to be influenced in any way by the criticisms he may have felt himself bound to make upon myself personally.

"What does this letter amount to? Here we have a man, a journalist by profession, one who is quick to seize every point, and to coin epithets, which throw each fleeting impression into strongest relief. He comes armed with a natural and justifiably enthusiastic admiration for everything connected with the Commonwealth to which he belongs, and ready to retail to his Minister or his public anything that can contribute to show the troops they have sent in an heroic light.

"Here he obtains his first sight of war and of the horrors and hardships inseparable from it. He finds men who have just been through some of the hardest fighting imaginable and who have suffered terrible losses; he finds probably that very many of those whom he hoped to see, certainly many of those of whose welfare their motherland would wish to hear, are killed, wounded or laid up with illness,—he finds all this and he becomes very deeply depressed. In such an atmosphere Mr. Murdoch composes his letter, a general analysis of which shows it to be divided, to my mind, into two separate strata.

"First an appreciation in burning terms of the spirit, the achievements, the physique and all soldierly qualities of the Australian Forces. Secondly, a condemnation, as sweeping and as unrelieved as his praise in the first instance is unstinted, of the whole of the rest of the force. I myself as C.-in-C., my Generals, my Staff, Lines of Communication, Sir John Maxwell and General Spens at the Base, even the British soldiers collectively and individually, are all embraced in this condemnation which is completed by the inclusion of the entire direction of the Forces at home, both Naval and Military.

"Where all are thus tarred with the same brush, I am content to leave it to the impartial reader to decide what reliance can be placed on Mr. Murdoch's judgment. My own feeling certainly is that in his admiration for the Australian Forces, and in his grief at their heavy losses (in both of which feelings I fully share) he has allowed himself to belittle and to criticize us all so that their virtues might be thrown into even bolder relief.

"With Mr. Murdoch's detailed points I do not propose to deal, nor do I think you expect me to do so. On every page inaccuracies of fact abound. The breaking of Spens on the Continent, a theatre of war he has never visited;

the over-statement of our casualties by more than 40 per cent.; the acceptance as genuine of a wholly mythical order about the shooting of laggards—really the task would be too long. As to the value of Mr. Murdoch's appreciation of the strategical and tactical elements of the situation you can yourself assess them at their true value.

"Finally, I do not for one moment believe the general statement put forward to the effect that the troops are disheartened. Neither that statement nor the assertion that they are discontented with the British Officers commanding them has the slightest foundation in fact.

"Believe me,
"My dear Callwell,
"Yours very sincerely,
(*Sd.*) "IAN HAMILTON.

"P.S.—I attach correspondence showing how Mr. Murdoch's visit arose. I believe I exceeded my power in giving him permission to come but I was most anxious to oblige the Australian Prime Minister and Senator Pearce. You will see that he promises faithfully to observe any conditions I may impose. The only condition I imposed was that he should sign a declaration identical with that which I attach. He signed and the paper is in my possession."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Dear Sir,

"On the advice of Brigadier-General Legge I beg to request permission to visit Anzac.

"I am proceeding from Melbourne to London to take up the position of managing editor of the Australian news cable service in connection with the *London Times* and at the Commonwealth Government's request am enquiring into mail arrangements, dispositions of wounded, and various matters in Egypt in connection with our Australian Forces. I find it impossible to make a complete report upon changes that have been suggested here until I have a better knowledge of the system

pursued at base Y, and on the Mainland, and I beg of you, therefore, to permit me to visit these places.

"I should like to go across in only a semi-official capacity, so that I might record censored impressions in the London and Australian newspapers I represent, but any conditions you impose I should, of course, faithfully observe.

"I beg to enclose (a) copy of general letter from the Prime Minister and (b) copy of my instructions from the Government. I have a personal letter of introduction to you from Senator Pearce, Minister of Defence.

"May I add that I had the honour of meeting you at the Melbourne Town Hall, and wrote fully of your visit in the Sydney *Sun* and Melbourne *Punch*; also may I say that my anxiety as an Australian to visit the sacred shores of Gallipoli while our army is there is intense.

"Senator Millen asked me to convey his most kindly remembrances to you if I had the luck to see you and in case I have not I take this opportunity of doing so.

"As I have only four weeks in which to complete my work here and get to London a 'collect reply by cable to C/o Colonel Sellheim, Australian Intermediate Base, Cairo, would greatly oblige.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your obediently,

(*Sd.*) "KEITH A. MURDOCH.

"C/o Colonel Sellheim, C.B.,

"A.I.F. Intermediate Base,

"Cairo.

"*August 17, 1915.*"

"COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA,
"PRIME MINISTER'S DEPARTMENT,
"MELBOURNE.
"July 14th, 1915.

"This letter will serve to introduce Mr. Keith Arthur Murdoch, a well known journalist, of Melbourne, who is proceeding to Europe to undertake important duties in connection with his profession.

"Mr. Murdoch is also undertaking certain inquiries for the Government of the Commonwealth in the Mediterranean Theatre of War. And for any facilities which may be rendered him to enable him the better to carry out these duties I shall be personally obliged.

(*Sd.*) "ANDREW FISHER,
"Prime Minister."

"DEPARTMENT OF DEFENCE,
"MELBOURNE,
"July 2nd, 1915.

"Mr. Keith A. Murdoch,
"Alfred Place, Melbourne.

"The Minister desires that you furnish a report upon the following matters together with any suggestions for improvements.

"1. Arrangements for the receipt and delivery of letters, papers and parcels to and from members of the Australian Imperial Force.

"2. Arrangements for the receipt and delivery of cablegrams to and from members of the Australian Imperial Force.

"3. Arrangements for notifications to the Department in Australia of the disposition of Australian Wounded in Hospitals.

"4. Suggested despatch of special expert corps to Hospitals.

"5. Frauds by impersonation at cable offices.

(*Sd.*) "T. TRUMBLE,
"Acting Secretary for Defence."

When I got this, I hesitated. Evidently the writer was not accredited as a war correspondent and his remark about having written me up in the *Sun* and in *Punch* did not count for much. But I was anxious then, as ever, that as many journalists as possible should be put into a position for seeing the fine things the troops had done and were doing; I noted the emphasis laid by the writer upon his acceptance of the censorship, and so I took upon myself to exceed my powers and asked Braithwaite to cable to Mr. Murdoch:—

"This cable is your authority to come to G.H.Q. at once whence you will be sent to Anzac.

C.G.S., Medforce."

Mr. Murdoch landed on the 2nd instant and on that date signed the following declaration:—

**DECLARATION TO BE USED BY WAR
CORRESPONDENTS.**

I, the undersigned, do hereby solemnly undertake to follow in every particular the rules issued by the Commander-in-Chief through the Chief Field Censor, relative to correspondence concerning the forces in the Field, and bind myself not to attempt to correspond by any other route or by any other means than that officially sanctioned.

Further, in the event of my ceasing to act as correspondent with the British Forces, I will not during the continuance of the War join the forces of any other Power in any capacity, or impart to anyone military information of a

confidential nature or of a kind such that its disclosure is likely to prejudice military operations, which may have been acquired by me while with the British Forces in the Field, or publish any writing, plan, map, sketch, photograph or other picture on military subjects, the material for which has been acquired by me in a similar manner, unless first submitted by me to the Chief Field Censor for censorship and passed for publication by him.

(Signature of Correspondent).....

15th October, 1915. Imbros. Bitter cold. The whole camp upside down and all the Staff busy with their shift of quarters to the other side of the Bay.

Altham has been at Salonika and came over to report how things were going there. Remembering the accusation of "wallowing" in ice, I nearly touched him for a Vanilla cream.

As to Salonika, he tells me that, so far, the occupation has been a travesty of any military operation. No plan; no administration; much confusion; troops immobile and likely to sit for weeks upon the beach. The Balkan States Intelligence Officers are on the spot and grasp the inferences. Until the troops landed they were not quite sure whether some serious factor was not about to be sprung upon them: now they are quite sure nothing can happen, big or small, beyond our letting a lot of our bayonets go rusty. Sarrail has been implored by the Serbians to push his troops up into their country, but he has been wise enough to refuse. How can he feed them? On the top of it all, the conduct of the Greeks seems fishy. As to the Bulgarians, they have already thrown off the mask. Although Salonika is going to be our ruin, I can still spare some pity for Sarrail.

Have heard from Birdie who at last gives me leave to see his Lone Pine section. Until now I have never been able to get him to let me go there. Too many bombs, he says, to make it quite healthy for a Commander-in-Chief.

16th October, 1915. Imbros. Had just got into bed last night when I was ferreted out again by a cable "Secret and personal" from K. telling me to decipher the next message myself. The messenger brought a note from the

G.S.—most of whom have now gone across to the other side of the Bay—to ask if I would like to be awakened when the second message came in. As I knew the contents as well as if I had written it out myself, I said no, that it was to be brought me with the cipher book at my usual hour for being called in the morning. When I had given this order, my mind dwelt awhile over my sins. Through my tired brain passed thought-pictures of philosophers waiting for cups of hemlock and various other strange and half-forgotten antique images. Then I fell asleep.

Next morning, Peter Pollen came in with the cipher book and the bow-string. I got K.'s message pat in my dreams last night and here it is, to a word, in black and white:—

"The War Council held last night decided that though the Government fully appreciate your work and the gallant manner in which you personally have struggled to make the enterprise a success in face of the terrible difficulties you have had to contend against, they, all the same, wish to make a change in the command which will give them an opportunity of seeing you."

How far we have travelled, in spirit, since K. sent me his September greetings with spontaneous assurances of complete confidence! Yet, since then, on the ground, I have not travelled at all—have indeed been under the order of the Dardanelles Committee to stand still.

Charles Munro is to relieve me and brings with him a Chief of Staff who will take Braithwaite's place. On my way back I "might visit Salonika and Egypt" so as to be able to give the Cabinet the latest about the hang of things in these places.

When I go, Birdie is to take my place pending Munro's arrival.

De Robeck must give me a cruiser so that we may start for home tomorrow. The offer of a jaunt at Government expense to Salonika and Egypt leaves me cold. They think nothing of spending some hundreds of pounds to put off an awkward moment. What value on earth could my views on

Salonika and Egypt possess for people who have no use for my views on my own subject!

After breakfast, read K.'s cable over once more. "A War Council," it seems, decided to make the change. Did the War Council also appoint Munro? K. did not appoint him—anyway. Munro succeeded me at Hythe. In 1897 I was brought home from Tirah to Hythe by Evelyn Wood in order that I might keep an eye on the original ideas which, from India under Lord Roberts, had revolutionized the whole system of British musketry. I left Hythe on the outbreak of the South African War and during that war Munro went there.

He was born with another sort of mind from me. Had he been sent out here in the first instance he would never have touched the Dardanelles, and people who have realized so much may conclude he will now clear out. But it does not follow. Munro's refusal to attempt a landing in the first instance would have served as the foundation stone for some totally different policy in the Near East. That might perhaps have been a good plan. But to start a campaign with me and try to carry it on with Munro has already been tried and found hardly fair to either of us. The intention of whoever selected Munro is so to use him as to force K. to pull down the blinds. But they may be mistaken in his character.

One thing is sure: whenever I get home I shall do what I can to convince K. that the game is still in his hands if only he will shake himself free from slippery politics; come right out here and run the show himself. Constantinople is the only big big hit lying open on the map at this moment. With the reinforcements and munitions K., as Commander-in-Chief, would have at his command, he can bring off the coup right away. He has only to borrow a suitable number of howitzers and aeroplanes from the Western front and our troops begin to advance. Sarrail has missed the chance of twenty generations by not coming here. Let K. step in. In the whole of the Near East his name alone is still worth an Army Corps. My own chance has gone. That is no reason why my old Chief should not himself make good. I told the War Council we held at Suvla before the battle of the 21st August that if the Government persisted in refusing me drafts and munitions—if they insisted on leaving my units at half-strength—then they would have to get someone cleverer than myself to carry out the job. Well, it has come to

that now. K. looms big in the public eye and can insist on not being starved. He must hurry up though! Time enough has been lost, God knows. But even to-day there is time. Howitzers, trench mortars, munitions, men, on a scale France would hardly miss,—the Asiatic side of the Straits would be occupied—and, in one month from to-day, our warships will have Constantinople under their guns. If K. won't listen to me, then, having been officially mis-informed that the War Council wish to see me (the last thing they *do* wish), I will take them at their word. I will buttonhole every Minister from McKenna and Lloyd George to Asquith and Bonar Law,—and grovel at their feet if by doing so I can hold them on to this, the biggest scoop that is, or ever has been, open to an Empire.

Rather a sickly lunch. Not so much the news as the Benger's on which we all feasted for our stomach's sake. Birdie came over at 4 p.m. with Ruthven. Both his A.D.C.s are sick. I am going to ask him to take on young Alec McGrigor. Peter and Freddie will come home with Braithwaite and myself. What a true saying,—a friend in need is a friend indeed. Were I handing over to Birdie for good I should feel unalloyed happiness in his well-deserved success.

At tea Ellison, Braithwaite, Bertier, Colonel Sykes and Guest appeared. They looked more depressed than I felt. I had to work like a beaver before I could brighten them up. "I'm not dead yet," I felt inclined to tell them, "no, not by long chalks." What I did say to one or two of them was this:—"My credit with Government is exhausted; clearly I can't screw men or munitions out of them. The new Commander will start fresh with a good balance of faith, hope and charity lodged in the Bank of England. He comes with a splendid reputation, and if he is big enough to draw boldly on this deposit, the Army will march; the Fleet will steam ahead; what has been done will bear fruit, and all our past struggles and sacrifices will live."

Dined with Freddie on the *Triad*. De Robeck and Keyes were all that friends can be at such a moment.

17th October, 1915. H.M.S. "Chatham" (At sea). A pretty beastly day within and without. For the within part, all sorts of good-byes to put pain into our hearts; for the without, a cold drizzle chilling us all to the bone.

At 10.30 Brulard and his Staff came over; also Generals Byng and Davies with their Staffs. After bidding them farewell; a function whereat I was grateful to the French for their lightness of touch, I rode over with Braithwaite and the A.D.C.s to the new Headquarters at Kephalos to say good-bye to my own Staff. Although I had meant to live there until we drove the Turks far enough back to let us live on the Peninsula, I had found time to see my little stone hut built by Greek peasants on the side of the hill:—deliciously snug. To-day, this very day, I was to have struck my tent and taken up these cosy winter quarters; now I move, right enough, but on the wrong road.

The adieu was a melancholy affair. There was no make-belief, that's a sure thing. Whatever the British Officer may be his forte has never lain in his acting. So, by 2.30, I made my last salute to the last of the old lot and boarded the *Triad*. A baddish wrench parting from de Robeck and Keyes with whom I have been close friends for so long. Up to midnight de Robeck had intended coming home too. Keyes himself is following me in a day or two, to implore the Cabinet to let us at least strike one more blow before we haul down our flag, so there will be two of us at the task.

I wrung their hands. The Bo'sun's whistle sounded. The curtain was falling so I wrung their hands once again and said good-bye; good-bye also to the Benjamin of my personal Staff, young Alec, who stays on with Birdie. A bitter moment and hard to carry through.

Boarded the *Chatham* (Captain Drury-Lowe) and went below to put my cabin straight. The anchor came up, the screws went round. I wondered whether I could stand the strain of seeing Imbros, Kephalos, the camp, fade into the region of dreams,—I was hesitating when a message came from the Captain to say the Admiral begged me to run up on to the quarter deck. So I ran, and found the *Chatham* steering a corkscrew course—threading in and out amongst the warships at anchor. Each as we passed manned ship and sent us on our way with the cheers of brave men ringing in our ears.

FAREWELL ORDER BY GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

"GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,
"MEDITERRANEAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCE,
"October 17th, 1915.

"On handing over the Command of the Mediterranean Expeditionary Force to General Sir C. C. Munro, the Commander-in-Chief wishes to say a few farewell words to the Allied troops, with many of whom he has now for so long been associated. First, he would like them to know his deep sense of the honour it has been to command so fine an Army in one of the most arduous and difficult Campaigns which has ever been undertaken; secondly, he must express to them his admiration at the noble response which they have invariably given to the calls he has made upon them. No risk has been too desperate; no sacrifice too great. Sir Ian Hamilton thanks all ranks, from Generals to private soldiers, for the wonderful way they have seconded his efforts to lead them towards that decisive victory, which, under their new Chief, he has the most implicit confidence they will achieve."

APPENDIX I

STATEMENT ON ARTILLERY BY BRIGADIER GENERAL SIR HUGH SIMPSON BAIKIE, EX-COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH ARTILLERY AT CAPE HELLES.

The first landing of British troops at Cape Helles took place on 25th April, 1915. On arriving at that place during the first week in May, I found that heavy fighting had occurred without ceasing from the time of the disembarkation. Having come straight from the Headquarters Staff of the 2nd Army in France, where the question of artillery ammunition was a constant source of anxiety to all the higher commanders, I at once set to work to discover what reserves remained in the hands of G.H.Q. and what the daily expenditure had been since the landing. The greatest difficulty was experienced in obtaining figures of expenditure from the units, so constant had been the fighting, which still continued, and so great the casualties, and consequent confusion in reckoning expenditure. Yet, after some delay, sufficient information was obtained to enable me to demonstrate with certainty that, if such severe fighting continued, the Force would soon be in danger of losing their artillery support.

On the 4th May a cable was sent, I believe, to Lord Kitchener saying that ammunition was becoming a very serious matter owing to the ceaseless fighting; pointing out that 18 pr. shell were a vital necessity and that a supply promised by a certain ship (I believe the S.S. *Funia*) had not turned up. A day or two later, a cable was received by G.H.Q. saying munitions were never calculated on a basis of prolonged occupation of the Peninsula, and that the War Office would have to reconsider the whole position, if more was wanted. If I remember aright, the cable finished by saying, "It is important to push on." A few days later a cable was received saying the War Office would not give us more ammunition until we submitted a return of what was in hand. The compilation of that cut-and-dried return in the midst of a desperate battle was a distracting and never-to-be-forgotten effort, but there was no help for it: no return, no shells; that was the War Office order.

The ammunition still in hand lay mostly in the holds of the ships at Mudros, 60 miles away, and did not lend themselves to easy counting; while the actual expenditure was, for reasons already given, an intricate problem indeed.

Continuous cables on the subject of ammunition passed during the next few days between G.H.Q. and the War Office, all of which passed through my hands and some of which I drafted for superior authority. I cannot remember their sequence and not always their purport, but I distinctly remember about the 10th or 11th May a cable being received from Lord Kitchener saying ammunition for Field Artillery was being pushed out *via* Marseilles. I think the figures given were about ten or twenty thousand rounds of 18-pr. and some one thousand rounds of 4.5 howitzer H.E., but I am not sure.

The fact that does remain indelibly impressed on my mind is that I am convinced from the cables that passed through my office that no provision had been made by the War Office to keep up a regular supply of artillery ammunition to the Dardanelles Expedition. The W.O. authority appeared to have given a bonus of ammunition when the Expedition sailed, and to have been somewhat taken aback and annoyed by the fact that a sure and continuous supply should afterwards be demanded.

On 29th May I left G.H.Q. on appointment as Brigadier-General to command all the artillery at Cape Helles, in which capacity I served till September, i.e. through all the big attacks and counter-attacks of June, July and August. In this capacity I was brought face to face with all the deficiencies in artillery *matériel* and ammunition, of which the following were the most important.

Although there was only one Battery of 4.5 and one Battery of 6-in. howitzers at Helles there was always an extreme deficiency of howitzer H.E. ammunition. So great was the shortage that immediately on taking up my command I found it necessary to issue a most stringent order that no howitzer on Cape Helles was ever to fire H.E. without my personal authority. When the Turks attacked, 18-prs. and 15-prs. were to support the Infantry with shrapnel; howitzers were only to be used with my personal permission and then were only to fire shrapnel. All howitzer H.E. was to be

used exclusively for supporting British attacks by bombarding the Turkish trenches before and during such activities. Throughout the above months, constant appeals were made to me by Infantry Commanders to bombard the Turkish trenches with H.E. in order to retaliate for the loss our men had suffered from the Turkish guns using H.E. Such requests I had invariably to refuse.

There were fifty-six 18-prs. at Helles, when I assumed command on the 29th May, and subsequently they were increased to seventy-two at the end of July. Except for 640 rounds of H.E., which was fired off during the 4th June battle, no more H.E. arrived till the end of July.

Never during my command did the total number of rounds of 18-pr. ammunition at Helles ever reach 25,000. Before one of our attacks, with very careful previous husbanding, the total used perhaps to reach 19,000 to 23,000. The total amount I could therefore allot justifiably for the artillery preparation before an attack of our four British Infantry Divisions never exceeded 12,000 rounds; as from 6,000 to 7,000 must necessarily be kept in reserve to assist in beating off the determined hostile counter-attacks. As I remarked at the beginning of this paper, artillery ammunition was a constant anxiety to the higher commanders on the Western Front also, but never, I believe, had Infantry to attack with so little artillery support as the above. My position in France did not give me any inside knowledge of the details of artillery supply, but in one action at St. Eloi (near Ypres) on 14th or 15th February, in which only 27th Division was concerned, the artillery of this Division (so the C.R.A. informed me) alone fired 10,000 18-pr. rounds in one night. At a similar action at the same place by the same division about a month later the divisional artillery fired, I believe, a slightly larger amount. Again, at Neuve Chapelle, in February, 1915, each Division had its own divisional artillery and the ammunition expenditure worked out to 150 rounds per 18-pr. gun. These official figures were shown me a few days after the battle by the G.O.C., 2nd Army.

In comparing the ammunition expenditure of France in 1915 and in the Dardanelles, the enormous discrepancy in the number of 18-prs. per Division must be taken into account. Reckoning on the scale of the number of 18-prs. allotted to a British Division in France, we had at Helles little more than sufficient 18-prs. for one Division, yet with this number we had

to give artillery support to four Divisions. As to the French artillery at Helles, they could always reckon on being able to expend 40,000 to 45,000 rounds when their two Divisions attacked.

The complete absence of H.E. was severely felt, as shrapnel were of little use for destroying trenches, machine gun emplacements, etc. Therefore, in each and every British attack, success was jeopardized and our infantry exposed to cruel losses, because, firstly, there was not sufficient ammunition to prepare their attack, and, secondly, there was no H.E. (except for howitzers) to destroy the machine guns in their emplacements. The latter, therefore, inflicted great losses on our Infantry in their advance.

Our unfortunate position did not escape the notice of the French, who used at times generously to place under my command some of their field guns and howitzers, but in the latter they were also lamentably deficient, and in ammunition they were, themselves, during May and early June, none too well provided, although towards July their reserves grew more sufficient. The British deficiency in ammunition, however, was so great, and created so much merriment among the French that they christened the British Artillery, "Un coup par pièce"; with which term of endearment I was always personally greeted by the French Artillery General and his Staff, with all of whom I was great friends.

At the battle of 28th June the French were unable to spare us the howitzers or ammunition we begged of them. The failure of the gallant 156th Brigade of the 52nd Division to take the H.12 trenches was essentially due to lack of artillery ammunition, especially of H.E. Allowing for losses that must have been suffered under any condition, I believe that some 700 or 800 Scottish casualties were due to this cause. Before the action the Corps Commander sent for me to say that he did not consider that enough guns and ammunition had been allotted to this portion of the Turkish trenches. I replied that I agreed, but that there were no more available and that to reduce the bombardment of the hostile trenches on the left of our front would gravely prejudice the success of the 29th Division in that quarter and that I understood success there was more vital than on our right flank. After consultation with the G.O.C. 29th Division, the Corps Commander agreed with my allotment of the artillery. We then did our utmost to obtain the loan

of more guns, howitzers or ammunition from the French without success and with the result that the attack was beaten off.

So successful had been the attack on our left with its capture of five successive lines of Turkish trenches that we had actually some ammunition to spare. In the afternoon it was agreed that there should be another attack on H.12, preceded by a very short but very intense bombardment from every gun and howitzer we possessed. All artillery arrangements for this were completed before 2.30 p.m., from which hour all the guns waited alert and ready for the Infantry to inform us of the hour they wished us to commence fire. I was in direct telephonic communication with the commander of the 52nd Division, having had a private wire laid on to his Headquarters the previous day. Suddenly, to my horror, I received a telephone message from my Artillery Group Commander, Colonel Stockdale, saying the Infantry were making the assault and that he had no time to do more than fire half a dozen shots!

In the attacks of 12th and 13th July, the French placed some thirty or forty guns and howitzers under British command, and on account of the shortage of British ammunition their guns undertook the whole of the artillery preparation, our artillery confining itself to covering fire during and after the Infantry advance. The counter-attacks were so violent and the calls for artillery support were so incessant that towards the afternoon of the 13th July the British gun ammunition began to get alarmingly low, until finally only about 5,000 rounds of 18-pr. ammunition, including all rounds in Battery charge, remained at Helles. The French were reluctant to supply further artillery support, fearing further attacks on themselves. This was the most anxious night I spent on the Peninsula—all but a limited number of rounds were withdrawn from most Batteries and were placed in horsed ammunition wagons, which perambulated from one side of the British position to the other according to where it seemed most likely the next Turkish attack would take place. These measures were successful and no Battery actually was left without one round at a critical moment, but the position throughout that night was a most dangerous one. Every hour a wire was sent to G.H.Q. giving expression to our crying needs, but there was next to nothing at Mudros, while desperate fighting still went on without a minute's respite. At 11 p.m. that night a trawler did, to the joy of every gunner, reach Helles with 3,000 rounds of 18-pr., but on the arrival of my

Staff Officer to unload it, it was found that the fuses were of a new pattern never issued before and that the existing fuse keys would not adjust the fuses. As no new pattern fuse keys had been sent from home the Batteries had to manufacture their own, which was successfully accomplished after two days' delay.

During June two Batteries, and during July two more Batteries of 5-inch howitzers, manned by Territorials, arrived at Helles. During the last week of July the first two Batteries were sent to Anzac. Some of these howitzers were very old and worn by corrosion, and were consequently inaccurate.

The Gun History sheets of some of them showed they had been used at the Battle of Omdurman, seventeen years before, and had been in use ever since. After the big British attacks of 6th and 7th August, their ammunition began to run short. On demand about 500 or 700 rounds were sent up from Mudros—on arrival each shell was found to be of only 40 lb. weight, whereas former shells were of 50 lb. weight. Their fuses were also of new pattern, which existing fuse keys would not fit and, to crown all, no range tables had been sent for this new pattern of shell. In spite of continual letters and telegrams to the War Office, when I left Helles in September no new pattern fuse keys or range tables had ever arrived from England; consequently these shells remained stacked on the Peninsula while the Batteries only fired occasionally for want of ammunition!

On another occasion, when we were in the greatest straits for 15-pr. ammunition, many hundreds of rounds arrived at Helles, which on being landed were discovered by my Staff only to be suitable for the Ehrhardt R.H.A. guns in Egypt, no such guns being in the Dardanelles.

As for heavy artillery, practically speaking, there was none! Only one 6-inch Howitzer Battery (4 howitzers) and one 60-pr. Battery (4 guns) were in action at Helles up to July when four more guns of the latter calibre were landed. Unfortunately, however, the 60-prs. were of little use, as the recoil was too great for the carriages and the latter broke down beyond repair by our limited resources after very few rounds. At the beginning of August only one 60-pr. gun remained in action. Consequently, we had no heavy guns capable of replying to the Turkish heavy guns which enveloped us on three sides, and from whose fire our infantry and artillery suffered severely.

As to spare parts, spare guns and carriages, such luxuries were practically non-existent. No provision appears to have been made by the War Office to replace our guns or their parts, which became unserviceable through use or through damage by the hostile artillery. As the British were holding the lower slopes of the Achi Baba position, and as all our gun positions could be seen into by the Turks with powerful spectacles from their observation posts on the top of Achi Baba, our equipment suffered severely. During June and July one 6-inch howitzer and twenty-five 18-prs. (out of a total of seventy-two) as well as one or two 60-prs., were put out of action by direct hits from the hostile artillery. Such guns were withdrawn to the field workshops on "W" Beach, but as these workshops were exposed to the enemy's artillery fire from three sides, the guns were often further damaged while under repair. Damaged guns had sometimes to wait for days in this workshop until other guns had been damaged in a different place by the hostile artillery. Then possibly one efficient gun could be made up of the undamaged portions of one, two or more guns. Batteries often, therefore, remained for days short of guns on account of the lack of spare parts.

When I assumed command of the artillery at Helles, there were two Batteries of mountain guns (10-prs.) in action, but they were of a prehistoric pattern. In 1899 the Khedive of Egypt possessed in his Army, in which I was then serving, mountain guns which were more up-to-date in every respect. So inaccurate were these 10-prs. that they had to be placed close behind the front trenches lest they should hit our own Infantry, the result being a very heavy casualty list in officers and men amongst their Territorial personnel. Many of these lives could have been saved, had reasonable modern weapons been supplied. These obsolete old guns wore out so quickly that the two Batteries quickly melted into one Battery, and when they finally left Helles for Anzac at the end of July, I believe only 3 guns and their detachments were left in being.

As for anti-aircraft guns, they did not exist at all and the hostile aeroplanes used to fly over and drop bombs *ad lib.* without fear of molestation, the only saving clause being that the enemy appeared to possess almost as few aeroplanes as the British.

In no point of their equipment did the force at Helles suffer so much in comparison with their comrades in France as in the matter of aeroplanes

which, at the Dardanelles, were hopelessly deficient not only in the numbers but also in quality. There were not sufficient pilots and there were no observers at all. Brave and efficient as the naval pilots were, they could not be expected to be of any use as artillery spotters unless they had been thoroughly trained for this important duty. This deficiency had to be made good at all costs by drafting young artillery subalterns from their Batteries and sending them to the Air Force, where their lack of training and experience in operation was at first severely felt, although later these lads did magnificent work. Thus Batteries were deprived of their trained subalterns just at the moment when the latter were most required on account of the severe casualties suffered in the landing and during the subsequent early operations. But few of the aeroplanes were fitted with wireless and the receivers on the ground could not take in messages over a distance longer than 5,000 yards. Consequently, each aeroplane had to return within this radius of the receiver, before its observation could be delivered, thus immensely curtailing the usefulness and efficiency of the aeroplane observation. Owing to the above conditions, aeroplanes could only be used for the counter-batteries firing on hostile artillery.

As regards trench mortars, the supply was hopelessly inadequate. I cannot give the exact figures, but I believe there were not a dozen at Helles during the whole period I was there, and these were of such an indifferent type as to be practically useless, and for this reason no one bothered about them. No provision appears to have been made for the supply of such necessities of trench warfare by the Home Authorities. This appears to be indefensible, as I believe very early in the operations their provision was specially asked for by G.H.Q. The absolute failure to supply such articles of vital necessity eventually led to the French C.-in-C. at Helles lending the British two demizel trench mortars and large quantities of ammunition. These were manned by artillery detachments, and by their magnificent work and the constant demand from the Infantry for their services, it was conclusively proved what an invaluable aid a sufficient supply of these weapons would have been.

From the very first it was apparent to me that the number of British guns at Helles was not sufficient to prepare and support simultaneous Infantry attacks of the whole British Force at this end of the Peninsula. In June I drew up a memorandum to G.H.Q. pointing this out and asking for a big

increase of guns, howitzers and ammunition. What happened to this I cannot say. I only know that the guns and ammunition asked for never materialized.

The whole story of the artillery at Helles may be summed up in the following sentences: insufficiency of guns of every nature; insufficiency of ammunition of every nature, especially of H.E.; insufficient provision made by the Home Authorities for spare guns, spare carriages, spare parts, adequate repairing workshops, or for a regular daily, weekly or monthly supply of ammunition; guns provided often of an obsolete pattern and so badly worn by previous use as to be most inaccurate; lack of aeroplanes, trained observers and of all the requisites for air observation; total failure to produce the trench mortars and bombs to which the closeness of the opposing lines at Helles would have lent themselves well—in short, total lack of organization at home to provide even the most rudimentary and indispensable artillery requisites for daily consumption; not to speak of downright carelessness which resulted in wrong shells being sent to the wrong guns, and new types of fuses being sent without fuse keys and new types of howitzer shells without range tables. These serious faults provoked their own penalties in the shape of the heavy losses suffered by our Infantry and artillery, which might have been to a great measure averted if sufficient forethought and attention had been devoted to the "side-show" at the Dardanelles.

After commanding the starved artillery at Helles it was my good fortune to command the artillery of the 21st Army Corps at the third Battle of Gaza, in November, 1917, and also at the great Battle of 19th September, 1918, in which the Turks in Palestine were finally crushed, and I think it may add emphasis to what I have said if I contrast the artillery support of the two campaigns and show the results which ensued. On the night before the third Battle of Gaza, the artillery under my command (to support three Divisions) consisted of the following, viz.:—19½ Batteries (i.e., 78 guns and howitzers) of heavy artillery, comprising 8-inch howitzers, 6-inch guns, 6-inch howitzers and 60-pr. guns—all of the most modern and up-to-date type.

The Field Artillery comprised 108 18-prs. and 36 4.5 howitzers while in addition there were 8 modern mountain howitzers and guns. There was not

an artillery weapon in the whole Army Corps that was not efficient and up-to-date, while immediately behind the front line existed perfectly organized workshops capable of executing any repairs. There was ample provision of spare guns, carriages and parts, and an abundance of trench mortars which, though they would have changed the whole face of the Peninsula conflict, could not be used in Palestine owing to the breadth of No Man's Land. Ammunition for every nature of gun and howitzer was pressed upon us in profusion—over a thousand rounds per gun was buried and concealed near every Battery, while immediately behind the fighting line huge reserves were available for immediate use if required. At the advanced railhead, G.H.Q. literally built mountains of ammunition as a further supply; all this in addition to vast quantities stored in depôts in Egypt and on the banks of the Suez Canal. So great was the superabundance of shell, that hundreds of tons were left lying on the ground after the nine days' Battle at Gaza; which it took months to remove. At the battle of the 19th September, 1918, in Palestine conditions were exactly the same. There was an absolute *embarras de richesse* of every artillery requisite. This wealth of artillery material was supported in Palestine by a full complement of artillery, aeroplanes, pilots and observers, the latter being all thoroughly trained and efficient. In addition, by a sufficiency of fighting aeroplanes with most efficient pilots, our artillery were adequately guarded from sunrise to sunset from any hostile aeroplane observation.

In short, our air supremacy was undisputed and absolutely protected our own artillery against damage and molestation from the hostile guns. On the other hand, the enemy's artillery lay at our mercy directly their gun positions were discovered.

The whole science of artillery and aeroplane co-operation had, of course, been vastly extended and perfected since Gallipoli days, but the point I wish to make is this: that in 1917 and 1918 the Palestine Front was fitted out on the same scale, proportionately, as the Western Front; whereas in 1915 this was not the case in the Dardanelles as regards artillery, for instance, only one Division (the 29th) at Helles having 18-pr. guns and the Naval Division having been given no artillery at all!

To put the matter shortly, whereas at Helles I had under my command no more than 88 to 95 guns and howitzers of all natures with scarcely any

ammunition or aeroplanes to support four British Divisions; in Palestine at Gaza I had at least 230 guns and howitzers (one-third of which were of heavy calibre) with an abundance of ammunition and a sufficiency of aeroplanes to support the attack of one and a half Divisions, the remaining one and a half Divisions at Gaza being in reserve. At the battle of 19th September, 1918, in Palestine I had, to the best of my recollection, about 360 guns of all calibres to support four Divisions. The terrible casualties suffered by our Infantry at Helles are well known, and my feelings as Artillery Commander unable to give them anything like the support they would have had in France or Flanders may be guessed. But this was made up to me afterwards when I commanded the artillery at Gaza, that strong fortress which was captured by the 21st Army Corps, with certainly under 3,000 casualties and I believe with under 2,000 killed and wounded. At Gaza the Turks were simply crushed by our overwhelming artillery, fed from inexhaustible Ordnance parks and dumps. Before the Infantry attack commenced the position was subjected to a continuous bombardment night and day for six days and six nights from every available gun and howitzer. The Infantry then attacked and took a large portion of the position with a loss of, I believe, under 1,000 men. The Turks counter-attacked, but they melted away under the tremendous artillery barrage and never attempted another during this battle. Next night our Infantry tried to extend their conquest but the Turks had meanwhile brought up an old Gallipoli Division, the 7th, which held them at bay and inflicted upon them serious losses which, I believe, increased their casualties to between two and three thousand. The Corps Commander then decided to let the Infantry stand where they were, to submit the Turks to a further three days' and three nights' bombardment, at the end of which our Infantry advanced again only to find that the Turks were evacuating the whole of the Gaza position. After the Battle of 19th September, 1918, many Infantry commanders of Divisions, Brigades and Battalions have told me the Turks appeared crushed by the terrific artillery bombardment (under cover of which our men advanced) and offered a resistance which, in comparison with our experiences of Gallipoli, can only be called feeble.

The cardinal fact that remains in my mind is that in Palestine the 21st Army Corps always had enough (and more than enough) of every artillery requisite for whatever number of Divisions the Army Corps was composed

of; whereas, in Gallipoli, the VIIIth Army Corps at Helles, which was composed of four British Divisions, never had enough Field Artillery or ammunition to support more than one Division, and never possessed sufficient heavy artillery to support more than one Infantry Brigade.

The material part of my statement ends here, and it only remains for me to remind you that all the grievous shortcomings I have exposed were actually made good by the heroism, devotion and sufferings of the Officers and men of the Artillery at Helles, both Regular, Territorial, Australian and New Zealand. Rest was impossible, as no Battery could ever be withdrawn from the line and all field Batteries were under rifle fire. If placed outside that range, they were destroyed by flanking fire from Turkish guns in Asia. No dug-outs were possible, as dug-outs were understood in France, as there was no timber or roofing for their construction. All ranks were thus exposed night and day to continuous fire, and were sometimes killed as they slept in their valises by stray bullets, thousands of which were fired unaimed every night by the Turks in the hopes of inflicting casualties; water for drinking and washing was almost as precious as guns and shells. The joys of a canteen, as was at that time supplied by the War Office to our Army in France, were unknown; bare rations washed down by a limited allowance of water were our only form of food; everyone suffered more or less from dysentery, spread by the millions of flies which settled on every mouthful we ate and made life almost insupportable by day. No Man's Land was one vast litter of unburied corpses. Yet no man's spirit ever wavered and all ranks remained as bright, as hopeful and as cheerful as on the day of the first great landing. If shells were scarce, complaints were non-existent; all were upheld by the wonderful religion of self-sacrifice. It will ever remain my greatest pride that I had the astonishing good fortune to be associated with such a body of officers and men; to them I owe a debt of gratitude that is beyond redemption, and to them alone is due the credit for any success which the artillery at Helles may have attained in what was one of England's greatest tragedies, but was also one of England's greatest glories.

APPENDIX II

DARDANELLES EXPEDITION

**NOTES BY LIEUT.-COLONEL CHARLES ROSENTHAL,^[17] COMMANDING 3RD
AUSTRALIAN FIELD ARTILLERY BRIGADE, 1ST AUSTRALIAN DIVISION,
RELATING TO ARTILLERY AT ANZAC, FROM 25TH APRIL TO 25TH AUGUST,
1915. (*Compiled from personal diary.*)**

During the early hours of 25th April, 1915, the 3rd Australian Infantry Brigade landed on Gallipoli Peninsula, close to Gaba Tepe, at a point now known as Anzac Beach, followed by other troops of 1st Australian Division and Australian and New Zealand Division.

Arrangements had been made for artillery to land about 10 a.m. on the same morning, but owing to delays in disembarkation of Infantry, and enemy shelling of transports necessitating ships temporarily leaving their allotted anchorage, it was after mid-day before the vessels carrying guns were actually in correct position for disembarkation.

I did not wait for the naval boats to come alongside, but after issuing necessary instructions to Battery Commanders concerning the landing of the guns, I disembarked in a ship's boat manned by a volunteer crew from my Brigade Ammunition Column, accompanied by two officers and sixteen men of my Headquarters' Staff.

Immediately on landing I reported to my C.R.A., and was by him informed that the Divisional Commander had decided no artillery should land during the day. This decision absolutely nonplussed me, and on asking the reason I was informed the position was not considered sufficiently secure to ensure the safety of guns, if emplaced. With this decision I did not agree and urged, without result, that the safety of guns was surely secondary to the proper supporting of the troops already committed.

In view of the above decision instructions were at once sent off to the ships ordering Colonel Johnstone, Commanding 2nd A.F.A. Brigade, and Major Hughes, acting for me in command of 3rd A.F.A. Brigade, to defer disembarkation of guns. Colonel Johnstone, however, by this time had one 18-pr. gun well on the way to the shore. Permission was given for it to be landed and it was brought into action close to the beach against guns at Gaba Tepe, undoubtedly temporarily silencing them.

In the meantime the Indian Mountain Battery attached to 1st Australian Division, which had landed early in the day, was in action doing splendid work though suffering severe casualties.

By the order of Colonel White, G.S.O. (1), 1st Australian Division, I spent the afternoon in collecting Infantry stragglers and getting them forward again to the firing line. At 5 p.m. I reported completion of this task and then proceeded to thoroughly reconnoitre the right flank, overlooking Gaba Tepe, which had seemed to me, from observations made from the ship, to be a suitable area for emplacing of guns.

I returned to Divisional Headquarters just before dark, and informed the C.R.A. and Divisional Commander that I had found suitable places for batteries and could use them effectively.

I had in my reconnaissance conferred with three Battalion Commanders (one of whom was killed a couple of days later), who were delighted to hear that the artillery they were so anxiously waiting for was to come up in support.

After much discussion and persuasion the Divisional Commander agreed to allow me to land two of my three 18-pr. batteries. This approval was shortly afterwards altered to permission to land two guns only, and finally all approval was cancelled, though no information of these decisions officially reached me.

During the night, in anticipation of early arrival of guns, my Headquarters personnel worked untiringly in preparing a track from the beach to the selected sites for guns, and it was not till 5.30 a.m. on 26th that I learned approval to land guns had been cancelled overnight.

During the morning of 26th April one gun of 1st Battery, 1st Brigade, and one gun of 4th Battery, 2nd Brigade, were landed, hauled up the steep hill to their positions, and came into action on the extreme right of ridge overlooking Gaba Tepe.

Later in the day the 7th Battery of my Brigade came into action on the same ridge and the single guns of 1st and 4th Batteries were withdrawn for return to their respective Brigades.

During the afternoon there also came ashore, apparently without order, two guns of 3rd Battery, 1st Brigade, and 8th Battery, 3rd Brigade, but were returned to their respective ships by the C.R.A.

My guns were placed absolutely in the Infantry front trenches, on the sky line, no troops of any kind being in advance of them. It would have been quite useless to take up positions behind the Infantry line in the normal way, owing to the configuration of the ground, for in such cases the lowest range at which the crest could be cleared was 3,000 yards, while our targets were from 500 to 1,000 yards distant. Indeed at night, shrapnel shell with fuse set at zero was frequently used.

Each gun fired during the 26th about 400 rounds, over open sights, and caused very heavy casualties to the enemy.

The whole battery covered a front of 187°, necessitating each gun being personally controlled by an officer and each with its own particular arc of fire.

The supply of ammunition was very difficult. It had to be delivered by hand to the guns over a bullet-swept area, the distance from the beach to the guns being about half a mile, while in this distance the hills rose 400 feet.

By the afternoon of the 3rd May, two guns of 8th Battery, 3rd Brigade, were in action, and 2nd Brigade also had guns in position on the left flank of 1st Australian Divisional Front.

The Australian and New Zealand Division also had 18-prs. in action together with two 4.5-inch Howitzer Batteries, the latter being the only howitzers available up to this time at Anzac.

I was wounded on 5th May, evacuated to Cairo, and did not rejoin my command at Anzac till 26th May. During this interval gun positions, as well as Infantry trenches, had been much improved, and the enemy country in our immediate front which, when I left on 5th May, gave no signs of life, was now well traversed by trenches.

I found in my sector that the guns of my Brigade were now all in action, and the remainder of the artillery of the Division was also emplaced.

About this time 6-inch howitzers were made available and later emplaced, one for left sector, one for the centre, and one for the right, but with very limited quantities of ammunition. Another 6-inch howitzer was landed on 17th June.

I had made continual urgent representations for two 4.7-inch guns for right flank to deal with innumerable targets beyond the range of 18-prs., but it was not till 11th July that one very old and much worn gun arrived, and was placed in position on right flank, firing its first round on 26th July.

On 24th June a Scottish Territorial Howitzer Battery (the 5th Battery, City of Glasgow Lowland Howitzer Brigade) arrived and came under my command.

On 14th July a heavy battery was organized for right flank, consisting of the two 6-inch howitzers and the 4.7-inch gun before mentioned, but ammunition was still very scarce.

On 15th July a 5-inch Howitzer Brigade under Colonel Hope Johnstone commenced to arrive and was complete in position by 18th July.

On 28th July the 4th Battery of Lowland Brigade arrived.

About this time some alterations were made in artillery dispositions and grouping in preparation for impending battle at Suvla Bay and Lone Pine, commencing on 6th August, and on 30th July the artillery of right sector under my command was as follows:

—

3rd A.F.A. Brigade (18-prs.).

Heavy Battery (two 6-inch howitzers and one 4.7-inch gun).

2 Mountain Guns.

Two 5-inch Howitzer Batteries, Lowland Brigade.

One 5-inch Howitzer Battery, 69th Brigade.

When leaving Australia in 1914 I had urged that a battery of 5-inch howitzers (which I commanded prior to the outbreak of war), together with stocks of ammunition held by Australia, should accompany 1st Australian Division. This was not approved. On arrival at Gallipoli Peninsula, when the need for howitzers was at once apparent, I again re-opened the question, particularly on the 29th May, when the C.R.A. agreed to press for them to be sent forward. The Divisional Commander, on 25th June, cabled Australia definitely asking for this battery, which was at once forwarded, but arrived at the Peninsula too late to be of any service.

Two Australian Field Batteries (together with a Brigade of Infantry) were transferred to Cape Helles on 5th May and did not rejoin the Australian Division at Anzac till 18th August.

With the limited number of guns available it was exceedingly important that transfers might be made very rapidly from one part of our front to another, and on 2nd June I put forward a proposal which was approved immediately to make a road along the entire front just behind the crest on which infantry trenches were sited. This road was completed in about two weeks and was a great boon alike to gunners and Infantry.

Up to 24th August no anti-aircraft guns had been provided, but specially constructed emplacements had been made for 18-prs. to be used against aircraft, and though never successful in bringing down an enemy 'plane they certainly made good enough shooting to cause enemy aviators to treat them with respect. About 20th August three 3-pr. Hotchkiss arrived for anti-aircraft purposes. They were of obsolete pattern and had been manufactured for the Japanese Government many years before. In fact the only range tables provided were printed in Japanese, but thanks to the fact that one of my Sergeants (who was a Master Mariner) spoke Japanese, we succeeded in preparing serviceable range tables.

Two Japanese trench mortars were also used from Infantry trenches with excellent effect, but owing to ammunition supply becoming soon exhausted and no fresh supplies being available they had to be discarded. A good supply of these weapons, together with full supplies of ammunition, would have been invaluable in bombarding enemy front line trenches.

The ammunition supply at all times up to the operation of 6th August was a difficult problem. Frequently we had to be rationed to a very small allowance per battery per day, and the guns of the heavy battery were for some time not permitted to fire more than two rounds per day and then only by special permission of the C.R.A.

On 20th June I was first informed that H.E. for 18-pr. was to be supplied, and shortly afterwards a small supply for experiment was landed at Anzac. I think I am right in saying my share was 15 rounds per battery.

On 2nd August our first supply of H.E. arrived, but only 150 rounds per battery.

During the first few months of the campaign, when our stocks of ammunition were desperately low, our guns and gunners had to suffer considerable casualties without being able to effectively reply.

Our batteries were of necessity in many cases under direct observation of the enemy, and only the splendid work of the detachments in building earthworks for their protection made it possible to carry on.

Under the protection of the banks of a small ravine near the beach, our artificers established a workshop, and the extraordinary ingenuity and skill displayed in the repairing and replacing of damaged guns earned for the artificers our most grateful appreciation and thanks.

On 25th August I was evacuated suffering from enteric.

These notes only apply to the right sector, which I commanded.

APPENDIX III

The Dispatch of a Commander-in-Chief is not a technical document. In it the situation should be set forth, as briefly and clearly as may be, together with a few words indicative of the plan of G.H.Q. for coping with it. After that comes a narrative which ends with thanks to those individuals and units who have earned them. A Dispatch should be so written that civilians can follow the facts stated without trouble: it should not be too technical. But when the Military Colleges and Academies at Camberley, Duntroon, Kingston, West Point and in the European and Japanese capitals set to work in a scientific spirit to apportion praise or blame they are more influenced by the actual instructions and orders issued by the Commander-in-Chief *before and during the battle*, than by any after-the-event stories of what happened. They are glad to know the intentions of the Commander, but his instructions i.e., the actual steps he took to give practical effect to those intentions, are what really interest them.

When I came to write my Dispatch of the 11th December, so much about the actual course of events at Suvla was still obscure, that it had become desirable either to write the narrative in a more technical form than was customary or else to publish my actual instructions simultaneously with the Dispatch. I chose the latter course. The authorities had raised objections to several passages in the Dispatch, and in every case but one, where they had wished me to add something which was not, in my opinion, correct, I had met them. No objection had been raised to the inclusion of my instructions. At 9 p.m. on the night of the 6th January (the Dispatch being due to appear next morning) I received a letter by Special Messenger from the War Office telling me the Press Bureau were wiring to all those to whom the Dispatch had been issued to suppress the instructions!

Whatever the reason of this action may have been, its result was clear enough: my Dispatch was eviscerated at the very moment it was stepping on to the platform. Had I known that these instructions, now given, were to have been cut out, my Dispatch would have been differently written.

IAN H., 1920.

SIR IAN HAMILTON'S INSTRUCTIONS.

To VICE-ADMIRAL, COMMANDING
Eastern Mediterranean Squadron,

17th July, 1915.

SIR,—I have the honour to forward a series of tables drawn up to show in detail the men, animals, vehicles, stores, etc., which it will be required to land in connection with the forthcoming operations. I shall be grateful if you will let me know as early as possible if you consider that any part of the programme indicated presents especially serious difficulties or is likely to require modification.

In informing me of the results of your consideration, I shall be obliged if you will let me know what craft you intend to use in carrying out the disembarkations referred to in tables B, C, D and E, so that detailed arrangements with regard to embarkation and to the allocation of troops, etc., to boats may be prepared.

2. Immediately after the disembarkation of the details referred to in the attached tables it will be necessary, if the operations are successful, to land 5,000 to 7,000 horses in order to render the force sufficiently mobile to carry the operations to a conclusion. Details as to disembarkation of these horses will be forwarded to you later. In the meantime the horses will be collected at Alexandria, and should subsequently be brought up to Mudros or Imbros, to begin arriving on August 6th.

It will also be necessary to land the remaining portions of the units referred to in the tables (first line transport, etc.), and, further, the remaining units of the formations to which they belong. In this latter category will be included three batteries of heavy artillery with mechanical transport. It will not be required to land any of the above until after August 7th, and details as to numbers, order of disembarkation, etc., will be forwarded to you later.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,

(Signed) IAN HAMILTON,
General, Commanding
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

TABLE A.

TABLE SHOWING UNITS AND DETAILS WHICH IT IS REQUIRED TO LAND GRADUALLY AT ANZAC COVE BEFORE THE MORNING OF THE 3RD OF AUGUST. IT WILL BE NECESSARY TO CARRY OUT THESE DISEMBARKATIONS BY NIGHT, AND THE MOVEMENTS CAN BEGIN AS SOON AS IT IS CONVENIENT TO THE NAVAL TRANSPORT AUTHORITIES.

Unit.	From	To	Personnel.	Vehicles.	Animals.	Stores.	Remarks.
69th Howitzer Bde. R.F.A.	Mudros	Anzac Cove	312	16 guns, 16 wagons,	Nil		

				4 water carts			
1/3rd City of Glasgow 5" Howitzer Battery	Helles	Anzac Cove	78	4 guns, 4 wagons, 1 water cart	Nil		
10th Heavy Battery R.G.A.	On board ship at Mudros	Anzac Cove	11	4 guns, 4 wagons, 1 water cart 2 G.S. wagons	Nil		I.G.C. has already been instructed to arrange for this move.
One F.A. Bde. (11th division "A" Bde.)	On board ship at Mudros	Anzac Cove	33	16 guns, 32 wagons, telegraph cart 4 water carts	Nil		I.G.C. has already been instructed to arrange for this move.
Reinforcements for Units of A.N.Z.A.C.	Alexandria	Anzac Cove	7,000 to 8,000	Nil	Nil		
Mule Corps	Helles	Anzac Cove	50	Nil	200		By August 1st.
Ammunition Park	Mudros	Anzac Cove	65	Nil	Nil	S.A. Ammn. 5,500,000 rounds Mk. VII (a) (225 tons), 760,000 rounds Mk. VI (30 tons) Gun Ammunition (b) 10 pr. 2,700 (19 tons), 18 pr. 5,500 (70 tons), 4.5" How. 1,600	

(45 tons), 5"
 How.
 10,000 (330
 tons), 6"
 How. 1,200
 (70 tons), 60
 pr. 1,000 (30
 tons)

(a) If possible, an additional 3,000,000 S.A.A. should be landed, so that half the reserve for the whole Northern Force may be ashore before operations begin (see Table "C" Remarks).

(b) If possible, the following additional gun ammunition should also be landed, so that the full reserve for the whole Northern Force may be ashore before operations begin:—

10 pr.	3,000	
	rounds}	
18 pr.	10,000	See Table
	rounds}	"C" Remarks.
6"	1,000	
Howitzer	rounds}	

TABLE B.

TABLE SHOWING UNITS AND DETAILS WHICH IT IS REQUIRED TO LAND AT ANZAC COVE ON THE NIGHTS OF AUGUST 3RD/4TH, AUGUST 4TH/5TH AND AUGUST 5TH/6TH.

Unit.	From	Date	Personnel.	Vehicles.	Remarks.
6 Battalions (a), 13th Division	Mudros	Night, August 3rd/4th	4,650	Nil	Machine guns and other equipment carried by hand.
Bearer Sub- Division, personnel Anzac	Mudros	Night, August 4th/5th	100	Nil	Machine guns and other equipment carried by hand.
7 Battalions (a), 13th Division	Mudros	Night, August 4th/5th	5,425	Nil	
Bearer Sub- Division, I Field	Mudros	Night, August 4th/5th	125	Nil	

Ambulance, 13th Division					
4 Battalions, 10th Division.	Mudros	Night, August 5th/6th	3,100	Nil	Machine guns and other equipment carried by hand
29th Indian Brigade and Field Ambulance	Mudros	Night, August 5th/6th	2,000	Nil	Ditto
Bearer Sub-Divisions, 2 Field Ambulance, 13th Division	Mudros	Night, August 5th/6th	255	Nil	
3 Field Companies R.E. (a), 13th Division	Mudros	Night, August 5th/6th	525	Nil	Machine guns and other equipment carried by hand

(a) These units to move from Helles to Mudros as follows:—

1 Brigade Night,
1 Field Company 28th/29th July.
1 Brigade Night,
1 Field Company 29th/30th July.
1 Brigade Night,
1 Field Company 30th/31th July.

TABLE C.

TABLE SHOWING UNITS AND DETAILS WHICH IT IS REQUIRED TO LAND AT NEW BEACH DURING THE NIGHT OF AUGUST 6TH/7TH, BEGINNING ONE HOUR AFTER DARK (9.30 P.M.). ALL TROOPS WILL COME FROM IMBROS, BUT HORSES WILL COME DIRECT EXCEPT WHERE OTHERWISE STATED.

Unit.	Personnel.	Horses.	Vehicles.	Remarks.
1 Inf. Bde. and Sig. Sec. (a)	3,050	36	Nil	Personnel only to be disembarked in the order shown. Animals of Mountain Batteries as soon as there is sufficient light, followed by horses of one 18-pr. Battery (82) and of H.Q. F.A. Brigade (10).
1 Bearer Sub-Div.	40	Nil	Nil	
1 Inf. Bde. and Sig. Sec. and 1 W/T Station	3,065	36	Nil	

1 Bearer Sub-Div.	40	Nil	Nil	Animals of remaining units to follow in the order shown. Supplies and forage for 7 days for these troops and animals to be dumped on the beach as soon as possible, will amount to about 250 tons. S.A.A. 4,000,000 will also have to be landed besides that carried by the troops, say, 150 tons.
Field Co. R.E.	175	16	4 tool carts	
2 Mountain Batts. (b)	100	80	Nil	
Div. H.Q. and Sig. Co.	125	28	2 cable wagons, 1 water cart, 2 limbd. R.E. wagons	
1 Inf. Bde. and Pioneer Bn. and Sig. Sec. and 1 W/T Station	3,840	44	Nil	
7 Bearer Sub-Divs.	300	Nil	Nil	
2 Platoons Div. Cycl. Co.	62	Nil	62 bicycles	
2 Field Cos. R.E.	350	32	8 tool carts	
1 F.A. Bde. ("L" Bde.) (c)	550	251	16 guns, 44 wagons, 1 telephone wagon, 5 water carts	
Ammn. Park Personnel (11 Div.)	65	Nil	Nil	
9 Tent Sub.-Divs.	350	84 horses or 144 mules	30 ambulance wagons, 9 water carts, 3 Maltese carts	

Artillery reserve ammunition will also be required as follows:—
 To come by trawler from Mudros
 10 pr. 3,000 rds. (20 tons)
 18 pr. 10,000 rds. (130 tons)
 60 pr. 1,000 rds. (30 tons)
 (See notes to Table A.) If reserve S.A.A. and gun ammunition can before put ashore at Anzac Cove be operations begin this will also be done. But the above-mentioned reserves must also be landed at New Beach in case the congestion on the road from Anzac makes its forwarding a matter of great difficulty.

4 Casualty Clearing Stations	360	Nil	Nil
Bde. Ammn. Col.	60	62	8 ammunition wagons, 1 water cart, 4 S.A.A. wagons
2 Bns. for Beach Parties	1,000	Nil	Nil
Mule Corps	150	300	150 mule carts
Wireless Sec.	18	16	2 two-horse vehicles

(a) Helles to Imbros, night July 31st/August 1st.

(b) Helles to Imbros, night August 1st/2nd.

(c) Animals in remarks columns (82 and 10) come from Imbros, remainder from Mudros in horse-ships.

TABLE D.

TABLE SHOWING UNITS AND DETAILS WHICH IT IS REQUIRED TO LAND AT ANZAC COVE BEGINNING AT DAWN AUGUST 7TH. ORDER OF LANDING AS SHOWN. ALL THESE TROOPS WILL COME FROM MUDROS.

Unit.	Personnel.	Horses.	Vehicles.	Remarks.
Medical personnel, tent sub-divisions A. and N.Z.A.C. Field Ambulance	900	Nil	Nil	spare stretchers to be carried by hand.
Bearer Sub-Divisions of 1 Field Ambulance, 10th Division.	125	Nil	Nil	
One 18-pr. Battery and H.Q. F.A. Bde. ("A" Bde.)	120	92	Nil	
10th Heavy Battery R.G.A.	110	70	Nil	
Three 18-pr. Batteries ("A" Brigade)	300	246	Nil	Guns and personnel already ashore. (See Tables A and B.)

Mules of Mule Corps	*	400	Nil	Sufficient personnel to look after mules.
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TABLE E.

TABLE SHOWING UNITS TO BE READY TO LAND IMMEDIATELY AFTER THOSE SHOWN IN TABLES A, B, C AND D. UNITS WILL PROBABLY BE REQUIRED IN THE ORDER SHOWN EITHER AT NEW BEACH OR ANZAC COVE AS CIRCUMSTANCES MAY DICTATE.

Unit.	From	Personnel.	Animals	Vehicles.	Remarks.
Divl. H.Q. 10th Divn.	Mudros	125	28	2 limbered R.E. wagons, 1 water cart, 2 cable wagons	
3 Battalions 10th Divn.	Mudros	2,325	40	6 water carts	S.A.A. 2,600,000 rounds besides that carried on the men.
6 Battalions 10th Divn.	Port Iero	4,650	76	12 water carts	
3 Field Cos. R.E. 10th Division	—	—	—	—	
Bearer Sub-Divisions of 2 Field Amulances, 10th Divn.	Mudros	250	—	—	
15th Heavy Battery R.G.A.	On board ship— Mudros	121	70	4 guns, 4 wagons, 1 water cart, 2 G.S. wagons	
Tent Sub-Division of 10th Divn.	Mudros	350	300	150 carts	
Mule Corps	Mudros	150	54 horses or 84 mules	15 ambulance wagons, 12 carts	

**GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING,
Australian and New Zealand Army Corps.**

With reference to your G.288 of 15th July, the Navy is being asked to provide transport for the following ammunition to be landed at Anzac by the 3rd August:—

For A. and N.Z.A.C.—Sufficient S.A.A. to bring the amount on shore up to 500 rounds per rifle and 27,500 per machine-gun.

For other Troops.—300 rounds per rifle and 24,000 rounds per machine-gun (in addition to what the troops will carry on landing).

These will come to 10,000,000 rounds in all, and arrangements are being made to begin landing this ammunition as soon as possible.

2. The following artillery ammunition will also have to be gradually landed and stored, and should all be ashore, if possible, by August 3rd:—

10 pr.	5,700 rounds
18 pr. (probably 15 per cent. H.E.)	15,500 "
4.5-in. Howitzer probably half H.E.	1,600 "
5-in. Howitzer majority H.E.	10,000 "
6-in. Howitzer majority H.E.	1,200 "
60 pr. probably two-thirds H.E.	1,000 "

All of this ammunition is not yet arrived, and the proportion of H.E. shell is not yet ascertainable from England. The arrangements suggested in your paragraph 2 (iii.) of your letter are noted, and will be followed as far as possible.

3. With regard to the marking of ammunition-boxes, the necessary arrangements are being prepared. You will be informed of the arrangements and of the system of marking in due course.

Consignments of Mark VI. and Mark VII. will be sent separately as you suggest.

4. The above figures do not include the periodical replenishment referred to in paragraph 2 (iv.) of your letter. Dispatch of consignments on this account and

consignments for the reserve will be notified to you separately.

(Signed) W. P. BRAITHWAITE,
Major-General, C.G.S.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Enclosed a copy of tables forwarded to Vice-Admiral, showing troops, animals, stores, etc., which the Navy is being asked to land at Anzac.

22nd July, 1915.

GENERAL OFFICES COMMANDING,
9th Corps.

The General Commanding wishes me to send you the following outline of his plans for the next general attack, for the exclusive information of yourself, your Divisional Generals, and such Officers of your Corps Headquarters and Divisional Headquarters as you may consider it necessary to take into your confidence. I am to add that it is Sir Ian's wish that as few officers as possible should be made acquainted with it.

2. The general plan is, while holding as many of the enemy as possible in the southern theatre, to throw the weight of our attack on the Turkish forces now opposite the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps. It is hoped, by means of an attack on the front and right flank of these forces, to deal them a crushing blow, and to drive the remnants south towards Kilid Bahr. It will then be the object of the General Commanding to seize a position across the peninsula from Gaba Tepe to Maidos with a protected line of supply from Suvla Bay.

3. The strength of the enemy north of Kilid Bahr at the present time is about 30,000 men. Of these some 12,000 are permanently maintained in the trenches opposite the Anzac position, and the majority of the remainder are held in reserve at Boghali, Kojadere and Eski-Keui. It is believed that there are about three battalions in the Anafarta villages, a battalion at Ismail Oglu Tepe (New map 1/20,000), a battalion near Yilghin Burnu, and small parties of outposts at Lala Baba (Sq. 104.L.) and Ghazi Baba (Sq. 106.N.). The hills due east of Suvla Bay towards Aji Liman are believed to be held only by a few Gendarmerie, but information on this point is at present not precise. The hills near Yilghin Burnu and Ismail Oglu Tepe are known to contain one 4.7-in. gun, one 9.2-in. gun, and three field guns, protected by wire entanglements and infantry trenches, but it is believed that the main defences are against attack from the south or west, and that there is no wire on the northern slopes of the hills; also that the guns can only be fired in a southerly direction.

4. The success of the plan outlined in paragraph 2 will depend on two main factors:—

(a) The capture of Hill 305 (Sq. 93.W.).

(b) The capture and retention of Suvla Bay as a base of operations for the northern army.

5. The operations from within the present Anzac position against the enemy on Hill 305 will be carried out by the Australian and New Zealand Corps, temporarily reinforced by the following units of the 9th Army Corps:—

13th Division (less 66th, 67th and 68th Brigades, R.F.A.).

29th Infantry Brigade (10th Division).

29th Indian Brigade.

69th Howitzer Brigade, R.F.A.

6. The landing near Suvla will be entrusted to you, and you will have at your disposal:—

11th Division.

10th Division (less 29th Brigade).

Highland Mountain Artillery Brigade.

1st/4th Lowland Howitzer Brigade.

The disembarkation of your command, which may be expected to be opposed, though not in great strength, will be after dark at a point immediately south of Lala Baba. The first troops to disembark will be the 11th Division, which will have been concentrated at Imbros previously to the attack, and will be brought across under cover of darkness in destroyers and motor-lighters. It is expected that approximately 4,000 men will be disembarked simultaneously, and that three infantry brigades and the mountain artillery brigade will be ashore before daylight.

Your first objectives will be the high ground at Lala Baba and Ghazi Baba, and the hills near Yilghin Burnu and Ismail Oglu Tepe. It will also be necessary to send a small force to secure a footing on the hills due east of Suvla Bay. It is of first importance that Yilghin Burnu and Ismail Oglu Tepe should be captured by a coup-de-main before daylight in order to prevent the guns which they contain being used against our troops on Hill 305 and to safeguard our hold on Suvla Bay. It is hoped that one division will be sufficient for the attainment of these objectives.

Your subsequent moves will depend on circumstances which cannot at present be gauged, but it is hoped that the remainder of your force will be available on the morning of the 7th August to advance on Biyuk Anafarta with the object of moving up the eastern spurs of Hill 305 so as to assist General Birdwood's attack.

7. The operations from within the present Anzac position will begin during the day immediately preceding your disembarkation (the reinforcements for General Birdwood's force having been dribbled ashore in detachments at Anzac Cove on the three previous nights). The operations will begin with a determined attack on the Turkish left centre, Lonesome Pine and Johnston's Jolly (see enlarged map of Anzac position), with the object of attracting the enemy's reserves to this portion of the line. The Turks have for long been apprehensive of our landing in the neighbourhood of Gaba Tepe, and it is hoped that an attack in force in this quarter will confirm their apprehensions. At nightfall the Turkish outposts on the extreme right of the enemy's line will be rushed, and a force of 20,000 men will advance in three or more columns up the ravines running down from Chunuk Bair. This advance, which will begin about the same time as your first troops reach the shore, will be so timed as to reach the summit of the main ridge near Chunuk Bair about 2.30 a.m. (soon after moon-rise).

Latest photographs show that the Turkish trenches on this ridge do not extend further north than Chunuk Bair, and it is unlikely that the higher portions of the ridge are held in great strength.

As soon as a lodgement has been effected on this ridge a portion of the attacking force will be left to consolidate the position gained and the remainder will advance south-west against the enemy's trenches near Baby 700, which will be attacked simultaneously by a special detachment from within the Anzac position.

An advance by your force from the east will, as already indicated in paragraph 6, be of great assistance in the event of this attack being checked.

8. The landing of sufficient transport to secure the mobility of your force will be a matter of considerable difficulty. No animals or vehicles of any kind will be able to land in the first instance, and machine-guns, tools and necessary medical and signalling equipment must be carried by hand. All men will land with two iron rations (one day's meat ration only is advised); infantry will carry 200 rounds S.A.A. and machine-gun sections 3,500 rounds in belt boxes. Packs and greatcoats will not be taken ashore. Before dawn it is hoped to land enough horses to secure the mobility of the mountain artillery brigade and one battery R.F.A., and it is hoped that within the first 24 hours the disembarkation of all the personnel, horses and vehicles enumerated in the attached table will be complete.

One brigade R.F.A. 11th Division, 1/4th Lowland 5th Howitzer Brigade (two batteries) and the 10th Heavy Battery, will be landed at Anzac before the operations commence, and their personnel and horses will disembark on the morning following your disembarkation, and will then be directed along the beach to join your command.

Water is plentiful throughout the Anafarta Valley, but pending the disembarkation of water carts a number of mules with special 8-gallon water bags will be attached to the units of your command.

(Signed) W. P. BRAITHWAITE,
Major-General, C.G.S.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

P.S.—This letter is never to be out of an officer's possession, and if, as is probable, you require to send it to your Brig.-Gen. G.S., it must be sent to Mudros in charge of an officer.

TABLE.

Unit.	Animals.	Vehicles.
11th Division.		
Divl. H.Q. and Signal Co.	28	1 cart, 2 cable wagons.
3 Infantry Brigades	108	Nil
Pioneer Battalion	8	Nil
2 F.A. Brigades	506	32 guns, 88 wagons, 2 telegraph wagons, 10 carts.
1 Heavy Battery R.G.A.	45	4 guns, 4 wagons, 2 G.S. wagons, 1 cart.
3 Field Coys. R.E.	48	12 tool carts.
2 Platoons Divl. Cyclist Co.	Nil	62 bicycles.
3 Field Ambulances	144	30 ambulances, 12 carts.
10th Division.		
Divl. H.Q. and Signal Co.		
1½ Infantry Brigades		Transport on approximately the same scale as that for 11th Division.
Pioneer Battalion		
3 Field Cos. R.E.		
3 Field Ambulances		
29th Indian Brigade and Indian Field Ambulance.		
2 Mountain Batteries (80 mules).		
2 Battalions (of 500 men each) for Beach parties.		
Mule Corps with 300 mules and 150 carts.		
3 Casualty Clearing Stations.		

Organization Orders for Troops Landing at Anzac.

1. Troops landing at Anzac are to land equipped as follows:

F.S. equipment, including respirator;
Pack and waterproof sheet;
No blanket.
Officers' kit reduced to what they can carry.
No transport of any kind will be available to move baggage or equipment.
Ammunition S.A.A. 200 rounds per rifle or person; 3,500 rounds per
machine-gun in belt boxes.
No regimental reserve S.A.A.
Gun, limbers and wagons filled with fused shell.
Water bottles—filled.
Rations—iron rations one day meat and biscuit, two days' groceries.
Sufficient to provide breakfasts.
(Fuel will be issued on shore.)

Tools—infantry. Regimental reserve distributed to individuals and carried on person;
Brigade reserve entrenching tools distributed to units, by them to individuals and carried
on person.

Engineers—tools for road making and entrenching work—carried on person.

Other arms—usual allotment.

Signal company cable and equipment usually carried in carts to be transferred to
barrows.

Ambulances—all available stretchers and equipment of dressing stations only. Tent sub-
divisions in readiness to rejoin early.

A.S.C.—Small allowance of distributing equipment, to be brought by advance parties of
S. and T. personnel.

Establishments.

2. No horses, attendants or drivers are to land. Brigade Sections of Signal Companies
are to land with the brigades they serve.

Tent sub-divisions of field ambulances are not to land.

Equipment carried in technical vehicles is to be transferred to vehicles which can be
hand-propelled or else carried on person.

3. Troops should disembark into lighters, etc., in complete units, companies, platoons,
and so on, unless much space is sacrificed in so doing.

4. All troops should land wearing two white 6-inch armlets and a white patch on back of right shoulder.

5. No lights or noise are to be permitted while disembarking; troops will move into the lighters or horseboats as quickly as possible.

6. On disembarking troops will be met by staff officers and guides, and will be marched off direct to the ground allotted to them—in no case more than 1,200 yards from the beach. All kit brought must be removed by the troops, and must be taken out of the lighters at the same time as the troops leave.

Special parties to assist with the machine-gun and other loads are to be detailed in the load of each lighter.

7. No lights or talking are permitted on the beach or till the troops reach their allotted area. Fires are not to be lit in any area till 4.15 a.m., and must be extinguished by 8 p.m. Green wood is not to be used; the smoke it causes will draw shell fire.

8. No troops are to leave the area allotted to them between 4 a.m. and 8 p.m. except on special duty with the authority of the Brigade Commander. Piquets will be placed under area arrangements at intervals round the area to prevent men straying independently.

9. Troops may be exposed to desultory shelling during the day or night. This is never aimed, and the best protection against it is to move into the bottom of the gully in which the troops are bivouacked.

10. Troops are not to use any portion of the iron ration with which they land. Issues will be made under brigade arrangements of rations and extras to last the period of their stay.

11. Water is issued on ration at one gallon fresh water per day. This includes water for all purposes. For bathing, the sea is available, but may only be visited after 9 p.m. daily.

12. Latrines for immediate use are dug and marked in each area; additional latrines are to be prepared by units and the strictest orders issued to prevent fouling the ground. Latrines are to be made very deep, as space is much restricted.

13. Casualties of any kind after treatment in the field ambulance affiliated to the brigade will be taken to the casualty clearing station in Anzac Cove for removal to Hospital Ship.

Urgent cases at any time; others as far as possible between 7.30 and 8.30 p.m. and between 6 and 9 a.m.

14. The following is to be practised by all troops after landing:—

Falling in once during the night in any close formation, and to remain so closed up for a period of at least half an hour, during which passing of commands (messages from front to rear and back again and to the flanks) is to be practised.

The troops must be accustomed to the starlight, which may be expected during night operations.

15. If aeroplanes pass overhead troops are not to look up, as this will give away the position of bodies of troops and probably draw shell fire.

16. Troops landing should be provided with Maps 1/20,000 of the area in which operations are to take place. These maps to be in bulk, and not issued till after landing.

Maps 1/10,000 of the Anzac area showing roads and bivouacs will be issued to unit commanders on arrival.

17. Telephone lines will be found laid from Anzac Headquarters to points suitable for Brigade or higher Headquarters. On arrival brigades will join up these points to Anzac.

An officer and two orderlies per brigade will also be detailed to remain at Anzac Headquarters.

Staffs of formations higher than brigades will be located within easy reach of Anzac Headquarters.

G.S.R. Z. 18/2.

Instructions for G.O.C. 9th Army Corps.

Reference Sheet Anafarta Sagir Gallipoli Map 1/20,000.

1. The intentions of the General Commanding for the impending operations, and a rough outline of the task which he has allotted to the troops under your command, were communicated to you in my G.S.R. Z. 18, dated 22nd instant.

2. In addition to the information contained in paragraph 3 of the above quoted letter, small numbers of Turkish mounted troops and Gendarmerie have been reported in the country north of Anzac, and three guns with limbers, each drawn by six oxen, have been seen moving into Anafarta Sagir. An aeroplane photograph has also disclosed the presence of a few trenches on Lala Baba. A sketch of these trenches, which have apparently been constructed for some months, is attached. It is believed that the channel connecting the Salt Lake with Suvla Bay is now dry.

3. Your landing will begin on the night 6th/7th August. Your primary objective will be to secure Suvla Bay as a base for all the forces operating in the northern zone. Owing to the difficult nature of the terrain, it is possible that the attainment of this objective will, in the first instance, require the use of the whole of the troops at your disposal. Should, however, you find it possible to achieve this object with only a portion of your force, your next step will be to give such direct assistance as is in your power to the G.O.C. Anzac in his attack on Hill 305, by an advance on Biyuk Anafarta, with the object of moving up the eastern spurs of that hill.

4. Subject only to his final approval, the General Commanding gives you an entirely free hand in the selection of your plan of operations.

He, however, directs your special attention to the fact that the hills Yilghin and Ismail Oglu Tepe are known to contain guns which can bring fire to bear on the flank and rear of an attack on Hill 305, and that on this account they assume an even greater importance in the first instance than if they were considered merely part of a position covering Suvla Bay. If, therefore, it is possible, without prejudice to the attainment of your primary objective, to gain possession of these hills at an early period of your attack, it will greatly facilitate the capture and retention of Hill 305. It would also appear almost certain that until these hills are in your possession it will be impossible to land either troops or stores in the neighbourhood of Suvla Bay by day.

5. The troops at your disposal will be:—

11th Division (less one Brigade R.F.A., at Helles).

10th Division (less 29th Infantry Brigade).

Three squadrons R.N. Armoured Car Division, R.N.A.S. (one squadron motor cycles, six machine guns; one squadron Ford cars, six machine guns; one squadron armoured cars, six machine guns).

Two Highland Mountain Artillery batteries.

An endeavour will be made to release for your force one or more 5-in. howitzer batteries, now at Anzac, during the day following your initial disembarkation.

6. In order that you may be able to arrange for the disembarkation of your force to agree, so far as Naval exigencies will admit, with the plan of operations on which you decide, the allocation of troops to the ships and boats to be provided by the Navy is left to your decision.

With this object, tables have been drawn up, and are enclosed with these instructions, showing the craft which can be placed at your disposal by the Navy, their capacity, and the points at which the troops can be disembarked. The tables also show what numbers of troops, animals, vehicles, and stores can be landed simultaneously.

The beaches available for your landing on the first night are (1) a frontage of 600 yards in Suvla Bay (sq. 117 Q.V.); (2) a frontage of 1,800 yards S. of Kuchuk Kemikli (sq. 9, 103 z, 104 V; 91 A.B.), called "New Beach" in the tables. It will not be possible in the first instance to land more than one brigade of your force in Suvla Bay, though other vessels can simultaneously be discharging their passengers on New Beach.

7. As regards the time at which the disembarkation may be expected to commence, no craft will be allowed to leave Kephalos Harbour till after dark, and the passage across will take from one and a half to two hours. It is unsafe, therefore, to count on any troops being ashore before 10.30 p.m., and in no case must your approach be disclosed to the enemy till 10 p.m., the hour at which the outposts on the left flank of the Anzac position are to be rushed.

8. No allowance has been made in the tables for the disembarkation of your headquarters, as it is not known at what period of the operations you will wish them to land.

9. Special attention is directed to paragraph 8 of my letter G.S.R. Z. 18, dated 22nd July.

10. The infantry of the 53rd Division will be available as Army Reserve, and will be at the disposal of the General Commanding.

11. Special instructions regarding signal communications will be issued later. In general terms the arrangements will be as follows:—

There is a submarine cable between Imbros and Anzac, and a cable will be laid as soon as practicable from Imbros to Suvla Bay. A submarine cable and a land cable will also be laid between Anzac and Suvla Bay as soon as circumstances permit, probably before dawn. Pending the completion of this work inter-communication between Anzac and Suvla Bay will be carried out by lamp, and, subject to Naval approval, between Suvla Bay and Imbros by wireless telegraphy.

Two^[18] military pack W.T. stations and one R.N. Base W.T. station will be provided at Suvla Bay, four naval ratings will be attached to each station as visual signalling personnel. One of these military pack W.T. stations will be disembarked with the second brigade to land, and will act as a base station pending the arrival of the R.N. Base wireless station. The second military pack W.T. station will be disembarked with the third brigade to land; it will be placed on a flank and used mainly for fire control under the B.G.R.A.

A wagon wireless station at G.H.Q., Imbros, will be in communication with both these pack W.T. stations.

One officer and 23 other ranks, with two pack animals from the Brigade Signal Section, will be landed with each Infantry Brigade.

These parties will lay their cable by hand and establish telephone and vibrator communication from the beach forward. No vehicles will be landed in the first instance, all necessary stores being man-handled.

Three officers, 74 other ranks, 28 animals and five vehicles will be landed with Divisional Headquarters.

The advance parties will release the brigade sections from the beach and be prepared to lay cable lines by hand.

Two cable wagons will be included in the five vehicles, and should be the first of those vehicles to be disembarked.

Time of Arrival on Coast.	Crafts.	Capacity.	Landing Place.	Method of Disembarkation.	Remarks.
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In time to disembark all troops, vehicles, horses, stores, etc., by night	10 motor lighters (10 steamboats accompanying)	500 infantry each (and 4000,000 rds. S.A.A. if necessary)	7 lighters at New Beach, 3 lighters at Suvla Bay	Land direct on beach	Ammunition if necessary may be left on motor lighters until convenient to land it, according to circumstances.
	10 destroyers	530 infantry each	One attending each motor lighter	Motor lighters take off troops and then on beach	The disembarkation from the destroyers cannot begin until the 10 motor lighters have landed their complement and returned
	1 sloop, towing 1 motor lighter and 4 horseboats (1	600 men 88 horses 8 mtn. guns 30 bicycles	New Beach	Motor lighters and horseboats loaded with guns, horses of mountain and	The sloops and trawler, after casting off their tows, will return to

	steamboat accomapnying)			18-pr. batteries. sloop loaded with men and bicycles	Kaphalos. Other horseboats will be there, ready filled with the remainder of the horses required in the first instance for the two Mountain Batteries, the 18-pr. Battery, and the Signal Company. They will pick up these horseboats and tow them over to the beach immediately.
	1 trawler, towing 4 horseboats (1 steamboat accompanying)	250 men 24 horses 4 18-pr. guns or wagons	New Beach	Horseboats loaded with guns, vehicles, and horses of 18-pr. battery. Trawler available to carry men	
	H.M.S. <i>Endymion</i>	1000 men	New Beach or suvla Bay, as may be convenient	Landed either from cutters towed by steamboats, or from motor lighters	—
	H.M.S. <i>Theseus</i>	1000 men			—

The above would admit of the disembarkation before dawn at and in the neighbourhood of Suvla Bay of:—

Divisional Headquarters.

Signal Co. with 40 horses. 3 Infantry Brigades and part of remainder of F.A. Bde. (personnel).

1 W.T. Section and 2 W.T. Stations. 1 Pioneer Battalion.

H.Q. F.A. Bde. (18-pr.) with 10 horses. 2 Battalions for Beach parties and part of Ammn. Park personnel.

1 F.A. Battery (18-pr.) with 82 horses. 2 Platoons Divl. Cyclist Co. and part of Tent Subdivisions of Field Ambulances.

2 Mountain Batteries with 80 horses.

3 Field Companies R.E. Bearer Subdivisions of 3 Field Ambulances and part of Casualty Clearing Stations.

The 10 motor lighters will land their complements first, and then the troops from the 10 Destroyers, the two sloops and their tows, and the trawler and her tows, can proceed simultaneously on a front of about 600 yards in Suvla Bay and 1,800 on the beach south of Suvla Bay, directly beach secured. The two landing places are about 2 miles apart. The landing of the troops from H.M.S. *Endymion* and *Theseus* may be able to take place simultaneously, or may have to be deferred until the motor lighters have cleared the destroyers.

Time of Arrival on Coast.	Crafts.	Capacity.	Landing Place.	Method of Disembarkation.	Remarks.
At or immediately after dawn	1 horse transport	All horses enumerated in Table C appended to letter G.S.R. S. 18 of 23rd July, except those already provided for. Water bags and pumps	Suvla Bay	Six of the horseboats from which the 18 pr. and mountain batteries will previously have been landed	Transport fomes from Mudros.
	1 mule transport	All mules and mule carts provided for in Tables C and E appended to G.S.R. Z. 18 of 23rd July	Suvla Bay	Six of the horseboats from which the 18 pr. and mountain batteries will previously have been landed	Transport fomes from Alexandria.
	6 small transports	5,000 Infantry	<i>Suvla Bay</i> or <i>New Beach</i> if necessary)	Landed from motor lighters as soon as they have finished clearing the destroyers and (if necessary) H.M.S.	6 batallions 10th Division coming from Port Iero.

			<i>Endymion and Theseus</i>	
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The above will provide for the disembarkation of the remainder of the troops, etc., enumerated in Tables C and E, appended to letter G.S.R. Z. 18 of 23rd July, that is those not already detailed to be landed before dawn, viz.:—

Remainder of F.A. Brigade (18 pr.). Remainder of Ammunition Park 15th Heavy Battery R.G.A. Personnel. Brigade Ammunition Column. Remainder of Tent Subdivisions Remainder of Casualty Clearing of Field Ambulances. Stations. Mule Corps.

Also 4,000,000 rds. S.A.A. Reserve Gun Ammunition (by special trawlers from Mudros) 7 days' supplies for the above troops and animals.

As soon as possible after Corps Headquarters go ashore, the personnel of the Divisional Signal Companies will be released from work at the beach.

Arrangements will be made subsequently to disembark an air line detachment and a cable section to provide and pole local lines.

The remainder of the Corps Headquarters Signal Company will be kept in readiness to be forwarded as soon as Corps Headquarters reports that circumstances admit of its disembarkation.

12. Two Military Landing Officers and their assistant military landing officers will be placed at your disposal from units other than those under your command.

13. In addition to the units mentioned in Tables A-E forwarded to you with my letter G.S.R. Z. 18, dated 23rd July, the following are being dispatched from Alexandria in this order:—

Three Squadrons Armoured Car Division R.N.A.S. (These will be available to land on the morning after your disembarkation begins, if you so desire.)

(1) H.Q.R.A. 10th Division.

Two F.A. Brigades 10th Division (modified scale of horses).

R.A. personnel and ammunition of 10th Divisional Ammunition Park.

(2) One F.A. Brigade 11th Division (modified scale of horses). One F.A. Brigade 10th Division (modified scale of horses).

(3) Two F.A. Brigades 13th Division.

(4) Horses for 11th Division.

and the following will be assembled at Imbros to land when required:—

11th Divisional Cyclist Company (less two Platoons).

10th Divisional Cyclist Company.

13th Divisional Cyclist Company.

14. You are requested to submit your proposed plan of operations to G.H.Q. for approval at the earliest possible date.

(Signed) W. P. BRAITHWAITE,
Major-General, C.G.S.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

29th July, 1915.

G.S.R. Z. 18/2.

July 29th.

GENERAL OFFICER COMMANDING,
8th Corps.

The General Commanding has decided that his next main attack shall be made in the vicinity of Anzac with the object of placing ourselves astride the Peninsula to the north of Kilid Bahr.

2. The 8th Corps with attached troops is to assist this main operation by offensive action in the south, the scope and form of this action being determined solely with reference to its effects on the main operation.

As the decisive point will be in the neighbourhood of Anzac, all reinforcements will be utilized in that theatre, and it is improbable that any will be available for the southern zone before the middle of August, except such drafts for the 8th Corps and the Corps Exp. Orient as may reach the Peninsula in the next ten days.

3. In order to free sufficient troops to enable the 8th Corps to take the offensive, the French will take over part of the line as defined in Force Order No. 22.

4. In addition to the troops of the 8th Corps and R.N.D. at present at your disposal, the following reinforcements may be expected:—

29th Division	280 due 29th July.
29th Division	900 due 4th August.
42nd Division	100 due 29th July.
	<hr/>
Total	1,280

which, allowing for normal wastage, should give an effective total of 24,780 on 5th August. These numbers, with the shorter line you will be called upon to hold, should leave you with sufficient troops to undertake a limited offensive operation on or about that day.

5. Assuming that you are not attacked in the meanwhile, the total amount of ammunition which should be available at Helles early in August for offensive action, and to maintain a reserve is:—

18 pr.	36,000}	
4.5 inch	2,000}	Plus any amounts saved from
5 inch	4,000}	normal daily expenditure.
6 inch	545}	
60 pr.	3,000}	

but it must be borne in mind that no replacements can be looked for before August 16th.

6. The scope of your offensive action must be based upon these figures, and it is thought that the most suitable objective will be the capture of the Turkish trenches up to the line F. 13, G. 13, H. 13, and H. 12. Plans for this operation should, therefore, be undertaken at once.

7. Pre-supposing that this attack is successful, and that the numbers at your disposal admit of a further advance, the capture of the trenches on the line H. 14 to H. 15, followed perhaps by the capture of Krithia could then be undertaken, and plans for this action should be prepared beforehand. But as the launching of this further attack must be entirely dependent on unknown factors, a definite decision on this point cannot be arrived at beforehand. It is, moreover, essential that the plan of your first attack should not definitely commit your troops to a further advance unless the trend of events should render such a course desirable.

8. As regards the date for launching your first attack, it is thought that the most favourable time would be shortly before the main operations at Anzac begin, and you should therefore arrange for your first attack to take place on the 4th August.

9. Beyond holding the enemy in front of them to their positions and assisting you with artillery fire, the French will not be asked to take part in your first attack, but, in the event of your reaching Krithia, they will be directed to conform to your movements and to establish themselves on the spurs leading up to Achi Baba.

I will ascertain the amount of artillery support and lean you can expect from the C.E.O., and if the information arrives in time will attach it as an appendix to this letter.

10. The possibility of the southern force being able to capture Achi Baba has not been dealt with in this memorandum, as the attempt should only be made in the event of large

reinforcements being available for the southern zone, and these must depend on the course of events in the main theatre.

(Signed) W. P. BRAITHWAITE,
Major-General, C.G.S.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

It will be apparent to you how necessary it is not to allow any suspicion of the reason for the date mentioned in paragraph 8 being told to any person other than your Brigadier-General G.S.

(Intd.) W. P. B.

APPENDIX.

French Artillery Support for 8th Corps.

1. One Brigade of 75's will be placed at the disposal of the 8th Corps for the attack on 4th-5th August.

Of these

(a) One battery will be moved to support closely the attack on Krithia.

(b) One battery will fire up the Nullah E. of Krithia.

2. In addition, six French howitzers will be so disposed as to open fire upon Turkish artillery north of the ridge 150—Achi Baba peak.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR G.O.C. A. AND N.Z. ARMY CORPS.

Reference Map Anafarta Sagir Gallipoli Map 1/20,000.

1. The General Commanding has decided to mass the whole of his reinforcements in and immediately north of the area occupied by the corps under your command, with a view to securing Suvla Bay as a base of operations, driving the enemy off the Sari Bair, and eventually securing a position astride the Gallipoli Peninsula from the neighbourhood of Gaba Tepe to the straits north of Maidos.

2. The general outline for your proposals for the action of the A. and N.Z. Army Corps contained in your G a 89 of 1st July are approved.

3. (a) The General Commanding wishes your operations to begin on August 6th with a strong and sustained attack on Hill 125 (Plateau 400), every effort being made to deceive the enemy as to the locality against which our main effort is to be made, and to induce him to believe that it will be directed against his lines opposite the southern portion of your position. In pursuance of this object the Vice-Admiral has arranged that H.M. ships shall in the meantime display increased activity off the coast between Gaba Tepe and Kum Tepe. It has been arranged that soundings shall be taken by night off the coast south of Gaba Tepe; and, on the evening of August 6th, a naval demonstration will be made off this part of the coast, H.M. ships being accompanied by a number of trawlers as if a landing were to be undertaken.

(b) The General Commanding further concurs in the subsequent sequence of the operations outlined by you, namely:—

(i) The clearing of the enemy's outposts from the ridges facing Nos. 2 and 3 posts, to be undertaken after nightfall.

(ii) An attack in as great strength as possible up the Sazli Beit Dere, the Chailak Dere and the Aghyl Dere, against the Chunuk Bair ridge, by night.

(iii) When the Chunuk Bair ridge is gained, a converging attack from that ridge, and from the north-eastern section of your present position, against Hill 180 (Baby 700).

4. (a) For the above operations the following troops will be at your disposal:—

A. and N.Z. Army Corps. 13th Division, less all artillery except 69th F.A. (Howitzer) Brigade. 29th Brigade (10th Division). 29th Indian Brigade.

(b) At the date of commencement of the operations the following troops belonging to or attached to the 9th Army Corps will be at Anzac, but will not, except so far as is stated hereunder, be at your disposal:—

One F.A. Brigade, 11th Division: To rejoin 9th Army Corps as soon as horses are landed.

10th Heavy Battery, R.G.A.: Ditto.

14th Lowland (Howitzer) Brigade (two Batteries): Arrangements must be made so that these batteries may be free to rejoin the 9th Army Corps before nightfall on August 7th.

5. The operations carried out by the Corps under your command will form part of a general combined offensive undertaken by the whole of the forces of the Gallipoli Peninsula and by the 9th Army Corps, which will be disembarked in the neighbourhood of Suvla Bay, beginning on the night of August 6th-7th.

(a) The 8th Army Corps, in conjunction with the Corps Expéditionnaire, will attack the Turkish lines south of Krithia on August 4th and 5th. The attack will be made on a large scale, and will be vigorously pressed, and it is hoped that by its means the enemy will be induced to move part of his central reserves southward into the Cape Helles zone during the 5th and 6th, so that they may not be available in the northern zone on the 6th and 7th.

(b) The 9th Army Corps will begin landing in and close to Suvla Bay during the night of August 6th-7th. Three infantry brigades, with one field and two mountain batteries, engineers and medical services, should be ashore before dawn, and will be closely followed by two more infantry brigades and additional artillery and engineers.

The G.O.C. 9th Army Corps has been informed:—

(i) That his mission is to secure Suvla Bay as a base of operation for all the forces in the northern zone.

(ii) That the seizure of Yilghin Burnu and Ismail Oglu Tepe ("W" and Chocolate Hills), on account of the presence there of artillery which may interfere with your operations, must be considered as of very special importance.

(iii) That so far as is possible after the fulfilment of his primary mission, he is to render you such direct assistance as may be practicable by moving any available troops via Biyuk Anafarta up the eastern slopes of the Sari Bair.

(c) At the commencement of these operations the infantry of the 53rd Division will be available as Army Reserve and will be at the disposal of the General Commanding.

6. The Vice-Admiral has agreed provisionally to the following allotment of ships affording naval support to the operations:—

In Suvla Bay: One 6-in. monitor.

South of Kuchuk: H.M.S. *Endymion*.

Kemliki (Nibrunesi Point): H.M.S. *Edgar*, H.M.S. *Talbot*, one 6-in. monitor, one 9.2-in. monitor. These ships would be in position at daylight on August 7th, and would mainly be required to support the operations of the 9th Army Corps.

West of Gaba Tepe: H.M.S. *Baccanto*, H.M.S. *Humber*, H.M.S. *Havelock*, one 6-in. monitor.

These ships would be in position at 3 p.m. on August 6th, except H.M.S. *Havelock*, which would be in position at daylight on August 7th. They would be detailed for support of the right flank of the A. and N.Z. Army Corps.

Off Kum Tepe: One 6-in. monitor.

A separate communication is being sent to you with regard to the final settlement of details as to the support of the operations by naval guns, allocation of targets, etc.

7. Special instructions regarding signal communication will be issued later. In general terms the arrangements will be as follows:—

A submarine cable and a land cable will be laid between Anzac and Suvla Bay as soon as circumstances permit.

A submarine cable will also be laid as soon as practicable between Imbros and Suvla Bay. Pending the completion of connection between Anzac and Suvla Bay, inter-communication will be carried out by lamp.

Two military pack W/T stations and a R.N. Base W/T station will be established in the vicinity of Suvla Bay. The W/T station at Anzac will be able to intercept messages from seaplanes, but must not attempt to reply.

W/T via the ships will be an alternative means of communication between G.H.Q. and the troops ashore in case of interruption of cable communication.

A system of flares will be arranged for employment on the left flank of your position at dawn on August 7th to indicate to the ships the positions reached by the troops.

8. G.H.Q. will in the first instance be at Imbros.

(Signed) W. P. BRAITHWAITE,
Major-General, C.G.S.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

G.H.Q., 30th July, 1915.

FORCE ORDER No. 25.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS,
2nd August, 1915.

1. The total forces of the enemy in the Gallipoli Peninsula are estimated at 100,000.

Of these, 27,000 are in the neighbourhood of Anzac (5th, 19th, 16th Divisions, and 18th and 64th Regiments); 36,000 are in the Southern zone (1st, 4th, 6th Division less one regiment, 7th Division, 11th Division less one regiment, and one regiment each of the 12th, 25th and 3rd Divisions); and 37,000 are in Reserve (9th Division less one regiment, 12th less one regiment, 13th, 14th, and 25th less one regiment, and 10th Divisions). Of this reserve force two Divisions are in the Bulair district and one Division in the Eyerli Tepe zone. There are 12,000 on the Asiatic shore of the Dardanelles (2nd Division and 8th Division less one regiment). There are believed to be five Divisions (45,000 men) in the Keshan area belonging to the 5th and 6th Corps.

All reports tend to show that though the enemy may be expected to fight well in trenches, their *moral* has suffered considerably as a result of their recent heavy casualties, and that their stock of ammunition is low.

2. The General Commanding intends to carry out a combined and simultaneous attack on the enemy in the northern and southern zone commencing on 6th August, in accordance with the special instructions already issued to the Corps Commanders concerned.

During the first phase of these operations the 13th Division (less three 18-pdr. Bdes. R.F.A.), the 29th Infantry Brigade will be attached to the A. and N.Z. Army Corps. Three squadrons R.N. Armoured Car Division and two batteries Highland Mounted Artillery will be attached to 9th Corps. 86th Brigade R.F.A. and 91st Heavy Battery R.G.A. will be attached to 8th Corps.

3. Special instructions regarding embarkation and disembarkation are issued to G.O.C. 9th Corps, G.O.C., A. and N.Z. Corps, and I.G.C., as appended to this order.

4. The 53rd Division will remain at the disposal of the General Commanding as general reserve.

5. G.H.Q. will remain in the first instance in its present situation.

(Signed) W. P. BRAITHWAITE,
Major-General, C.G.S.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.

Issued to: G.O.C. Corps Expéditionnaire; G.O.C. A. and N.Z. Army Corps; G.O.C. 8th Army Corps; G.O.C. 9th Army Corps; G.O.C. 53rd Division; I.G.C.; Vice-Admiral.

APPENDIX TO FORCE ORDER NO. 25.

Embarkations.

1. The embarkation of units of the 9th Corps concentrated at Imbros will be carried out under the orders of G.O.C. 9th Corps, commencing for personnel on 6th August, for vehicles and stores at such earlier date as may be convenient. The necessary ships and boats (lists of which have already been handed to the G.O.C. Corps) will be assembled in the harbour beforehand; and the embarkation programme will be worked out in consultation with Commander Ashby, R.N., who has been detailed by the Vice-Admiral for this purpose, and who will arrange for the various vessels to be in their allotted positions at the hours arranged.

G.O.C. 9th Corps will also be responsible for the allocation to ships or lighters, and for the embarkation of the following units:—

At Imbros: One W.T. Section (Nos. W. 10 and W. 11 Pack Wireless Stations); Two Anson Battalions R.N.D. (for duties on the beach); No. 16 Casualty Clearing Station.

In transit from Mudros to Imbros: One Casualty Clearing Station.

Units and formations concentrated at Mudros and Mitylene will be embarked for their various destinations under the orders of I.G.C. in accordance with the programme already issued to that officer.

Military Transport Officers.

2. G.O.C. 9th Corps and I.G.C. respectively will ensure that an officer is appointed Military Transport Officer on every ship for the embarkation of which they are severally responsible (*vide* paragraph 1).

Landing Places.

3. The landings of the 9th Corps will be referred to as "A," "B," and "C" Beaches.

"A" Beach—Square 117.q. and v.

"C" Beach—Square 103.u.z.

"B" Beach—Square 91.b, i, o.

"C" and "B" Beaches are practically contiguous.

Beach Control Personnel.

4. The following naval and military beach control personnel have been appointed for the landing places of the 9th Corps:—

Principal Beach Master: Captain H. F. G. Talbot, R.N.

Beach Masters: Commander I. W. Gibson, M.V.O. ("A" Beach), Captain C. P. Metcalfe, R.N. ("B" Beach), Commander C. Tindal-Carril-Worsley ("C" Beach).

Assistant Beach Masters and Beach Lieutenants: Four Lieutenant Commanders, ten Lieutenants, R.N.

Principal Mil. L.O.: Colonel W. G. B. Western, C.B.

Mil. L.O.'s: Major F. W. Pencoek, Derbyshire Yeomanry, Major Sir R. Baker, Dorset Yeomanry, Captain Tylsen Wright, A.S.C.

Assistant Mil. L.O.'s: Captain Wade Palmer, Derbyshire Yeomanry, Captain B. A. Smith, South Notts Hussars, Lieutenant H. V. Browne, Dorset Yeomanry, Lieutenant Krabbe, Berks Yeomanry.

The allocation of the above military officers to the various landing places will be detailed by the P.M.L.O. in consultation with the P.B.M.

Special instructions with regard to beach fatigue parties have already been issued to the G.O.C. 9th Corps.

G.O.C., A. and N.Z. Army Corps will detail such military landing officers, assistant military landing officers, and beach parties for A.N.Z.A.C. as he may consider necessary. The names of officers so appointed will be reported as early as possible to V.A. and to G.H.Q.

The following special service officers are attached to H.Q., A. and N.Z. Army Corps, for such duties in connection with the landing as the G.O.C. may direct:—

Major P. R. Bruce, S. Notts Hussars.

Captain C. R. Higgins, County of London Yeomanry.

Captain Sir E. Pauncefort Duncombe, Royal Bucks Hussars.

General Instructions for Landing.

5. All troops will land with two iron rations (one day's meat only in case of troops disembarking at Anzac). Infantry will carry 200 rounds of S.A.A., machine-gun sections 3,500 rounds. Packs will not be worn. A proportion of heavy entrenching tools, signalling and medical gear will be carried by hand. Camp kettles will be handed to the Ordnance Officer of the camp at which units concentrate before embarkation. They will be forwarded and reissued at the first opportunity.

6. Horses will be landed harnessed, and with nosebags filled to their full capacity.

Poles of G.S. wagons will be removed before slinging and made fast to the body of the wagon. Poles of carts, limbers, and limbered wagons will not be removed; these vehicles should be so placed in the boats that they can be landed pole leading.

Ammunition.

7. The G.O.C. 9th Corps will depute an officer to arrange, in consultation with the P.M.L.O., for the storing of reserve ammunition in convenient localities near the beach. Guards for these stores may be found from the beach fatigue parties.

Water.

8. The strictest economy must be exercised with regard to drinking water. Under arrangements already made by G.H.Q., receptacles filled with water will be landed as early as possible from the ships carrying the mule corps, and will be conveyed to the troops as transport becomes available. Waterproof tanks (2,300 gallon capacity) and lift and force pumps will be available on the *Prah*—R.E. Storeship—in Kephalos Harbour, and will be forwarded by D.Q.M.G., G.H.Q., on request of G.O.C. Corps.

Transport.

9. Transport to supplement that in possession of units will be provided for the 9th Corps and the A.N.Z. Corps by the Indian Mule Corps. The amount of transport for each formation has been calculated to carry rations, water, and S.A.A., making one or two trips a day, according to the anticipated distance of the various units from the beach.

This transport will be handed over, as it is landed, by an officer appointed by the D.S.T., to transport officers of Brigades and divisional troops for allotment as circumstances may require.

Senior transport officers of Divisions will be ordered to report to the following representatives of the D.S.T. immediately on landing:—

At Anzac: Lieutenant-Colonel Streidinger, A.D.T.

At "A" Beach: Major Badcock, D.A.D.T.

Supplies.

10. A supply depôt has been formed at Anzac, and it is in charge of Major Izod, A.S.C. A supply depot will be formed by D.S.T. at "A" Beach as soon as supplies can be landed, and will be in charge of Major Huskisson, A.S.C. Senior supply officers of Divisions will be ordered to place themselves in communication with the officer in charge of the nearest supply depôt and to keep him informed of their daily requirements. Supplies will, so far as possible, be handed over to them in bulk at the depôt. Owing to the difficulty in landing sufficient animals in the first instance it is possible that only half rations may be available on the third and fourth days after the operations begin. All units should be specially ordered to husband their rations.

Medical.

11. Arrangements have been made to establish on the beach at Anzac two casualty clearing stations, which will be embarked by I.G.C., and two at "A" Beach, which will be embarked under orders of G.O.C. 9th Corps (*see* paragraph 1). Medical officers will

be appointed by G.H.Q. to control these units, and to take charge of the arrangements for evacuation of the wounded from the beach.

*(Signed) C. F. ASPINALL,
Lieutenant-Colonel,
For Major-General, C.G.S.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.*

APPENDIX IV

INSTRUCTIONS TO MAJOR-GENERAL H. DE LISLE, C.B., D.S.O.

1. The operations of the northern wing of the Army have only been partially successful.

(a) The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, with the 13th Division and the 29th Brigade of 10th Division attached, has greatly extended the area occupied, and now holds a position under the Chunuk Bair Ridge, which the G.O.C. considers a favourable one from which to launch the final attack on the ridge. The necessity for reorganization after the recent operations, and for establishing a satisfactory system of forwarding water, ammunition and supplies, will involve a delay of some days before the attack on the main ridge can be made.

(b) The 9th Army Corps, less the 13th Division and 29th Brigade, but with the 53rd and 54th Divisions attached, holds the Yilghin Burnu hills, and a line northwards from the easternmost of these two hills roughly straight across the Kuchuk Anafarta Ova to the highest point of the Kiretch Tepe Sirt. Attacks by the 11th Division against the Ismail Oglu Tepe and the Anafarta spur from the north-west have been made without any success. In the course of the operations the 9th Corps became very much disorganized, and since August 11th the work of reorganization and consolidation has been proceeding.

2. At present the enemy has shown no great strength north of an east and west line through Anafarta Sagir. He has a force operating on and near the Kiretch Tepe Sirt, the strength of which cannot yet be accurately estimated. From present indications this appears to be a detachment which is known to have guarded the coast from Ejelmer Bay to Suvla Bay; it does not appear to have been reinforced to any extent. Across the Kuchuk Anafarta Ova there appear to be no more than snipers. In the region Anafarta Sagir—Ismail Oglu Tepe and the Biyuk Anafarta Valley the enemy has developed considerable strength—his intention being, no doubt, to protect the right of his main force which opposes the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps, and to prevent our advance on the Anafarta gap.

3. The General Commanding has decided to strike as quickly and in as great strength as possible against the enemy's on the line Ismail Oglu Tepe—Anafarta Sagir with the objects, first, of driving in this flank and preparing a further enveloping advance; and, secondly, by clearing the Anafarta spur to deny to the enemy the gun positions and facilities for observation therefrom, which would otherwise endanger Suvla Bay. He considers it imperative to effect this with the least possible delay. In his view the left flank of this advance will require comparatively little protection, at all events in the first

instance, in view of the difficulty which the enemy may be expected to find in throwing any considerable force round our left over the high and difficult country north of Anafarta Sagir. It appears that the double purpose of defeating the enemy and securing Suvla Bay as a port for the northern wing of the Army can best be served by an attack on the enemy's right on the Anafarta spur, made with all the strength at our command, while leaving a comparatively small force as left flank guard to clear the enemy's snipers out of the Kuchuk Anafarta Ova and to occupy and press back his detachment in the Ejelmer Bay region.

4. You will have at your disposal the following troops:—

11th Division,
10th Division, (less 29th Brigade),
53rd Division,
54th Division,

and there is on its way from Egypt to join you the 2nd Mounted Division (5,000 men dismounted), which should be available by August 18th. The 10th, 11th and 53rd Divisions are considerably depleted, and the *moral* of the latter at present leaves much to be desired. There are at present ashore, belonging to the above two F.A. Brigades (three batteries of which are awaiting horses to bring them up from Anzac) and two Heavy Batteries. In addition, two Highland Mountain Batteries, attached to the 9th Corps, are ashore, and the 1/4th Lowland Brigade (two batteries 5-inch howitzers) are at your disposal when they can be brought up from Anzac. It has only been possible to land a bare minimum of horses owing to difficulties in respect of water and the landing of forage.

Three further F.A. Brigades and the 57th Brigade (two batteries) 4.5-inch howitzers are at Mudros ready to be brought up as soon as it is possible to land them. These Brigades will probably have to be landed without any horses in the first instance, and taken into position by the artillery horses already ashore.

5. For the purpose of an early attack in accordance with the plan indicated in paragraph 3, the A. and N.Z. Army Corps will probably not be able to co-operate directly with more than one Infantry Brigade, and it is possible that it may be able to do no more than swing up its left into line with the right of your advance. It is improbable that the 8th Corps and the C.E.O. will be in a position to do more than undertake vigorous demonstrations.

6. With the above in view, you will proceed at once to Suvla Bay and take over command of the 9th Corps. Your immediate and most urgent concern will be to complete the reorganization of the Corps and to prepare as large a force as possible for the offensive against Ismail Oglu Tepe and the Anafarta spur, bearing in mind that time is of vital importance. You will then consider and report at the earliest moment:—

- (a) What force you consider that you will be able to employ for this purpose.
- (b) The date on which you will be ready to undertake the offensive.
- (c) The method by which you purpose to carry out your task.

(Signed) W. P. BRAITHWAITE,
Major-General, C.G.S.,
Mediterranean Expeditionary Force.



SUVLA AND ANZAC
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FOOTNOTES:

[1] See Appendix III containing actual instructions, together with a brief explanatory heading.—IAN H., 1920.

[2] Must have meant south-east?—IAN H., 1920.

[3] Long afterwards—long after the Dardanelles Commission had finished their Report—I had the curiosity to get permission to look at the log of the *Exmouth* (Rear-Admiral Nicholson) to see how my cable had been translated. Here it is, very much Bowdlerized:—"Sent 11.45, received 11.59. Sir I. Hamilton to Rear-Admiral 3. Urgent. 'Understand *Arno* drawing fires. Can this be stopped and *Arno* sent (to) *Mercedes* to water at once? *Arno* specially put at my disposal by Vice-Admiral and I may require her at any moment.'" The *Mercedes* was the ship with our military drinking water.

[4] There is a hiatus in my diary here which I must try and bridge over by a footnote especially as my story seems to run off the rails when I say that "nothing further" had come in from Suvla. At 10.50 a.m. a further cable did come in from Suvla:—

"Approximate position of troops under General Hammersley this morning. Two battalions 33rd Brigade sea to S.E. corner of Salt Lake: will be moved forward shortly to connect if possible with Anzac troops. Two battalions 33rd holding Yilghin Burnu. Position on Hill 500 yards East Yilghin Burnu not yet certain. From Yilghin Burnu 31st Brigade holds line through Baka Baba crossroads, thence North to about 118 0 2. 32nd and 34th Brigades ordered forward from Hill 10 (117 R) where they spent night to line 118 M.R.W. to fill gap with Tenth Division. Detailed information of Tenth Division not yet definite: will report later. Consider Major-General Hammersley and troops under him deserve great credit for result attained against strenuous opposition and great difficulty."

Manifestly, the data in this cable were not enough to enable me to form any opinion of my own as to the credit due to anyone; but every soldier will understand that it was up to me to respond:

"To G.O.C. 8th Corps.

"From General Sir Ian Hamilton.

"You and your troops have indeed done splendidly. Please tell Hammersley how much we hope from his able and rapid advance."

I made no written note of this 10.50 a.m. cable (or of my reply to it) at the time and, eighteen months later, no mental note of it remained, probably because it had only added some detail to the news received during the night. But I had reason to regret this afterwards when I came to read the final Report of the

Dardanelles Commission, paragraph 89. There I see it stated that "with regard to this message" (my pat on the back for Hammersley) "Sir Frederick Stopford informed us that the result of the operations on the night of the 6th and day of the 7th was not as satisfactory as he would have liked but he gathered from Sir Ian Hamilton's congratulations that his dispositions and orders had met with the latter's approval"

As to my actual feelings that forenoon, I do remember them well. At sunrise victory seemed assured. As morning melted into mid-day my mind became more and more uneasy at the scant news about the Irish Division and at the lack of news of a further advance of the 11th Division. This growing anxiety drove me to quit my headquarters and to take ship for Suvla.

[5] The Admiral's wireless had said, so I was told:—"It is important we should meet—shall I come to Kephalos or are you coming to Suvla?" As stated in text I did not get this cable at the time nor did I ever get it. Four years later the signal logs of the only ships through which the message could have passed; viz., *Triad*, *Exmouth*, *Chatham*, were searched and there is no trace of it. So I think it must have been drafted and overlooked.—IAN H., 1920.

Aspinall's cable:—"Just been ashore where I found all quiet AAA. No rifle fire, no artillery fire and apparently no Turks AAA. IXth Corps resting AAA. Feel confident that golden opportunities are being lost and look upon the situation as serious." I received this next morning from Braithwaite.—IAN H., 1920.

[6] Looking to the distance of Sulajik, the Brigade might have been expected to move in about an hour and a half. But, as I did not know at the time, or indeed till two years later, this Brigade was *not* concentrated. Only two battalions were at Sulajik; the other two, the 6th East Yorks and the 9th West Yorks, were in possession of Hill 70, vide map.—IAN H., 1920.

[7] My Aide-de-Camp, George Brodrick, has permitted me to use the following extract from a letter of his written to his father, Lord Middleton, at the time.

"I went to Suvla with Sir Ian in the afternoon of August 8th, and we arrived to find 'Nothing doing.' The beaches and hillsides covered with our men almost like a Bank Holiday evening at Hampstead Heath. Vague shelling by one of our monitors was the only thing which broke the peace of a most perfect evening—a glorious sunset.

"We went over to the Destroyer where General Stopford had his Headquarters, and I fancy words of exhortation were spoken to him. We slept on the *Triad*, Admiral de Robeck's Yacht. I had a camp bed on the Bridge, so as to hear any happenings during the night. About dawn our Monitors started to shell the heights behind Anafarta and a sort of assault was made; the Turkish battery opened with shrapnel, and our fellows did not seem to get very far.

"We went ashore on 'A' beach about 8 a.m. and walked up to Stopford's Headquarters, as he had gone ashore the night before. They all seemed a very lifeless crew, with but little knowledge of the general situation and no spirit in them. We made our way on across some rocky scrubby country towards Brigade Headquarters; fairly heavy rifle fire was going on, and after about two miles bullets began to ping unpleasantly all round us. I persuaded Sir Ian to lie down

behind a rock, much against his will, and went on myself another 150 yards to where the Brigade Staff were sitting in a dip behind a stone wall. They told me that about 800 Turks were in front of them with no machine guns. We had 3 Battalions in the firing line and two in reserve and yet could not get on."

[8] Only one Company we hear now.—IAN H., 15.8.15.

[9] Hankey belonged to the Royal Marine Artillery.—IAN H., 1920.

[10] See Appendix IV containing actual letter of instructions.—IAN H., 1920.

[11] As will be seen further on the 47,000 actually panned out at 29,000, of whom two battalions were at once diverted to Egypt, whilst two other battalions turned out to be non-fighting formations.—IAN H., 1920.

[12] We had to get into Kephalos Harbour before dark; otherwise the submarine indicator nets were damaged.—IAN H.

[13] The last time this subject was broached between Lord Kitchener and myself was immediately after the evacuation of Helles. Everyone was intensely relieved, especially Lord Kitchener, for he had realized better than our politicians the desperate stakes we had planked down in our gamble with the Clerk of the Weather. Yet in that very moment when the burden of an intolerable anxiety had just been lifted from his shoulders he took the occasion to declare to me that he stood by every word he had said. What he "had said," was that any withdrawal from the Dardanelles must react in due course upon Islam, and especially upon Egypt. Cairo, he held to be the centre of the Mahomedan doctrine and the pivotal point of our great Mahomedan Imperium. An evacuation of the Dardanelles would serve as an object lesson to Egypt just as our blunders in the Crimea had served as a motive to the Indian mutineers. Ultimate success was not the point in either case. The point was that the legend of the invincibility of British troops should be shattered in some signal and quite unmistakable fashion. "The East," he said, "moved slowly in the fifties, and it will move slowly now. We've had a wonderful delivery but—depend upon it—the price has yet to be paid!"—IAN H., 1920.

[14] I think I hardly knew *how* often till I came to read through my diary in cold print. But all the time I was conscious, and am still more so now, of K.'s greatness. Still more so now because, when I compare him with his survivors, they seem measurable, he remains immeasurable.

I wish very much I could make people admire Lord K. understandingly. To praise him wrongly is to do him the worst disservice. The theme can hardly be squeezed into a footnote, but one protest must be made all the same. Lord Fisher gives fresh currency to the fable that K. was a great organizer. K. hated organization with all his primitive heart and soul, because it cramped his style.

K. was an individualist. He was a Master of Expedients; the greatest probably the world has ever seen. Whenever he saw *any* organization his inclination was to smash it, and often—but not always—he was right. This may sound odd in Anglo-Celtic ears. But most British organizations are relics of the past. They are better smashed than patched, and K. loved smashing.—IAN H., 1920.

[15] Lord K.'s reason for putting in this last paragraph may be obscure unless I make it clear. As explained in a previous footnote, Lord K. knew that I knew his strong personal view that the smashing blow to our military reputation which would be caused by an evacuation of the Dardanelles must, in course of time, imperil our hold upon Egypt. Therefore, for the moment, it was necessary to warn me that the problem must be considered in the purely military, tactical, aspect.—IAN H. 1920.

[16] Lest anyone should imagine there is any privilege or secrecy attached to this document it may be well to explain that all the best passages came back to me from Melbourne in due course; often with marginal comment.—IAN H., 1920.

[17] Now Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.—IAN H. 1920.

[18] All W.T. arrangements are subject to alteration, as they have not yet been confirmed by the Vice-Admiral.

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