

36

The Untold Story Behind the Gallipoli Landings

DAYS

HUGH DOLAN



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MACMILLAN

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DEDICATION

Two granite memorials stand among the scattered eucalypts on separate hillsides on the outskirts of Canberra. One is the solid sentinel that marks the last resting place of Major General Sir William Throsby Bridges, entombed on the high ground that dominates the Royal Military College, Duntroon. Bridges was the commander of 1 Australian Division at Gallipoli; his headquarters planned the assault on Z Beach on 25 April 1915 now etched into Australian consciousness. Anzac Cove, where so many young Australians perished, was the northernmost sector of Z Beach. Bridges was mortally wounded by a Turkish sniper firing from the ridge line above Monash Valley. He was the only fallen Australian whose body was repatriated from Gallipoli.

Below the crest of another Canberra hill a second memorial breaks the scrubby contour where a lone granite boulder stands in stark commemoration of the crash of a Royal Australian Air Force aircraft in 1940. The memorial plaque lists among the dead General Sir Brudenell White, Chief of the

General Staff of Australian Army. In May 1915, the then Colonel White had been Bridges' most able Chief of Staff, by his commander's side as he lay mortally wounded on a Gallipoli hillside. It is somehow fitting that these two men should be commemorated in close proximity to each other. Theirs was an enduring fellowship.

This book is dedicated to the memory of these two extraordinary Australian generals and the timeless legacy of the campaign they helped plan.

*Until the day break
And the shadows flee away*

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The Gallipoli Peninsula was the gateway into the Sea of Marmora. It was barren and without water, but held strategic importance as passage would allow an attack on Constantinople.

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The entrance to the Dardanelles was skilfully protected by both medieval and modern forts, artillery batteries and mine fields in a layered defence.

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The ANZAC objective was changed following intelligence on large Turkish troop concentrations in the vicinity of Z Beach. Over 190 aircraft missions were prosecuted gaining a clear intelligence picture on enemy defences.

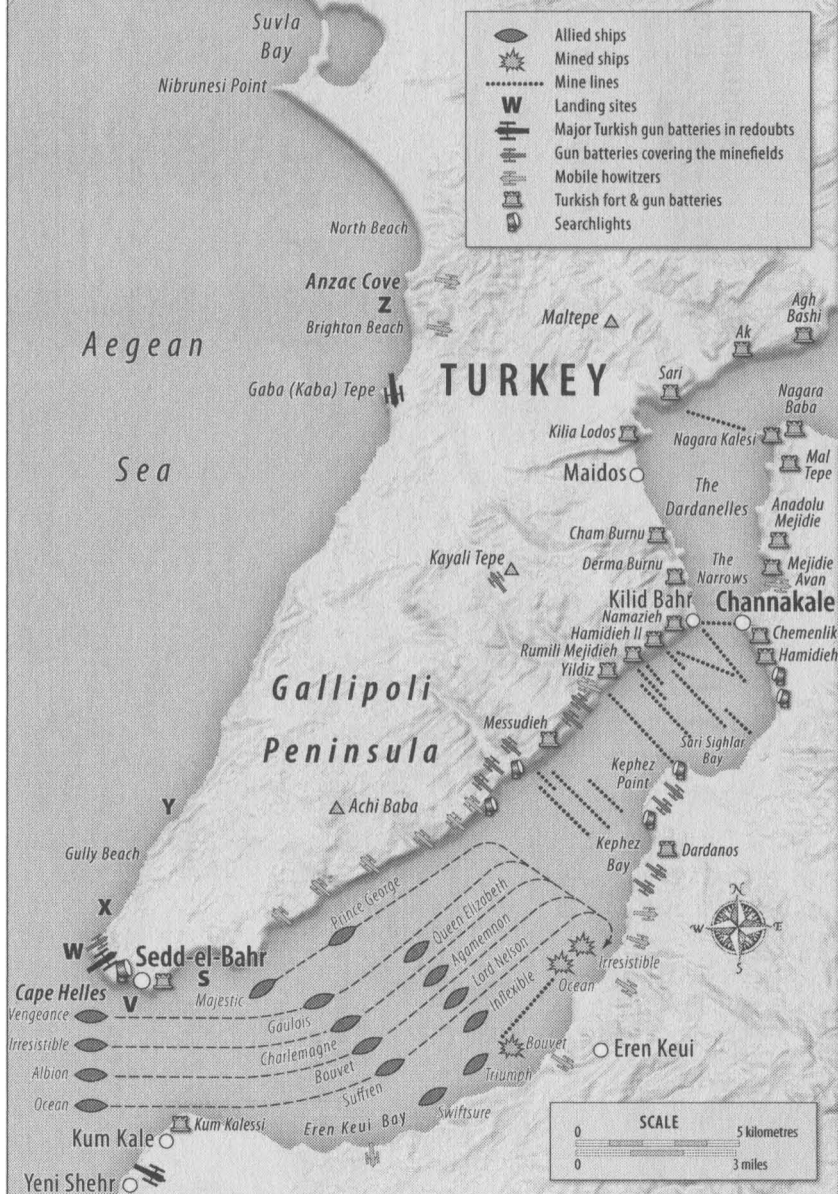
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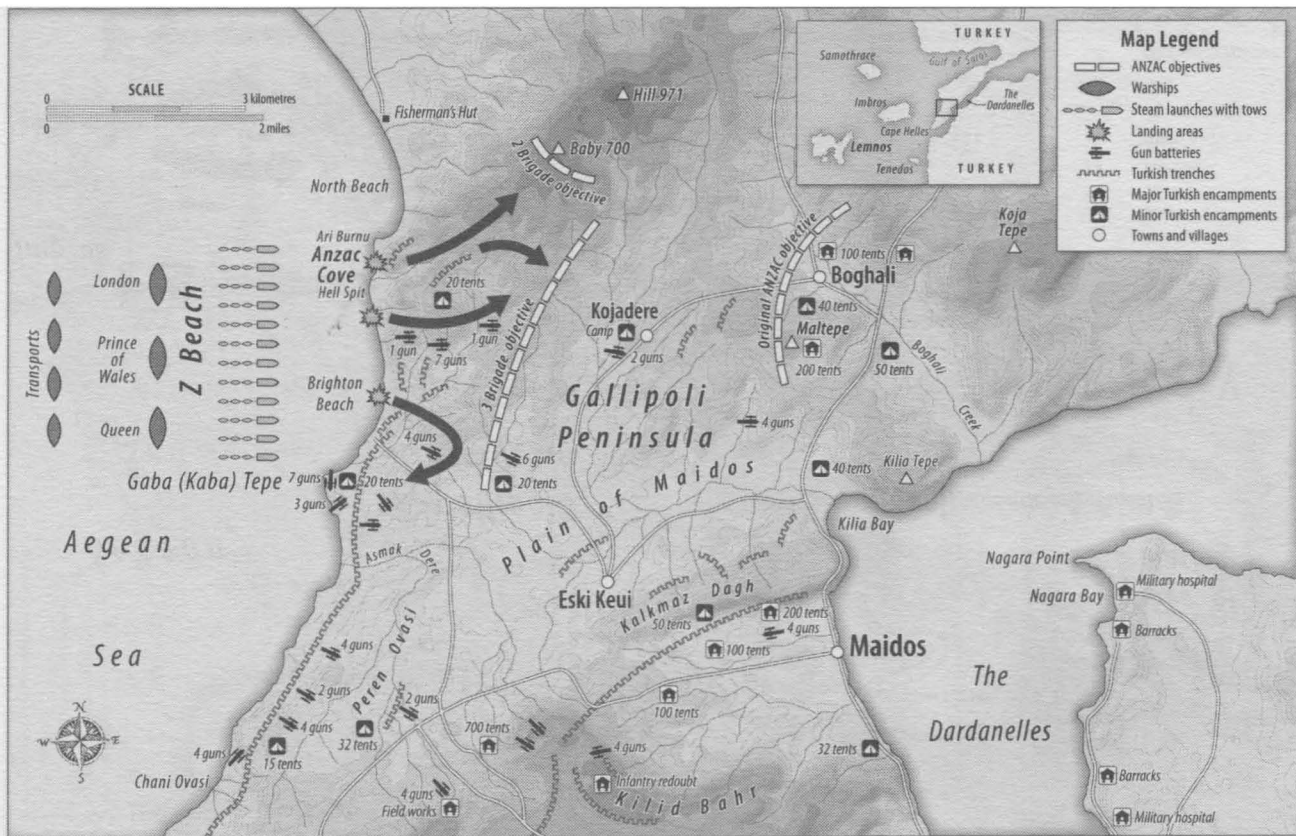
ANZAC's answer to the heavy defence of Z Beach was a silent night attack based on surprise. The most dangerous phase was the approach in wooden row boats.



The Dardanelles Campaign 18 March 1915







To Fisherman's Hut

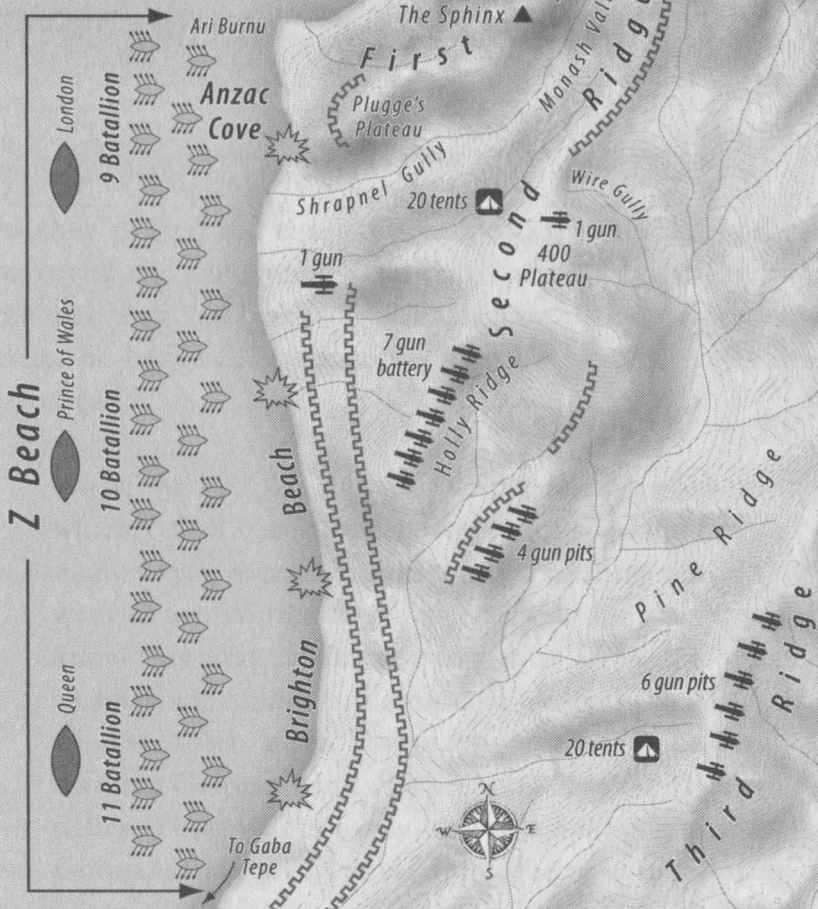
Enemy Defences Reported from Aerial Reconnaissance Flights

SCALE
0 750 metres
0 488 yards

Map Legend

- Warships
- Landing boats
- Landing areas
- Gun batteries
- Turkish trenches
- Turkish encampments

Aegean Sea



PROLOGUE

As they neared the coast of Gallipoli, the ANZAC officer surveyed the men of his command and sighed heavily at the task they had been set. Keeping his voice measured and even, he began to speak to his men of the challenges that lay ahead:

‘Boys,’ he said, ‘as this may be the last occasion on which I shall have the opportunity of speaking to so many of you together, there are two or three things I want to say. We have been given a very big task. You know that away in France two armies are facing one another and things are almost at a standstill. Well, we have been given a very important mission—to turn the German flank. We are to land at the Dardanelles. There will not only be Turks opposing us but Germans; they will do everything they can to foil us. They will have done everything with their accustomed thoroughness: barbed wire, aeroplanes, and trenches.

Your officers will exercise cunning to meet and outwit them.'

This book tells the previously untold story of the war waged by both sides in the lead-up to the landing at Gallipoli. It is a factual account gleaned from archives scattered across the world, the missing fragments assembled to construct a unique mosaic. Many files remain in their original state and, as I carefully turned the fragile pages, I found the sand of Gallipoli and, occasionally, the cigarette ash of the diarist caught between the tissue-thin sheets. These little discoveries, as much as the words on the page, served to reinforce the reality of what was written. Much of what you will read in this book will be revelatory and will provide a new understanding of the events of 25 April 1915 when over 2000 Allied soldiers, marines, sailors, submariners and airmen were killed or wounded as their commanders struggled with the uncertainty of what lay ashore.

Prior to the ill-fated landings, a clandestine war was waged in foreign capitals and on the shores of the Mediterranean where spies secretly collected intelligence on the enemy's preparations for the coming battles. It was a deadly business in which men died so that their countrymen might live. Some lasted longer than others. One amateur spy continued to accurately report Turkish improvements to the defences along the Gallipoli Peninsula until he was rescued from imminent arrest in November 1914.

The men of ANZAC were avid collectors of intelligence, collating reports from agents, spies and aerial observation as both sides fought for information on the other's intentions and dispositions. The stakes were high and the ANZAC officers exploited every ounce of intelligence available to them in planning the landing at Z Beach, just over a mile to the north

of Gaba Tepe. The ANZAC commander, Major General William Throsby Bridges, planned to hurl his 1 Australian Division at the Turkish defences in an independent amphibious assault. It was the task of the Division's staff officers, under Bridges' Chief of Staff, Colonel Brudenell White, to chart the landing in meticulous detail. The ANZACs had just thirty-six days to plan an assault by over 32,000 men on a foreign shore with little more than the fruits of espionage to guide them. This is the story of the thirty-six days that shaped a campaign.

CHAPTER 1

4 August–30 November 1914

A spy in the Dardanelles

Just days after war broke out across Europe, a man in a linen suit spread a tablecloth on a shrub-covered slope overlooking the blue upon blue waters of the Dardanelles. His leather-soled shoes bore the scent of crushed wild thyme which hung heavily in the warm summer haze. The man was an unremarkable fellow, thirty-two years of age and single, of medium height and clean shaven with neatly cropped dark hair parted on the left. Yet this unremarkable fellow would have the single greatest impact on the ANZAC landing in nine months' time: he would reveal the secret intentions of the Allied forces in a bid to save his own life.

On this warm August day, the seawater fifty yards below bubbled and churned as it funnelled through the Narrows, the entrance guarded by two ancient medieval forts which now bustled with the activity of their brown-uniformed garrison troops. The watcher cradled a pair of binoculars, intent on making order of the chaos of activity below.

The man in the linen suit was incensed that the Turks

and Germans were covertly preparing for future hostilities. Turkey was not yet a protagonist in this newly declared war, but the arrogance of the German officers who now wielded a pernicious influence over their Turkish hosts told a story of duplicity and rankled acutely with the man in the linen suit. He found it distressing to meet uniformed German soldiers in the street or inside a favourite cafe, sitting around wooden tables admiring water views, while the men of both countries fought battles in cobbled European streets.

In the first act of wartime confrontation, two powerful German warships, the SMS *Goeben* and *Breslau*, had slipped through the Dardanelles with the British Eastern Mediterranean Squadron (EMS) in hot pursuit. As a sop to Turkish neutrality, Germany had 'sold' the warships to Turkey in a stroke of pure diplomatic genius. The two warships now steamed in the safety of the Sea of Marmora, flaunting the German ensign in preference to the Turkish crescent as the rules of neutrality decreed. This, seethed the linen-suited man, was an insult to diplomacy and to any sense of fair play. He began to toy with the notion that he could play his own part in this risky game of subterfuge.

The man who was so disturbed by the German presence in Turkey was Vice Consul Charles Palmer, who represented His Britannic Majesty's government at the consular office in Channakale, the principal port on the Dardanelles. Charles Palmer knew Turkey intimately; he had successfully passed the British Foreign Office examinations in 1906 to become a translator, rising to the post of minor official in the bustling trading port of Channakale in 1910. Charles Palmer had earned his position the hard way, through local knowledge of his station rather than through patronage or the easy pathway of a gentleman's degree, the product of lazy days on the croquet lawns of Trinity. Palmer had built a network of friends,

mostly Turkish Anglophiles who whispered conspiratorially over thimble-sized cups of cardamom-laced coffee, lamenting their country's move towards an alignment with Germany.

Charles Palmer had embarked on a self-appointed mission to record all the defensive preparations along the straits. He was well aware of the risks, appreciating with a certain sanguineness that his diplomatic role at the port of Channakale would provide limited cover—if not immunity—from immediate arrest. He knew that the role of amateur spy was better left to the Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Constantinople, the highly experienced Colonel Cunliffe-Owen. But the diplomatic battle for influence now raging between the competing missions of Germany and Britain had added patriotic fervour to amateur recklessness, and Palmer had been swept up in this patriotic tide.

Palmer focussed his binoculars on the artillery guns below, making special note of their calibre and any obvious differences from the descriptions in the intelligence reports locked in his safe. He counted at least two 15-cm naval guns capable of sending shells screaming into the British squadron prowling outside the mouth of the Dardanelles. He also noted the location of seven old Krupp guns mounted in three redoubts on the Geradjik Hills just south of his home port of Channakale. These guns were clearly capable of dominating the straits and he scribbled a quick remark in his notebook. He also noted the movements of a mine-layer, belching smoke as it struggled to hold its course against the stiff current and slip the anchor chain of another sea mine. He licked his lips; the portcullis was closing and an encroaching fleet would have to fight the forts and sweep the mines which lay in deadly underwater curtains before it could steam through the Narrows. At least Palmer was in a position to warn of the perils of such an attempt.

The Vice Consul gathered his tablecloth and basket and set off, lurching downhill to the beach below Kilid Bahr where his jolly boat pulled at the jetty. He knew he could pick up more information at the docks, listening casually to the chatter of the local soldiers to whom a European who spoke Turkish was unlikely. Palmer possessed a keen ear for gossip, later carefully transcribing useful titbits into his notebook.

Charles Palmer returned to his home at the consular office across the straits and went directly to his bureau. He bent to his safe and pulled from it a manila folder containing a British Naval Intelligence Department report and an Admiralty chart. Clipped to the chart was a sheet of tracing paper which he spread across the desk. In bright red pencil he marked a second layer of mines blocking the entrance to the Dardanelles, labelling this 'line B' and adding little crosses to symbolise the placement of twenty-six deadly sea mines. Two days earlier he had carefully marked the first underwater curtain of twenty-nine mines which formed the inner layer between the port of Channakale and the medieval heart-shaped fort of Kilid Bahr.

During the next few days Palmer walked the coast road to the north and south of Channakale. To the north he noted the location of a wooden hangar, constructed on the water's edge, which housed a Turkish seaplane. He guessed that the hangar must be located nearby as he had seen the seaplane fly low over the town and had heard it land somewhere to the north. Behind the hangar was a hastily cleared aerodrome with a large wooden shed and a small stone hut. This was not an isolated fixture: signs of frenetic military activity now dotted the landscape. Along the seafront, transports continued to ferry Turkish soldiers to the garrison forts lining the straits while the smell of wood smoke from cooking

fires obscured the previously deserted forts and told of garrisons in place. Long lines of heavily burdened mules carried bright brass shells to batteries which were deploying to the hills further back from the shore. Chatting casually to a Turkish soldier, Palmer confirmed the identity of the man's regiment and the precise nature of his movements. He noted also the existence of an encampment, possibly large enough to house a regiment, some distance inland from the straits. At the end of each evening Palmer returned to his study and made new notations on his tracing paper.

Occasionally the straits were rocked by a sudden, deafening explosion that shuddered and reverberated along the narrow channel as a sea mine was accidentally detonated. The explosion would send a jet of water over 200 yards high blasting from the surface followed by the crashing impact of tonnes of filthy churned seawater. The noise was demonic and echoed across the hills, washing over the town and causing the inhabitants to hunch involuntarily as if bowed by the weight of the sound. The Vice Consul noted each detonation and struck another sea mine from his list.

Charles Palmer continued to perform his consular duties despite the growing realisation that his diplomatic immunity was wearing thin. In late August, he called on the Turkish Military Governor of the Channakale garrison, the erudite and practical Colonel Djevad Bey, to warn that the activities of uniformed German officers risked tearing the gossamer-thin façade from Turkey's neutrality. Palmer was quick to point out the cost of conflict to Turkey, his words reinforced by the grim, threatening presence of HMS *Indefatigable* at the mouth of the Dardanelles. Why bring the European conflagration to this ancient land and plunge the Sublime Porte into a conflict that would spell ruin to another generation of men? How many young wives would be widowed

and children orphaned to satisfy Germany's naked ambition? The Vice Consul's point struck home and the cadre of German officers active in Channakale was hastily recalled to Constantinople.

Yet Palmer's prophetic warning could not slow the pace of militarisation along the straits where the defensive preparations were nearing completion. Whispered scraps from his ring of sympathisers told the Briton that the two local regiments of infantry had ballooned from a token peacetime strength to over 6000 men following the rush to mobilisation. He learned also of their likely deployments—from the Gulf of Saros at the northern end of the peninsula southwards past a small, sheltered cove to Gaba Tepe (alternatively Kaba Tepe). One of the regimental artillery batteries was sited near the Ertrogal Fort which guarded the northern shore of the straits. Palmer recorded the movement of two machine-gun companies, equipped with four Maxim guns each, as they decamped from Channakale and moved slowly down the coastal road to occupy defensive positions. These too were marked with annotations on the Vice Consul's tracing paper.

Charles Palmer also noted with some disquiet the newly arrived steamer *Lily Rickmeers* which had dropped anchor in Dardan Bay, north of Channakale, on 15 August. He studied the ship from the shore, the German naval ensign at her stern whipped by the afternoon breeze. Strung between the foremast and the superstructure were the unmistakable wires of a long wave radio antenna. His astonishment deepened as he noticed a row of senior German officers, resplendent in their dress uniforms, smoking and chatting as they leaned against the rusting forecastle rail. Palmer whistled under his breath. Clearly the *Lily Rickmeers* was a headquarters vessel with the means to communicate with Constantinople on a

long wave radio band—a legitimate target for a British submarine in the eyes of the watching Vice Consul. Once in the privacy of his bureau, Palmer marked the ship's location and prepared his next report, conscious of the gravity of every word.

The uniformed officers of Germany's Military Mission smoking at the rail of the *Lily Rickmeers* were deeply disappointed with their posting. They knew that they were missing the vast, sweeping cavalry charges and fierce infantry attacks now raging on the glorious battlefields of France and Belgium. The glamour of war, the exhilaration of leading men into battle against an inferior enemy in his garish Napoleonic uniforms, was denied to them in their safe foreign billet. Turkey was a neutral country with a somewhat decadent reputation and the German officers, the bearers of a proud military tradition, feared that their careers would suffer without the blooding of battle. How could they look their *kameraden*, fresh from the glory of conquest, in the eye? The Turkish Army they had been tasked to support had mobilised a month earlier in July 1914 and, as foreigners, they were now reduced to the status of gaudily dressed outsiders looking on, wallflowers in sky-blue uniforms standing at the edge of a sea of men talking purposefully in a language they could not understand.

The isolated and frustrated members of the German Military Mission protested their fate volubly to their senior member, Head of Mission the *General der Kavallerie* Otto Liman von Sanders. They argued that honour dictated they return to regiments now moving towards the enemy with the jingle of bit, the rattling of sabre or the steady tread of massed boot. Permission was denied in a message that came

direct from the Kaiser himself. It was irrefutable. Colonel Kannengiesser, senior staff officer to Liman von Sanders, was so crestfallen that he placed a copy of this order above his bed to remind him of his strange duty to the Fatherland.

The German Military Mission had arrived in Constantinople many months earlier on 14 December 1913. A proud soldier, Otto Liman von Sanders strove with Prussian resolution to fulfil his contractual duties as a general in the Turkish Army. He brought with him a staff of forty-two officers, mostly captains and majors, none of whom could speak a word of Turkish and who attempted to communicate in a patois of German and French. A translator stood by, ready to supply the necessary words to satisfy the simplest needs. Somehow, from within this mire of difficulty, the officers of the German Military Mission were expected to act as technical advisers and instructors to the Turkish General Staff.

The Imperial Ottoman Army had mobilised 1 Corps for the defence of the capital well prior to any commitment by the government of Australia to send troops overseas. The call to mobilise fanned outward across the Ottoman Empire and followed a strict timetable, spelling the first moves that would see Anatolian farmers and Syrian villagers clash with bank clerks from Sydney, miners from Kalgoorlie and teachers from Melbourne. The Turkish Army boasted a fearsome reputation; its ancestors had battered the gates of Vienna a mere 300 years before. Since then the Imperial Ottoman Empire had shrunk significantly and its army had been pushed back from its frontiers with many galling losses. The Turkish General Staff had ordered military mobilisation as a precautionary measure. For the Turks, the possibility of Russian involvement in a war against the Central Powers of Germany and Austria constituted a call to arms.

Many Turkish soldiers were veterans of military campaigns in the Balkans and had learned the bitter lesson that defeat is a far better teacher of the realities of war than victory. The Turkish officers had learned the value of terrain, of such basic resources as fresh water and good rations, and had begun to balance the fear-drenched rhythm of battle with the shame of retreat and its aftermath. With each military fiasco came territorial loss and the humiliating sight of columns of Turkish families fleeing bloodshed and uncertainty. This had engendered a thirst for victory in the well-trained Turkish Officer Corps and they looked for modernisation from the rising star of Germany. Thus it was that the Turkish Minister of War had appointed *General der Kavallerie* Otto Liman von Sanders to command the Turkish Army's 1 Corps in Constantinople.

The Turkish soldier or *asker* was gritty and colourless and would never decorate an artist's tableau. His uniform was dun-coloured and baggy and the *asker* often stood barefoot or wore native slippers. His helmet would not stiffen its wearer's neck with pride as did the leather and brass of the Prussian *pickelhaube* with its proudly emblazoned German Imperial crest. *Askers* wore a turban wrapped over a conical cane frame which was light and protected its wearer from the sun. Yet many officers of the German Military Mission learned to look past the tattered uniform of their new ally and behold the man within, the tough Anatolian peasant. The basic block was strong—it was the logistic support that was feeble.

Despite the humble building blocks that comprised the Turkish Army, the *askers'* distant political masters, accommodated in gracious villas overlooking the waters of the Bosphorus, nevertheless pursued an ambition to restore the crumbling, moribund empire to its days of former glory.

Enver Bey, the Turkish Minister of War, turned to Germany for practical guidance in the science of war and found a willing ally.

The officers of the German Military Mission were appalled by the conditions in which the Turkish troops lived—and were expected to fight. The *askers*' uniforms were either threadbare or non-existent, and soldiers frequently resorted to wearing homespun shirts or trousers. Equally, their personal equipment was beggarly, often held together by string and strong hands. Poor sanitation in the barracks led to the spread of typhoid and cholera and conditions in the hospitals were equally pitiful. Liman von Sanders wrote of visiting a Turkish hospital only to find that the sick had been herded into a locked room and the key 'misaid' to avoid embarrassment. One unsterilised thermometer served over a hundred patients. Yet, despite the appalling conditions, the *askers* stood proud. The stoic farm labourers demanded little. They had a good rifle in the German-supplied Mauser and were allocated 200 copper-coloured bullets which they stuffed into pockets or wrapped in handkerchiefs. They ate hard, baked bread, olives and a handful of raisins. These men constituted a solid foundation which needed only the inspiration of fine leadership.

On 2 August 1914, six days before the Australian government finally committed to raising a division, the commander of the Turkish Army's 3 Corps, Brigadier General Esat Pasha, was roused from his bed at 2.45 a.m. and handed his mobilisation orders. The Turkish 3 Corps was destined to meet the Australian and New Zealand Army Corps in battle in a little under a year's time. Esat Pasha began his preparations immediately. The next day, the first numbered day in the pre-arranged timetable for mobilisation, the Turkish Army began to add flesh to its peacetime skeleton of three

infantry divisions. Young men left imploring arms with tear-soaked shoulders never to return.

The Turkish 3 Corps was unique. It boasted the singular distinction of having survived the Balkan Wars of 1912 intact along with its supporting field artillery regiment, a cavalry brigade and a corps support command. With the call to mobilise, the Corps' 9 Infantry Division was attached to Channakale Fortress Area Command on the Gallipoli Peninsula to act as a mobile reserve and tasked with the defence of the Dardanelles. These were the soldiers Vice Consul Charles Palmer had watched as they swelled the garrisons along the Narrows. Within the Turkish Army, 3 Corps stood alone as the only corps to meet its mobilisation timetable: the Corps swelled to 28,945 men with its remaining divisions reaching 13,000 men each by 21 August 1914.

An attack on the Dardanelles would come as no surprise to the Turks. This ancient land was a crossroad of empires and had been a killing ground since the days of Achilles. A succession of potentates had built chiselled stone fortresses of immensely thick crenulated walls along the shorelines of the Dardanelles. Modern forts of concrete had been added to house the imported *Ruhrgebiet* breech-loading Krupp guns, torpedo tubes, searchlights and mine blockhouses that now bristled either side of the straits. The forts along the Dardanelles had become the portcullis that denied the enemy the entrance to the empire. A select cadre from the German Military Mission comprising coastal defence specialists, artillery and infantry officers had boarded the *Lily Rickmeers* in Constantinople and steamed towards the area they knew would be the critical point in the coming operations.

The forts were sited in three defensive layers. The outer medieval stone forts of Sedd el Bahr on Cape Helles and its

twin on the other side of the Dardanelles, Kum Kale, stood as sentinel teeth barring entry to an exposed mouth. Further in lay a series of inner forts with seventy-two guns, a mixture of old and new. At this range even old, smooth-bored artillery pieces could be fired effectively with the gunner looking out over the blackened muzzle. The innermost layer of forts was set astride the Narrows. The waters were funnelled by escarpments to create a fast-flowing channel a mile across, while a line of guns made advancement past the port of Channakale a fool's mission. With mobilisation came artillery gunners attached to 9 Infantry Division who set mobile batteries in the cleft of valleys and behind ridges. Their rising projectiles could curve high over the ridge lines and plunge onto the exposed decks of enemy warships that sought to enter. Turkish commander Djevad Bey transformed his command from a quiet peacetime sinecure to a fortress garrison now bristling with menace. It was a superb defensive position: the Kilid Bahr plateau on the northern shore was a natural fortress and its batteries now dominated the waters that glistened below. The curtains of sea mines that hung in a series of undersea lines across the straits, particularly the Narrows, were swept by searchlights at night in a final protective barrier.

On the evening of 15 August, Vice Consul Charles Palmer wrote directly to the captain of the British warship he knew to be patrolling outside the Dardanelles.

Sir,

I have the honour to inform you that in my opinion the Turks are aiding the Germans covertly . . . today the German S.S. *Lily Rickmeers* arrived here, apparently

for Marconi [radio communication] purposes . . . The Turks have also two Marconi apparatus on the hills in the peninsula opposite here, and a short distance apparatus here.

The remainder of his letter was given to detailed descriptions of all the defensive preparations to the once peaceful town of Channakale, including the addition of three new minefields laid on 15 August, now lines A, B and C. Palmer noted that four quick-firing 7.5-cm four-gun batteries had been sited at Gallipoli with a further four-gun battery at the port of Maidos. Every detail that the meticulous Briton could muster was included in his missive, from the placement of wire entanglements to the location of newly dug gun emplacements. He signed the letter and passed it to a merchant ship's captain for safe passage to the warship.

The captain of HMS *Indomitable*, which patrolled the entrance to the Dardanelles, received the Vice Consul's letter the following day. The crucial importance of Palmer's intelligence report was immediately apparent and the captain replied forthwith:

Sir,

I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of the valuable information you have given me, and I hope you will send down any news you can . . . the importance is great that I should get early information of the movements of the Germans in the Sea of Marmora. I will send you a small code which you can use to telegraph to Tenedos, using *Indomitable* Tenedos.

Indomitable's captain recognised the value of a British spy who could report his first-hand observations of changes

to Turkish military preparations. However, Palmer's use of merchant captains to carry his reports exposed civilians to unacceptable risk, prompting the officers on *Indomitable* to devise a clever alternative. The captain sent one of his officers to meet secretly with the Vice Consul to discuss the importance of his work and hand Palmer a secret code to enable him to use the public telegraph cable linking Channakale and the Mediterranean island of Tenedos without raising suspicion. The key to the code was typed on a single foolscap sheet and used simple phrases as substitutes for the movement of the German warships *Goeben* and *Breslau*:

**H.B.M. Vice Consul Dardanelles.
CODE MESSAGE FOR SENIOR NAVAL
OFFICER BESIKA BAY**

- 'Mother Better' *Goeben* at Ismid and still flying German flag.
- 'Mother Dead' *Goeben* in Dardanelles and still flying German Flag.
- 'Aunt Dead' Turks will probably assist the enemy.

If you want to send any other messages refer to:

Goeben as brother

Breslau as sister

Goeben and *Breslau* as uncle.

A similar cipher was prepared for the British Ambassador in Constantinople with the addition of the phrase 'many thanks' to signal that war with Turkey was imminent. Palmer may have used the diplomatic bag to dispatch his coded missives to Sir Louis Mallet, his head of mission. The bag was taken

by steamer against the current of the Narrows and across the Sea of Marmora to the city of Constantinople.

The Turkish capital, a shining city with its Blue Mosque and Byzantine architecture, had become a den of intrigue as competing embassies attempted to enlist Turkey to fight or persuade her to remain teetering in precarious neutrality. German, Austrian, Russian, French and British diplomatic and military missions fought over the strategic prize that was the Imperial Ottoman Empire. Both the British and the French regarded Turkey as a threat to their shared hegemony of the Mediterranean; the landward approaches to the vital Suez Canal also jeopardised British trade with her colonies. Furthermore, Turkey could effectively strangle the Russian giant with her dependence on trade through the Sea of Marmora and out through the bottleneck of the Dardanelles. This land was strategic, highly coveted and presented a prize for which nations would readily fight. In August 1914 the German mission enjoyed the ascendancy. The gifts of *Goeben* and *Breslau* smacked of strategic and diplomatic genius. Not only did these ships pose a threat to Mediterranean trade and occupy the attention of a British squadron outside the Dardanelles, they had sealed a secret alliance with Germany which was formally signed on 3 August 1914.

The British had developed an effective spy ring within their own expatriate community and through scores of disaffected Turkish politicians and army officers, many of whom disapproved of their country's alignment with the Kaiser. The network was carefully and clandestinely woven, smoothed and cosseted by erudite and capable women, the wives of officials and businessmen who moved freely amongst the various social circles. The Royal Navy enjoyed considerable influence and prestige before the British Naval

Mission was withdrawn on Sunday 13 September, and the French Military Mission likewise created its own sphere of influence through its operation of the fledgling Turkish Air Service and air training school at Yeskilivoy.

The Allies rejoiced in a quiet coup when a member of the Turkish General Staff who recognised the German threat decided to twin himself with a British agent. This senior Turkish officer now delivered detailed reports on the movements of the Turkish Army, his secret information collated, verified and disseminated by the efficiently run Egyptian War Office in Cairo. On 8 September Colonel Cunliffe-Owen submitted his own report on the state of Turkey's defences which ran to seven foolscap pages and methodically assessed Turkey's preparations for war. He described 3 Corps on the Gallipoli Peninsula as numbering 45,000 men from a total of 460,000 men spread the length and breadth of the country:

As already reported by telegram, the efforts of the German political, military and naval bloc in this place in assisting the Turks in their military and naval preparations and in directing the measures taken, are almost endless in their ramifications. Wholesale introductions of arms, ammunition, officers, men and technical employees have taken place . . . the flotilla has been manoeuvred by German officers and a regular fleet of German mercantile ships in harbour has carried out the duties of store and depot ships for the war fleet and all the necessary auxiliary services. All these vessels carry indiscriminately the Turkish or German flag, and the German crews of the late *Goeben* and *Breslau* are likewise used indiscriminately for work on warships, on the auxiliary ships or in the forts.

Intelligence on the deployment of 3 Corps and its 7 Infantry Division to the port of Gallipoli and the movements of the two German warships was quickly communicated to Cairo and independently verified by Charles Palmer. The British Ambassador raised the issue of the *Lily Rickmeers'* role at Channakale with the Sublime Porte and his court and was politely told that there was 'no truth in the rumour that the German S.S. *Lily Rickmeers* has been transferred'. The British Ambassador's report now told of four German ships, including the *Lily Rickmeers*, assisting the German war effort.

Throughout August, September and October Charles Palmer visited and interviewed British ships' captains, ostensibly as part of his official consular work. These ships traversed a small channel between the lines of sea mines that would close off the straits as hostilities loomed. While many British ships were delayed or prevented from leaving Constantinople throughout these months, nine vessels managed to slip through the straits bringing vital information on Turkish naval movements and improvements to fortifications to the waiting Vice Consul.

Turkey's fumbling prevarication between neutrality and German belligerency ended in failure on 28 October. The *Goeben*, the sweetener in the new secret alliance, now demonstrated her full bitter potency as she bombarded the Russian ports on the Black Sea watched by attendant Turkish warships. Declarations of war from the Entente Powers soon followed. While the Australian Imperial Force (AIF) was billeted in transports crossing the Indian Ocean bound for Britain, the British Empire (including Australia) declared war on Turkey. The AIF was diverted to Alexandria and camps around Cairo to prepare to face this new threat.

The maritime door to the Sea of Marmora and

Constantinople was closed to maritime traffic as the last mines were sown across the Narrows. Charles Palmer could no longer rely on his diplomatic papers and was placed under house arrest, now viewed by Colonel Djavad Bey and the German staff officers on the *Lily Rickmeers* as an active spy and a snake in their midst. Outside the mouth of the Dardanelles Vice Admiral Sackville Carden, commander of the British Eastern Mediterranean Squadron, received his orders from the Admiralty in London:

... without risking the ships, demonstration is to be made by bombardment on the earliest suitable day by your armoured ships against the forts at the Dardanelles at a range of 14,000 to 12,000 yards. Ships should keep under way, approaching as soon after daylight as possible, retirement should be made before fire from the forts becomes effective.

The next day the first faltering steps were taken that would lead to over 8,000 Australian deaths. Warships of the British EMS bombarded the outer forts guarding the mouth of the Gallipoli Peninsula at 5.45 a.m. on 3 November 1914. *Indefatigable* and *Indomitable* opened fire on the Sedd el Bahr fort on the northern coast. Using high powered binoculars, gun layers standing in armoured boxes atop the spotting masts could just discern the outlines of the medieval sandstone fort as the sun rose behind the distant ridge lines. Two French warships, the *Suffren* and *Verite*, fired at Kum Kale fort on the southern mouth of the Dardanelles, a range of over seven miles. The thick casements of the fortress initially appeared to have withstood the onslaught. Five minutes later an explosion inside the fort sent a column of dark grey smoke and debris 200 yards into the air. The gun

layers whooped, guessing that they had hit a gunpowder magazine. On the southern coast the French *Suffren* turned its 12-inch guns onto Fort Kum Kalessi to destroy the batteries which, according to Charles Palmer, were hunkered behind its concrete and steel battlements.

Petty Officer Cave, a sailor on *Indefatigable*, described the first bombardment as it thundered over his head and towards the Turkish shore:

It seemed to me to be a deliberate bombardment of practically every building in sight, care being taken not to hit the minaret. This would be because of its use in range-finding and also perhaps because of a wish not to offend religious sensibilities. The main target was certainly the fort, which we made a mess of, culminating in a huge explosion. There had been sporadic return fire from several positions but we certainly weren't hit and it was all a one sided affair.

Three minutes later the Turkish forts replied in kind. Shells curved from the forts and plunged towards the moving ships. The shots were initially wild, but improved rapidly as the bombardment progressed. One 9.2-inch shell fell close between the two British warships.

In the grey dawn of this early morning, Turkish families who were sleeping soundly in their beds were introduced to the intimacy of war. Villagers in Sedd el Bahr who had enjoyed uninterrupted picturesque views of both the straits and the glistening water of the Mediterranean now cursed their location. Houses built to stand rain and the winds of time were obliterated, smashed by shrieking naval shells.

Families were ripped apart and the chattels of their now broken lives scattered across the neighbourhood. In the castle below the fort, gongs called men from cool mess rooms deep in the stone bowels of the building to man the batteries on the battlements and casements which were now turned towards the threat from the sea.

Naval rounds detonated against the stone walls sending deadly shards of stone whipping across fascias. Men were cut down as if caught by giant blades, others deafened by the detonations and choked by the gases emitted by the naval shells. Orders were shouted and batteries were served. Officers' servants and cooks, who had run up the stairs to view the spectacle out to sea, ran for the safety of the officers' mess located at the rear of the fort. Many of these men were killed five minutes into the bombardment when the main magazine was hit and the resulting explosion ripped through the officers' quarters. Three guns were knocked off their mountings and 150 men were treated for severe burns and shrapnel wounds later that morning. Inside Kum Kale fort on the southern shore two officers and five men were killed and over forty wounded.

Charles Palmer was in bed when the attack erupted. Channakale was untouched but the noise of the bombardment reverberated through the Narrows in a palpable wave of sound. While smoke and dust obscured the entrance, it was clear that the villages were ablaze and that the forts near the entrance were being battered. Palmer dressed and sought an immediate audience with the civilian governor of Channakale to harangue him again on the costs of war. The Vice Consul was admitted an hour after the bombardment ceased and deftly argued that the extensive damage had been achieved in a mere ten-minute salvo. German officers spread their own misinformation that two warships had been

damaged and the fleet forced to disengage. In the evening a curfew was enforced keeping the population indoors as carts carrying the moaning and shrieking wounded were pulled through the darkened streets.

The Turkish garrison and its German advisers were now convinced that the British Vice Consul was an enemy agent. To them it was obvious that he had collected information on the defences as he wandered the countryside under diplomatic protection. Their nations were now at war and soldiers and civilian men, women and children had died; it was surely only a matter of time before the Briton found himself thrown into a Turkish prison. Palmer's detention was indeed imminent and would have become reality had it not been for the timely intervention of the American Consul, Cornelius van Engert, who had been dispatched from Constantinople to spirit Palmer away. Van Engert later wrote to Charles Palmer's father in England describing the circumstances:

My dear Mr. Palmer:

... I happened to be attached to our Embassy in Constantinople when Turkey entered the war and was sent down to get the 'enemy' consul away. That is how I met Mr. Palmer, who was then H.B.M.'s vice-consul there ... I remember that the Turkish officials never ceased—after I had got him safely out of the country—to lament the fact that they had let him go at all!

Following his narrow escape from Channakale, Charles Palmer met his rendezvous with the destroyer HMS *Beagle* on 17 November and was transferred to Vice Admiral Sackville Carden's flagship, *Indefatigable*, for an intelligence briefing. Palmer now had the audience he craved and, armed

with his papers, including the tracings of Turkish defensive preparations, he gave a series of briefings on the Dardanelles defences to naval officers whose interest was immediately captured. Vice Admiral Carden was sufficiently impressed to write to the Secretary of the Admiralty praising the Vice Consul's intelligence work and describing Palmer's experience of the bombardment while he was still at his post in Channakale.¹ He included a detailed report on the partial destruction of the forts guarding the mouth of the Dardanelles and added two enclosures comprising information supplied by Charles Palmer on the minefields and batteries of the Dardanelles defences.

Charles Palmer had accurately marked thirty-two small guns and twenty machine-guns in the area around Kephez Light, suggesting that he had paced the ground and taken compass readings as a back bearing to prominent features. Vice Admiral Carden dutifully recorded the location of all the batteries Palmer had discovered, noting calibres with distances and bearings from other known locations. This information was priceless. The report was bundled and clipped into a manila folder addressed to the Secretary of the Admiralty; there the information was copied and plotted onto Admiralty charts and military maps.

Charles Palmer remained aboard *Indefatigable* until 30 November. During his stay he briefed the naval staff on the location and importance of the *Lily Rickmeers* and the *Indefatigable's* officers discussed the possibility of sending a submarine up the straits to dive under the minefields identified by Palmer and torpedo the headquarters vessel. With luck an early morning attack would catch the German officers in their cabins.

¹ See Appendix A for Carden's letter.

Palmer returned to London to await commissioning in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve as an intelligence officer, applying also to the Foreign Secretary, Sir Edward Gray, to whom he restated his experiences in collecting intelligence on the Dardanelles defences. The Foreign Secretary and the Director of the Naval Intelligence Department, however, were preoccupied with planning to send more weapons of war to the Dardanelles, specifically submarines and aircraft. War's new bastard twins were to be used extensively on this ancient battlefield. Both would involve men from the distant shores of Australia.

CHAPTER 2

1 December 1914–17 March 1915

Opening shots

The addition of aeroplanes to the modern panoply of battle was approved at the same time as Charles Palmer's first report circulated through the Admiralty. The Naval Intelligence Department, gripped with excitement at the prospect of employing these modern weapons of war at Gallipoli, asked the Foreign Secretary:

The Director of Naval Intelligence Department presents his compliments to the Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs with reference to making an aeroplane base on land near the Dardanelles. It is proposed to make use of Tenedos for this purpose and the Director would be glad to know if there would be any objection to this being done.

The First Sea Lord, Sir Winston Churchill, scrawled his approval to the signal in heavy black ink.

A day later, the Foreign Secretary informed the Director

of the Naval Intelligence Department that Tenedos was in Greek hands and that an approach could be made via diplomatic means. Greece had seized Bozcaada—the newly named Tenedos—from Turkey a number of years before. The island was situated eighteen miles from the coast of the Gallipoli Peninsula and was ideal for use as a base for both submarines and aircraft. Three months later, all the Aegean islands of Tenedos, Imbros and Lemnos would be bases for the Allied divisions including ANZAC.

Charles Palmer's report on the location of the German headquarters ship was lauded as an intelligence coup. The ship was a critical enemy vulnerability which the Allied Eastern Mediterranean Squadron (EMS) intended to target. On 3 December the captain of the newly established submarine squadron, based alongside the headquarters and support ship HMS *Blenheim*, wrote to Vice Admiral Carden outlining his plans. He proposed that submarine B.11 attempt to penetrate the Dardanelles by diving under the six curtains of mines. The submarine squadron was desperate to enter the battle:

If B.11 fails to reach Channakale we can then call the French Submarines to make the attempt. If *Lily Rickmeers* is still at Channakale, I submit the attempt should be made, as I understand from Mr. Palmer that the GERMAN Staff are living on board her.

Submarines were still unproven at this early stage of the war and serving aboard these craft, particularly in time of conflict, was extremely risky. Submarines had none of the glamour of a destroyer or the dignity of a battleship and, for the men who lived aboard these vessels, it was literally an oil-stained existence. There was little air and precious

few comforts and the interior was particularly cramped and uncomfortable. The submarine submerged with its air supply captured within its hull and submariners endured headaches from petrol leaks and the threat of asphyxiation from carbon monoxide poisoning. There was no privacy and no place to wash, except over the side. Officers did not wear regulation white service dress but worked in overalls and looked no different to the naval ratings with whom they shared common hardships.

Early submarines were plagued by leaks which were controlled by pumps designed to expel water faster than the inflows could fill the bilges. For this reason, the B-class submarines submerged for short periods only. B.11 was an early design, built in 1912 and already superseded by the larger and better designed E class. Measuring a mere 143 feet and manned by a small crew of thirteen, B.11's chances of success were slim, even before she left Tenedos. The submarine squadron received its orders to launch the attack on 18 November 1914. The plan of the minefield which accompanied the orders did not, however, reflect the latest information collected by Charles Palmer. Palmer's intelligence report, forwarded by Vice Admiral Carden, was still completing its circuit of the Admiralty in London when the submarine squadron's orders were dispatched. Fortunately for the crew of B.11, they had prior access to Charles Palmer and his tracings.

At 4.15 a.m. on 13 December 1914, B.11 slipped her moorings and headed towards the mouth of the Dardanelles. She had tubular guards fitted over the fore and aft hydroplanes and steel wires ran from bow and stern to the conning tower to prevent sea mine cables and anti-submarine nets fouling her. Snagging a sea mine cable would bring the mine down onto the casing, causing an instantaneous and fatal

detonation. B.11's crew was tasked with penetrating the Dardanelles and sinking the ship identified by Charles Palmer as the *Lily Rickmeers*. The mission involved diving under several mine curtains and slipping past a shore lined with hostile batteries, aided by searchlights during darkness. Technically, the mission could not succeed as the B-class submarine battery did not have the strength to drive the vessel against the current while submerged. In the Admiralty's eyes, the loss of the submarine and its crew would be justified by the sinking of the enemy's headquarters ship—a critical blow in this early phase of the campaign. The B.11's captain, Lieutenant Norman Holbrook, later wrote to his parents, regaling them with the story of his mission:

I put in nine hours under water all told which I think is a record for a B boat. I have had any number of congrats from the Admiralty. They think the ship is a Turkish battleship called the *Messudieb* from the description I gave, but I can't be sure. Wasn't it a bit of luck. All I can say is lay on McDuff. I am ready for the next. I was going to Chanak to sink the *LCL Rickmars* a ship on board of which the German Staff live, but found this just before, about a mile from Chanak.

The *Messudieb* was a pre-dreadnought battleship built in England in 1874 and later sold to the Turks. She was outclassed and outgunned for modern war and had been retired from frontline service, her 9.2-inch guns removed from their upper turrets and replaced with wooden dummies. Her secondary guns, which jutted from her upper hull, had been retained and she was anchored as a coastal defence ship to guard the minefields. Although a tempting target of 9520 tonnes and over three times the length of Holbrook's

own boat, sinking the *Messudieh* did not produce the decisive result that killing the enemy headquarters staff would have delivered. Petty Officer Austin, the B.11's forward torpedo rating, also described the attack:

I had the starboard torpedo ready and I heard the explosion. Much depended on me with the running of the torpedo. When she did go I shook hands with my fore-end man, and did a war dance, and I think I went dotty for five minutes.

The skipper sang out, 'take her down, they are firing at me like hell' and shots were flying round us like rice at a wedding.

When we came up again she had sunk. She was the *Messudjeh*, 10,000 tons with two 9.2 inch guns and six 6 inch guns. It appears she was the ship he was after and that she had a German War Staff on board.

Petty Officer Austin's torpedo hit the stern of the ship, smashing through its lightly armoured side and detonating close to the boiler room. Smoke billowed skyward as the Turkish sailors manned their guns and fired at the periscope moving towards them. The ship settled onto the shallow bottom of the bay and began to turn over. The gunners continued to fire, supported by the depression of the tilting deck, until the periscope sank from view. Many of the sailors fled up metal ladders to the higher decks and tried to find safety from the steam and water below before the *Messudieh* finally turned over. Despite the frantic attempts of rescuers to extricate men from the doomed ship, the *Messudieh* sank with the loss of ten officers and twenty-five naval ratings.

At 2.10 p.m., the B.11 surfaced outside Cape Helles.

When the hatch was opened, a poisonous cloud of greenish yellow gas wafted from the submarine and it took thirty minutes for the boat to be sufficiently ventilated for the diesel engine to start. The returning submariners were welcomed as heroes. Later, Lieutenant Norman Holbrook wrote his official dispatch aboard HMS *Hindu Kush*:

Sir,

I have the honour to report that on Sunday December 13th I proceeded in Submarine B.11 up the Dardanelles with a view to reaching Tchanak [Channakale], if possible and torpedoing the *Lily Rickmeers*, or any other hostile vessel as opportunity might offer.

On 22 December 1914, Norman Holbrook was awarded the Victoria Cross and his crew the Distinguished Service Medal. The fact that he had sunk the wrong ship was lost in celebration of the bravery of the men who launched the first British submarine attack in the Mediterranean.

On 31 January 1915, the world's first aircraft carrier, HMS *Ark Royal*, was dispatched to the Dardanelles with ten aircraft (six seaplanes and four landplanes) in her capacious hold. While the four landplanes—all wheeled biplanes—could take off from her flush front deck, landing was impossible and the aircraft had to 'pancake' onto the sea to be retrieved before they sank. The aircrew were advised to take empty petrol cans to use as flotation devices, just in case. Hundreds of these oblong cans were later given to the ANZAC soldiers for use as water tins when they landed in April 1915. Unlike the landplanes, *Ark Royal's* six seaplanes could be lowered to the sea by two steam cranes and retrieved with relative ease.

Ark Royal was entirely experimental; the flight crew had

attempted their first flight evolution in the harbour at Malta while en route to the Dardanelles. *Ark Royal* also carried ten '14 inch diameter Torpedoes Mark X for Special Purposes' supplied by the submarine depot at Chatham. 'Special Purposes' encompassed secret plans to employ *Ark Royal's* seaplanes against Turkish shipping, using an aerially launched torpedo to be devised and tested at the front. A seaplane was thought to have a better chance of success flying over the Dardanelles than a submarine diving under the curtains of mines.

The seaplanes were also intended for use in directing naval gunfire onto the forts in an early example of cooperation—a first in time of war. The Royal Flying Corps in France had provided the British Expeditionary Force with reports on the movement of German troop concentrations in the battles of late 1914. They were now developing a signal code based on radio correction and using a clock face to assist artillery gunners to hit targets out of visual range of land-based observers. *Ark Royal* was an incremental step beyond that as her seaplanes were tasked to train naval ships' guns onto shore targets. Because of the potency of the Turkish defences and the fragility of the warships, the naval gunnery officers would be dependent on the reports of the pilots and observers. The aviators would be the eyes of the navy as the warships intended to engage the forts from the maximum safe range which was beyond visual correction.

Alongside the Allied agents operating in Turkey were Russian spies; indeed the penetration of Russian agents into the Turkish Officer Corps was nothing short of astonishing. The Russians supplied high grade intelligence to the Admiralty and the EMS, addressing in particular their plans to attack the Dardanelles forts:

HMS *Indefatigable*

11 February 1915.

Sir,

I have the honour to report that a copy of the Russian report on the Defences of the Dardanelles has recently been received from the British Minister at Athens.

The report consisted of photographs of plans of the forts, together with a tracing showing the latest defensive positions. Included with the letter was a detailed comparison of British Naval Intelligence Department report No. 838 (published in 1906 but subsequently updated by Charles Palmer) and the valuable material provided by the Russians. All thirty-five numbered forts were listed, as were their armaments, providing a rich source of information for the naval gunners. There were also plans and photographs of the fort at Gaba Tepe and its guns, which would later excite much interest among the ANZACs. The Director of the Naval Intelligence Department commented:

Noted. On the whole the Russian report agrees closely with information already in Intelligence Department.

Two days later, the Admiralty ordered Vice Admiral Carden to prepare for a deliberate attack against the Dardanelles defences. Intelligence from numerous sources, including the turned Turkish General Staff Officer in the headquarters in Constantinople, warned of further preparations on the peninsula. It was now the turn of the newest weapon, *Ark Royal* and her aircraft, to take the battle into the third dimension—the air. The intelligence picture dispelled any doubts over the ease of the task ahead:

It is possible none of these defences may have been reduced and also that the defences have been supplemented by concealed batteries and howitzers. To discover this thorough aerial reconnaissance should be carried out before commencing operations.

Vice Admiral Carden committed the EMS to a systematic four-stage reduction of the forts. There was much at stake: the success of this attack could be instrumental in knocking Turkey out of the war and perhaps bringing the Balkan states into the Allied camp. The engagement of the forts became a piecemeal operation dictated by the weather which tapped the rhythm like a divine conductor: 19, 25 February, 2 March and 18 March. Twelve ships were divided into one French division and two British divisions, the warships steaming off the coast and sending shells in flat trajectories across the water as each directed a long-range bombardment against stone walls.

On the day after *Ark Royal* arrived, the carrier's seaplanes flew two missions to scout for intelligence. In the late afternoon of 17 February, Lieutenant Geoffrey Bromet and his observer, Lieutenant Commander Hugh Williamson, took off for the first flight over the enemy defences. The seaplane's underpowered engine ran roughly and could only manage to climb to an altitude of 2000 feet over the sea. When the aircraft flew over land and the garrisoned forts, the slow-moving machine came within effective rifle range of the enemy below. As the aviators examined the old stone fort of Sedd el Bahr which dominated the cape, well-aimed rifle bullets, fired by little brown figures below, began to puncture the taut fabric which covered the wings. Jagged holes appeared and the torn fabric rippled in the slipstream. Ignoring this, Bromet circled the fortress and

lined his biplane into a bombing run. He pushed the controls forward, framing the stone bastion between the upper and lower wings. His Wight seaplane, known as a 'pusher' with its engine and propeller in the rear and the two air-men seated forward in a wood-lined gondola, provided a bird's-eye view of the enemy defences below. As the aircraft reached the lowest point of its dive, Williamson released a 20-pound bomb which whistled towards the fortress and men below. The seaplane clawed for air and rose shuddering over the straits as the bomb continued its descent and detonated in the sea, just beyond the fortress wall.

Continuing their flight, the aviators targeted the other stone fortress of Kum Kalessi which guarded the Dardanelles coastline on the opposite side. Once again Bromet reduced power and pushed the flight controls forward, aligning himself with the fortress below. Williamson, sitting behind and hunched forward, pulled the lever and the second bomb fell, detonating outside the fort's massive walls. With more fabric stripping from the wooden frame of the fragile craft, the aviators returned to the safety of *Ark Royal* and the sea. The flight had lasted an adrenaline racing eighty-seven minutes.

Before their sortie, Bromet and Williamson had been briefed by *Ark Royal's* intelligence officer, Lieutenant Harry Strain. Harry Strain was a former lawyer used to dealing in the rituals of the courts. Now he stood as a reserve officer with his hands spread across a table covered with maps and naval charts of the Dardanelles defences. Charles Palmer's reports had been collated, marked on naval charts and printed by the Naval Intelligence Department. Hugh Williamson and Geoffrey Bromet searched for any deviations from Palmer's information and added a new battery to the chart.

Harry Strain wrote an account of the early reconnaissance in his diary, noting that Charles Palmer's work presented an accurate picture of the defences,

We did reconnaissance flights along the coast and over the forts to determine whether the Naval Intelligence Department information about the entrance to the defences were correct . . . except for the fact that the N.I.D. report placed the guns a good deal further back from the cliff than they actually were and the discovery of an anti-aircraft battery behind the tomb of Achilles . . . our flights only confirmed the accuracy of Naval Intelligence.

Two days later, on 19 February, the beach and cove on which the ANZACs were to land was overflowed for the first time. Although this beach would not be selected by the army commander until 13 April, the area was of immediate interest to the fleet as a Turkish garrison was known to have dug defensive positions into the promontory of Gaba Tepe. Naval reservist Lieutenant William Park flew as an observer in a Short seaplane along the coast from the cape to beyond Gaba Tepe, a distance of twelve miles. Park and his pilot were acting as bait, hoping that any concealed Turkish batteries would reveal their positions by firing at this tempting, slow-moving target. Initially, they verified the exact position and likely calibre of guns within Sedd el Bahr by flying slow figure of eights over the area before flying on to Gaba Tepe. Park peered over the starboard side of the aircraft, his vision forward obscured by the seaplane's engine and propeller which were positioned at the front. Flying over Gaba Tepe and a small, sheltered cove, the airmen saw empty gun emplacements but no batteries. Returning along the coast

the bait was taken by an impatient Turkish artillery officer and the air erupted behind them in angry puffs of smoke and shrapnel as the biplane bucked and its pilot banked sharply. Park noted the flash of a battery north-west of Sedd el Bahr—a battery hitherto undetected. The aircraft returned to the safety of the sea, taxiing to the side of *Ark Royal*, its pilot and observer well pleased with their success in identifying yet another battery.

The first naval probe of 17 February was followed by a more aggressive attempt to attack the forts on 25 February. Reconnaissance flights had confirmed that all the forts were manned and supplemented by mobile artillery batteries located in safety behind the first inland ridges. The batteries' gun barrels pointed sharply skywards and could send shells plunging onto the lightly armoured decks of the warships while remaining out of sight and protected from naval fire. Vice Admiral Carden's hopes of smashing the forts of the Dardanelles using naval gunfire alone were fading fast. He decided to attempt a new strategy, a leapfrog attack in which smaller battleships would pass through the lines of capital ships such as the super-dreadnought HMS *Queen Elizabeth*. One of the sailors on *Ark Royal* described the manoeuvre:

The main fleet lay off at anchor and bombarded the Dardanelles forts at long range. A second squadron then went in closer to attack the forts with rapid and direct fire. In forts 1 and 4, the Turks stuck to their guns, and if their shooting had been in proportion to their pluck, we would have suffered severely.

The Turkish gunners improved their accuracy with each attack, their guns now registering on the enemy warships

during each bombardment. They also learned that the enemy's naval shells were designed to penetrate a ship's armoured plating; the large calibre rounds, despite their deafening noise and smoke, buried themselves deep in the earth before they exploded, reducing their ability to kill and maim. The Turkish gunners took cover in their trenches until the deafening barrage stopped. Seaplane observers circling overhead reported that, once the barrage ceased, the gunners crept back to their guns and resumed firing on the warships. The Turks were already proving a clever and stoic enemy.

Naval crews were new to the experience of warfare and many observations found in diaries described their reaction to the trauma of battle:

From where I was sheltering I could see two severely shocked men. Was this to be my last hour and was this the end of *Gaulois*? We certainly didn't fear death but we didn't look on the thought of horrible wounds with any pleasure. When we saw how near the shells were, as fountains of water were thrown up around us, we were without any doubt feeling the strain.

From the warships, the sailors and their officers observed the destructive work of the barrage, heralded by the first crack of the shells' impact, then a low, dull thunder followed by an enormous rolling cloud of white smoke that swelled and billowed. Chunks of stone and masonry flew out into the sea for hundreds of yards leaving a ruin where once a fort had stood. The troublesome gun batteries simply disappeared in a cloud of dust.

For the Turks, bombarded by shells the weight of small cars, the effect was terrifying. With each broadside, the

enemy ships were obscured by plumes of smoke before the shriek of incoming shells told of an approaching barrage. The earth jumped and rolled like the ocean, stones fell from the sky and the air was heavy with the stench of sulfur. Hell reached upwards to pull the living under. After each crescendo, the men cowering in the trenches fought for breath. Yet the enemy gunners continued to service their guns, returning stinging fire all the while. Aerial reports from overhead told of dust-shrouded men emerging from trenches when the firing ceased, some carrying shells on their backs as the cranes which normally lifted the heavy brass-cased shells into gun breeches had been blown away.

The stoicism of the Turkish gunners forced the navy to develop a new strategy to destroy the forts. Troops would be landed on the shore to enter the base of the Turkish strongholds and demolish the guns with satchel charges stuffed with dynamite. On the afternoon of 26 February, cutters from the warship *Irresistible* were towed by a destroyer to Sedd el Bahr beach. Thirty sailors and forty-five marines landed without injury on a beach that killed a thousand on the morning of 25 April. Taken by surprise, the usually staunch Turkish gunners fled from the medieval fort into the village behind. All six guns were destroyed by explosive charges shaped into canvas sausage lengths and poked down gun barrels. Riflemen, most likely a detachment from 9 Infantry Division, remained behind to fight in corridors deep inside the castle. They barred entry to the magazines while the marines dominated the outer walls where the guns were mounted.

Stiffer enemy resistance denied the forts on the southern shore at Kum Kale and claimed a life. Midshipman William Powlett recorded the incident:

They landed by the pier at No. 6 Fort and got into scattered formation immediately. 'A' Company was left in Kum Kale while the remainder proceeded up to No. 4. They were fired upon by Turks in the windmills at Yeni Shehr which were soon brought down by us and the *Dublin*. It was a fine sight to see the windmills crumple up and fall down. When the party got to No. 4 Fort they smashed up a search light and several connecting wires connecting mines but did not blow up any guns. On the way back they were cut off by Turks in a cemetery. The Turks were driven off and our Marines got back to their boats. I did not expect half of them to come back. Only one was killed and three wounded. The one killed I am afraid was mutilated—the Turks venting their whole wrath on him. His head was smashed in, four bullet holes in his face, one in his wrist, one in shoulder and one in knee—this was an explosive bullet and blown his knee cap off. Both his legs were broken and a bayonet wound in his abdomen.

The war continued, its ferocity spreading to the air and below the sea as minesweepers moved in at night to sweep the straits clear of mines. Many of the minesweepers were converted North Sea fishing trawlers crewed by fishermen who found the local conditions tough; the trawlers had great difficulty fighting the current flowing through the Narrows. The cruiser *Amethyst* was ordered to assist the minesweepers which belayed lines from their sterns to cut the chains anchoring the sea mines to the ocean floor. There was no protection for the trawler if it rammed a mine while clearing a channel. Likewise, the fishermen had no protection from shrapnel and suffered heavy losses as Turkish artillery shells cut through the wooden hulls

and superstructure of their trawlers: William Powlett continued:

In the night trawlers were sent up to clear the mine-field off the Saundere River, and had a hot time. One hit a mine and went down, her crew being rescued by a picket boat: another had four killed and had no one left to work the trawl, while the *Amethyst*, which was supporting them had a shell explode in her foredeck, killing and wounding thirty men.

Even with darkness as a cloak, an approach to this ancient shoreline was a dangerous and bloody affair. One of *Amethyst's* crew described his experience:

We had been ordered to go below and write letters home as well as getting some refreshment. Later at action stations all was going well, with the picket boats pulling the mines away with grappling irons, and suddenly we were the centre of searchlight glare and all hell broke loose. My gun received a direct hit and all but two of us were wounded. In the forepart of the ship, shells killed many men still in their hammocks. A watch of stokers all together in the bathroom were wiped out and the upper deck looked like a ploughed field. We got past Cape Helles at day-break and that was the nicest sunrise I'd ever seen.

Amethyst's stokers had been stripped bare as they had finished a shift on duty and were washing the coal dust from their bodies. The mangled mass of broken forms, with neither uniforms nor identifying clothing, was tangled grotesquely with the plumbing. The sailors could only make a *count* of bodies

after assembling the various body parts; the men's shipmates were unable to clearly identify their dead comrades.

During the naval bombardment the seaplanes flew sorties to report on enemy activity. Bromet and Williamson, flying their twentieth mission from *Ark Royal* on 1 March, found themselves in a ringside seat as the naval force below them engaged the shore batteries, the battleships resembling a child's toy ships. Flying towards land Williamson noted the complexity of newly dug entrenchments and the telltale signs of an artillery park complete with tethered bullocks and mules indicating the clever use of recently positioned mobile guns. The batteries were nestled in deep valleys, camouflaged from observation with netting and brushwood. Bromet circled the seaplane waiting for the flash of the hidden guns below. Not satisfied with recording the location of the Turkish batteries, the airmen guided the seaplane directly into the fight. Bromet pitched the sluggish aircraft into a gentle dive and released a bomb aimed at the Mount Dardanus battery. The 20-pound bomb's detonation had no effect on the well dug-in battery and the bomb casing tore the air harmlessly over the gunners' heads. Identifying a camp in the open to the south-west of the battery, Bromet nudged the flight control gently sideways and touched the rudder pedal, nursing the biplane into a turn towards its new target. Instead of a bomb, the airmen dropped sharpened metal spikes that fell a thousand feet onto the unprotected camp. The spikes were intended to crack a soldier's egg-thin skull and kill him the old fashioned way—a modern version of an arrow. The aviators returned to *Ark Royal* and admitted sheepishly to Harry Strain that they had caused 'no considerable damage' to the enemy.

Despite the technology of the industrial age, the British cruisers with their formidable firepower were unable to oust

the Turkish defenders from their fortresses. The dogged defenders remained huddled in their trenches, hands clasped over ears to cut the whining and detonation of the massive naval shells that hurtled towards them.

The Royal Marines of the EMS landed a second time on the enemy-held shore on 4 March. But the Turkish *askers* of 9 Infantry Division were waiting for just such an assault. Lieutenant Commander Hornby and Lieutenant Allsop from *Ark Royal* landed with a squad of Royal Marines to survey the enemy shore for the future construction of an aerodrome once the shoreline had been taken from the Turks—the first combat survey of an airfield in military history. Five hundred marines were to land on each side of the Dardanelles. The marines were intent on assaulting and demolishing the fortresses of Sedd El Bahr on the northern shore and Kum Kale and Yeni Shehr on the southern shoreline.

The marines were transported in four destroyers before being transferred to cutters for their assault, with naval gunfire support from *Ocean*, *Irresistible*, *Majestic*, *Cornwallis*, *Prince George*, *Triumph* and *Dublin* to cover the landings. While the assailants were satisfied that the guns of the fleet, assisted by the seaplanes above, could overwhelm the Turkish defence, in truth, Hornby and Allsop were lucky to escape with their lives.

Harry Strain on *Ark Royal* described the attempts of the aircraft to track the movement of Turkish reinforcements as they traversed the broken ground:

Our job was to fly over the surrounding country to try to estimate the strength of the defence and where the troops were firing from . . . we came close to the ground in order to try and find out, with the result that

our machines were plastered with rifle fire. Bromet and Brown had the record for the day with twenty-eight bullet holes in the planes [wings], the floats badly shot about, two holes in the propeller and a number in the tail.

The men of the Sedd el Bahr party failed in their attempt to storm the entrance to the fort, having suffered heavy casualties in the short, desperate pull to the shore and managing only to fight their way off the beach into the shelter of a stone bastion. There they stayed:

Every man who put his head around the corner had it shot through.

When the supporting seaplane flew overhead, the Turkish garrison ran for cover, fearing a hail of bombs, metal darts or naval gunfire. The seaplanes were forced to divide their time between both shores, noting that, without the presence of an aerial threat, the enemy crept forward to new positions:

We could see from the ship men creeping back into the ruined fort of Sedd el Bahr only when the seaplane was over Yeni Shehr [over the southern shore].

The marines outside the fort had abandoned their mission to destroy the magazines; they were fighting simply to remain alive. Hornby and Allsop had not even managed to scramble to the dubious safety of the bastion. They were kennelled under the base of the cliff below the fort where they knew they were sheltered from the withering fire of the defenders lining the cliffs above. On the same beach

where Hornby and Allsop lay panting—later codenamed V Beach—the British 29 Division would assault in daylight on 25 April 1915. By then the enemy would have made such massive defensive improvements that the men would not even reach the base of the cliff, dying in their boats and staining the sea red.

The marine detachment that landed on the southern shore was also in trouble. Once on the beach, the marines had to cross a mile of open ground before they could attack the first enemy emplacement, Fort Orkanie. Open ground presents an ideal killing field:

Two scouting parties of eight men each were sent forward, out of them only a sergeant ever got back.

The marines, having heard nothing from the missing scouts, moved forward across the open ground in short rushes. The Turks fired continuously:

They got so far, when it became obvious that they would be wiped out if they went on, so they were recalled. The return was the hardest part: from the ship we could see them making short rushes along the shore and throwing themselves down in the water or behind any mound of sand, and bullets splashing into the water all around them.

A seaman aboard the battleship *Lord Nelson* also recorded the events of this day:

Demolishing party from our ship landed at Kum Kale and met half-way by a hail of bullets from enemy in concealed trenches and houses. We continued to bombard

heavily doing considerable damage whilst party tried to reach forts and blow up guns etc. but they found the road to fort commanded by enemy well entrenched so eventually had to retire as they were only twenty-seven to hundreds of Turks. Much difficulty was found in retirement as there was very little cover available and a movement from anyone was a signal for a hail of bullets. It was rotten to see the way that they travelled back fighting all the way along the beach. I could see them through the range finder, crawling through the water. The Marine Brigade suffered more severely.

Two destroyers ventured close inshore returning fire and dominating the enemy with sheer destructive force, allowing many of the wounded to be hoisted on board. The fleet exacted its revenge on the nearby village of Sedd el Bahr where many of the garrison soldiers were housed. Under the sustained naval bombardment, a curtain of smoke and explosive haze soon obscured the beaches. A further trickle of marines and the survey party from *Ark Royal* made it to safety. The *askers* of 3 Corps with their patched uniforms and string had stood their ground, proving yet again the importance of experience gained on other battlefields.

The warships returned to the Dardanelles by day and by night. Lieutenant Commander Gibson, the gunnery officer on HMS *Albion*, kept an extraordinarily explicit diary of the events he witnessed:

Tues 9 March: *Albion* ordered to be Senior Officer in Dardies with *Irresistible* under orders to shell villages and forts at entrance, destroy boats and as much of Mendere River and camber at Sedd el Bahr, destroy any observation posts which could be seen or suspected.

French trawlers came in. Nobody fired at us. And we fired about the place. Destroyed three possible observation houses in Morto Bay, one obviously a good haul as when I at last got a 6" projectile right into it and blew it up sky high up went a magazine to our great joy. It is a huge joy when you have tried several shots trying to hit a small house or something of that sort a mile or two away to land a shell right in the middle and see it fly up into the air and when the smoke and dust clear see the ruins.

As always, the war drums beat a syncopated rhythm matching the weather, with battles dependent on wind strength and sea states. By the morning of 10 March the gales had subsided, although the sea was too choppy for flying until the afternoon when *Ark Royal* weighed anchor and steamed towards the entrance searching for calm water. *Vengeance*, *Irresistible*, *Canopus*, *Majestic* and *Prince George* shelled the various forts as far as Kephez Point and were pounded in return by the shore batteries. The captain of *Triumph* was fortunate; he was at action stations as a plunging 6-inch shell wrecked his cabin. In the spirit of classlessness that is war, *Irresistible's* gunroom, where the senior sailors dined and relaxed, was completely destroyed. Five men were killed on *Vengeance* which was hit several times by the shore batteries. While the toll was relatively light, in the confines of the small ships' communities, the losses were beginning to tell. Far above the seaborne duel, in the grey overcast sky, the seaplanes continued to fight the intelligence battle, recording the details of enemy activity. Vice Admiral Sackville Carden reported:

Successful reconnaissance: located new batteries, trenches and redoubts: found a large camp screened

by branches at the mouth of the Haslar Dere. Little damage has been done to the Narrows Forts by the bombardment.

On *Albion*, Lieutenant Commander Gibson attended the captain's conference later that morning. Differences in opinions were now openly expressed:

Saturday March 13: Rear Admiral held meeting of Captains . . . The Rear Admiral de Robeck stated that mine sweeping was not getting on well, defence of guns and searchlights seemed well organised and that a heavy concentrated bombardment rush through the Narrows was considered. A certain amount of hot air talked but very little achieved. Everyone or nearly so I believe knew really that it would be madness to try and rush them. The Narrows are sure to be mined. It has been clear that bombardment silences forts but does little material damage to guns and only silences because gunners take cover—personally I feel sure that it is pressure from our cursed politicians on the Vice Admiral which is making him even consider such a thing. A large army 60 or 70,000 is collecting for purpose of cooperation, the only way to tackle the job so why not wait for them?

The reconnaissance flights continued, adding yet more detail to the growing intelligence picture. The results of each successful mission were signalled to Vice Admiral Carden, allowing distribution of new information to each of the naval squadrons. A suitable aerodrome was found on the island of Tenedos off the southern coast of the Gallipoli Peninsula for the landplanes of No. 3 Squadron, Royal Naval Air Service, which would soon arrive.

By 15 March, however, Vice Admiral Sackville Carden had reached the limits of his endurance, locking himself in his private lavatory and refusing to come out. He was sent back to London having suffered a nervous breakdown. His replacement was his deputy, Vice Admiral John de Robeck.

On 12 March 1915, General Sir Ian Hamilton was appointed by the British Secretary of State for War, Lord Horatio Kitchener, to command the attack on Constantinople. Hamilton's command would comprise 30,000 ANZACs; a British regular army division of 19,000; a hastily scraped together Royal Naval Division of 11,000; and a French contingent—a total of 80,000 men. The next day Hamilton met again with Kitchener and was given additional information of such dubiousness that it could easily have been contradicted by a naval rating on *Queen Elizabeth* or Gibson, the gun layer of *Albion*, who now considered his chances of survival in the gunnery tower atop the mainmast to be rapidly diminishing. Hamilton himself queried the usefulness of what he had been told:

The instructions went over most of the ground of yesterday's debate and were too vague. When I asked the crucial question: the enemy's strength? K. thought I had better be prepared for 40,000. How many guns? No one knows. Who was in command? Djevad Bey, it is believed. But, K. says, I may take it that the Kilid Bahr Plateau has been entrenched and is sufficiently held. South of Kilid Bahr to the point at Cape Helles, I may take it that the Peninsula is open to a landing on very easy terms.

At 5.00 p.m., General Hamilton and his hastily assembled General Staff left Charing Cross Station in a special train bound for Dover: they were on their way to Gallipoli. Hamilton had met his newly appointed Chief of Staff, Walter Braithwaite, only the day before. Following a dash across the Mediterranean, the new commander met with key staff of the EMS on Wednesday 17 March; these were the men who were to push through the Dardanelles straits the next day. Vice Admiral de Robeck, Commander-in-Chief of the EMS, explained the situation to Hamilton and emphasised that he proposed to exhaust every effort to reduce the Dardanelles by naval means before calling on the army for assistance. Hamilton noted:

The Peninsula itself is being fortified and many Turks work every night on trenches, redoubts and entanglements. Not one single living soul has been seen, since the engagement of our Marines at the end of February, although each morning brings forth fresh evidences of nocturnal activity, in patches of freshly turned up soil. All landing places are now commanded by lines of trenches and are ranged by field guns and howitzers.

Here, the Peninsula looks a tougher nut to crack than it did on Lord K.'s small and featureless map. Many more troops have come down, German Staff Officers have grappled with the situation, and have got their troops scientifically disposed and heavily entrenched. This skilful placing of the Turkish trenches has been admired by all competent British observers; the number of field guns on the Peninsula is now many times greater than it was.

The naval contingent prepared for its attack, circulating pictures and field sketches of the forts amongst the gunnery officers. Gibson devised a novel idea to reduce the danger inherent in manning the exposed gunnery station, the perfect target for enemy smaller calibre weapons. He rigged a dummy position constructed by the ship's carpenter complete with dummy range finders made from two tobacco tins 'to share the pompom and machine gun fire with us forward!'. Gibson recorded the mood on board his ship prior to the attack:

Wednesday March 17: Skipper had private conference with Rear Admiral de Robeck. Vice Admiral Carden gone sick and gone to Malta, de Robeck given acting rank of Vice Admiral and has taken command. Splendid fellow and told us that there was not to be any wild cat rushing of Narrows and probably losing a lot of ships. I am awfully glad. He also said that battleships were not going to be risked in unswept mine areas as it was more of the siege idea. Captain thinks De Robeck will take no notice of Winston Churchill's wires to hurry up etc and says that De Robeck is already not on speaking terms with Winston and doesn't care a d----d what they say.

At 9.00 o'clock that night, Gibson wrote a letter to his 'own darling wife' describing his affection for her in case he was 'bowled over'. He sealed the handwritten letter with wax and wrote instructions on the back of the envelope for its forwarding to his home in the event of his death:

I do pray that I will do my duty bravely, remember my Phill that you have helped me tremendously through all the hard times, you have been so brave and sweet, the

biggest darling in all the world and I do want you so to be happy. Thank God I am your husband, it is lovely to realise it. I am so proud to love you Phill my wife with body and soul. I do long to hold you in my arms sweet and press you close to me our lips together and nothing, nothing between us, and I would put my head down and listen to your heart beating . . .

CHAPTER 3

18–20 March 1915

The failure of the naval bombardment

Thursday 18 March 1915

Light breeze from the south/blue sky with detached clouds/air temperature 61 degrees Fahrenheit/Sea smooth.

The broken eastern walls of Channakale's houses cast jagged silhouettes in the glow of the early dawn. Drifting smoke and the gagging stench of bodies trapped under the rubble of ruined buildings hung heavy in the still morning air as the sights and smells of war greeted the shocked residents. In another, more fortunate part of the town, oil-stained German mechanics using sign language directed Turkish soldiers as they pushed a fragile canvas and wood Rumpler biplane from the darkness of its shed. The black crosses on its wings emerged from the greyness, a sign of the breaking dawn. The cylinders of the Rumpler's Mercedes engine were doped and primed for the first swing of its wooden

propeller as the aircraft was prepared for flight. In the warm fug of an adjacent stone building, a circle of officers discussed the coming mission. Two of the men were to conduct a reconnaissance flight over the enemy ships known to be concentrating around the island of Lemnos. The Rumpler had arrived on the decks of a Turkish freighter the day before and had been quickly assembled by its support crew.

OberLeutnant Eric Serno climbed into the wicker pilot's seat. His observer, Commodore Schneider, stepped carefully onto the wing and into the observer's seat behind Serno. Commodore Schneider was a senior German coastal defence specialist and outranked his pilot by several thick gold rings. Following its pre-flight checks, the engine was swung into life and the biplane climbed into the air over the waters of the Dardanelles. At the edge of the right wing, framed between the bracing wires, loomed the scrubby, gnarled landscape of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Having gained sufficient height, Serno nosed the biplane over the water towards the island of Lemnos which was emerging from its night-time gloom and was now bathed in the red light of dawn.

Serno and Schneider were eager to collect intelligence on the enemy, assembling in warships and transports that concentrated a short distance from the coast of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Intelligence from other sources—embassies, agents and paid informants—told of preparations for an assault on the gateway to the Ottoman Empire.

The forces gathering on the island of Lemnos were ranged against the troops of the Channakale Fortress Area Command who had been charged with the defence of the

Dardanelles—and thus the empire. During the infrequent bouts of peace that punctuated their service, the Turkish troops had enjoyed an essentially sedentary existence, watching a busy channel that hummed with the comings and goings of trade and commerce. Now once again on a war footing, the subterranean chambers under the forts were filled with the smoke of cooking fires and the men renewed their familiarity with rust-coated machinery. Over the next few months, the rust would disappear and the fittings would become burnished with use. A total of 14,000 men had mobilised as ordered, filling the ranks of the command's reserve, the foot and donkey-mobile 9 Infantry Division. These men lined the straits in prepared redoubts, supplementing the firepower of the forts and providing a further deterrent to the approaching attacker. Control of the beaches lay in the hands of a mobile brigade of three heavy artillery regiments, the positions manned by men dressed in shabby, threadbare uniforms. The sandbags used to build parapets to line the trench walls were often cut up to mend rent trousers. All the while, the men waited patiently for their attackers to approach.

In Mudros harbour on the island of Lemnos, well below the flight path of the Rumpler, the Reverend Harry Price, chaplain on *Triumph*, prepared himself for the coming battle:

Wash clothes as convenient this afternoon. All men are to wear clean clothes and flannels tomorrow. Any vulnerable part of the ship had to be protected by sandbags. Hammocks had to be packed here and there to prevent shell splinters striking men who must be exposed.

Hoses are to be rigged to keep a running stream of water over the woodwork, and thus minimise the possibility of fire. Watertight doors are shut, but not before the surgeons and their attendants have moved the sick from the 'sick bay' into a place of safety below armour, and taken their instruments and stretchers to their station. The gun crews are in the turrets and casements, the control officers have climbed into the foretop and the ammunition supply parties have found their way to the magazine . . .

The washing of uniforms was not a matter of pride in presentation, but rather an attempt by the ship's surgeon to reduce the infection rate among men wounded in action. When jagged metal pieces tore through tissue and bone, they often carried with them shreds of clothing. The surgeon's instructions smacked of the practicality of war—a practicality that stripped away any sense of adventure, leaving only the cloying sense of fear. Such fear was not confined to the men who manned the guns on the decks. The Reverend Price's action station lay below decks, in a cramped, dimly lit and uncomfortably warm corridor with ammunition rails overhead. It was an airless, confined place that nurtured a strong sense of claustrophobia, its occupants entombed in a steel sarcophagus that shuddered with the crashing of guns and the clanging, grinding and shrieking of a ship at war. Like many of the crew encased in the bowels of their ships, Harry Price may have been beset by the gnawing fear of uncertainty, born of the inability to see the battle raging on the surface and helplessness in consigning his own fate to the hands of others.

The attack of 18 March comprised the last attempt to force a naval breakthrough in the Dardanelles. The gunners

of Channakale Fortress Command had withstood three previous attacks and had refused to be frightened from their guns. Beneath the waters of the Narrows, the sea mines still swung on their chains blocking entry. The Allied fleet was readying for a major attack—a concentrated bombardment in two waves that would occur not in the cool dimness of dawn, but in the brilliant sunshine of day.

On the morning of the attack, the newly appointed British Commander-in-Chief, still tucked up in the warmth and privacy of his wood-panelled cabin, slept through the evolutions of an early departure from Tenedos as his yacht, HMS *Phaeton*, made its way to the island of Lemnos. General Sir Ian Hamilton's army command was five days old. After breakfast, the French General Albert d'Amade, Admiral Rosslyn Wemyss, Colonel Ewan Sinclair-MacLagan (commanding the Australian 3 Brigade) and Major General Archibald Paris (commanding the Royal Naval Division) boarded the *Phaeton* to confer with their Commander-in-Chief. They reported that the French and naval divisions were aboard transports in Lemnos Island's Mudros harbour and that the Australian brigade was camped on the island itself. Hamilton informed his assembled officers of his mission and that, if necessary, the army would be landed to assist the naval assault. He added that he considered Lemnos unsuitable as a forward base given its lack of facilities for disembarkation and re-embarkation of large numbers of troops, and declared his intention to telegraph the War Office to suggest that the Royal Naval Division be sent to Port Said and the French Division to Alexandria. The Australian brigade was to remain at Lemnos to act as a contingency force.

OberLeutnant Eric Serno guided his Rumpler towards the fleet assembling outside Mudros harbour. From high above the harbour and in the clear morning light, the sight of the British fleet readying for action was both impressive and daunting. Commander Schneider identified the classes of enemy battleships and counted a total of fourteen vessels, including *Queen Elizabeth* and *Inflexible*, ten fishing trawlers employed as minesweepers, and several submarines. The fleet was assembling for battle in three separate lines.

The Rumpler returned to the safety of its aerodrome behind the smashed town of Channakale. Before the wheels could be braced with chocks, and while the engine was still ticking with heat, Serno's observer leapt from his seat and raced to the operations hut where a tethered horse stood waiting. He galloped to the headquarters building to raise the alarm—the British fleet was preparing for another attack. Djavad Bey's command was placed on full alert and bugles, bells and klaxons blared the warning up and down the coast. Tarpaulins were pulled off guns, ammunition was stacked and primed and officers stood facing the mouth of the Dardanelles watching intently. One hundred and nine Turkish guns and a curtain of six minefields lay between the Allied fleet and access to the Bosphorus.

A second aeroplane was prepared for flight to provide verification and to answer one question in particular: would this be an amphibious assault or simply another battering from the Allied warships? Turkish pilot Cemal Bej climbed into an ageing Bleriot trainer and coaxed it as far as the mouth of the Dardanelles. He found the fleet, assembling in lines off the coast and preparing to bombard the forts. There were no transports. There would be no amphibious assault today.

As the watchers waited, anticipation mounting, the grey

forms of enemy ships finally appeared in mottled lines on the horizon. A flurry of orders saw the guns trained and their direction, azimuth fusing and charge readied. Officers matched silhouettes of distant ships with enemy identification tables provided by the Germans. The greatest warship ever built led the fleet, and artillery spotters identified the super-dreadnought, *Queen Elizabeth*, with eight main guns that fired 15-inch shells, the largest of any warship afloat. The ship's form was hidden by a gigantic mushrooming cloud of smoke and flame and the air screamed as the shells streaked towards the gunners. The hill behind the fortress shook and ripped apart, the earth ignited by the explosive fury of the shells. Heat spread in visible shock waves as the wave of deafening concussion washed over the gunners.

By now the Turkish gunners were well acquainted with the fury of a naval barrage and waited impassively until the grey shapes steamed into range before they replied in kind. They crouched by the safety of the cool stone wall, hot cheeks pressed against the reassuring steadfastness of mortar, their singsong prayers filling the air. With *Queen Elizabeth* came more grey forms, *Agamemnon*, *Lord Nelson*, *Irresistible* and others, all armed with 12-inch shells to hurl at the defenders. The gunners watched for the familiar hand signals that would signify that the ships were in range and, with backs bent and hairs twitching on the nape of their necks, left the shelter of the wall and prepared the guns for their reply. Shells were lifted into breeches and guns registered to targets before they crashed back with a thunderclap of their own. The gunners fired methodically, following their strict drill and disregarding the metal splinters that whipped through the air. Commands were mouthed through the deafening thunder of the guns and the thick smell of sulfur

from bursting shells blinded the eyes and choked the throat. Stone shards and sand grains blasted the skin of the gunner standing beside the magazine rail—he crumpled and fell. But his comrades barely noticed, consumed by their fierce determination to deny the straits to the aggressor.

As the battle raged, the Turkish gunners manning the forts by the water's edge began to believe that they could win. They could see the grey forms in the sea, the clouds of smoke that billowed from the ship to the land following each massive broadside. But they could see also the detonation of their own shells and, now more often, a spark of flame blackening the grey monsters. The Turkish shells were finding their targets.

For the gunners in the valleys, hidden from view, the battle was less dramatic; it was a war of trigonometry and slide rule. These men could not see their enemy and relied instead on gunnery officers in hides who read distances off their rangefinders and bellowed a quick set of orders to the gunners over the field telephone. But General Askar Arkayan, an artillery observation officer with a mobile howitzer battery, managed to discern the looming shapes out to sea as they belched fire and smoke. He was astonished at the effect of his guns on the modern warships:

We were amazed, but realizing that we should be faced that day with an out and out conflict, we completed our supplies and prepared for the attack . . . We knew each ship well from the lists we possessed . . . The battle developed with considerable violence and at noon the French Ships in the second line advanced through the first line and opened a tremendous bombardment. The batteries replied effectively. Under this fire the *Bouvet* started to withdraw, but at that moment a cloud of red

and black smoke arose from the ship, which may have struck a mine. Immediately after this there was a much more violent explosion. We believed that a shell from Mejideye had blown up the magazine. The ship heeled over at once and the crew poured into the sea.

Following the conference on *Phaeton*, Hamilton and his staff, General d'Amade, General Paris and Colonel Joly de Lotbinière (Chief Engineer to the ANZAC forces) left for the Gallipoli Peninsula, arriving around 12.30 p.m. They were greeted by a dull booming from the south, the sound rolling towards them, rising to a crescendo and exploding in the screeching of shellfire. Smoke from the land and clouds billowing from the sides of ships told of the engagement. *Phaeton* turned away and steamed northward, arriving at the Gulf of Saros at 2.00 p.m. The yacht and her army staff remained detached from the action at the southern toe of the peninsula; they had other plans which concerned the potential landing of an army. While possible landing sites were recorded, the watching staff also noted the disturbing presence of an elaborate network of trenches that commanded all the natural landing places. Hamilton described the sobering vista of the peninsula in his diary:

I tell him [Kitchener] that the real place looks a much tougher nut to crack than it did over the map—I say that his impression that the ground between Cape Helles and Krithia was clear of the enemy, was mistaken. Not a bit of it. I say, the Admiral tells me that there is a large number of men tucked away in the folds of the ground there, not to speak of several field batteries. Therefore, I conclude, if it eventually becomes necessary to take the

Gallipoli Peninsula by military force, we shall have to proceed bit by bit. And we were startled to see the ramifications and extent of the spider's web of deep, narrow trenches along the coast and on either front of the lines of Bulair. My Staff agree that they must have taken ten thousand men a month's hard work from dark to dawn. In advance of the trenches, Williams in the crow's nest reported that with his strong glasses he could pick out the glitter of wire over a wide expanse of ground. To the depth of a mile the whole Aegean slope of the neck of the Peninsula was scarred with spade work and it is clear that to take these trenches would take from us a bigger toll of ammunition and life than we can afford: especially so seeing that we can only see one half of the theatre; the other half would have to be worked out of sight and support of our own ships and in view of the Turkish Fleet.

All the coast between Suvla Bay and for a little way South of Gaba Tepe seems feasible for landing. I mean we could get ashore on a calm day if there was no enemy. Gaba Tepe itself would be ideal, but, alas, the Turks are not blind; it is a mass of trenches and wire. Further, it must be well under fire of guns from Kilid Bahr plateau, and is entirely commanded by the high ridge to the North of it. To land there would be to enter a defile without first crowning the heights.

By mid-afternoon, *Phaeton* had gingerly entered the mouth of the Dardanelles, proceeding over a mile up the straits. Hamilton had successfully cajoled the captain of this flimsy yacht to enter what was highly dangerous territory. The men of the command lined the deck, drawn to the spectacle of eighteen warships firing broadsides at medieval stone

forts. The scene was dramatic and exciting from a distance, a breathless event from within. Sound rolled in layers as the warships attempted to smash the Turkish guns and their toiling gunners into submission. The EMS had moved towards the shore, closing the gap between the ships and the defenders. Those Turkish guns that had remained silent thus far now belched into life. Howitzer shells screamed over ridge lines from the hidden batteries and smashed through the wooden decks of warships. This was a new threat which the warships were poorly designed to meet, their armour plating protecting the sides against the flat trajectory of other ships' guns. Against the howitzer shells, the ships had little or no protection:

Our ships were frequently hit, but although some of the shells were heavy no great damage appeared to be done until the afternoon, except that the *Inflexible's* foretop was carried away and the *Gaulois* hit below the water-line. The Turks continued to man Fort 19, Hamidieh 3, throughout the day in spite of a terrific fire, and Fort 13 occasionally, but the fire in the other forts was soon quelled. After four hours' bombardment, a relief line consisting of the *Vengeance*, *Triumph*, *Albion*, *Irresistible*, *Ocean* and *Majestic* formed up behind the first line, and came through to relieve the French line and flanking ships, which turned to starboard to come along out along the Asiatic coast.

As the bombardment progressed, *Ark Royal's* seaplanes were ordered to reconnoitre in an effort to determine which of the forts were manned and what damage had been done. The aircrew both saw and felt the exchange of fire as the air was punctuated by the passage of shells, sending the

aircraft into plunging dips. The seaplanes found it impossible to overfly this shell-ridden zone, and were forced to fly through, risking instant destruction. Their observation was limited as the forts below were obscured by dirt, bricks, masonry and men, flung into the air by the impact of the shells. The seaplanes finally returned to the safety of *Ark Royal* to make their report:

Forts 13, 16, 17, 19 firing but repeatedly hit. Forts on Kephez Point not manned but troops with field guns in vicinity. The smoke over the forts was too thick to see what damage had been done. Barracks behind Fort 16 blown up. Returned with engine trouble. Height 1500 to 1800 feet.

Lieutenant Harry Strain, *Ark Royal's* intelligence officer, found himself filling the role of aircraft observer during the bombardment. His diary entry captured more of the drama than his impassive reporting:

This morning the bombardment of the Narrows, Channakale and Kilid Bahr began and I don't suppose that anyone has seen such a sight as I saw doing it from a machine. No. 173 was the first to be sent up.

By the time I got inside, the line of big gunships, *Queen Elizabeth*, *Inflexible*, *Agamemnon* and *Lord Nelson* had been firing at the posts for sometime at long range. Between them had steamed the four French ships to take the shorter range of fire. They were supported, I think, by *Canopus* and the *Ocean* to deal with field batteries which might be worrying for the sides.

Our ships were not having it all their own way and I first of all saw the *Inflexible* hit after having been

straddled by several heavy shells. Then I saw the *Bouvet* hit low down and she seemed to be in difficulties.

A fearsome banging from underneath us for we were only 1500 feet up and getting bumped about like anything. We had to fly up and down the shot lane to Channakale and trusted to luck not to be hit by our own shells, many of which we could hear and some of which we could see. Field batteries and riflemen on both sides of the Straits kept firing at us.

I had wireless aboard and kept up a running report for an hour and three quarters of the damage done and whether the guns in each fort were manned. Then our engine began to give trouble and we came out.

But the tide of the battle quickly turned against the armada. Admiral de Robeck's staff later maintained that the Turks had been floating mines through the straits, drifting them with the current. The French ship *Bouvet* had certainly hit a mine; her stern came up and she rolled over and sank with men trapped in cold, dark metal rooms.

Bouvet had been carrying 600 men. Her officers had dressed in fresh ceremonial uniforms and her band was playing as she steamed towards the hostile shore, her 10-inch guns belching flame and smoke. Having sustained damage from the accurate Turkish gunfire, she turned to starboard in the waters of a small bay, intending to retire from the battle. It was then that she struck the mine. One of the few French marines who survived related his experience:

I was sent to get spares shells for the 27 cm port gun turret. I was in the right place for the shells when the blow came. The boat immediately listed to starboard. I was completely covered in the coal dust which came

from the bunkers. I went to the signal ladder and with the second mate we climbed up. I then went up the ladder to the upper battery. From the bridge I got myself onto the funnel which was entering the water. Then I climbed onto the hull. I believe the second mate was trapped by the landing keel blocks and that he fell into a hatchway. From the keel I threw myself into the water. I am a very good swimmer.

Bouvet slipped beneath the water, her hull exposed as she turned over, her propellers beating the air. Boats raced to the site, but a mere handful of men survived:

Next the *Irresistible* struck a mine, and the *Ocean* was ordered to close her to take her ship's company off: she also hit a mine and some gallant work was done by *Wear* and another Destroyer in taking her crew off under heavy fire. The *Inflexible* was mined in her forward submerged flat, after which we began to come out.

Lieutenant Commander Gibson, gunnery officer on the *Albion*, recorded the events in his gunnery tower high above the decks, remarking on the high drama of the French gunner's escape:

Then I noticed *Bouvet* was heeling to starboard . . . and it was evident she was badly wounded. She was steaming quite fast and went over and over until she was on her beam ends and her masts went into the water. A lot of smoke and steam rolled out but no explosions took place and she turned bottom up for a few seconds. I saw a few figures on her bottom and then she disappeared. Only about 14 men were picked up. There were very few who

could get clear of the ship at all . . . This rather shook us all for a moment. I know I felt a bit staggered but tried to keep the foretop party from thinking about it. I told faithful seaman Pipperwell to hand me my swimming collar—which made them all laugh . . . Every book on war ever written always states the fact that politicians interfering with commanders in the field always leads to disaster, but, they think they are born strategists and know alls and do it again and again.

Gaulois was also hit and her crew evacuated, leaving only a skeleton crew to steer her. She was beached on Rabbit Island, while the stricken *Inflexible* was escorted to Tenedos by a bevy of picket boats and torpedo boats and anchored in shallow water. *Suffren* was badly holed and *Irresistible's* superstructure was fully ablaze, her steam sirens wailing as she turned from the engagement. As she made her turn, *Irresistible* struck a mine. One of her stokers, deep in the bowels of the engine room, described the trauma of his escape:

We could hear the *thunder* of the guns above the engines together with the shuddering and the blast showering dust everywhere, but we had no knowledge of course on how things were going; then there was a thud which shook the ship. It was followed by the silence from our guns. Then we could hear the tread of feet on the deck, meanwhile all electric lights had failed and we lit our secondary oil lamps that gave only a dim light. The engine room telegraphs rang half ahead and remained at that long enough for us to surmise that we were either through the Narrows or were retiring. The matter was confirmed by a well meaning voice shouting down the lift-shaft, 'Abandon ship stations'.

Inflexible was mauled by artillery shells, her foretop smashed in and her bridge obscured by a crimson pall. She was defiant to the end, her 12-inch guns blazing as her superstructure billowed fiery smoke and she retreated to the safety of Mudros harbour with many of her crew dead and injured.

Inflexible's burial party presented a sombre sight to the ANZAC soldiers on board their transports, watching in grim silence as they entered the harbour. *Suffren* and *Charlemagne* were hit below the waterline, but limped back to Mudros. Almost a thousand men were killed or wounded in this failed attempt to breach the Narrows. In the evening that followed the attack, Vice Admiral John de Robeck, in a general signal that lamented the fleet's losses, called on the surviving ships and their crews to prepare for a renewed attack, promising that the danger of floating mines would be countered.

The Turkish gunners who had remained stoically beside their hot barrels had also suffered their share of casualties with forty-three Turkish officers and gunners killed—a paltry sum compared with the deaths of almost a thousand sailors and the loss of three warships.

The enemy fleet appeared to be beaten. The warships steamed out of range and the ancient Bleriot was prepared for a further intelligence mission as Cemal and his observer, Rasit Osman Tayyar, chanced another flight at 4.00 o'clock that afternoon. They flew out towards the mouth of the Dardanelles rejoicing in the signs of their victory that littered the sea below them: oils slicks, wreckage, and an abandoned and burning cruiser—evidence that a great battle had been won. On the shorelines, Turkish gunners waved from behind broken walls. From 2000 feet, the aviators could see

the grey ships steaming away in the distance, some trailing smoke. Noting the direction and unwilling to chance their aircraft too far from the safety of land, they returned to make their report.

Colonel Djevad Bey and Admiral Guido von Usedom, German commander of naval forces in Turkey, were not satisfied with this partial report and the Rumpler was now prepared for its second flight. German pilot Heinrich Siedler took a Turkish naval captain, Huseyn Sedat, to make an informed observation on the intention of the enemy fleet. The Rumpler climbed to 6000 feet, chilling the men in the cool of the evening. Siedler turned towards the island of Lemnos, silhouetted against the setting sun. In the safety of Mudros harbour, he saw the vanquished enemy ships, several with mangled superstructures and tangled forests of broken spotting masts. Small craft busied about the stricken ships, many ferrying men to a brightly painted hospital ship. The once neat grey decks of the ships were covered with hoses and water poured from scuppers. Steam and heavy smoke hung over the harbour. As many as a third of the ships had sunk, a further third was showing signs of heavy damage and Huseyn Sedat knew instinctively that he was looking at a fleet in distress.

Friday 19 March 1915

Strong wind from south backing westerly/Blue sky with detached clouds with sea haze and mist/air temperature 61 degrees/Sea state not entered: at single anchor.

Outside the mouth of the Dardanelles, deteriorating weather conditions postponed a renewal of the maritime

attack as the choppy sea and poor visibility reduced the accuracy of the ships' guns. The warships lay corralled in Mudros harbour, their battered crews focussed on preparing for another assault. The dead had been sewn into hammocks and patches had been welded across jagged holes in the ships. Pots of paint were pulled from storerooms and buffers chivvied upper deck parties. The naval tradition of close adherence to routine following a fierce action worked to maintain order and discipline and bond grieving ship-mates as their ranks closed on their losses.

The previous day's failed attempt to achieve a decisive result was also foremost on Ian Hamilton's mind. His command was now seven days old and already he had discovered that London's appreciation of the Dardanelles defences was so defective as to be almost criminal. Kitchener's lazy gesture across the map table in a Whitehall office had proven a poor mimicry of events. Hamilton had viewed the extent of enemy preparations along the length of the peninsula at first hand and had seen and heard the potency of Turkish artillery rounds striking the superstructures of modern warships. He was well aware of the devastating effect of concentrated artillery fire on soldiers sitting exposed in wooden boats as they rowed ashore. It was evident that the Dardanelles was intelligently defended by an enemy who believed in the power of the mobile artillery battery. Hamilton wired Kitchener an account of the previous day's reconnaissance and the destructive sea battle, pointing out that any assault by the army would be substantial and costly:

I am being most reluctantly driven to the conclusion that the Straits are not likely to be forced by battle-ships as at one time seemed probable and that, if my troops are to take part, it will not take the subsidiary

form anticipated. The Army's part will be more than mere landings of parties to destroy Forts, it must be a deliberate and progressive military operation carried out at full strength so as to open a passage for the Navy.

Hamilton decided to leave the 5000 Australian infantry of the ANZAC 3 Brigade—previously deployed forward to the island of Imbros off the Gallipoli coast—at the disposal of Vice Admiral de Robeck in case an opportunity arose for a limited strike ashore. To the Australians he added the Royal Marine Light Infantry (RMLI) battalion that had served in the retreat from Antwerp and was now aboard the transports *Cawdor Castle* and *Braemar Castle* riding at anchor at Tenedos. The RMLI was the professional core of this hastily assembled Royal Naval Division, a conglomerate of naval reservists, spare sailors, and newly recruited soldiers. The RMLI had been blooded early in the war, deployed to Antwerp to save the channel port from the advancing German right wing in the first weeks of the war in Europe.

The Commander-in-Chief was caught on the horns of a dreadful dilemma. At one end, London held fast to the mistaken belief that the Dardanelles would collapse at the sight of a battle ensign. Yet the grim reality was that a mere advance inside the mouth of the Narrows had led to the sinking of one third of the fleet's order of battle. Hamilton had seen the network of trenches on the shoreline opposing an amphibious assault. He knew that these trenches would not be approached by warships with four-inch armoured plating, but clinker-hulled boats rowed by inexperienced soldiers. Aerial observation revealed that there were more field artillery batteries covering the beaches that had yet to join the action. The fight could only escalate.

Hamilton's problem was mathematically simple: how could the 80,000 men of his Mediterranean Expeditionary Force (MEF) snatch the Gallipoli Peninsula from an enemy estimated to have at least the same number of men with the likelihood of another 100,000 reinforcements? According to reports from Cairo, the enemy was continuing his preparation by digging new trenches and stretching barbed wire into the water and across the headlands. The Allied fleet, however, could see nothing beyond the first ridge. Its commanders were blithely unaware of the composition of the forces that lay inland waiting to repel the invaders as they scrambled ashore.

On *Albion*, Lieutenant Commander Gibson learnt that *Irresistible* and *Ocean* had sunk during the night. *Ocean* had been *Albion*'s sister ship and Gibson and his shipmates awaited news of survivors with growing dread. In his diary he lamented, 'the worst of it is it will be a tremendous buck up to the Germans and Turks and it was not anyone's fault on the spot'. The loss of ships and friends was keenly felt and Gibson readily cast blame on London's armchair strategists.

Hamilton, however, had no time for the allocation of blame as those same politicians had appointed him to lead a mission that was still in its infancy. The Commander-in-Chief was heavily reliant on intelligence to identify weaknesses in the enemy's defences; in fact, his chances of success rested almost entirely on his ability to secure reliable information. He had received an estimate of enemy troop numbers from agents and informants, although he was reluctant to trust this information given the dubiousness of its sources. Hamilton knew also that the Turks possessed their own intelligence apparatus and that it was impossible to hide the armada gathering in Mudros harbour.

Behind the scarred stone walls of Channakale Fortress Command the men quickly cleaned and serviced their guns. Circular broom heads were pulled through to scour the cordite that was fouling each barrel. The men cleared the forts of scattered stone and gently removed the body parts they found and took them for burial. Reports of casualties and ammunition states were sent to the headquarters which expected another attack in the coming days. The Fortress Command officers now found to their dismay that they were perilously short of ammunition. Some gunners had nothing but curses to fling at the enemy warships.

Four months earlier, in December 1914, the AIF and New Zealand Expeditionary Force (NZEF) had pitched their tents in the sands below the pyramids close to the Mena House Hotel. Prior to the outbreak of war, the hotel had provided accommodation for Western travellers who had come to see these wonders of the ancient world. The rambling yellow-bricked hotel was now used as a military hospital and Australian nurses would occasionally grace its balconies, taking the air and surveying the camp below.

Behind the Mena House Hotel, 1 Australian Division had established its headquarters in the manager's house. The solid stone house extended to a dark, wood-carved balcony with islands of wicker chairs in deep, cool shade. Inside, a room was designated for intelligence and planning, while the largest room had become the officers' mess where its uniformed patrons dined and relaxed. The officers were quartered in two rows of bell tents that lined the back garden.

At Mena, a surveyed metropolis had mushroomed into 3000 bell tents, all neatly pegged in rows and columns.

Fourteen diggers shared a tent, their bare feet meeting at the central pole. From the veranda of the hotel, the entire division stretched out below in brigade blocks. Out of the shade, temperatures soared over a hundred degrees Fahrenheit; even Kalgoorlie miners complained of the heat. In the cool of the evening, soldiers walked down a path of tall gum trees past the hotel to the electric tram terminus. Cairo was a thirty-minute tram ride down the Avenue de l'Empress Eugenie, the fare a snip at sixpence return. A mad rush in a car to make curfew at 10.00 p.m. cost two shillings.

By late December the corps headquarters, commanded by Lieutenant General William Birdwood and his small cadre of staff, had moved to Cairo, leaving the two divisional headquarters to manage and train the troops. The AIF and NZEF were formed into two divisions: 1 Australian Division (with three infantry brigades) and the New Zealand and Australian Division (the New Zealand infantry brigade plus the later inclusion of Colonel Monash's 4 Brigade). The men now viewed themselves as small cogs in the larger ANZAC force.

The soldiers who populated the rank and file of ANZAC were a mixture of former reservists and civilians who had walked into recruiting offices leaving their former lives behind. John Fisher, a 23-year-old carpenter from Sunshine, Victoria, had arrived at Broadmeadows Camp on the outskirts of Melbourne hoping to enlist. On 17 August 1914, following a medical examination and attestation, he had become Private 439 John Martin Fisher of D Company, 7 Battalion, 2 Infantry Brigade, 1 Australian Division. Fisher was single, a handsome fellow and a devout Catholic with a sweetheart, Nina Mahoney. Private Fisher was the ideal recruit; he had served two years in the reserves and he took soldiering and its tough training regime seriously. Fisher

was also a keen diarist and began his memoir with his arrival in Egypt on Sunday 14 March 1915. Just over a month later, he would meet the men of the Turkish 3 Corps in the valley behind an unremarkable place that would become known as Anzac Cove.

Richard 'Dick' Bulkeley, a 28-year-old surveyor who enlisted in Liverpool, New South Wales, in January 1915 was a later entrant to the AIF. Bulkeley's comments on his fellow soldiers add colour to the description of a standard army camp:

It is pretty big camp as there are between two & three thousand men here, & they are a pretty mixed lot. I should say that they are composed of 20% utter scroungers, 70% a rough tough lot but excellent fighting material & 10% who are here for no particular reason at all & intend to desert when it suits them. In our company of 100 men there is only one decent chap, a middle aged man who was in the first tent I was in but I have been moved & he has been made a sergeant. It is surprising the number of English, Irish & Scotch here, I should say that no more than 50-60% are Australians.

By 1 January 1915, Bulkeley's perceptions had borne fruit as 200 to 300 men were 'somewhere in Cairo, location unknown'. It was clear that all was not well within the ranks of the ANZACs as the volunteer soldiers adjusted to the unaccustomed rigours of infantry training, particularly the apparently arbitrary and strictly enforced code of discipline. The efficient work of non-commissioned officers (NCOs)—sergeants and corporals—was seriously compromised by the siren calls of Cairo with its exotic attractions and cheap brothels. The battles ranging off the peninsula

in far-off Turkey were an irrelevancy to most of the men of ANZAC—except for 3 Brigade which had been dispatched to Mudros harbour in the first week of March. Only these men were aware of the fight, signalled by the detonations and roar of gunfire that reverberated through the cold steel sides of their transports.

As the ANZAC officers struggled to impose some form of discipline on their unruly charges, General William Throsby Bridges, commander of 1 Australian Division, received a letter from General Birdwood decrying the poor conduct of his men, particularly given that they would soon be actively engaged in the war. Charles Bean, Australia's official war correspondent, noted on 1 January:

Great deal of disease amongst the men, which they brought on themselves with their indulgences in Cairo. The disease is simply deplorable, but apparently quite unpreventable. Cairo is a hotbed of it—in particularly serious forms—and some of the cases are simply tragic . . . worst gonorrhoea cases sent back in *Kyarra* [Australian hospital ship].

There are clean debauches and unclean debauches and Cairo is the home of all that is filthy and beastly if you like to go and look for it.

The men were not entirely to blame. The pull of Cairo and its exotic offerings was a temptation most were unable to resist. These were plumbers, carpenters, bank clerks, lawyers and labourers 'decanted' into uniform who were often simply eager to seek some form of relaxation after a gruelling day pushing through desert sand. In addition, they endured living conditions that were rudimentary at best. All hot meals were a standard sand-soaked stew cooked over

a trench in the open. Bully beef (a poor variant of spam) was simmered in a liquid of overcooked potatoes. Men supplemented their rations with hard boiled eggs bought from enterprising merchants. To encourage the men to remain in camp, the headquarters allowed traders into a bazaar at the edge of the camp, the closest they were permitted to the barracks. There, the men could enjoy their daily ration of four pints of locally brewed, heavy dark stout. The 'Fair Dinkum Restaurant' served bacon and eggs and Charlie Chaplin movies were screened in a makeshift cinema.

At the heart of the discipline problem was the matter of pay. The Australians received not double, but five times the daily pay of their equivalents in the British Army. The Tommy was paid a mere shilling a day, while his Australian counterpart received six shillings per day, with one shilling held back, payable on discharge. The men had money folded in their pay books to spend in the carnival world of Cairo. Brothels had geared themselves to meet the shallow pockets of the British; now the ANZACs had arrived on the scene. No longer were these young Australian men restricted by Edwardian sexual repression; each visit to town could offer a quick frolic. As a consequence, several hundred men who had succumbed to venereal disease and were no longer fit for active service were reclassified for discharge and immediate return to Australia.

For the soldiers and nurses of Australia and New Zealand, Egypt had been a colour plate in a Bible, the land of Moses and the pharaoh. They had lived their lives in the cloying bosom of Edwardian values, where table legs were covered and aspidistras dominated family sitting rooms. A Catholic church loomed over every town, with the Church of England standing as a secondary sentinel. Sunday was the Sabbath when shops were closed and decent men and

women sat in hard pews occasionally glimpsing the other sex in their Sunday best.

When they arrived in Egypt, however, the ANZACs discovered that this was no tableau of sandalled men with Caucasian faces and flowing white beards. Even the spice markets provoked a riot of the senses, the air heavy with the pungent aromas of cardamom, mace, ginger, star anise, cloves, myrrh and cinnamon. The ANZACs frequented cafes during their hours of leave, bantering with the local Egyptians in their easy manner. Their uniform spoke of a homespun freedom: their jacket was loose and comfortable and was nipped stylishly at the waist with a brass buckle. On their collars, buttoning at the throat, were two brass badges depicting the rising sun. A brass AUSTRALIA was pinned to epaulettes on each shoulder. Their trousers were fashioned in the style of whipcord corduroy riding breeches with two front pockets, the muscles on their calves highlighted by the cloth wrapping, called puttees, which prevented the sand from entering the tops of their polished brown boots. The look was completed by the slouch hat, often worn at a careless or jaunty angle. In the deep, roomy pockets of their jackets jingled a plentiful supply of coins.

The diggers' day began with a breakfast of bread and jam washed down with tea in the company mess areas to the strains of military tunes as bands marched down the main street of the camp. The morning parade was followed by roll call and over an hour's march across the sand into the desert training ground of Tiger's Tooth. Many mornings were devoted to drill as the diggers were taught to respond instinctively to words of command. After a lunch of army biscuits and a shared can of sardines, the afternoon was devoted to infantry tactics with platoon, company and then battalion exercises.

Order was gradually imposed on the disorderly ANZAC forces as the code of discipline was enforced and the threat of a dishonourable return home proved an effective deterrent. The officers exploited the plentiful opportunities to take their men to the sandy training area and build unit cohesion through section, platoon, company and brigade manoeuvres. On 5 March, two brigades were marched into the desert and exercised in hastily dug defences with day and night attacks. Logistic columns followed the men into the sandy wastes bringing water and rations. General Bridges also attended, remaining late into the evening to watch the final assault and snatching sleep as best he could, lying on the desert sand alongside his Chief of Staff, Colonel Brudenell White. Charles Bean caught sight of the general as he moved silently through the lines:

The old general slept out—just curled himself up in a gutter in the sand—I saw him there all by himself as I walked about. He had only a rug over his overcoat, his cap on his stick stuck into the sand above his head, and his balaclava cap over his ears.

The ANZAC officers and NCOs worked tirelessly to train their men for the battles that loomed ahead. Across a sandy expanse, over 3000 men of 1 Brigade were ordered to attack the troops of 2 Brigade who had prepared defences by digging trenches along a sandy ridge. The attacking brigade skirmished forward and found its flank hanging in the endless sea of burning sand. They rolled up the flank, studiously following the drills they had been taught, as soldiers panted through ankle-deep sand to mount the attack. The soldiers were fit and tough but still had much to learn about surviving the shock and confusion of a real battle.

Colonel Brudenell White regarded the exercise as little short of a complete disaster and left the area in the depths of depression; after all, the men were not even under enemy fire. The Chief of Staff returned to the ANZAC camp where he performed a sad duty:

18 March, Mena. Pleasant day. Attended Major Parker's funeral this afternoon, poor fellow died of meningitis, fine man too.

Major Parker had died after two days lying on a stretcher in the converted hospital which was the Mena Hotel. He had been a popular officer and was marked for promotion. His was the first of many military funerals White would attend in this long and bitter campaign.

The ANZAC forces were destined to fight an enemy they could barely envisage. Information on the Turkish Army was processed in Major General Sir John Maxwell's Egyptian War Office in Cairo where the intelligence staff included a young Oxford graduate and Middle East specialist, the idealistic Lieutenant T. E. Lawrence. The Cairo intelligence office published daily secret intelligence bulletins compiled from a surprising array of sources including Vice Consul Charles Palmer's original reports, information gleaned by enterprising women with active social networks, disgruntled Turkish officers including a General Staff Officer, smugglers, the Russian intelligence service and various military attachés. The secret intelligence bulletins that arrived at ANZAC headquarters were scoured avidly by its officers who noted in particular any mention of the strength and distribution of Turkish Army units.

The intelligence officer at ANZAC headquarters was Major Charles Herbert Villiers-Stuart, a forty-year-old

professional soldier. Prior to his appointment to ANZAC, Villiers-Stuart had held a commission in the Indian Army and fought on the North-West Frontier abutting Afghanistan in the late 1890s. He had gained valuable experience in the Waziristan Campaign between 1901 and 1902, rising to the rank of major in the service of the 56 Punjabi Rifles Field Force where he learned the value of concealment and terrain. Birdwood had selected this veteran soldier as a member of his own corps staff to prepare the newly formed ANZAC forces for war—it was a shrewd choice. Major Villiers-Stuart knew from experience the destructive effect of machine-guns across a defile and the devastation wreaked by shrapnel on exposed troops.

The pace towards the Dardanelles quickened as General Birdwood was tasked by Lord Kitchener to conduct a military appreciation of the likely area for a landing. In his final report Birdwood informed Kitchener that the fleet could not break through and that soldiers must be deployed on the peninsula. Even then, he emphasised that this would be a particularly arduous undertaking. His report noted the difficult terrain and the importance of accurate naval gunfire support. He argued for the use of a balloon to aid spotting, suggesting that an observer in a tethered balloon, with the advantage of height, would be able to see over the first ridge to the hidden Turkish artillery batteries beyond. The Admiralty responded to Birdwood's report by immediately outfitting the world's first tethered balloon ship, HMS *Manica*, specifically designed for operations at Gallipoli.

On 25 February, Birdwood's Chief of Staff, General Walker, rang Bridges with orders for the four battalions of 3 Brigade—known as the 'All Australian Brigade' as its battalions were formed from each Australian state—to leave Mena on 28 February. Bridges met with Colonel Ewan

Sinclair-MacLagan and his brigade intelligence officer, Captain Arthur Ross, at Sheppard's Hotel in Cairo with orders for the brigade to entrain to Alexandria and sail the following day. Sinclair-MacLagan and Ross received carefully worded orders from Bridges, outlining their training and preparation for the coming battle:

You will occupy positions covering the beach by day and night, and in both cases without reconnaissance beyond what can be done from a map or chart. The beach selected should present the following characteristics. Sand or shingle; shallow in forming up space; the immediate vicinity to include a steep scramble up cliffs and also sharp inclines of sand.

Bridges and Birdwood alone knew their ultimate destination and the strength of opposition on the shore. What little the soldiers of 3 Brigade knew was soon supplemented by the chatter in the coffee houses and the newspapers which told them that they were likely to be pitted against Turkish soldiers. The war diarist from 3 Brigade's 11 Infantry Battalion was still unsure of his destination as the brigade's transport left the docks:

Alexandria 6 am 23 officers and 868 Other Ranks embarked on Her Majesty's Transport *Suffolk* for unknown destination—left quay at 9.16 am. 7 officers and 145 Other Ranks and 1 Chaplain embarked on HMT *Nizam* for unknown destination—sailed out.

At 10.10 a.m. that morning, sealed orders were opened and the brigade staff discovered that they were bound for the island of Lemnos. Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan and his

brigade headquarters staff sailed with 10 Battalion aboard HMT *Ionian*, arriving four days later on the evening of 4 March. As there were sufficient tents for only one battalion, the privilege of camping ashore was settled on the toss of a coin—and won by 9 Battalion. It was a hollow victory. Insufficient tents were pitched and one soldier died of pneumonia after sleeping in the rain on the battalion's first night ashore.

The remaining battalions—10, 11 and 12 Battalions—were left aboard the transports—essentially converted cargo ships—caring for their horses and mules which were also quartered aboard. Waste from the animals spread throughout the vessels, leaking onto the mess tables on the deck below where the men ate, creating an almost unbearable stench. The prolonged confinement was extremely uncomfortable and many soldiers were furious at having to live in such deplorable conditions.

Life aboard the transport ship *Nizam* was little better. *Nizam* was not provisioned to cater for the preferences of the Australian appetite in 1915, but was victualled on the Indian troop scale and consequently short of butter, cheese and jam, although mace, chilli, and cardamom were plentiful. Replacement supplies were quickly dispatched from the stores in Alexandria to avert a nasty scene as the troops depended on jam to supplement the monotonous ladles of bully beef and potato stew.

Water aboard the transports was strictly rationed as the only supply of water on the ships came from compressors that produced potable water for the small number of ship's crew. To conserve water, taps were turned off and, as there were no showers or baths, the men began to smell worse with each passing day. The daily shipboard rhythm was broken only by the institution of practice assaults ashore. At first both the officers and men found the mock

assaults, followed by a long march across the green island of Lemnos, something of a relief and took the opportunity to bathe at the end of the day's exercise. Then the weather turned cold and the men returned sore, their uniforms soaked with sweat and encrusted with salt. There were no provisions to wash their clothing and lice quickly began to breed in dirty uniforms. Clean underwear was issued every three weeks.

The difficulty of the task ahead soon became all too apparent to the detached force as the soldiers bent to their task of practising amphibious assaults. Ewan Sinclair-MacLagan reported his men's progress to 1 Division:

Troops are being trained daily in disembarkation to and from boats . . . I have been unable to start training under 'supposed opposition' yet, but hope to start this on 9 March.

Sinclair-MacLagan had found a cliff in Mudros harbour that matched Bridges' description of the likely landing place on the Gallipoli Peninsula and here the ANZACs practised their assault. The practice area was a small bay with a promontory rising to a sandstone cliff covered in coarse vegetation and marked on the chart as Teliknea Point. In fact Teliknea Point bore a striking resemblance to the sheltered cove selected as the likely landing place and the cliffs north of Gaba Tepe some twenty miles eastward. Each day the men climbed down swaying rope ladders swung over the steep-sided transports into wooden rowing boats and rowed silently to the base of the tall sandstone cliff where they leapt into the sea and emerged to scramble upwards. During daylight hours the men could see the mountain ridges of the Turkish mainland in the distance.

Charles Bean watched one of the practice assaults, describing the efforts of the men:

The men rowed ashore and formed up on the sand below the promontory. Then, in skirmishing line and with their officers in front, they scrambled up the escarpment to the heights. After clearing the cliff tops of imaginary enemy, the men conducted hours of route marching with full packs, webbing and rifles. Exhausted, they manned the boats and returned to their transports, hungry, blistered and sweat soaked.

The troops soon began to tire of the mock assaults, bored with waiting in the knowledge that the enemy was so close at hand. They could see little value in relentless repetition of night exercises, climbing down scramble nets from old coastal traders into wooden lifeboats. Their impatience increased until, on 18 March, they heard distant gunfire from across the sea and later learned that the Turks had repulsed a series of naval attempts to break through the Dardanelles. They were told of the desperate fight by detachments of British Royal Marines who landed in support of three previous naval attacks. The white crosses lining the rim of Mudros harbour bore mute testimony to the cost of landing from boats in front of trenches, machine-guns and barbed wire. The young men from Australia would soon discover this for themselves.

Captain Arthur Ross, 3 Brigade's intelligence officer, held a series of large scale (1:40,000) maps of the Gallipoli Peninsula—three numbered sheets showing the Dardanelles, the straits and the land to either side. Each map was over a metre square and backed with linen to increase its durability. The coloured map showed topographic features and was overlaid with red-numbered grid squares for ease

of naval and artillery spotting. Ross hoped to add on the map the location of enemy trenches, barbed wire, artillery batteries and camps. He knew the ANZAC forces' only chance in the coming assault was to find and exploit gaps in the enemy's defence of the beaches. Securing intelligence on enemy defences had been extremely difficult as was any appreciation of the strength of the Turkish preparation. At this stage, ANZAC intelligence officers were reduced to guessing the number of Turkish artillery batteries and the location of the enemy machine-guns and barbed wire entanglements. It was poor preparation for any assault.

The men of the Turkish 3 Corps and the garrison troops lining the Dardanelles had been blooded in battle and, thus far, had been victorious. They had repulsed a substantial landing of troops and a fleet of modern warships in the same month. For these men, training had long since ended and they had heard the scream of shells and endured the fear of modern warfare. Very few had fired their German Mausers as the gunners and mine engineers had won the day. The men of 3 Corps were boosted by the knowledge that, once they were on an equal footing with the enemy, they stood some chance of repelling the invader. The poorly clothed *askers*, underfed and often barefoot, had tasted victory. They commemorated their dead, reinforced their trench parapets and marvelled at their success.

Saturday 20 March 1915

Gale Force winds from the South/cloudy/air temperature 63 degrees/sea state not entered/at single anchor/hands making and mending clothes.

In his office on the Bosphorus overlooking the Golden Horn, General Otto Liman von Sanders quietly digested the triumphant news from the Dardanelles. Astonishingly, the Allied warships appeared to have been beaten. Within his clique of senior German officers discussions continued on the salient point that the British were unlikely to give up; intelligence from overseas missions told of preparation for a landing. He mused:

The allies probably recognised that the road to Constantinople could not be opened by action on the water alone. It was equally clear to me that they would not relinquish such a high prize without further effort. . . . Hence a large landing had to be counted upon.

The Ministry of War in Constantinople—like the Egyptian War Office in Cairo—also relied on an active intelligence network. In March, the Ministry received reports from agents across the Mediterranean describing a large expeditionary force of around 50,000—a total that quickly increased to 80,000 men. News of Hamilton's arrival as the expeditionary commander was reported from many sources, including the *Egyptian Gazette*. Reports told of the construction of a landing pier at Mudros and, on 17 March, an informant reported that four British officers in the Greek port of Piraeus had purchased forty-two large barges and five tugs. This was a strong indication that, with the failure of the naval assault, a new phase was now to begin. The enemy was planning to land an army in strength to destroy the Dardanelles forts.

In London, Lord Kitchener replied to Hamilton's telegram requesting that the Royal Naval Division be sent to Port Said and the French Division to Alexandria. Kitchener also urged the speedy commencement of military operations on Gallipoli. Vice Admiral de Robeck suggested the use of short-term lodgements of troops to draw fire from the field guns that were interfering with minesweeping operations. Hamilton certainly had sufficient troops to conduct a limited assault given that ANZAC 3 Brigade was close at hand. But he was mindful of the spirited defence so recently witnessed and maintained that he was still searching for a suitable landing place. Surveys of potential landing beaches were compiled into reports and the Navy added the depth and shelving of the beaches to its charts. Hamilton was also preoccupied with another decisive factor: access to potable water.

Beach defences presented another conundrum for the commander. The coastline was a series of jagged cliff faces and wash-outs with only a few small, sheltered beaches. Behind the cliffs rose a heavily scarred terrain as winter rains cut deep troughs through limestone. This was a defender's paradise. The only exception was the gentler country in the northern area around Bulair and the southern cultivated cape of the peninsula itself. These areas begged for a landing—but they were also the most heavily defended.

A rare piece of good news arrived in the Egyptian War Office intelligence bulletin. The Turks now faced the possibility of a Russian attack from the east through the Black Sea—the enemy's resources were effectively divided. The Turkish General Staff remained alert for a renewed attempt at a naval breakthrough in the Dardanelles but were mindful that the capital could not be left undefended. The Egyptian War Office intelligence bulletin reported that:

Alexandria: 20/3/1915: Cairo reports: Defences are being prepared close outside CONSTANTINOPLE, but their method of construction makes it impossible for them to be effective against shell fire. They are armed with howitzers and a certain amount of field guns.

While the ANZACs had been training in the desert and enjoying Cairo's nightlife, the headquarters staffs had gained a gradual appreciation of the task ahead. Major Charles Villiers-Stuart received Egyptian War Office intelligence bulletins on a daily basis. The ANZAC intelligence war diary appendix for March 1915 includes four hand-written estimates of the strength of the Turkish forces defending the Dardanelles between 1 March and 18 March 1915.

Villiers-Stuart extracted the relevant information and transcribed it in columns which soon attracted some concern: 120,000 Turk troops were defending the area around the Sea of Marmora. A threat to the defence of the Dardanelles could see these troops redeployed by steamer in a matter of hours. The next day, fresh intelligence painted an even gloomier picture with the addition of another corps at the port of Smyrna giving a total of 180,000 troops in the area of operations. Secret information revealed that 3 Corps' 7, 8 and 9 Infantry Divisions had already deployed for the defence of the peninsula itself. Villiers-Stuart remarked at the time that these figures appeared to be something of an 'overestimate'. However, he also noted that 60,000 enemy troops had been clearly identified on the finger of the Gallipoli Peninsula and the opposite shore. In fact, this was an accurate assessment of the number of enemy troops defending the area. The problem was not simply that the MEF had to match these numbers, but rather that the Allied forces had to assault with at least three times that number

of men to hold any hope of success. If the enemy were heavily entrenched and willing to fight, even this number might prove insufficient. Intelligence reports from the Egyptian War Office proved frustratingly vague but revealed the simple fact of enemy mobility:

The last estimate of dispositions is most reliable up to date. It is impossible to say which troops are on the GALLIPOLI PENINSULA, or Dardanelles or Bosphorus. They can be moved about by sea quickly and easily.

General Bridges was briefed daily on enemy numbers by his intelligence staff. After a meeting with his corps commander, and in light of the intelligence estimates, he reiterated the importance of training his men for a difficult fight ahead. He had very little choice: the army had to break through the portcullis to gain entry to the Sea of Marmora.

In Mudros harbour, in the sombre aftermath of the failed naval attack, many of the ships' officers and crew were left alone with their thoughts. Lieutenant Harry Strain on *Ark Royal* struggled to come to terms with what he had seen on 18 March from his ringside seat in the air:

... ten miles away a dark brown column shoots into the air. Death, havoc and destruction perhaps, but to me, on high, a purely impersonal matter requiring a spotting correction to get her [the firing ship] onto her target; what happens to the pygmies down below does not enter my head—until the watches of the night.

Albion was also at anchor in Mudros harbour. Lieutenant Commander Gibson supervised the accommodation of sailors who had lost their ships on 18 March. A sense of shock pervaded *Albion* and the men were set to work repairing the damaged ship which had been struck by two 9-inch shells. The human casualties of the shellfire would take longer to mend. Gibson described the unremitting pace of operations:

Blowing hard, we were to have ammunitioned but weather too bad for ship to come alongside. We have 100 men from *Ocean* and *Irresistible* on board. Poor beggars have nothing but what they stand up in and in some cases that is not much. Our fellows have lent and given them gear . . . sudden orders to go out on patrol so we lashed covers across holes as it is blowing and raining.

In his diary, Gibson pasted a copy of a signal taken by the petty officer of the watch—perhaps with a hint of irony:

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to send the following message: His Majesty is following the attack on the Dardanelles with deep interest and desires to convey to all in your command and to the French squadron his appreciation of your gallant effort to win this great prize.

CHAPTER 4

21–24 March 1915

The decision is made

Sunday 21 March 1915

Strong wind from the south west backing to north east/
blue sky with detached clouds/65 degrees [no sea state
recorded as *Ark Royal* found a lee at Tenedos and was
riding at single anchor].

As the Allied fleet hugged the safety of the harbour and battle-weary sailors worked to repair the damage inflicted by Turkish shells, a second enemy reappeared in the form of gale force winds and choppy seas. Naval operations were again at the mercy of the elements and minesweeping and flight operations were cancelled. The same strong winds and rough seas proved a boon for the Turks as the two infantry regiments continued to dig trenches and gun emplacements across the dominant hills and escarpments facing the sea. The winds brought them freedom to operate in daylight as seaplanes could not circle overhead calling in naval shells.

By 10.20 a.m., Hamilton had reached a decision of sorts, conceding that not even the tempting target of a short-term military lodgement or feint would induce the Turks to transfer field guns from the straits. Worse still, if the ploy were successful, Hamilton's intelligence told him that the Turks could simply strip batteries from Smyrna or from the garrison in Constantinople to thwart the main effort and men would be sacrificed to a failed strategy. Hamilton's decision was to fully commit his troops to forcing the Dardanelles. Time was of the essence, and although he wasn't to know it then, the MEF had just thirty-six days to plan and execute the most difficult exercise in modern warfare—the seaborne assault of a well-prepared and well-defended shore.

The crucial question of access to drinking water once the beaches had been taken also remained unanswered. The logistic burden of water supplies for 80,000 men on a barren peninsula was enormous and Hamilton had no intelligence on the location of wells and aquifers. The transports that accommodated his troops could barely produce enough potable water from compressing seawater to meet their current needs. As the men fought inland, they would move further away from their only supply of water. Each soldier carried one pint of water in a khaki-wrapped enamelled tin water bottle with a cork thrust into its neck that hung from his webbing belt. Ignoring the Sabbath, General Braithwaite, Hamilton's Chief of General Staff, issued instructions to Colonel Joly de Lotbinière, the ANZAC Chief Engineer, to source and dig water from springs in the hills of Lemnos. They were to exploit the old town's water supply and construct separate wells for animals. Potable water could be pumped onto barges or stored on wagons for a potential advance across the peninsula. This was by no means an ideal solution and the location of water on

the Gallipoli Peninsula now became a priority intelligence requirement.

General Birdwood, who had recently finished his own survey of the Gallipoli defences from the decks of the elderly warship HMS *Doris*, met Hamilton after lunch to discuss the failures of 18 March. Birdwood had previously suggested to Kitchener that the navy was likely to fail and clearly felt justified in informing his superior that 'the Navy have shot their bolt for the time being and that we have no time to lose in getting ready for a landing'. Hamilton, on the other hand, remained awed by the spectacle of modern naval warfare and was optimistic that the naval option could yet provide the breakthrough. He looked hopefully for an opportunity to renew the naval push.

Intelligence relayed by the Egyptian War Office indicated that the Turks had deployed guns to the Dardanelles earlier that month. Valuable though this intelligence was, it had suffered an excruciating ten-day delay before reaching the naval and military staff and was now dated. An irritated Hamilton telegraphed the War Office in London requesting that arrangements be made for diplomatic, consular and secret agents to send information direct to him to circumvent the delays caused by re-routing through Cairo. This would cut this delay by two to three critical days. At the same time, the MEF intelligence diary continued to record reports from a variety of sources, including a Greek witness to the bombardment of the straits:

Cairo reports following from Athens furnished by Greek of good position who left Dardanelles 9 March. A large German ship arrived at the Dardanelles with Enver [Bey, Turkish Minister of War]. A number of guns were landed by a crane in the vessel and then

hauled by men to Chimenlik Fort whence they were distributed to other points during the night. Informant saw guns which he described as from 3 to 4 metres long and not very thick in circumference.

Another valuable source of intelligence was the unnamed Turkish staff officer who continued to report on the defences of the Dardanelles and who had suggested to his 'handler' that he had access to sensitive information. On 3 March the Turkish officer revealed that Channakale Fortress Command was lightly armed with 6-inch guns. Two days later he announced that large calibre field batteries had been dispatched to improve the Turkish defences with a four-gun battery dragged by bullock teams to the high ground in the vicinity of Mal Tepe beside the Maidos road. Mal Tepe was a conical hill which dominated the town of Maidos and the seaward passage. The informant was evidently particularly well placed as his information on the deployment of individual batteries indicates. The intelligence staff in the Egyptian War Office concluded that these guns were heavy howitzers capable of hurling shells in high arcs into the churning waters below. As yet, the fleet had not penetrated sufficiently far into the straits to feel the wrath of these guns. Overall, these reports clarified that the Turkish Army was continuing to add batteries to bolster the defence of the peninsula.

Lieutenant Commander Gibson remained exposed, battered by the hostile wind in *Albion's* gunnery top, while his ship prepared to patrol outside the mouth of the Dardanelles. He considered climbing down the rope ladder for Divine Service on the deck below, but decided that group

worship looked both dreary and uncomfortable with the officers sitting sandwiched between two blocks of standing seamen. Instead he remained in his windswept position high above his ship and enjoyed the comparative isolation with only his thoughts for company. His metal room forty yards above the deck of the ship provided a panoramic view across the sea and towards the other ships of the fleet pulling at their anchors in the lurching swell. The gunnery top resembled a giant metal pot stuck at the end of a tall metal pole with 360-degree views to the horizon. Inside, his gunnery team ran a busy office while outside wheeling seagulls kept them company. Rangefinders and powerful binoculars allowed the team to feed azimuth, charge and range to the teams serving the guns in the two turrets below. A bank of telephones gave the fire control party access to different departments and to the ship's captain. But the gunnery top was mercilessly exposed and the wind and rain whipped through, forcing the men to cloak themselves tightly against the cold.

Monday 22 March 1915

Strong wind from North/blue sky with clouds/50 degrees/no sea state recorded/riding at single anchor in lee of Tenedos Island.

The Turkish Military Attaché in Rome was busy typing an intelligence report which would be sent later that day through diplomatic channels to Constantinople and the Ministry of War. His report expressed his firm opinion that, despite the naval failure of 18 March, the Allied attack would continue with the landing of an army. The Attaché estimated total enemy forces at around 80,000 troops, comprising a French

division of Senegalese soldiers and British forces including the Indian and Australian contingents already based in Egypt. The Attaché was unsure of the total figure, aware that 80,000 might well be an exaggeration. The report was dispatched and arrived on the desk of Enver Bey, the Minister for War, two days later. It proved to be a brilliant—and accurate—assessment of Allied intentions.

At the same time, off the coast of the peninsula and behind the protective guns of *Queen Elizabeth*, a conference was being held which would decide the fate of the 80,000 troops of the MEF described in part by the Turkish Military Attaché in Rome. The ship's wardroom was cleared of its junior officers and maps and reports were spread across the polished oak dining table. The senior staff sat with innate order and an ingrained sense of precedence that made place cards patently unnecessary. Admirals de Robeck and Wemyss and Generals Hamilton, Braithwaite and Birdwood were meeting to decide precisely how to take the Dardanelles. Hamilton recorded that de Robeck opened the conference with his bluntly expressed opinion that the navy could not get through the Dardanelles without the use of *all* of Hamilton's soldiers. The conversation had then turned to the enemy and the size of the task awaiting an invading army:

I told them too that my Intelligence folk fix the numbers of the enemy now at the Dardanelles as 40,000 on the Gallipoli Peninsula with a reserve of 30,000 behind Bulair: on the Asiatic side of the Straits there are at least a Division, but there may be several Divisions. The Admiral's information tallies and, so Birdie says, does that of the Army in Egypt. The War Office notion that the guns

of the Fleet can sweep the enemy off the tongue of the Peninsula from Achi Baba southwards is moonshine.

Quite apart from the fact that the Allied forces were clearly outnumbered, there were also many other logistic hurdles that the assaulting troops would have to overcome. There were insufficient small vessels to take the men ashore—indeed, there were no specialised craft at all, and the army would be forced to rely on white-painted lifeboats or fishing trawlers. Furthermore, and as Hamilton had previously feared, the navy now confessed to having no ship capable of carrying potable water to support the lodgement once the beaches had been stormed. Finally, there was no intelligence on the location of springs or wells on the barren peninsula.

Despite all these apparently insurmountable difficulties, a consensus had been reached by 1.30 p.m.—the army must land in strength. That left the monumental problem of transport which was currently in a state of disarray. The men of the British 29 Division, for example, were packed for a logistic move rather than in the order required to assault directly onto a defended beach: the guns were neatly stowed in one ship, their limbers and ammunition in another. Rearranging the divisional transport at Lemnos would cause serious delay, despite access to the jetty that the ANZAC engineers were to build to allow disembarkation. At this stage, the only sensible decision was to send the transports back to Alexandria for unloading and reorganisation. This represented a critical lost opportunity and returned the advantage to the enemy, but the conference agreed that to effect a landing in the current state of disorganisation would lead to the criminal waste of human life.

Vice Admiral de Robeck undertook to maintain pressure

on the enemy by sending his ships to patrol aggressively across a wide frontage creating uncertainty as to the likely landing beaches. This was the first step in the formulation of a deception plan. It was clear to both sides that a landing was inevitable: how could an armada of a hundred ships be hidden? Yet it was still possible for the precise location of the landing to remain a closely guarded secret.

The conference on board *Queen Elizabeth* provided the impetus for action. There could be no more realistic setting for such a conference of war. Parts of the ship's superstructure were burned, holed and twisted from Turkish shelling off Gaba Tepe on 5 March. Having clambered up the suspended staircase hung over the ship's side, the generals would have been confronted with the devastation wrought by the enemy batteries described in such detail in the intelligence reports. Twisted metal davits and bent and shattered railings were still being repaired by upper deck work teams. Hammering and other sounds of work on the damaged infrastructure of the world's most powerful ship must have punctuated the conversation during the conference. The smell of fresh paint would have permeated the wardroom. These were tangible reminders of the firepower of the defenders.

Somewhere in the bowels of the scarred *Queen Elizabeth* was Lieutenant Charles Palmer, resplendent in a newly tailored naval uniform. He had resigned as a diplomat, been commissioned and appointed a junior intelligence officer on de Robeck's staff and had joined the warship sometime in March. Palmer's position on the planning staff was almost certainly a result of his reputation for providing accurate reporting and his intimate knowledge of the peninsula. His language skills would also have been considered extremely valuable.

In Cairo, rumours were building that the ANZAC forces were likely to be ranged against the Turks. International newspapers, particularly American newspapers, devoted pages to descriptive accounts of the 18 March attacks on the Dardanelles. The ships transporting 29 Division were beginning to arrive at the docks disgorging more white-faced, diminutive Tommies, and gaudy French African troops were arriving in uniforms of blues, greens and reds. Cairo's streets were filling with a diverse array of voices and military fashions.

Charles Bean described a meeting with an old friend in one of the many restaurants in Cairo where the Allied assault on the Dardanelles was the topic of the day:

He told me the 29 Division transports had just arrived at Alexandria carrying 40,000 territorials who had presumably come to take our place at Egypt. Wright enlisted at the beginning of the war in the London Scottish and was with them in the first charge that has so much been written about. He says the Germans are very brave coming up in crowds to be shot down; but they are no more use with the bayonet than old women with a broomstick. He described them as waving the bayonet around in circles when they ought to stick it in.

He heard that Sir Ian Hamilton was coming to command the army or at any rate the British expedition, and so as he knew Sir Ian well he decided to stop on. I hear that there are French troops landing in Alexandria. Of course they are part of the Expeditionary force.

By this time, Private Dick Bulkeley and the soldiers of the Australian 3rd Reinforcements had reached the entrance to the Suez Canal in their crowded transports. Bulkeley was

one of a trio of mates who had dubbed themselves 'the three musketeers':

. . . I wish to introduce you to two comrades, who with myself formed a trio which we called 'the Three Musketeers'. First Harry Davies, who enlisted the same day as I did. About 24 years of age, tall, dark and fine physique, he had come up from his home in a small town near the Victorian border, where he had been helping his brother on a farm. In the voyage over he looked after me when I was sea-sick. The other Sid Kirwan of Hamilton, Newcastle. I first met Sid at old N Company in Liverpool and the fact that he is a motor driver and mechanic, and that I take a keen interest in such matters, drew us together as we had tastes in common. About twenty five and strange to say, quite gray. Being a mechanic he was a very handy chap, one of the best of comrades and possessed a good sense of humour and apparently an unlimited stock of good stories.

The men of the 3rd Reinforcements were to complete the original brigades of the AIF, replacing those men who had been weeded out through sickness, ill discipline and promotion.

Lieutenant Harry Strain and the aircrew of *Ark Royal* had fled to the southern side of Tenedos to shelter from the bad weather. The loss of shipmates from the recent action continued to weigh heavily on their minds as Strain's diary indicates:

We have some of the saved aboard from *Ocean* and *Irresistible*—Now I think we have someone from every ship which has been mined in the war so far . . . One picket

boat [patrolling the entrance to the Dardanelles] yesterday was hit by a 14 inch shell—three sailors' caps is all that has been found.

Ark Royal was the first ship built to carry aircraft to war. Below her flight deck was a single voluminous hold that ran the length of the vessel where seaplanes and landplanes were stored and maintained. The wings of the larger seaplanes folded back on hinges and the aircraft were lifted up onto the deck by one of two steam cranes. *Ark Royal* was a comfortable ship boasting a wide steam-shrouded room fitted with large, white enamel baths that were the envy of the submarine community. Filthy submariners found excuses to visit and luxuriate in hot water, washing oil and salt from their limbs. As there was sufficient room in the sailors' messes to accept ratings from other vessels, *Ark Royal* received numerous visitors.

Tuesday 23 March 1915

Strong wind from north east/blue sky with clouds/52 degrees/riding at single anchor in lee of Tenedos island.

By late March the Allied fleet was restricted to patrolling impotently outside the mouth of the Dardanelles, kept at bay by the mines that floated within. Those ships not on patrol were anchored in the lee of Tenedos, protected from the battering wind as repairs to their upper decks continued. Lieutenant Commander Gibson on *Albion* lamented his change of fortune:

Area considered dangerous until swept includes the mouth. That is to say we can't go inside at all at present.

THE DECISION IS MADE

It is probably only wreckage reported. Rather sad as we used to go in without thinking until we got to de Tott's Battery. Wonder what will be the next move. Went out on patrol off the straits.

Tuesday 23 March was another day of counting the cost of failure. Hamilton sent a further report to Kitchener expressing his opinion that, given the estimated strength of the enemy, the entire military force would be required to mount an attack. He added that the unsettled weather made the immediate launch of operations difficult. For these reasons, he proposed to return the expedition to Alexandria for a thorough reorganisation. Thus was the Secretary of State for War informed that further lengthy delays were inevitable with the loss of momentum counted in weeks not days.

Perhaps as a tonic to low morale, Hamilton made a mid-morning inspection of a detachment of ANZAC 3 Brigade camped near Mudros harbour. Snow-capped peaks towered above the grassy hills, providing a dramatic backdrop to the antlike work of the diminutive figures in the foreground. Hamilton later wrote candidly:

At 10 o'clock Birdie and myself landed to inspect a Battalion of Australians [9 Battalion of the 3 Brigade]. I made them carry out a little attack on a row of windmills, and really, they did not show much more imagination over the business than did Don Quixote in a similar encounter.

Perhaps the impending action, particularly the prospect of an advance under an enemy artillery barrage, had exposed the hollowness of the drills outlined in the 1906 infantry pamphlet followed assiduously by all imperial troops. In

addition, the men of 3 Brigade had been isolated at Lemnos and thus denied the opportunity to exercise against units of comparable strength given that the remainder of 1 Division was still at Mena Camp. Hamilton was also viewing volunteer troops who had received weeks of interrupted training rather than the months of continuous training enjoyed by regular troops. All the enthusiasm and spirit the men could muster would not compensate for a lack of sustained training in the face of the horrors of modern scientific war.

Hamilton was a rare officer. His left hand hung limply in its sleeve, wounded by a sniper's bullet in the Boer War where he had been twice recommended for the Victoria Cross. During the 1905 Russo-Japanese War, Hamilton was attached to the Japanese Army as a liaison officer to observe and report on the changes in modern conflict. He witnessed Japanese infantry assaults on Russian emplacements during the siege at Port Arthur and had seen at first hand the smashing of well-formed bodies of troops by concentrated machine-gun and rifle fire. His knowledge of infantry assaults against prepared defences was sound and thorough and based on observation at close quarters. On his return to England, he had been a lone voice preaching a new doctrine in which cavalry no longer occupied the premier place on the modern battlefield. It was a radical opinion and Hamilton was cast as a dangerous intellectual and belittled by the military establishment, the province of firmly entrenched cavalry officers. Those same officers were now in headquarters across France throwing lines of soldiers against barbed wire hoping for a chance to send cavalry into the gap. They would continue for another two years repeating the same mistakes before the senseless butchery was finally halted.

The men of 3 Brigade had never practised assaulting with live ammunition; indeed, some of the battalion's troops had

never fired a rifle. Many more had never heard the sound of a bullet passing overhead or seen the burst of shrapnel close by. They were eager novices, lightly trained and unblooded compared to the soldiers of the modern armies fighting in Europe. As Hamilton watched these barely trained men exercise, he recalled the fighting prowess of their enemy, having personally seen the devastating effectiveness of Turkish artillery on armoured ships.

Having observed the ANZAC troops jousting with wind-mills, Hamilton again wired Kitchener suggesting that the Admiralty be pressured to immediately dispatch twenty to thirty large armour-plated landing craft capable of holding 400 to 500 men each. These craft, known as 'beetles' because of the twin cranes that could raise and lower the armoured ramp at the mouth of each vessel, had already been constructed and sat idle at English docks. Hamilton was fully aware that the most dangerous phase of an opposed landing was the approach and, without specialist landing craft, the men would be forced to slowly row themselves towards the barbed wire-covered shore under a hail of shell and machine-gun fire. At 12.20 p.m., Hamilton sent yet another wire, this time to Admiral Limpus, the Admiral Superintendent of Malta, requesting him to manufacture 200 periscopes, trench mortars and as many bombs as possible. These were the armaments for a determined siege, the tools for sustained trench warfare. The reply arrived a little over an hour later:

. . . notification was received from GOC Egypt . . . output of bombs is limited to 200 per week, but they can improvise as many bomb throwers as required. 2,000 hand grenades are on order from home, but no advice of their arrival has been received.

If Hamilton thought that 3 Brigade lacked experience in battlefield tactics, he would have been appalled at the quality of training given to the 'three musketeers', Dick Bulkeley, Harry Davies and Sid Kirwan, in the 3rd Australian Reinforcements. Many of these men had no idea how to wind and tie their puttees around their calves correctly, let alone assault a defended beach. Others had never fired a rifle, although they could slope arms on a parade ground with some approximation of military precision. But Bulkeley, Davies and Kirwan had certainly enjoyed their first run ashore in Egypt:

We spent the rest of the evening riding about in rickshaws in every part of the city, and I don't think I ever enjoyed anything more. There are crowds of these rickshaws about, they all have rubber tyres and the men make no noise as they run, except when anyone gets in the way and then they ring a shrill bell like that used on a bicycle. They seem to flit along through the dark noiselessly with their small lights shining like fireflies. You can get them to run side by side and as they are very comfortable it is an ideal way to get along and yarn. I can tell you Joe and I made the most of it, sprinting along through the residential parts and walking through the native quarter and bazaars with their strange medley of sights, sounds and smells.

We leant back in our seats puffing at big cigars, feeling very superior and very pleased with ourselves. We got back to the boat about eleven considering ourselves very lucky as very few had leave that night. We remained here all Wednesday till about six in the evening when we put to sea once again.

For the men who comprised the first wave of ANZAC troops, the training had a harder edge with talk of a plan to send troops to Alexandretta, on the Mediterranean coast of Turkey, in an attempt to outflank the Turks and relieve pressure on the Suez Canal. While this option was discussed, it was eventually dismissed in favour of a more strategic target. The brigades began to practise night attacks, conducting a series of assaults which continued over four nights in late March and tested each brigade's effectiveness in defending from trenches. The men were also exercised in attacking well-prepared positions and found these assaults the most difficult of all. The ANZACs began to develop a familiarity with a small wooden-handled combination shovel and pick known as an 'entrenching tool'.

The entrenching tool was made of a heavy, cast metal. The head was carried on the right hip in a canvas pouch while the wooden handle dangled vertically on the other hip, similar to the long bayonet in its leather scabbard. The soldier combined the two pieces to make an effective digging tool which was designed so that a man could dig on his knees or scrape earth away while lying prostrate on the ground. This simple tool could save a life, providing cover when shrapnel or machine-gun fire spattered the ground. Before they had cause to feel grateful for its lifesaving properties, most diggers considered the entrenching tool an embuggerance, forever banging against the outside leg as the soldier marched.

The ANZACs were issued the 1908 pattern canvas webbing which was also worn by the British Army. The webbing was clipped at the front to canvas shoulder straps and a thick canvas belt. The soldier's precious water bottle, day haversack, bayonet, entrenching tool and ammunition pouches were attached to the belt. The ammunition pouches were easily unclipped and the soldier could quickly push a five-round

clip into his .303 Short Magazine Lee Enfield rifle, having pulled the bolt to the rear and exposed the magazine below. On his back, the soldier carried a clip-on pack in which he stowed spare clothes, blankets and bulkier items. The pack could be unclipped and dropped, leaving him to fight in his webbing which carried only his daily essentials.

MEF headquarters was gradually assembling a clearer picture of enemy preparations. Colonel Doughty-Wylie, Hamilton's intelligence officer, was dispatched to Athens to quiz the Greeks who had previously planned their own landing while the Allied armada organised itself in Egypt. The intelligence section at MEF collated and distributed incoming intelligence to its five divisions: the two ANZAC infantry divisions, 29 Division, the Royal Naval Division and the French division.

On 23 March, Major Charles Villiers-Stuart, the ANZAC intelligence officer, logged his intelligence bulletin in blue pencil and placed it in the appendix of the ANZAC intelligence diary. He noted that the informant who had supplied this information was clearly well placed, having passed on the breakdown of Turkish divisions defending the Gallipoli Peninsula where he estimated the total number of troops at 43,000. The informant added that a further 101,000 troops were located in five army corps in the vicinity of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, with 4 Corps in reach at Smyrna with an extra 40,000 troops. A total of three army corps had been identified in the wider Dardanelles area.

The informant—a Turkish staff officer—had met his British handler in early March and described the status of the Dardanus, Hamidieh and Kilid Bahr forts. He was evidently well versed in events on the peninsula and was probably reading dispatches from Djevad Bey at Channakale Area Fortress Command. The Turkish staff officer told

his handler that the bulk of civilian residents of Channakale had left the burning and broken city and that only doctors and bakers remained. He added that small guns were now dug in near the hospital on the outskirts of the ruined town. He also confirmed the placement of a battery of howitzers on the high ground of Mal Tepe.

MEF intelligence possessed a relatively accurate picture of the gross numbers of Turkish forces, although they were missing the tactical distribution inland. Enemy ports and logistic supplies—and critical information on water supplies—were now the targets of informants as the fight for intelligence continued. Major Villiers-Stuart received valuable information from a Greek who had recently lived in the strategic port of Maidos, and he sent this intelligence to the New Zealand and Australian Division:

HMT *Franconia*

Mudros Bay

23 March, 1915.

To GOC Royal Naval Division.

Following information received from Speros, the Greek whose home is at MAIDOS, but is now living at PORTIANOS, states:

Roads: From SEDD EL BAHR to MAIDOS there is a road made by the Turks for the use of troops, Two carts can go abreast. The road is metalled.

Water: Speros remained in MAIDOS during the last war and states that during the summer the Turks could find plenty of water for 2,000 horses besides cattle, and for 50,000 troops, besides the people of the town numbering 10,000. In MAIDOS every 10 or 15 houses has a spring of water. At all the farms and villages in the Peninsula there is water.

Positions of Guns: During the war between Italians and the Turks, the Turks placed their guns in all the high places near the sea on both sides. These positions cannot be seen from the sea. They were field guns and were taken up by horses. Recently other permanent gun positions have been made but these he cannot indicate.

MAIDOS is a town of 10,000 inhabitants, nearly all Greeks. Half of these bolted eight months ago, and some since. There are two piers inside the port. Boats of 80 to 100 tons can go alongside. Ten boats can go alongside the pier at one time. All food and munitions of war are landed there except the big guns, which are landed at KHELIA BAY where there is a pier. At the east side of the pier there are large goods sheds belonging to private people. These were taken over by the Government during the last war, and have been taken over again now. They are used for storing all kinds of war material and food.

A plan is attached of MAIDOS, taken from a rough one drawn by Speros, showing the town and approximate position of piers, stores, and school, also pier at KHILIA BAY.

(Signed) Eustace Fiennes,
Lieutenant Colonel
Acting Staff Officer Grade 3,
Royal Naval Division

By late March, the Royal Naval Air Service had significantly increased in size. The first transports carrying the crated aircraft of the service's No. 3 Squadron had arrived off Tenedos, although the weather was still too rough to

allow the aircraft to be unloaded. A beachside aerodrome had been built on Tenedos on the site of a vineyard. A large circular area of over 190 yards in diameter had been levelled by refugee labour and the aerodrome prepared to allow take-off and landing in all directions. The vineyard's Greek owner had cunningly secured over a thousand pounds in rent for six months—equivalent to Major General Bridges' annual salary. Wing Commander Charles Samson, No. 3 Squadron's commander, Lieutenants Davies, Marix, Collet and seven other pilots and twenty-two aeroplanes had arrived on HMS *Abda* fresh from the battlefields of Europe. The Director of the Air Department had tasked the squadron to support an amphibious landing and provide intelligence on Turkish defences along the landing beaches.

Lieutenant Harry Strain on *Ark Royal* was informed of the change in emphasis in the Air Department's tasking and he noted in his diary the difficulty of the task ahead. Apart from Charles Palmer, very few men had seen the defensive preparations that awaited an invading army. Harry Strain was one of these men:

Thereafter all was feverish preparation for the combined operations to land an army on the Gallipoli Peninsula. To those of us who had seen the defences from close quarters it seemed that the decision had been taken without the lesson of 18 March having been fully appreciated . . . Everyone in the Aegean seemed to know that a landing was contemplated. With the number of transports and concentration of troops at Mudros the prospect would have been hard to conceal, but the question was where?

Wednesday 24 March 1915

Strong wind from the north east quickly backing easterly/blue sky with clouds/53 degrees/at single anchor in lee of Tenedos.

At the other end of the Sea of Marmora, Liman von Sanders' frustrating tenure as Commander of the Turkish 1 Corps, based in Constantinople, came to an end with the arrival of a message from the Minister of War. Enver Bey, who was also Chief of the Turkish General Staff, requested that Liman von Sanders attend him in his office where he spoke plainly to the German general. Following repeated enemy attempts to breach the Narrows, the Turkish Minister had decided to offer Liman von Sanders command of the newly formed 5 Army to defend the Dardanelles. Liman von Sanders accepted without hesitation.

At the same time, a report from the Turkish Military Attaché in Rome—supplemented by a similar report from Athens—brought news of a further development in the Allied campaign. The Military Attaché in Athens stated that the Allied fleet had ceased all naval attacks because of the threat to warships from sea mines which had already claimed three ships. The reports from both Attachés argued that the commencement of a new phase in enemy operations was increasingly likely.

During the morning of 23 March, Hamilton received another cable from the Secretary of State for War, Lord Kitchener, urging rapid action and requesting precise timings for the commencement of land operations. Hamilton replied patiently, explaining the situation to the Secretary:

Have cabled to Lord K. telling him I am just off to Alexandria. Have said that the ruling factor of my date of landing must be the arrival of the 29 Division . . . I have pointed out that Birdwood's Australians are very weak in artillery; that the Naval Division has none at all and that the guns of the 29 Division make that body even more indispensable than he had probably realised. I would very much like to add that these are not times for infantry divisions minus artillery seeing that they ought to have three times the pre-war complement of guns . . .

Reports on the Gallipoli Peninsula were being distributed daily by the MEF headquarters intelligence section. Captain Aspinall, a staff officer in Hamilton's headquarters, prepared his own appreciation in two reports which examined suitable landing sites. Among the locations discussed was Gaba Tepe—an area halfway up the peninsula where the men of ANZAC would land in a month's time.² The peninsula was described as:

. . . 32 miles in length from Cape Helles on the toe to Bulair with a breadth of 12 miles near the centre. The northern shore is bordered by a range of hills, which fall steeply towards the sea, and throw out spurs towards the southern shore . . . [It is] inadvisable to land [at Gaba Tepe] except during the day because of steep cliffs which dominate the beaches and that the hinterland was uncultivated as it is a place of coarse grass, brushwood, sand stone hillocks, and deep valleys.

² See Appendix B for extracts from 'Report of Gallipoli Peninsula' and Appendix C 'Report of Landing Facilities Gaba Tepe and Cape Helles, Gallipoli Peninsula'.

Aspinall's second report discussed in greater detail the possibility of landing at Gaba Tepe. He described the coast as:

... appearing to be steep-to, allowing vessels to approach close into the shore. The coastline itself is backed by ridges which run generally parallel to the coastline rising gradually to the summit of the peninsula to a height of 600 to 700 feet. The coastal cliffs are backed by a ridge about 100 to 150 feet high. Beyond this a series of ridges with deep cut valleys rise to yet higher ground.

This latter report stated ominously that Gaba Tepe contained 'deep valleys where enemy batteries or troops could be placed and moved without any fear of detection and without a chance of being exposed to the gunfire of ships'. The report noted that:

... the enemy thinks a landing is possible in this location. Reconnaissance shows many new trenches and wire entanglements which were not seen when the garrison on Gaba Tepe was bombarded by a warship on 3 March. Aerial reconnaissance flights are recommended prior to landing to examine the ridges as there is plenty of dead ground for enemy troops and artillery batteries to remain in cover and manoeuvre without being seen from seaward.

Aspinall also observed that:

Feints are considered essential especially at Bulair where a landing was expected by the enemy owing to the mass of trenches and wire entanglements in place.

A feint landing at Bulair would divert enemy troops entirely in the wrong direction and give time for a thorough hold to be made at Cape Helles and Gaba Tepe. It was suggested that a fleet of transports could arrive off Bulair with warships and conduct a heavy bombardment until after dark. Aeroplane reconnaissance over Bulair is considered necessary to support the enemy in the theory that a landing is to be made in that direction.

Ark Royal and her flight of seaplanes were already familiar with Gaba Tepe and the sheltered cove which lay a little to its north. On 5 March, following the publication of the two landing appraisals, *Ark Royal* was ordered to close with *Queen Elizabeth* off the enemy coastline. The super-dreadnought was to shell the Kilid Bahr forts with indirect fire across the peninsula, using *Ark Royal's* seaplanes as spotters and targeting a stretch of coast that had been reported devoid of guns on 19 February. Mission number 33 commenced as Flight Lieutenant Walter Garnett and his observer, Lieutenant Commander Hugh Williamson, took off in a Sopwith seaplane.

The Sopwith circled to gain altitude four miles out from the enemy coast. The biplane had just finished its laborious climb to 3000 feet when the wooden propeller burst, hit by a rifle bullet. A wooden shard spun into the right wing, cutting the taut fabric and lancing through the supporting struts. The wing snapped and the plane nose-dived, twisting into a vertical spin. The seaplane fell from the sky, smashing into the water at high speed. Harry Strain watched the event and recorded the aircraft's last moments:

She went into a vertical spinning nose dive from which she did not recover and came down with a sickening splash in the sea.

The destroyer *Usk* and *Ark Royal's* dispatch boat found Garnett, miraculously alive and sitting on a float holding Williamson's head above water. Both were suffering from shock, and Williamson's shoulder was dislocated, badly bruised and cut. The flight had lasted twenty-eight minutes and almost ended in tragedy.

Having watched their friends fall from the sky and assumed the worst, pilot Lieutenant Sholto Douglas and his observer, Lieutenant Dunning, climbed into Sopwith 922 to continue the mission as the massive *Queen Elizabeth* waited for fire correction. Douglas was a young man and had only recently left school, while Edward Dunning had graduated from Yale and was considered by his shipmates to have a polished 'Yankee' accent with commensurate Yankee overdrive. Once aloft and over land, they began to spot *Queen Elizabeth's* 15-inch guns which sent shells punching into the earth on the protective ridges behind the Kilid Bahr forts.

The Sopwith flew figure of eight patterns over the land and was quickly targeted by the enemy soldiers below. As rounds zipped past, Douglas pulled back on the flight controls to gain height, aware that the engine was already at full revolution. The Sopwith was hit time and again, rifle bullets easily punching through the sheer fabric as the aircraft remained within effective range of rifles and machine-guns. The next shots from below passed through the fabric of the aircraft and into the soft flesh of the underside of the pilot's leg. His leg folded, sending the seaplane into a skid as Douglas could no longer control the foot-pedals. The plane yawed sideways and six more bullet holes appeared in the wings, peeling back the taut fabric. The aircraft limped to the sea and ditched alongside *Ark Royal*. The Turkish batteries, a mixture of field guns and howitzers, continued to reply to *Queen Elizabeth's* salvos.

The Turks required no aerial observers, instead using forward artillery observers served by a telephone exchange on Gaba Tepe who accurately walked the shell bursts towards the steaming warship.

Queen Elizabeth continued her barrage heedless of the plight of the stricken aircraft but her need for spotting assistance remained. Douglas was lifted from the cockpit of his aircraft and carried into the sick bay. Lieutenant Kershaw wiped the blood from the wicker seat and climbed aboard, noting that, despite the damage to the aircraft and its pilot, the large Renzo radio set carried by Sopwith 922 was still working. There was no time to patch the holes in the wings; enemy artillery bursts were sending spouts of water around the waiting *Queen Elizabeth*. From their vantage point on *Ark Royal*, they could see that a number of enemy shells had smashed into the superstructure of the ship, sending smoke and debris across her newly painted side as blackened paint peeled off her forecastle.

Kershaw's Sopwith gained height and flew over the peninsula to spot for the warship. By now the light was fading and it seemed impossible for the flat trajectory shells to hit the forts. Edward Dunning tapped out the ceasefire signal and the seaplane returned to the safety of the sea. *Queen Elizabeth* had endured sixteen hits from enemy artillery rounds as she had steamed off Gaba Tepe bombarding the enemy positions. Although the strikes could not sink her as she was too heavily armoured, the neatly stacked ship's cutters and lifeboats had been smashed to matchwood. It was clear to the navy that Turkish artillery fire at Gaba Tepe was accurate and efficient and could hit a steaming warship repeatedly. What could such fire do to strings of slowly moving open wooden boats? Operations off this shore were clearly hazardous as Turkish batteries dominated the

seaward approaches. Rowboats or cutters full of men would pay a bloody price if they approached the beaches.

The concealed batteries on the heights overlooking the sheltered cove, however, had remained silent. The Turkish gunnery officers watching the passing warship had held their fire. Aspinall's report on Gaba Tepe would prove prophetic—the valleys hid large numbers of enemy artillery batteries that would become all too obvious to the men who landed on these shores.

On Tenedos the construction of the aerodrome was nearing completion as local labour—refugees and black-coated women—walked with linked arms over and over the site pressing the earth flat with their tramping feet. Still the inclement weather continued to disrupt attempts to load the packing cases containing the fragile canvas and wood aeroplanes onto barges for the trip ashore. Only in calm conditions and on flat seas could the thirty-foot cases be balanced across two rowing cutters for the careful trip to the shore. The cleared area was inspected by Wing Commander Charles Samson and areas were marked off for the construction of canvas hangars and accommodation lines for the men. The stone vintner's hut was designated a wardroom to feed and entertain the squadron's officers, and mess servants were decamped onshore to clean and paint the inside of the hut and make it generally fit for habitation. Separate kitchen areas for the three messes—the wardroom for officers, the senior sailors' mess and the ratings' mess—were surveyed and constructed from lumber. Large white canvas tents were rigged in orderly lines, a brass ship's bell was placed on a stand and order was imposed on chaos.

Australian war correspondent Charles Bean dined again with his friend in Cairo and recorded more gossip. Security was impossible when the city streets were filled with thousands of soldiers. The accuracy of Bean's notes indicates both the ease of obtaining information and the difficulty in separating fact from rumour:

I hear that the 29 Division is at Alexandria—part of the Expeditionary Force; 40,000 or 60,000 French. Some say that 30,000 British are already at Lemnos. The Expeditionary Force may consist of one or two British Army Corps and one or two French corps; and two Russian corps. These last may push in through Asia Minor. Peter tells me that Ian Hamilton is already here in Cairo staying with General Maxwell and that Birdwood has left.

While the red-headed bespectacled journalist was enjoying the company of his friend, the ANZAC brigades were marched out into the desert in the late afternoon to practise night attacks yet again. Colonel Brudenell White accompanied them to watch the brigade staff grapple with the logistical problems of feeding and watering the troops while conducting operations in the harsh desert environment. The temperature plummeted with the setting of the sun and it became a test of endurance as the men coped with the tactical necessity of scraping positions and sending out screening patrols. It was a long night. Brudenell White made a simple entry in his diary: '24 March, night operations again.'

On the other side of Cairo, the three musketeers had made Abbassia their new home. As new reinforcements they had been billeted with the New Zealand and Australian Division in Colonel John Monash's 4 Brigade lines:

Up early & find the camp not too bad a place. Good place to wash & have our meals in. It is right on the edge of the desert & against the town. The scenery is just what one would expect to find here. In the afternoon was one of a party of 10 on picket, and had to go into the city & bring back 23 prisoners. The city is a most fascinating place. It seems such a mysterious place, & the veiled women look so queer & attractive. Bitterly cold at night, but slept well outside, wrapped up like a polar explorer.

CHAPTER 5

25 March–1 April 1915

The build-up begins

Thursday 25 March 1915

Strong wind from the north/blue sky/54 degrees/at
single anchor in lee of Tenedos.

The Turkish Minister of War greeted the arrival of a second intelligence report from the Military Attaché in Rome with satisfaction. The report was not only detailed, but also served to confirm his instincts on the intentions of the Allied forces. The Attaché wrote that he expected an enemy attack on Constantinople, his sources suggesting that the Allies would bombard Smyrna and the straits in an attempt to discover the exact location of Turkish divisions. The Russians would then attack Sile on the Black Sea coast, while General d'Amade would land an African division in the Gulf of Saros, and the British, now based in Egypt, would land at Smyrna. Confirmatory evidence arrived from the Turkish Naval Attaché in Athens who confirmed that Royal Navy

officers with briefcases were paying cash for barges and lighters.

Otto Liman von Sanders, the new commander of the Turkish 5 Army, was the man responsible for defending the Dardanelles from invasion. On 25 March, Liman von Sanders and two German staff officers, Colonels Prigge and Muhlmann, left the busy city of Constantinople, boarding a steamer in the late afternoon for the overnight journey to the German general's new headquarters in the port of Gallipoli.

Across the Mediterranean the ANZAC brigades continued rotating through 24-hour exercises in the desert beyond the pyramids. Colonel Brudenell White applied subtle pressure to the brigade staff by attending each exercise as an observer. Back at Mena, battalion padres continued to react with horror to the lines of soldiers outside the battalion regimental aid post waiting to drop their trousers in front of the medical orderly. The visions of divine retribution that had fallen on deaf ears and hooded eyes now returned with harsh consequences. Charles Bean noted the fate of the next tranche of invalids sent away for medical recuperation from 'self inflicted wounds':

They are sending the venereal cases off to Malta tomorrow. The men were rather disturbed as they weren't told where they were going and suspected it was back to Australia.

The soldiers of the 3rd Reinforcements—including the three musketeers—had yet to experience the full extent of the wonders of Cairo. Senior medical officers were quickly dispatched to the camp at Abbassia, half a day's march from Mena, to inform them of the perils of venereal disease. The

majority of men, like Private Dick Bulkeley, managed to keep their sexual curiosity in check:

I have had leave one afternoon & evening & had a good look round. It is a most wonderful place, this Cairo, it is impossible to describe it. You would have to see it. It is a mixture of the gay Parisienne & oriental. French & Arabic are the only two languages spoken here generally. I always had the idea that it was English. Heliopolis, one of the best suburbs is within bounds & I can get a good dinner every evening. Abbassia is the name of this camp and we are right in the desert and just against the city. The desert runs right up to the walls of the houses. It is an experience to go through the native quarters with the narrow winding streets & the curious collection of humanity.

On 25 March, Hamilton finally received confirmation that his intelligence would be sent direct to him, in cipher, and he would not suffer delays in the receipt of crucial information at the hands of the Egyptian War Office in Cairo. The news was not all good. At the same time, Hamilton was told that bullet-proof landing craft would not be provided for the assault on the Dardanelles. The men of the assaulting forces would have to row themselves ashore in open boats, fully exposed to the fire of the defenders.

De Robeck decided to target the enemy's more fragile logistics system, acknowledging reluctantly that the forts appeared to be impervious to artillery fire. Hamilton agreed that the enemy's supply routes would be more vulnerable to bombing than stone forts or men sheltering in the protective cover of trenches. Port facilities with docks

and warehousing would make fine targets for bombardment and, with this redirection in mind, fresh orders were issued to *Ark Royal* and the newly arrived squadron of landplanes:

Telegram from Vice Admiral on 25 March 1915: if available British seaplanes will attack Turkish supply depots at Maidos and vessels above Channakale.

Wing Commander Charles Samson reported that the aerodrome at Tenedos had been completed, although inclement weather was still disrupting the unloading of his aircraft. As Tenedos did not have a dock or port facility, the process of unloading required a ballet of steam cranes, cutters and a party of at least a hundred sailors to push and pull the crated aircraft ashore. Despite these difficulties, workshop lorries had been ferried ashore and air mechanics had unpacked their tools and were constructing benches on which to strip engine parts. Hundreds of two-gallon tins of fuel were being passed along lines of men to a depot for storage.

Samson's squadron was regarded with both awe and optimism. Charles Samson was a celebrity, his picture regularly featured in *The Times* and in newspaper articles devoted to the marvels of aviation. He had achieved particular renown when his squadron had dropped its first bomb in front of the King in the gentler pre-war days. Samson was also well known in the EMS, having enlisted as a boy cadet before flying captured his interest. In naval circles he had earned the nickname 'Captain Kettle' after a newspaper cartoon sea captain who steamed into tricky situations only to escape through his bellicose nature and unaccountable good luck. Both Samson and his cartoon character sported a pointed beard and mutton-chop whiskers. His squadron had performed well in the opening clashes of the war over Antwerp

and Flanders, receiving a number of awards for gallantry. Samson had enhanced his reputation as an adventurer by scouting in his Rolls-Royce tourer which he had converted to an armoured car using boiler plate.

Samson's landplanes presented a stark contrast to the underpowered and overweight seaplanes burdened with heavy floats. At 1500 feet, *Ark Royal's* seaplanes waddled over the sea like overfed geese. Over land and enemy forts, seaplanes were vulnerable to ground fire with a paltry 500 feet separating them from the muzzle of a rifle. Collecting a few bullet holes in the fabric of a biplane was not something to be taken lightly. The tightly doped fabric was stretched and held by plywood and bracing wire and the wing could all too easily collapse and send the biplane spinning to earth. If the pilot survived the crash on land, the prospect of capture loomed large. The landplane, lighter and faster without the burdensome floats, was expected to achieve far more. On *Albion*, Lieutenant Commander Gibson was pleased with the arrival of this famous aviation squadron:

Commander Samson and 11 planes arrived a few days ago in *Abda*. Too rough. Going to have aerodrome on Tenedos. *Irresistible* and *Ocean's* marines landed as garrison. We've apparently taken it over!

Friday 26 March 1915

Light breeze from the north east/blue sky with clouds/58 degrees/assisting *Abda* north of Tenedos and flight operations.

Liman von Sanders and his small staff arrived at the Gallipoli docks on the eastern side of the peninsula on 26 March.

They were taken to 3 Corps headquarters and briefed in German by 3 Corps' erudite and bilingual commander, Esat Pasha. Liman von Sanders was pleased to find that the experienced 3 Corps had met its mobilisation tables, its men already in position.

Headquarters 5 Army was located in a requisitioned house close to 3 Corps headquarters. The German general was billeted in a simple village domicile, its Greek owners having been evicted. The close establishment of the two headquarters was probably deliberate and presented an ideal way to bridge the German staff's inability to communicate with their Turkish counterparts. The newly constituted 5 Army comprised six infantry divisions, two of which had recently arrived by ship across the Sea of Marmora. Each division held between nine and twelve battalions of 800 to 1000 men. Liman von Sanders' first administrative move was to appoint his staff officer, Colonel Nicolai, to command 3 Division on the southern Asiatic shore. He could now pick up a telephone and communicate easily with one of his divisional commanders.

Of all the obstacles that lay between General Liman von Sanders and a full appreciation of his command, perhaps the most difficult was language, an obstacle that his Prussian staff officer, Colonel Kannengiesser, described as a constant irritant. In his memoirs, Liman von Sanders provides a narrow view of 5 Army operations in what is a self-serving narrative that reserves all accolades for the defence of the peninsula for the German cadre, with scant acknowledgement of the experienced Turkish staff who operated with little guidance from their German general. Liman von Sanders could not brief or direct his Turkish staff without the use of interpreters; he could not answer the telephone and speak with a regimental commander or read a written dispatch. Yet,

during this preparation period, he somehow conveyed his precise intentions for the defence of the Dardanelles:

The important question was where the hostile landing would be expected. On it depended the groupings of the troops, which were rather inconsiderable in comparison with the great extent of coast.

The German commander examined the placement of his six Turkish divisions, currently arrayed the length of the coast like frontier detachments, capable of providing a degree of resistance but no concentration of effort. He decided to re-deploy the divisions, concentrating his forces to allow rapid movement in strength against any likely threat. His greatest difficulty lay in the fact that he had to defend a broad stretch of coastline. Liman von Sanders concentrated his forces in three defensive groups: 5 and 7 Infantry Divisions occupied the upper Gulf of Saros region around Bulair; the newly formed 19 Division under Lieutenant Colonel Mustafa Kemal was located in the area around the Boghali village; and Lieutenant Colonel Halil Sami's 9 Division moved into the southern portion of the peninsula to prevent an attack on the toe and on Gaba Tepe. Both 11 Division and Colonel Nicolai's 3 Division were sited defensively on the southern Asiatic side.

Liman von Sanders' appreciation noted three places that were particularly vulnerable to enemy attack. Sedd el Bahr, on the toe of Cape Helles, would be covered by enemy warships and a landing there might lead to the taking of Achi Baba's dominant peak. His second area of concern lay on both sides of Gaba Tepe as a landing there would be uncomfortably close to the port of Maidos and its loss would cripple his supply routes. He noted that north of Gaba Tepe was a

sheltered cove (soon to be named Anzac Cove) alternatively named Ari Burnu, or Cape of Bees, on Turkish maps. Here the enemy would have to gain and hold the heights above Ari Burnu—a difficult task given its broken terrain. The third area of vulnerability lay in the vicinity of Bulair in the Gulf of Saros; an enemy landing on this open plain could cut the peninsula in two.

His lack of aircraft was one critical shortage that Liman von Sanders lamented deeply; his army had not one single aeroplane to aid his defence. He noted that an aeroplane company had been attached to Channakale Fortress Area Command, but the company had struggled to meet its commitments. The Turkish 5 Army would simply have to fight as best it could while hostile aircraft circled overhead reporting all movement below. His memoirs recall instructions to his troops to obscure their activities from aerial surveillance:

... new positions were taken up by night marches to conceal them from hostile aviators.

For the improvement of field fortifications of the most endangered stretches of the coast all available men were put to work mostly at night. At places particularly suitable for landings barbed wire was stretched under water.

Liman von Sanders reorganised his defence by concentrating his forces in regimental camps rather than leaving his command scattered across a wide area in the hope of covering all possibilities. This gave him the option of counter-attacking in force once the enemy's main effort had been revealed. He left a strengthened coast watch and battalion defences in three identified locations giving his regimental commanders

time to march against the enemy beachheads in force. Roads and tracks were built to improve communication and to aid resupply. His divisional commanders were ordered to conduct route marches and to gain an understanding of the terrain they had been tasked to defend. Barbed wire entanglements, trench lines and redoubts were constructed across the peninsula under cover of darkness. Gun emplacements were scooped behind limestone ridges and camouflaged with brushwood. Batteries were dragged into prepared positions by oxen. Battalion camps were surveyed and lines of huts were built to house the reserve. Tent encampments were distributed along roads.

Liman von Sanders' staff officer Colonel Kannengiesser was impressed by the Turkish *asker's* natural ability to construct defensive positions. The *askers* had not read the pamphlets on defence produced by the German High Command but seemed to inherently understand their principles. He noted careful preparations including trenches with no visible parapets dug just below ridge lines with interlocking fields of fire. In the approaching valleys or at the end of a defile, killing zones or beaten zones were cleared of cover so supporting machine-gun fire could sweep across surveyed approaches. There is no better voice of military science than the scream of naval shells to mark one's folly; the *askers* had learned to counter the enemy's technological superiority with the clever use of terrain.

Colonel Mustafa Kemal, commanding 19 Division, had concentrated his men in freshly constructed wooden huts south of the village of Boghali. Kemal's *askers* constituted the 5 Army reserve to be used to counter-attack the enemy's main lodgement. His artillery park and three regimental encampments were two hours' march from Anzac Cove.

In the battered town of Channakale, the Turkish 1 Army

Aviation Company was sited to support the Fortress Area Command's defence of the straits. While on the ground and in their shared messes, the German and Turkish aviators wore fur astrakhan hats with silver wings pinned at a rakish angle. They smiled at the newspaper cameras in easy certainty of their own courage and the importance of their mission. This small group had been set a massive task: to report on the likelihood of an enemy assault and to destroy the enemy's reconnaissance apparatus. German and Turkish aviators enjoyed a close brotherhood, engendered in the shared risk of flying over armour-plated ships at 6000 feet in fabric-covered aircraft. Their aerodrome behind the shattered town was a source of pride and a fine example of what could be achieved with very little. Turkish machinists watched and learned from experienced aeromechanics smuggled across Bulgaria from Germany. They swapped food from home, shared stories, and learned to trust one another.

At Tenedos, the unloading was finally underway. *Ark Royal* had steamed to a position off the aerodrome, *Abda* had come alongside and, with the help of the carrier's cranes, the unloading of No. 3 Squadron Royal Naval Air Service's crated aeroplanes had begun. *Ark Royal's* steam cranes gently lifted the bulky packing cases onto the lashed ship's cutters on the sea below. Once the wooden crates had been unloaded, *Ark Royal* was ordered to report further on damage to the defences of the Narrows from the bombardment of 18 March.

The requirement to assess battle damage to Turkish defensive positions saw *Ark Royal's* aircrew endure yet more frustrating attempts to become airborne as, with the

landplane squadron still crated, the seaplanes carried the burden. The first flight of the day, mission 67, flown by Lieutenants Bromet and Park in a Wight pusher, ended in failure with the aircraft returning soon after take-off with engine trouble. Sea spray had a corrosive effect on exposed petrol engines, a fact demonstrated daily in the rising tally of aborted missions. The next attempt, by Lieutenants Douglas and Harry Strain, was similarly short-lived as Sopwith 922 suffered chassis damage on the choppy sea. Another attempt in a Wight 173 also failed when the aircraft, having taxied for twelve minutes, refused to rise into the stormy sky. The dire necessity for a landplane squadron could not have been more adeptly demonstrated.

Mission 70, in an aircraft with an engine overhauled by air mechanics working feverishly in the hold, was the only successful mission of the day. Bromet and Park returned with disappointing news: most shells fired during that costly day had fallen short, causing little damage to the guns in the forts. Furthermore, they had identified a searchlight on rails in a hidden trench line, adding to the perils of any attempt to sweep the Narrows at night. On the positive side, barracks and buildings had been hit, although this provided little consolation to the fleet. Worst of all, a new battery had been deployed behind a spur on the northern shore.

Aboard *Albion*, riding at anchor in Mudros harbour, Lieutenant Commander Gibson was pleased with the prospect of scrapping with the enemy aircraft reported to be operating overhead:

Biplane with black X under wings over peninsula.
Manned our Anti Aircraft maxim and sharp shooters
got ready, (including me with my servant's rifle).

Gibson hoped that he would be in an ideal spot to bring down his first Hun aeroplane as he realised that he was competing with his captain, armed with a shotgun, albeit with a restricted view from the bridge far below.

HMT *Franconia* arrived at Port Said at 3.00 p.m. The MEF's commander had reluctantly turned his back on the peninsula in order to rectify the disorganised mess aboard his transports given the idiocy of previous loading schedules. Hamilton proceeded directly to Cairo to confer with the General Officer Commanding Allied Forces in Egypt, Sir John Maxwell, to argue the point on troop numbers. Pressure from London continued with Admiral Wemyss in Mudros wiring news of a telegram from Winston Churchill reproaching him for the fleet's apparent inaction and requesting that Hamilton inform London of the joint arrangements for a landing. The only positive news appeared to be the arrival of 245 trench periscopes for 29 Division with a further 200 sent to the ANZAC forces. A trench periscope allowed a soldier to view enemy positions from the safety of his trench. The arrival of 445 wooden box periscopes was symbolic of the slow siege that awaited the army.

The MEF intelligence section logged intelligence reports direct from Athens and Sophia, many of which provided an indication of the state of enemy morale:

An American who travelled to Angora said there was much misery before he left. Crowds came to him to get him to give medical certificates; he is a doctor, for unfitness for military service . . . The Turks are much bucked up on account of the victory at the

Dardanelles, but the reverse would plunge them again into despondency . . . Most are against Enver and there is an impression in Constantinople that if once the fleet passes the Dardanelles the soldiers will all skive away to Asia . . . There is much discontent in Asia Minor on account of the war and in many cases, they have refused to take any part in it.

The soldiers in Constantinople are well clad and well fed but get no pay.

The ANZACs were earning their six shillings per diem with another punishing march in the desert loaded with forty-four pounds of equipment, their laced brown leather boots sinking into the yielding sand with every step. Their heels were covered with toughened skin and their shoulders no longer bore blisters from the webbing. They were young, fit and tough. Their fading uniforms fitted and they moved easily, no longer impostors, now trained soldiers. Their Lee Enfield rifles, all brown polished wood and black metal, were becoming their tools of trade. On each side of the Mediterranean the opposing armies trained. The building blocks of the campaign—the young soldiers—would execute the task set before them, framed by orders from men often in their fifties and sixties.

Saturday 27 March 1915

Light to moderate breeze from south/blue sky with detached clouds/59 degrees/on operations.

In Constantinople a report lay on Enver Bey's desk announcing the arrival of more enemy transport ships at Lemnos. The report from Channakale stated that increasing numbers

of troop transports had arrived over the last few days, supplementing the warships of the EMS which continued to patrol off the coast. Fearing an imminent Allied landing, Enver Bey immediately relayed this information to 5 Army headquarters at Gallipoli. Liman von Sanders agreed with Enver Bey's assessment and requested Channakale Fortress Command to dispatch a reconnaissance flight over the islands to note changes in the enemy's posture. The Rumpler was sent aloft to count the number of ships anchored in Mudros harbour and intelligence from this flight began another circuitous journey.

Bridges met with Birdwood at ANZAC Corps headquarters in Cairo and was informed that his division would depart Egypt for the Dardanelles in ten days' time. The mood improved slightly with the arrival of a signal from Admiral Limpus, Admiral Superintendent of Malta, confirming that twenty landing craft with bulletproof iron shelters were to be sent to Mudros. Limpus, the former Naval Attaché to Constantinople, was well aware of the difficulties facing an assault on the Dardanelles and was doing his best to assist, although pressure on his resources would ultimately see his landing craft remain on the drawing board. At the same time, a report from the Egyptian War Office passed worrying information from an agent in Athens that another 10,000 enemy troops had arrived on the peninsula:

Reported from two different sources that a considerable number of troops moved from **CONSTANTINOPLE** to **GALLIPOLI** between March 9 and 13: there is reason to believe this was the 16 Division.

Earlier that day *Ark Royal's* seaplanes were ordered to spot for the battleship *Prince George*, targeting Turkish positions on the high ground of Achi Baba which dominated the southern area. Once again, Wight 172 was hoisted onto the chop and attempted to gain altitude over the southern region. Its mission was to direct the fall of shells by sending corrections over its heavy Renzo wireless set. It was a mission that ended abruptly as engine trouble brought the seaplane back to its ship after only twenty minutes. A rising wind and sea put an end to flying for the day and the location of 16 Division, redeployed from the defence of Constantinople, remained undetected by the watching fleet.

Albion was anchored in Mudros harbour and Lieutenant Commander Gibson was enjoying a rare break from duty. Like many of those around him, he did not notice the enemy aircraft overhead conducting its reconnaissance. *Ark Royal* was engaged off the enemy coast and No. 3 Squadron was not yet operational, so the Rumpler was free to observe enemy activity at leisure. Gibson went ashore for a walk and later contemplated the organisational melee that had seen the army return to Alexandria:

Brisk walk 2 ½ hours. Australians some of 1st Expeditionary Force here and some French and Senegalese troops. Some ashore camps some in ships. Heard lots of troops going back to Egypt because they had been all mixed up and not in ships in proper units. Going back to sort themselves out so to speak. Seems queer.

A further addition to the air war was fast approaching. On 27 March, *Manica*, the Royal Navy's balloon ship, put to sea on her voyage to the Dardanelles to meet Birdwood's request for balloon surveillance. The official British war

artist, Herbert Hillier, was given a berth on board and added his colourful commentary to the military record of the campaign:

Prologue. On the way out. Off the Spanish Coast. Our small section of the MEF is now well on the way to Gibraltar, a sharp look out being kept all the way for enemy submarines. But the chief topic is 'will they [the Fleet] have got through without waiting for our invaluable help?' Many of us are certainly very new to this sort of thing, as yet.

Sunday 28 March 1915

Light breeze from north/blue sky with clouds/
62 degrees/on operations.

In the small stone hut behind the aerodrome at Channakale, yet another meeting was in progress. The Turkish Air Service had been given an important mission. A report from a forward observer revealed that the enemy aircraft carrier was in range of the coast. Could it be sunk? The newly promoted *Hauptmann* Eric Serno briefed his ground crew to prepare the Rumpler biplane for a bombing mission. Two 22-pound bombs were attached to the outside of the cockpit in metal racks. Once the bombs were secure, the priming mechanisms were wound in and safety cams inserted to prevent premature detonation. Following a last-minute brief from the coast watchers of Fortress Command, the pilot and observer plotted the course on their map and Serno donned his leather overcoat against the chill of the altitude. The 100 horsepower Mercedes engine was primed, Serno completed his checks and the wooden propeller was swung

by the ground crew. The engine coughed into life and black smoke belched from the exhaust pipe which poked like a small chimney stack to the pilot's right front. Hot oil splattered his face as he raced the biplane across the dusty aerodrome and into the air. The Rumpler slowly climbed to around 6000 feet and circled for twenty minutes before heading out through the Dardanelles. Serno had been told what to look for: the carrier had a flush front deck, twin steam cranes and seaplanes preparing for flight.

In the port of Gallipoli, Liman von Sanders had received reports of Allied naval activity at the very north of the peninsula. He was becoming increasingly concerned about the vulnerability of the Gulf of Saros and Bulair to an assault. He decided that a new harbour should be constructed on the Asian side, well north of the established port of Channakale, to allow rapid movement of troops from the southern shore to the northern neck of the peninsula. Liman von Sanders reported his concerns to the War Ministry, urging the immediate release of funds, material and troops to allow construction to begin. The deception operations of the Allied fleet were now influencing the decisions of the enemy commander.

Eric Serno was a good pilot. His machine had gained sufficient height and he now enjoyed extensive views across the water to the islands. The enemy warships below resembled toy boats and he cast his eye across each looking for a specific target. He noticed the ship in the lee of a small island with a tiny seaplane on its flush front deck. He lined up his target and dropped his first bomb. He immediately pulled the bomb lever a second time. After banking, he saw that one had hit the ship below.

Ark Royal had been ordered to spot gunfire for the battleship *Majestic* targeting the forts. Lieutenant Harry Strain

boarded the warship to ensure that the seaplane's wireless signals were interpreted correctly by the gunnery officer:

It blew hard until three days ago. When the weather improved we reconnoitred the Narrows for damage done by our bombardment, but found very little injury to any of the guns although the forts themselves, especially No. 19, had been knocked about a lot. We saw numbers of men working repairing damage and new forts had been run up about Kephez Point . . . Then when we were just getting the second machine out someone saw an aeroplane high up coming straight towards us from the mouth of the Dardanelles . . .

The ship had steamed to Rabbit Island to find a lee as the wind was too strong for flight operations to commence. Mission 72 failed with a broken tappet rod. Mission 73 likewise failed as the wireless set was not functioning and the machine could not gain altitude. While mission 73 was airborne, an aeroplane was seen approaching the ship at about 6000 feet, black crosses clearly visible under her wings:

Ark Royal's two anti-aircraft maxims were quickly manned and opened fire just as she dropped her bombs. The first fell about 100 yards ahead, and the second within six feet of the port side of the ship, abreast of the hold, and gave her a nasty shaking, covering the bridge with splinters, and embedding bits of the bomb in the ship's side. The aeroplane then turned and made off over the Asiatic coast. In paying us her first visit, she paid us a delicate compliment, as there were many other ships nearer her home.

A German 'Taube' aeroplane dropped two bombs at

HMS *Ark Royal* off Rabbit Island. One bomb missed the ship. Fragments of the second bomb struck the ship and a seaplane was slightly damaged.

This was the opening bout in a growing air war between the Turkish Air Service and the Royal Naval Air Service. The Turkish Air Service had sought to strike the Allied capability at its most vulnerable point—on the ship—seeking to deny the enemy use of the air and the valuable intelligence that aerial reconnaissance provided. In fact, the Rumpier had come very close to achieving its aim, as a direct hit on *Ark Royal* could have destroyed the seaplane on her front deck and ignited the highly volatile aviation fuel stored close by. A fire could have spread quickly through the hold destroying the ship and her ability to report on Turkish troop movements.

Ark Royal resumed her mission soon after the drama of the attack. The flight crew was still required to assist the waiting battleship which was blind without its aerial spotting. The next mission proved as unsuccessful as its predecessors. Sopwith 922 remained airborne for twenty-eight minutes, attracting the unwelcome attention of the Turkish infantry below. Unable to gain sufficient height, the seaplane was hit by rifle fire and the fabric holed, the aircraft finally suffering engine failure and returning to the ship.

A little later, Lieutenant Dunning took Sopwith 807 up without an observer in an attempt to save weight and gain altitude. He successfully put the guns of *Majestic* onto the fort at Yeni Shehr and later reported the district clear of troops. Dunning had a lucky escape as his engine, which had been misfiring, stopped altogether, sending his heavy seaplane into a steep dive from 1800 feet to 200 feet over land before it kicked into life again. The mission lasted an enervating 104 minutes.

No. 3 Squadron air mechanics at the dusty aerodrome on Tenedos had assembled four airframes and now sought to test their airworthiness, sending each machine on a test flight over the island. A Henri Farman pusher biplane flew a total of four test flights, each with a different pilot, the first of whom was Wing Commander Charles Samson. In the cool of the evening, Samson took his trusty BE50, his personal biplane, on a flight over the Dardanelles to orient himself for the tasks ahead. He set off at 6.30 p.m. for a sixty-five minute flight. Unaware of *Ark Royal's* drama off Rabbit Island, Samson was surprised at the reception his landplane, with a profile that closely resembled the German aircraft, received:

In the evening Commander Samson took a BE to the entrance: *Usk* [a British destroyer] sighted him, and not recognising one of our planes, thought it was a Hun, so chased him to Rabbit Island, firing his Maxim. We signalled 'friend', *Usk* ceased fire regretfully and signalled 'Think I knocked a tail feather out of him'.

Across the Mediterranean in the port of Alexandria, Hamilton's newly arrived headquarters staff decamped ship to the Savoy Palace Hotel. An office was established nearby, in the Hotel Angleterre close to the Place St Catherine, allowing the staff easy access to modern communications such as telephones and a telegraph office. Braithwaite informed Birdwood of the basic plan for the coming assault and added important background information, details of the disposition of troops in transports and the plan for the landing of transports and reserves of ammunition. The ANZAC headquarters staff now had some inkling of what was required of them:

No. 4032, handwritten by Braithwaite, CGS MEDFOR, Précis—no mounted units are in the first instance to form part of the ANZAC for service in the forthcoming operations. Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade attached to your command. In view of possibility of your being required to land on an open beach in face of opposition on any part of coastline, you should disperse your troops to transports to be landed as a covering force, to be followed by the remainder of the Army Corps as required. It may be at first only possible to disembark from four transports simultaneously. All troops disembarking the first day should carry one day's rations and two iron rations. Infantry should carry 200 rounds ammunition.

Hamilton called on the Egyptian Sultan only to find that his secret mission was the topic of palace gossip, discussed over sweetmeats and delicacies:

Grand lunch at the Abdin Palace with the Sultan. Most of the Cabinet present. The Sultan spoke French well and seems clever as well as most gracious and friendly. He assured me that the Turkish Forts at the Dardanelles were absolutely impregnable. The words 'absolute' and 'impregnable' don't impress me overmuch. They are only human opinions used to gloss over flaws in the human knowledge or will. Nothing is impregnable either—that's a sure thing. No reasons were given me by His Highness.

Privates Dick Bulkeley, Harry Davies and Sid Kirwan of the three musketeers learnt that they were to be posted to

3 Battalion, 1 Brigade, 1 Division at Mena Camp on the other side of Cairo. They happily packed their bags and waited for the order to move. The bustle around the headquarters tents did not go unnoticed, although most soldiers were unaware that their training, such as it was, had come to an end:

During the last days of March in Mena Camp, all kinds of wild rumours were in circulation, to the effect, usually that we were to leave for the front, within the next twelve hours or so, and though nothing official leaked out, one could see by the actions and comings and goings of various officers in high command, that something unusual was imminent.

Monday 29 March 1915

Moderate breeze from south and south west/blue sky with clouds/61 degrees/on operations but no flying possible.

At ANZAC headquarters, Major Villiers-Stuart continued to monitor intelligence reports on the Turkish military build-up. New reports arrived noting the placement of 5 Army headquarters and even its co-location with 3 Corps at Gallipoli. Esat Pasha was correctly identified as commander of 3 Corps, providing a clearer picture of the enemy order of battle. The troop totals remained the same, hovering around 43,000 men on the peninsula with significant numbers of reinforcements a day's steaming from many of the neighbouring ports on the Sea of Marmora. Villiers-Stuart was concerned that the broad range of informants and sources inevitably produced contradictory reports. As he wrestled with inconsistency, Hamilton visited the hot sands

of both Mena Camp (1 Division) and Zeitoun (New Zealand and Australian Division) where he viewed his troops' potential first-hand:

Early start to the Mena Camp to see the Australians. A devil of a blinding storm gave a foretaste of dust to dust. That was when they were marching past, but afterwards I inspected the Infantry at close quarters, taking a good look at each man and speaking to hundreds. Many had been at my inspections in their own country a year ago, but most were new hands who had never worn uniform till they 'listed for the war. The troops then marched back to Camp in mass of quarter columns—or rather swept by like a huge yellow cloud at the heart of which sparkled thousands of bayonets . . . I went across twelve miles or so to inspect a mixed Division of Australians and New Zealanders at Heliopolis. Godley commanded. Great fun seeing him again. Tiring day if I had it in my mind to be tired, but this 30,000 crowd of Birdwood's would straighten up the back of a pacifist.

Beneath Hamilton's bravado, his mind was churning through the logistical nightmare of landing a large force on a barren landscape. His engineers continued to construct piers and work to improvise strategies to cope with the persistent problem of water supply. Hamilton lamented that the question of the carriage and storage of water for thousands of men and horses over a barren tract of country had not been tackled before they left England. No amount of clever or last-minute planning could conjure water from rock and scrub. The nightmare of his men failing in strength because of empty canteens weighed heavily on his mind.

The three musketeers had been lost in the ranks of

bayonets that marched past Hamilton at Zeitoun. In the afternoon, Dick Bulkeley was given odd jobs including tracking absentees from the morning roll call and bringing them back to camp for punishment:

On parade all the morning. Paid £2 after dinner & taken in a picket of 20 to go up to the clink in the city & bring back prisoners. Got 17 of them & had to march the whole way back with fixed bayonets, about 5 miles. Dismissed about 7 & got no tea for our trouble.

On Tenedos, all flight operations had been grounded yet again by the weather. The crew of *Ark Royal* spent the day turning the port forward twelve-pounder gun 'upside down', converting it to an anti-aircraft gun by improving its elevation.

Tuesday 30 March 1915

Moderate breeze from south/blue sky with clouds/
64 degrees/on operations no flying possible for
seaplanes.

On 30 March, Channakale Fortress Command sent the Rumpler off on another early reconnaissance mission, this time to count the enemy transports and note any change in their number and composition. Any significant increase or any sign that the ships were preparing to sortie from the harbour would have signalled the commencement of operations. The Rumpler conducted a high altitude survey over Mudros without the burden of bombs. The report was sent to the Minister of War and 5 Army headquarters.

Lieutenant Commander Gibson and the crew of *Albion* had endured a sleepless night. One of their shipmates had dived the day before to retrieve a printing press lost over the side. A press was a valued commodity as it was used almost daily to print and distribute orders. The diver's understanding of the science of decompression had been less than perfect and he had risen from the depths too quickly. His condition had rapidly deteriorated as he lay in agony on Gibson's bunk while the ship's company organised a secondary dive to decompress him. The diver was sent down to twelve fathoms in a sling with an attendant diver. Gibson, who had given up his bunk, spent the early morning on duty in the tower with his rifle at the ready. He spotted the enemy aircraft while *Albion* was on patrol off the coast:

About 5 am a biplane (German) flew from Dardanelles towards Mudros and back later. Flying high, we got ready to shoot at him but he didn't come within range.

In Cairo, Hamilton was continuing his fight with the military bureaucracy bent on denying him the hardware to support his push to Constantinople. Artillery shells were the most difficult to procure as the majority of senior staff in London viewed the war in France and Belgium as the main event. The hapless MEF was regarded as a country cousin begging at the door. Hamilton was concerned by the length of his supply line and the prospect of a bitter struggle with minimal logistic support. This concern formed an undercurrent to his communication with the Secretary of War:

I realise how hard up you must be for ammunition . . . if our batteries or battalions now serving in France run short, something, at a pinch, can always be scraped

together in England and issued to them within 24 hours. Here it would be a question of almost as many days, and, if it were to turn out that we have a long and severe struggle, with no reserves nearer us than Woolwich—well—it would not be pleasant!

Despite their enthusiasm to join 3 Battalion at Mena and leave the reinforcement unit behind them, the three musketeers discovered that they lacked the stamina for the long route marches expected of regular soldiers. The newest arrivals were forced to seek alternative means to travel from Zeitoun to Mena:

No. 2 & 4 sections lined up early to go to Mena to reinforce the battalion. The three musketeers Sid, Harry & self managed to get in with them. Started off almost 11 o'clock with field pack to march the 15 miles. The three stuck it for about 8 miles to the bridge over the Nile; then took a bus to the train & then the train out. Had a feed at the mess before the rest came along then joined our lads. Saw the pyramids for the first time & they look mighty fine. The camp is right underneath them. Temporarily allotted to platoon & had a good night's rest.

Wednesday 31 March 1915

Light breeze from west backing north/blue sky with clouds/63 degrees/on operations no flying possible.

Immediately after breakfast on 31 March, Charles Bean interviewed General Hamilton in the cool, darkened rooms of the Savoy Hotel. It was the sort of interview that Hamilton relished; he waxed lyrical, speaking in glowing terms of

the ANZACs under his command. He did not mention the attack on the windmill, but rather praised the improvement in military discipline within the ranks of the Australians. It was copy fit for a national newspaper:

Sir Ian told me that the 3 Brigade seemed very pleased with their quarters at Lemnos. 'They were on a bare hill (when I say bare—it had grass on it) and they did not want to come back to Egypt on any account. They would rather stay where they were.' He thought that our men had actually grown since they came to Egypt—plenty of work of a sort likely to develop them, open air and a glorious climate. Of course they are trained troops now, and disciplined and their officers know how to give an order—they know it doesn't merely consist of making a suggestion.

By the end of March, Hamilton had finally tired of reading his operational intentions in the *Egyptian Gazette*. There was no form of censorship, such as would occur in Australia or Britain and, for the last day or two, the newspaper had openly reported Allied ship movements. Hamilton wrote a letter of complaint to the British High Commissioner:

DEAR HIGH COMMISSIONER,

I was somewhat startled a couple of mornings ago by an article in the *Egyptian Gazette* giving away the arrival of the French troops, and making open references to the Gallipoli Peninsula. The very frankness of such communications may of course mislead the Turk into thinking we mean hereby to take his mind off some other place which is our real objective, but I doubt it. He knows our usual methods too well.

Hamilton also cabled Kitchener requesting his concurrence in the selection of a false destination and the spreading of a 'cover story'. Hamilton speculated that he could spread rumours through the intelligence services—and the *Egyptian Gazette*—once a phoney destination had been approved.

The EMS continued to bombard the forts, the vagaries of weather permitting. Winston Churchill telegraphed encouragement to the fleet, urging the ships to smash the forts to pieces with their large calibre guns while the army was reorganising its transports. This resonated well with Hamilton, who was not overly eager to send his troops ashore on a barren finger of land if he could save them for a strategic blow on the Golden Horn:

From: GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON.

To: VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN DE ROBECK.

Copy of number 140 from Admiralty received. I had already communicated outline of our plan to Lord Kitchener and am pushing on preparations as fast as possible. War Office still seems to cherish hope that you may break through without landing troops. Therefore, as regards yourself I think wisest procedure will be to push on systematically though not recklessly in attack on Forts. It is always possible that opposition may crumple up. If you should succeed be sure to leave light cruisers enough to see me through my military attack in the event of that being after all necessary. If you do not succeed then I think we quite understand one another.

IAN HAMILTON

Vice Admiral de Robeck's reply deftly avoided telling Hamilton that his squadron had abandoned plans for another

assault on the forts. Instead, he indicated in a circuitous manner that the Admiralty had approved his plan for continued attacks on the forts with the aim of confusing the enemy over possible landing sites. De Robeck suggested indirectly that a single naval attack was out of the question, but that he would enthusiastically support joint operations. His ships would embark on a deception plan to keep the enemy dispersed and away from likely landing beaches.

The use of spotter planes was integral to ranging the guns of the fleet. Three aircraft from the landplane squadron on Tenedos were operationally ready, while the rest remained crated in the hold of the transport *Inkosi*, still steaming towards Lemnos. The aircrew amused themselves aboard the ship as best they could, playing games in the hold spaces. Lieutenant Bertie Isaac, a forty-year-old married surveyor attached to the squadron as its intelligence officer, described an on board cricket match:

Played cricket on deck—great match—1 pound per side and both sides confident. RNAS against Armoured Car Squadrons. They were in first and made 112 runs and we considered ourselves beaten as our wickets fell for 18; but I went in and made 95 not out! Great rejoicing. Everyone standing drinks for one all over the ship. Must have remembered some of my cricket days at Wellington.

At the aerodrome on Tenedos, No. 3 Squadron mounted a further three trial flights and an evening reconnaissance mission. Commander Samson and his observer, Osmond, flew over the land for seventy-five minutes, spying on the enemy positions below as the sun set behind the far coast. Ten successful flights had now been completed with five pilots gaining experience in approaching the airfield.

Ark Royal, with the battleship *Majestic* and destroyers *Wear* and *Usk* and several French trawlers acting as minesweepers, sailed southwards for Cape Skammia and the Turkish port of Mitylene. The fleet's plan was to range widely and confuse the Turks on the precise location of the landing. The port of Mitylene presented a tempting target with its direct access to the Mediterranean. Mitylene also housed a number of torpedo boats with the ability to sink transports laden with soldiers.

Commander Clark-Hall, *Ark Royal's* captain, wrote monthly reports to the Admiralty in London and the EMS with characteristic candour. Clark-Hall told his superiors that, during the month of March, his aircraft had been grounded for fourteen days due to high winds and heavy seas. Of the remaining seventeen days, his aircraft had managed only forty-four flying hours, an average of two hours and thirty-five minutes per day. Of *Ark Royal's* complement of five seaplanes, the Short 136 was grounded because the engine was overheating; the Sopwith 808 had been completely wrecked on 5 March; the Sopwith 807 chassis had been damaged during operations on 16 March (and had to be re-built on 28 March); and the Wight 173 consistently failed to develop full power and its chassis was damaged. This left only the pusher Wight 172 and the front engine Sopwith 922 to perform the bulk of the flying:

None of the machines climb fast enough for a due proportion of their flying time to be serviceable, and none can climb to an altitude even reasonably safe from rifle fire, leaving out of consideration the fire of AA guns. Already we have collected sixty-seven bullet holes, had one pilot wounded and a machine so injured as to be out of action for a time.

The summary of flights since the squadron's arrival in theatre was disappointing, with thirty-six successful missions completed from a total of seventy-five attempted. Of these, there were twenty-five successful dedicated reconnaissance missions but only three successful spotting missions. Engine failure was a constant problem, with many engines strained as a result of the need to apply full throttle to propel the heavy seaplanes into the air.

A race began to bring No. 3 Squadron's better performing landplanes into action to find a crucial vulnerability in the enemy's defences. *Manica's* experimental 1 Kite Balloon Section was also eagerly awaited.

Thursday 1 April 1915

Light breeze from east and calm/blue sky with clouds/
67 degrees/ flight operations in Gulf of Adramati.

Even today the beach between Fisherman's Hut and Gaba Tepe remains a desolate place dominated by sandstone ridges and eroded valleys and covered with a spiky mass of scrubby vegetation. Any description of this land is necessarily complex: it is a craze of blind valleys and steep ridges with a crust of baked limestone. From the road now built on the dominant height of Chunuk Bair, the blue of the Mediterranean shimmers beyond the folds of a crumpled landscape below. Bleached bones lie uncovered on the sandy loam.

At the time of the ANZAC landing, terrain dominated this vast sector; there was little room for wheeling manoeuvre or the turning of a flank. The hinterland falls into serried ridge lines where a commander would lose contact as soon as his troops plunged into the scrub or the valley beyond. The ridges resemble wave tops, providing a view across to the

valley below and the next ridge in front, while the remainder is 'dead ground'. The landscape was named by the ANZAC soldiers after the landing and these names remain in common use today. The first ridge above Anzac Cove is Plugge's Plateau which rises in steps to Russell's Top, The Neck, Baby 700, Battleship Hill and the massive form of Chunuk Bair. Second Ridge splinters off the dominant high ground of Baby 700 and runs parallel to the coast before it flattens into the heart-shaped 400 Plateau and divides into the two inland finger-like ridges of Pine Ridge and Bolton's Ridge. Second Ridge also pokes several fingers towards the sea and holds deep-sided valleys: Monash Valley, Shrapnel Gully and White's Valley. Third Ridge runs from Chunuk Bair southwards before it ends close to the southern promontory of Gaba Tepe.

It is the promontory of Gaba Tepe—a prominent bluff that juts into the sea—that dominates this length of coast. Throughout the Gallipoli campaign, the Turkish defenders used the bluff of Gaba Tepe to enfilade, hitting the exposed flanks of an attacking force that approached the coastline on either side with rifle, machine-gun and artillery fire. Gaba Tepe was a natural fort dominating the approaches. Its innate defence was augmented by human effort: barbed wire entanglements protected it from the landward approach and, on the beach below the bluff, further entanglements deterred an approach from the sea. Across the beach, a maze of trenches with sheltered gun emplacements secured two 4-inch howitzers and several Nordenfelt quick-firing guns. Telephone cables connected a battalion headquarters to a series of batteries behind the ridge lines at 400 Plateau on Second Ridge allowing accurate fire across the water. The Turkish 3 Corps' 19 Division was concentrated in Boghali village, three miles inland from Anzac Cove. The division's

27 Regiment was bivouacked in camps on the road to Maidos, again around three miles from this stretch of coastline. A lodgement of the enemy north of Gaba Tepe would be met by fierce resistance. So far, the MEF and ANZAC knew that 3 Corps had several divisions on the southern end of the peninsula and that the area was covered by enemy artillery batteries. The precise locations of these forces still eluded them.

The Turkish defence of the Gaba Tepe area was intelligent and responsive. The Turks could direct effective fire onto an approaching enemy from over twenty-two artillery barrels. The Turkish artillery easily covered the range and had demonstrated this with its effective peppering of the *Queen Elizabeth* as she steamed off Gaba Tepe. Since then further guns had been added and the southern stretch of Brighton Beach entrenched. Camps of company-sized concentrations sat in the valleys in the hinterland where the Turks had built hides and parapets covered in brushwood to prevent detection from the air. Some of the men in these company positions were local villagers with an intimate knowledge of the terrain. The Turkish defenders also had access to a plentiful water supply in the main support villages. Their defence was simple and lacked the complexity of manoeuvres in boats and ships. The men could walk to the battle in formed columns with mules pulling their artillery behind them on prepared roads. They had clear objectives: to deny the enemy the ground and then counter-attack towards the sea.

Lieutenant Colonel Sefik Aker commanded 27 Regiment, bivouacked in four battalion camps along the roads out of Maidos. Aker had made a number of tours along the coast he was tasked with defending and had emerged with a single perception: there were very few places where the enemy could land with ease. The beach north of Gaba Tepe leading

up to the cove of Ari Burnu (Anzac Cove) was one obvious landing site which would allow the enemy access to the high ground of Chunuk Bair with its view across the Dardanelles. A landing on the beach between Ari Burnu and Gaba Tepe would require an assault across Second and Third Ridges allowing an approach to the Kilid Bahr Plateau and the rear of the forts that guarded the straits. Ari Burnu, with its sheltered cove, would offer the enemy a lodgement safe from the guns of Gaba Tepe. Colonel Sefik Aker recorded his determination to defeat an attack in his sector:

It was necessary to make Ari Burnu strong so as to engage the enemy on the beaches.

Sefik Aker tasked 27 Regiment's 2 Battalion with observation and initial defence of this beach and concentrated two of his remaining battalions within marching distance of the beaches:

The remaining two battalions of 27 Regiment together with the machine gun company were held back at 9 Division reserve in the olive grove to the west of Maidos.

Major Ismet commanded 2 Battalion, reporting directly to Sefik Aker. He had four companies, each with four platoons of sixty men, with which to defend this four-mile stretch of coast. Ismet considered the northern beach from Fisherman's Hut to the northern Cape of Ari Burnu a most unlikely place to land a large force of troops. Hundred-foot sandstone cliffs dominated this strip and the enemy would be forced to scale the bluffs. He could defend this frontage from the knoll at Fisherman's Hut and from a post at Russell's Top, the seaward end to Plugge's Plateau. From there

rifle and machine-gun fire could sweep the beach below. A placement on Plugge's Plateau, on Ari Burnu (above Anzac Cove), was almost mandatory because the cove was sheltered from Gaba Tepe and even Russell's Top once boats were close in. A stronger line of defence would have to be constructed covering the gentler beach stretching from Anzac Cove to Gaba Tepe. Major Ismet turned to the task of installing communications between his posts while also setting to work to build his defences in depth across the three ridge lines. He estimated that he had only one or two days before the enemy attacked.

The luxury liner RMS *Arcadian* docked in Alexandria carrying Hamilton's much-needed staff: Brigadier General Woodward, Brigadier General Wynter and the remaining officers and men required in the headquarters to plan the operation. Their late arrival had placed a great deal of pressure on Hamilton and the few staff who had accompanied him on his hasty departure from London. The voyage on the *Arcadian* had been pleasant; she was a well-appointed ship, a sleek liner with long promenade decks and casement windows, state rooms, a refectory, a wood-panelled smoking room and a parquet dancing floor:

The *Arcadian* has arrived bringing my Attorney General and Quarter Master General and with the second echelon of Staff. God be praised for this immense relief! The General Staff can now turn to their legitimate business—the enemy, instead of struggling night and day with A.G. and Q.M.G. affairs; allocating troops and transports; preparing for water supply; tackling questions of procedure and discipline.

Hamilton also needed men who could provide details to assist his planning for the landing. The Royal Marines had made a series of landings on the southern tip of Gallipoli and had borne the brunt of the Turkish response to an incursion on their coast. Hamilton had a habit of seeking such people out; he appeared to be more interested in experience than opinion garnered from rank:

Lunched on the *Franconia* and conversed with Lieutenant-Colonel Matthews and Major Mewes of the Plymouth Battalion; also with Major Palmer [possibly Lieutenant Charles Palmer, the former Vice Consul]. To see with your eyes; to hear with your ears; to touch with your fingers enables you to bring the truth home to yourself. Five minutes of that personal touch tells a man more than five weeks of report reading. In five minutes I gained from these Officers five times more knowledge about Sedd-el-Bahr and Kum Kale than all their own bald despatches describing their own landings and cutting-out enterprises had given me. The Turks lie close within a few yards of the water's edge on the Peninsula. Matthews smiled sarcastically at the War Office idea that no Turks can exist South of Achi Baba.

Palmer and the Royal Marines officers had clarified that, with each passing week, the Turks increased their ability to mount a vigorous defence. Before dinner that evening, Hamilton's staff had prepared a telegram to Vice Admiral John de Robeck, informing him that the Australians and 29 Division would embark on 4 April and 6 April respectively. They were to be followed by the French Division from Alexandria and the Royal Naval Division from Port Said.

With the re-embarkation under way and the arrival of his

Quartermaster General's staff to impose order on the chaos of the docks, Hamilton and his planning staff proposed to leave Alexandria on 7 April to join de Robeck and plan the landing. Hamilton also proposed sending all transports initially to Mudros which acted as the MEF's collection point, provided the men could be accommodated on board their transports with water and rations from the ships' supplies. Later that evening, MEF headquarters wired General Birdwood to arrange movement of the Australian Division from Mena Camp to Alexandria to commence embarkation. The ANZAC forces' training was coming to an end.

With five infantry divisions, the French, British, Royal Marines, the two ANZAC divisions, and the EMS in support, the efficient communication of orders was critical. Hamilton looked for a workable solution to the communication difficulties that often plagued large forces. Maps and orders had to be produced quickly and efficiently and Hamilton eventually decided to operate his own printing section. He lifted a superintendent, two lithographers and photographers from General Maxwell's Egyptian Survey Department and loaded them, complete with printing presses, on the *Arcadian*.

Hamilton and his intelligence staff were also keeping abreast of enemy activity. Agents in Constantinople continued to report movements in the threatened city. The initial panic had subsided, giving way to a grim resolve:

1 April 1915 all of the Turkish papers concentrate leading articles to the discord which will arise between the powers of the Triple Entente if Constantinople Falls, which the papers at the same time quick to assert it never will. Our agent says some 15 inch guns arrived from Germany about two weeks ago; also 40 trucks of

ammunition. Our agent saw heaps of barbed wire had been brought into Constantinople by rail.

Three weeks ago there was panic in Constantinople. Now things are normal. Many Germans, however, continue to leave.

Now into the last phases of their training, the ANZACs had needed no encouragement to begin the task of practising an amphibious assault. Their only obstacle was the desert environment which boasted a great deal of sand and very little sea. Not to be defeated, the ANZACs devised a landing scheme of 'waves' of men arriving at intervals against prepared positions. The entire division (minus its 3 Brigade already on Lemnos) was practised in this landing operation. Charles Bean, standing with the 1 Division headquarters staff, observed the divisional field day:

I heard afterwards that Colonel Skeen, of the Army Corps staff, who is good a judge as any officer in Cairo, said the deployment and the attack by the 2 Brigade could not have been better.

Dick Bulkeley and the other two musketeers, still completing their basic training, missed the divisional exercise across the desert sands, withering instead under the glare of the drill sergeant:

Up at ¼ to 5, breakfast at ¼ past and our battalion marched out into the desert on manoeuvres. We left behind & marched in battle order up between the two large Pyramids & drilled there till 2 o'clock. At lunch time went & had a look at some old tombs. Saw the Sphinx a little way below us but did not go down to

have a look as my feet are pretty sore. It is strange how soon one becomes used to these strange surroundings. Bought a washing dish.

Having returned from the mock seaborne assault in the desert, Bean watched as a staff officer from Army Corps headquarters delivered embarkation orders, noting: 'About dinner time there seemed an air of something happening.' The orders were delivered behind closed doors and Bean, carefully positioned, heard voices through the door, one of which remarked, 'Well thanks for bringing us good news: that's the most cheerful thing we've had happen to us for a long time.' Shortly after, a signaller passed Bean a note: 'All leave stopped.' He described the immediate reaction as officers left to brief their units:

One knew of course what that meant. The Division was off. A little later I saw MacLaurin coming up the stairs grinning—his holiday was gone. Men who were catching the Luxor train were stopped.

The arrival of embarkation orders begged the question of where the division would land. Bridges and Birdwood met after the exercise, Birdwood observing that he thought the landing site had been changed to the southern Asiatic side of the Dardanelles, south of Besika Bay. Both had heard rumours and knew that speculation was rife; it was fact that was noticeably absent.

Ark Royal had been included in the deception plan off Cape Skammia, her seaplanes employed to confuse the defenders on the exact site of the landing. Enemy agents would note the

activity at the dockside in Egypt, adding confirmation to the notices published in the *Egyptian Gazette*: the invasion force was coming. It was impossible to hide the movements of a hundred ships and over 80,000 men in an area the size of the Mediterranean. Off Cape Skammia, *Ark Royal's* seaplanes reconnoitred the north coast of the Gulf of Adramyti for troops and emplacements. Harry Strain described *Ark Royal's* ruse:

One of the duties of *Ark Royal* was to keep the enemy guessing, and if possible, guessing wrong. For this purpose we were sent first to lie off Enos near the mouth of the Maritza River, the frontier between Bulgaria and Turkey and, taking the utmost care not to fly over Bulgarian territory, to survey the coast and hinterland on the Turkish side then we journeyed up the Gulf of Xeros, obviously examining the landing beaches, particularly those at the head of the gulf near the Bulair Lines which had been built by the Allies at the time of Crimea. . . . The idea was to bombard the forts in the Bulair Lines and any other batteries we could find as a demonstration that we were preparing to land there.

This mission had to be obvious to every watching eye: the ships had to *be seen* as much as to see. Mission 76 flew along the coast for ninety-one minutes finding no troops or emplacements, but ensuring that the aircraft was obvious to the defenders below. Harry Strain flew as observer and, finding the forts deserted and full of water, termed the farcical demonstration 'opéra bouffe'. The warships fired on the empty forts expending much ammunition and deriving a great deal of satisfaction from the combined action. *Ark Royal* was ordered back to Mudros where her crew test-fired their twin anti-aircraft guns.

Lieutenant Bertie Isaac, 3 Squadron's intelligence officer, was aboard HMS *Inkosi* as she steamed into Mudros harbour with her precious cargo of fifteen crated landplanes:

The shore is covered with tents, soldiers in khaki, and horses, guns etc. Passed quite close to the *Inflexible*. She had a bad list and we could see where she had been badly hit in several places. At the time we passed she was getting out her dead, 37 in all and lowering the bodies into launches for burial ashore.

We set sail for Tenedos. After passing beautiful islands we arrive at 4pm. In the distance we see a new aerodrome. Presently a Morris Farman flies over, then a BE and a Henri Farman; our first indication that Commander Samson and company have arrived safely. Saw many of the slightly damaged ships which were fighting in the Dardanelles.

Samson, flying his old BE50 biplane, finished his day dropping three bombs on a fort on the northern European side of the Dardanelles at sunset and flew back to Mudros well pleased with his latest share in the action.

CHAPTER 6

2–6 April 1915

The ANZACs embark for battle

2 April 1915—Good Friday

Strong wind from east and north east/blue sky and clouds/58 degrees/at single anchor Port Mudros.

The *askers* of the Turkish 27 Regiment's 2 Battalion had been deployed forward as coast watchers to scan for any sign of an enemy landing. Should enemy forces be sighted and the alarm raised, the regiment's two remaining battalions would mobilise, marching towards the coast along two paved roads. While the mobilisation would be swift and immediate, the marching troops would be vulnerable as the roads were easily observed by enemy aircraft.

One road ran inland through the small stone-walled village of Eski Keui then turned to run parallel to the coast behind the military fort on Gaba Tepe. The second and less direct route ran initially northwards through the larger villages of Boghali and Kojadere then became a hard march

towards the coastal fringe. This northern route passed Colonel Mustafa Kemal's 19 Division, barracked in huts outside Boghali, and risked confusion if both bodies of troops had to share the road. Colonel Sefik Aker, 27 Regiment's commander, was determined that his men would be ready for the impending invasion, drilling his troops almost every night and frequently marching them to the coast via Eski Keui.

Private Dimitri Papaz Oglu of 3 Company, 3 Battalion, 27 Regiment, was camped in an olive grove outside Maidos. Like most men of military age, he had completed his two years of military service before being mobilised in August 1914. Oglu spoke both Greek and Turkish, having lived in a Christian village but worshipped with his family in the Orthodox Church. Now that he was a soldier, the religious and other cultural differences that had prevailed in the villages had disappeared as all men slept, ate and trained together under the harsh, barking orders of the NCOs and endured military life as best they could. Oglu was often wet and cold as the storms that lashed the coast cut through his thin uniform coat, probably worn by another *asker* in the Balkan wars. Dimitri Papaz Oglu marched, stood to attention and fired his German-made Mauser rifle as ordered. In September, he and his new brothers had been issued 150 rounds of ammunition and marched in winding columns to the port of Tekirdag. With no knowledge of its destination, his regiment had been sent first to the northern neck of the peninsula at Bulair. There the men had sheltered in the old forts built in their grandfathers' lifetime. Oglu had seen and heard enemy ships firing out to sea and one or two men from the regiment had been smashed by shells fired from those warships. The enemy continued to maintain a visible presence.

Oglu's regiment then marched southwards from Bulair to Maidos moving only at night, the machine-guns and heavier equipment carried by mules. As his company passed through the town of Gallipoli, the young soldier noticed several German officers on horseback and in cars. They wore blue uniforms with traditional fur caps. He liked the Germans and knew he would obey them, although none of the officers would speak to him.

The Turkish *askers'* food was monotonous and the men were unpaid. Some had managed to keep a little money which was quickly spent on luxuries such as goat's milk, coffee and tobacco to share with their friends. Oglu's regiment provided him with 1½ pounds of stale flat loaf and some olives each day, but his teeth were beginning to ache and his gums were sore. Yet Dimitri Papaz Oglu considered his existence under a tent screened with brushwood to be relatively comfortable. Each day the coast near Gaba Tepe boomed and echoed with bombardments as shells screamed overhead. Sometimes aircraft appeared in the sky above and the men had been instructed to shelter under trees or crawl into the scrub and remain still. During quiet moments as they ate the occasional bowl of lentil soup the men spoke in hushed tones of the enemy landing that would soon come and how they would fight. There would be many martyrs, but these were proud soldiers who would rather fight, even hand-to-hand using the point of their sharpened bayonet, than allow the enemy to occupy their land.

The officers of Channakale Fortress Area Command were becoming increasingly concerned at the continued efforts of the enemy navy to sweep away the barrier minefields. They exhorted their battery commanders to target the fragile wooden fishing vessels, describing the devastating effect of a 5-inch mortar shell on the boats' flimsy structure. At

the same time, the aviators of 1 Aircraft Company were urged to attack the supporting warships as a lucky strike might punch through their wooden upper decks and rupture a watertight compartment.

The MEF's embarkation order had an immediate effect on the ANZACs with all leave abruptly cancelled. While many of the men in the later embarking echelons were subsequently granted local leave to visit Cairo, the effect of the blanket cancellation of leave was galvanising. The prospect of imminent action may also have shocked those men who had heard news of the casualties in France.

Good Friday leave for the fortunate few was disrupted by a riot in an area renowned for its brothels. The riot broke out around 5.00 p.m. and was reportedly an act of retribution after men infected with venereal disease had been sent home in disgrace. A small party of soldiers decided to demand monetary compensation for the diseases they had contracted in purportedly 'clean' establishments. Unsurprisingly, the brothel owners refused to pay and the men's reprisals were swift and destructive. Furniture in upstairs rooms, including a grand piano, was thrown from the windows into the streets below. Bonfires were lit and a nearby cafe caught alight. When the local fire brigade arrived on the scene, the soldiers cut the water hoses. The town picket that evening was a rotation from a Light Horse Regiment which quickly arrested five men who were too drunk to fight them off. The fracas exploded into a fully fledged riot and a crowd gathered to jeer the picket. The British mounted police, known as the 'red caps', arrived and the situation escalated. Charles Bean collected a first-hand account from a 22-year-old gunner who was caught up in the riot:

When we came to the street called the 'Wozzy' it was the fun of your life. There were bonfires blazing down below, out of the windows came furniture, bedding, clothes, which those below threw onto the fire. A certain number of fellows were hurt by these things from the windows falling on them. The wardrobes and chests of drawers were sometimes too big for the windows so the men were carrying them out onto the roofs and throwing them over into the street below.

The redcaps rode their horses through the crowd—I meant to keep at the back of the crowd; out of trouble, but this brought me to the front of it. All sorts of things were being thrown at the police, kettles, bits of furniture. They formed up when they got through the crowd and the officer or n.c.o. in charge tried to get the crowd to disperse. Of course they did not. The chap in charge told the crowd that he must fire in it if it didn't disperse, at last he ordered his men to fire. They fired their pistols over the heads of the crowd, but no-one took the slightest notice—it sounded like letting off so many crackers. The police were withdrawing towards the end of the road, tins and kettles, and implements were being thrown at their horses. Finally they fired into the crowd. That didn't disperse them either, not in the least. Four or five dropped, but the others simply went on facing the police (who were about five yards away) as if nothing happened. I was right in the front. I felt a man brush me on the arm and looked and saw that the man behind me had fallen at my feet. I picked him up—he seemed to have been shot through the heart. All the others were wounded in the legs as far as I could see; the police must have fired low. But the chap who shot the man behind me—I saw him fire, and his horse

shied just as he did so. All sorts of things were being thrown at him and their horses were very restive.

There was nobody there to take charge so I decided to get the wounded chaps into motor cars straight away. I commandeered a doctor's car and got some fellows to help men shove the men in—started the cars off and then decided that it was best to be off and out of trouble so I got out of it as quickly as I could and went to some friends for tea.

Charles Bean suggests that blame for instigating the riot rested equally with both the Australians and New Zealanders. He saw many drunken soldiers around Cairo that night and heard that a Maori soldier had been stabbed, precipitating a reaction. The *Egyptian Gazette* noted that the police took around four hours to quell the disturbance. Four men were wounded and fifty arrested.

The riot was a sorry end to the ANZACs' period of training and left a poor impression in Cairo. The troops' behaviour provided further embarrassment for Birdwood, Bridges and Godley on the eve of their first foray onto the battlefield.

Earlier that afternoon, MEF headquarters had received further alarming news on Turkish defensive preparations. Intelligence reporting from a well-informed source in Cairo—possibly the Turkish General Staff Officer—noted a change in the Turkish command structure:

A new 5 Corps is said to have been formed under LIMAN at GALLIPOLI.

This information was relatively fresh as Liman von Sanders had only recently arrived on the peninsula. It was slightly

incorrect as Liman von Sanders was commander of the new Turkish 5 Army rather than a new Turkish corps. The next day Lord Kitchener telegraphed Hamilton seeking further information on enemy dispositions:

... anxious to receive any information that may be obtained of Turkish military dispositions and defences by aerial reconnaissance.

Thus far, intelligence sources had provided the MEF and ANZAC a description of the Turkish forces defending the peninsula and a vague notion of their strength. The location of enemy units remained a priority intelligence requirement that had yet to be met and one that would ultimately determine the success of any landing.

The three musketeers were in camp at the time of the riot and noted the harnessing of horse-drawn ambulances that were soon galloping into town. The next day, however, the riot was eclipsed as the news that most ANZACs keenly awaited finally broke:

On morning of April 2, on first parade, we could see the Colonel had something to say to us, and when amidst a great silence he made the announcement that within 12 hours the Battalion would entrain for the seat of war, the cheer the old 3 sent up, must have shaken the pyramids to their very foundations. I had only been in Egypt about ten days, so this announcement did not mean as quite as much to me, as it did to the men who had been here for about five months, training hard and enduring long route marches and bivouacs in the desert, with its hot days and bitterly cold nights. I had come along with the reinforcements and only joined the battalion four

days before so there was some fear that there might be a possibility of us being left behind.

Lieutenant Commander Gibson was once again high above the decks in *Albion's* gunnery top escorting trawlers as they attempted to sweep a channel:

Sweepers were late . . . I had time for an early breakfast, went in at about ¼ to 8 with three pairs of sweepers and 2 destroyers. Not much firing, mostly from a battery we couldn't locate on European shore in Morto Bay, at sweepers not at us. While we were still searching heard a big splash and crack of explosion went up about 400 yards from us. I thought it was a 6" at least, but could not think where it came from and just then someone reported a hostile aircraft and there was a Taube biplane circling overhead. He dropped another which fell about 200 feet off and then turned and went back. The Commander fired a rifle at him from the fore turret, that was the only notice we took as he was very high up. By the time the second bomb burst he had turned around—quite a new experience for us. I had a hot cross bun for lunch. I had clear forgotten it was Good Friday!

On the eastern side of the Mediterranean, a new seaplane, Wight 176, was hoisted aboard *Ark Royal*, stowed in the hold in readiness for future operations. On Tenedos, No. 3 Squadron was fully engaged in erecting shelters and assembling aeroplanes and had not scheduled flights—until a report of a hostile aircraft prompted an immediate response. Samson and Osmond scrambled to intercept the enemy, clutching rifles and racing to their aircraft. They patrolled

for twenty-five minutes but returned disappointed, having failed to locate the intruder. The enemy aircraft had made its count of Allied transports and returned to Channakale. Each side now had a working appreciation of opposing numbers.

Saturday 3 April 1915

Strong wind from north east/blue sky and clouds with mist and haze/ sea rough to very rough/52 degrees/steaming in Gulf of Smyrna.

The 600 *askers* of 27 Regiment's 2 Battalion were working hard through endless nights to prepare the defence of their coastal stretch. Staggering alongside overburdened donkeys and mules, both men and beasts humped second echelon equipment from the olive grove camp to the coast where defensive positions were being scraped from the limestone north of Gaba Tepe. At the end of the march the men set up tents and built camps in the valleys out of sight of the sea with its enemy ships and aircraft. Trenches and gun emplacements were scratched from the dirt and were camouflaged with brush to conceal them from above. The men toiled with few breaks, spurred by the knowledge that the invading fleet lay only a short distance off the coast.

The Turkish 1 Aircraft Company at Channakale was ordered to attack the enemy warships constantly cruising and bombarding the coastline out of range of Turkish coastal artillery. As the Turkish aircrew flew over the coast, they spotted a two-funnelled battleship with gun turrets fore and aft. Her paint scheme was an odd, wavy affair of dark grey over light grey. Alongside her was another, with twin funnels even squatter than the first. Black coal smoke

belched from their funnels as they steamed. The pilot tipped his plane to the side, allowing a clearer view of his target. He straightened, banked the aircraft and commenced his bombing run, pulling the lever on the side of his cockpit to release two bombs. He lost sight of the warship as he overflowed his target, and banked for another look. Two white patches of churned seawater told him that his bombs had missed their target, detonating in the sea instead. The warships steamed on, apparently unperturbed by the raid.

With the news of an imminent embarkation, Mena Camp burst into a hive of activity as battalions prepared for departure. Rumours spread and speculation on both their destination and their fate was rampant. Bean recorded the gossip at Mena House:

They say there is likely to be heavy fighting before they land, somebody at the hospital said. They expect 30 per cent casualties. Well, if it is a difficult landing I should say that these fellows are just the men to carry it out. Whatever they can do they certainly can fight.

The packing-up process was remarkably orderly, the men's enthusiasm palpable. Morale was high—a hundred men discharged themselves or jumped the hospital fence to return to their units, while another hundred tried and failed. As each battalion left, the area of its former camp was cleared. The men of 3 Battalion held a singsong on their last night around a campfire in the middle of their old parade ground. A master of ceremonies was chosen and their commanding officer was feted as guest of honour. The Colonel was seated in a special chair and endured the embarrassment of

cheers from his men as their faces glowed in the glare of the large bonfire.

The three musketeers folded and stored equipment under the watchful eye of the Quartermaster's staff. Uniformity and order reigned:

Up pretty early & at first parade the Colonel told us within two hours we would entrain for the front. Great rejoicing everywhere. It must be a relief for the men who have been here so long. Packing up, striking tents and cleaning up lines all day. At about 7pm the battalion fell in and after a few instructions we pile arms and laid down beside them with our equipment handy. Never will I forget that night, it was one of the most wonderful and stirring scenes I have ever witnessed. The whole camp was bustle and preparation, officers were coming and going and issuing orders in all directions, practically all the tents had disappeared, bands were playing stirring old tunes, which British soldiers had known for centuries, and we had all known from our childhood. At about 11 o'clock the hold party fell in and moved off. It comprised 33 men and three officers, two of them were with us and to my surprise I found they were Lieutenants Stuchbury and Burleigh who were in charge of us third reinforcements in the voyage over. We all thought when on starting that we would march as far as the tram terminus and then take a tram for the remainder of the distance. Much to our surprise we marched past without stopping and headed for Cairo 11 miles away. We all had heavy packs up and the road was very hard, and soon I began to feel the strain in my back and feet, but we swung along with the pyramids growing smaller behind us . . . However all journeys have an end and we

arrived at the central railway station about quarter past two, with most of us pretty foot sore. Not bad going 11 miles in 3 ¼ hours. Great sight at Cairo station with all the troop trains getting away with their various loads. Left about 5am next day.

In his headquarters, Hamilton was fighting a fierce administrative battle to secure more men. An Indian brigade was quartered at Cairo under command of General Maxwell. Hamilton was keen to add this well-trained brigade to the New Zealand and Australian Division which was a brigade short. Instead of more shells and more men, he received rather less welcome tactical advice from Kitchener:

9.30 am. Telegram received from Lord Kitchener as to devices for destroying wire entanglements:

SECRET 3855 Cipher, With regards to crossing wire entanglements which have not been completely cleared by artillery fire, it is worth remembering the manner in which in the SOUDAN we successfully crossed thorn zaribas with native angarib bedding. Immediately behind the hand grenade and attacking lines, men carrying angaribs are placed and as soon as the fire of the defence has been dominated they rush forward and place the angaribs on the entanglements. If this is done by each attacking company many roads over obstructions can be made.

Such advice from Lord Kitchener, the Empire's Secretary of State for War, suggested that not all senior officers grasped the devastating effects of technology on the modern battlefield. Hamilton subtly dismissed Kitchener's suggestion, sending a deftly worded reply that contained another appeal for ammunition and more men:

Your reference 20 . . . I have not got ammunition enough to destroy barbed wire by field guns, howitzers or Maxims and the entanglements are defiladed from Naval Guns and must therefore rely on other methods including all those suggested by you.

Easter Sunday 4 April 1915

Light breeze from south west /blue sky and clouds/sea calm/74 degrees/flight operations in Gulf of Smyrna.

Major Ismet continued to supervise 2 Battalion's defensive works behind the cove of Ari Burnu, a mile south of the fortress of Gaba Tepe. The presence of aircraft activity overhead and enemy vessels out to sea had convinced him that a landing was imminent. The trenches on Plugge's Plateau were now almost six feet deep, constructed with a firing step and a communication sap leading back across the exposed plateau. Tracks had been scraped under cover of the overhead growth so that the *askers* could move quickly from their camp in the valley behind them. Ismet's men had also wired a telephone cable to poles, stringing it from the tallest branches of trees to ensure that the mules and horses pulling the battery of guns did not destroy communications with the Gaba Tepe garrison. The telephone cabling connected his outposts and sentries at Fisherman's Hut and in the forward trenches on Plugge's Plateau with the switchboard at the Gaba Tepe garrison. A single operator could connect forward artillery observers to the battery on Gaba Tepe and to the Kilid Bahr Plateau where over forty guns were sited. As always, the men's routines were dictated by the cover of darkness or the call of a sentry that an aircraft was in the area.

Rations arrived for the men of Ismet's battalion from regimental supplies. Sacks of beans, lentils and flat loaves of hard bread were just enough to sustain the men who stoically boiled the bean and lentils into a bland but nourishing porridge. Raisins sometimes made their way through quick hands to his men in their exposed position and sometimes coffee came too. The men had not been paid since their mobilisation so they depended on the rations that arrived on the backs of donkeys. Fortunately, water was plentiful and Major Ismet's troops were able to draw water from behind Second Ridge and bring it forward each night to the coast watchers. Each day his men reported the movements of enemy shipping, now recognising the same ships and giving them names. Ismet exercised his battalion headquarters in calling through ranges, speed, and direction to the garrison switchboard. The guns on Gaba Tepe remained silent and camouflaged, and waited.

Hamilton's difficulties continued as the *Egyptian Gazette* published full details of MEF movements. He mused in his diary that his only hope was that the Turks would not believe in a folly so incredible. With dockside activity including arrivals and departures published for all to read, Hamilton was unable to maintain any degree of secrecy around his fifty-five-ship armada. The orderly embarkation of 1 Australian Division commenced following a detailed railway schedule that would have impressed the German Imperial Staff. The New Zealand and Australian Division based at Zeitoun was to embark as the second echelon, commencing on 9 April.

Lieutenant Colonel Skeen of Army Corps staff was responsible for managing this complex schedule of movements.

Entrainment tables were tested and formulated for each half-battalion of infantry: one first class coach for officers, one second class coach for corporals and sergeants, eleven third class coaches for the rank and file, with four animal trucks, three box trucks, and three flat cars for supplies. Trains collected the men from a designated platform on the outskirts of Cairo and deposited them on the dock alongside their ships. It was an orderly process and ran strictly to schedule. It had to: the process involved the movement of over 30,000 men and horses, mules, guns and supplies.

The ANZAC embarkation proved an unqualified success and clearly demonstrated the efficiency of the ANZAC officers in completing their staff work. The Australian Division included the Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade and the diminutive Ceylon Planters Rifle Corps of 151 soldiers with several wagons and a bicycle. Left behind at Mena were the 4 Light Horse Regiment and the divisional ammunition column. The divisional troops were accommodated and transported in twenty-one transports numbered A1 to A21:

We entrained about 4 am and got away, and though we were all tired we were so crowded that we didn't sleep . . . Breakfast time came around and without anything being provided, the 'Three Musketeers' were the only ones, so far as I could see, who broke their fast. Sid produced a tin of herrings, Harry sardines, and I had bread and biscuits . . . We got into Alexandria about 10.30 am the train taking us right to the wharf, we detrained and went on board the transport *City of Benares*, a big iron boat, which Harry pronounced after inspection an old tub, so she must have been. We got our packs off and straight away went down in-side the hold, stacking bales of fodder, which was pretty

strenuous work, especially as we were all tired. They gave us a miserable dinner and we were at the same job all afternoon till late. It was Easter Sunday too and the most unusual one I had spent.

The *City of Benares* was carrying a company of Engineers, a lot of Australian Medical Corps and horses and ammunition. We were apparently outsiders, for the rest had good quarters, while we shared the poop deck with the native crew and had absolutely no shelter at all. Harry had found a lifeboat. He had unlashed its cover and made a nest for the Three Musketeers on the sail spread across its boards. The Three Musketeers, wrapped in their blankets, slept well.

Orders for the entrainment and dispatch of units from Zeiton were drafted and disseminated by Army Corps. With a few extra days in hand, the New Zealand and Australian Division practised embarkation parades in scheduled groups to further streamline the process. They were to entrain without the Mounted Rifles Brigade, 1 Australian Light Horse Brigade, the Otago Mounted Rifle Regiment or their engineers, field ambulances and divisional ammunition column. This division was short a brigade, with only two organic infantry brigades in its order of battle and was allocated fewer ships: A22 to A35. At the last minute, the entrainment paused for an unscheduled event. A private soldier, Charlie Newman, had died of pneumonia and his kit was auctioned for £15. His wife was dead so the money was sent to his daughter. Charlie's mother was elderly and those of his mates who knew her were afraid the news of her son's death would trigger a breakdown in her health.

The men's movement details were carefully planned. They were ordered to prepare one day's cooked rations

which they would carry with them when they embarked. Prior to embarkation, if pay was required, all ranks would be paid in Egyptian money. Following embarkation, payment would be made in gold under the usual pay arrangements. In the end, the ANZAC transports were delayed because the troops embarked more quickly than the porters could load their supplies.

Private John Fisher from Sunshine, Victoria, left the day after the three musketeers:

Every man arose at reveille, in fact some before, light hearted and full of spirit for it was to be the day of our departure from Mena. Where to nobody knew but we were aware that it was to be where the fighting would be severe. Shifting such a big camp entails a lot of work, but it was done with cheerfulness; for what did it mean? I attended 6.30am Mass that morning, which I had the pleasure of serving for the last time in Egypt. A very large number received. I was fortunate enough to miss all the work for I had to go into Cairo with Lieutenant Johnston to draw the money from the pay office, going and returning by motor and what a difference in the camp when I returned to what we had left. Save for Fr Hearn's tent, which was left standing, the desert was as bare as when we first arrived. We left Mena at 8.00pm to march to Cairo railway station where we arrived at 12.00pm. My feet were anything but sore for I was wearing new boots. After travelling by train for the remainder of the night, arrived at Alexandria at about 6.30am, Monday 5 April 1915. 'A' Company boarded the *Clan McGillivray* with the 8 Battalion and pulled out into the harbour until Thursday 8 April 1915, when we started; destination unknown.

The headquarters staff was now fully occupied with planning an amphibious assault on a well-defended enemy shore under fire. The staff of two new nations—Australia and New Zealand—had been handed a monumental task. Even officers as experienced as White, who was a graduate of the British Army's prestigious Staff Course, regarded this as a new and difficult process. There were few lessons to draw upon.

One of the first issues for the planners concerned the number of boats required for such an operation. Details were supplied to MEF headquarters by the navy: each transport would have four horse boats, four ship's lighters and eight cutters or rowboats with the capacity to land 1040 men on shore per trip. The ANZAC staff were also issued the Gallipoli series maps for their planning. Staff officers could now plot intelligence on enemy divisional and regimental locations collated by Major Charles Villiers-Stuart directly onto their maps.

The EMS continued to fulfil its promise to Hamilton, applying pressure to the defenders across a sixty-mile front. Wing Commander Charles Samson conducted two missions: a morning flight to spot for warships firing on the defensive positions on the Asiatic southern side of the straits and an afternoon flight in his ageing BE50 dropping three bombs on redoubts near the village of Krithia where he recorded two successful strikes. More importantly, his squadron conducted two more reconnaissance flights, adding substance to reporting on enemy defensive measures. Samson's afternoon mission was the squadron's twenty-first operational flight since its arrival.

Ark Royal was ordered to steam down the southern

coast to the Gulf of Smyrna to conduct reconnaissance and attack the torpedo boats reportedly concealed in one of the harbours. The torpedo boats posed a serious threat to the transports scheduled to traverse the Mediterranean in the coming days. *Ark Royal's* seaplanes were tasked with bombing those torpedo boats found at sea, while the boats observed tied against the dock would be left to the guns of *Dartmouth* and *Usk*, spotted by the seaplanes.

Mission 77, with Harry Strain on board, began dramatically as the bomb racks under the plane were damaged in the heavy swell. Of the seven bombs in the underslung bomb rack, four broke loose and were hanging live under the seaplane with their noses in the water:

There was a nasty swell and our bombs were low down and as we crashed from one swell to another the safety cams released and it is a miracle that we weren't blown to Kingdom Come . . . I took the fuses out of the bombs very gingerly.

Strain unwound the firing mechanisms of the four dangers and placed them very carefully in the cockpit of the seaplane, clenching the two live bombs between his knees. The aircraft climbed slowly into the air reaching 3500 feet where it circled. As Strain cradled the bombs, the seaplane headed over land, fired at by the Turkish troops in their emplacements. The seaplane turned lazily towards three torpedo boats steaming in circles in the harbour below. Without bomb racks, Harry Strain had to lean over the wood and stretched canvas side to drop the live bombs clear of the seaplane. Pilot Geoffrey Bromet lined up a torpedo boat and the first three live bombs were dropped over the side—and missed. The torpedo boats were equipped with

machine-guns which chattered in unison at the slowly circling seaplane. The aircraft banked and tried another bombing run, this time with the three bombs from the racks beneath. The nearest bomb almost hit a collier thirty yards from the torpedo boat.

Abandoning the torpedo boats which had proven too difficult a target, Bromet took the Wight 172 inland where he identified a fort with artillery emplacements. Strain dropped the seventh bomb over the side at the fort below, but missed again. Without bombs to worry about, and more than a little relieved, Harry Strain now turned his attention to observing the detail of the port's defences.

Following the return of the first mission, Lieutenant Dunning attempted to coax Sopwith 807 airborne, but damaged a float taxiing across the rough sea. The stricken aircraft was hoisted ignominiously back onto *Ark Royal* by its steam crane and Dunning ventured out again, this time solo, flying Sopwith 922. He coaxed this sturdier seaplane airborne, only to suffer engine failure half an hour into the flight. Rapidly losing height, he managed to land the machine on the water to be towed by the destroyer *Usk* back to *Ark Royal* in a second ignominious return.

Wight 172 was given a quick overhaul and Bromet and Strain set off once more. Again, the trusty Wight proved to be the squadron's most reliable machine and mission 80 was far more successful than its predecessors. The bomb racks had been repaired by the air mechanics and four more 22-pound bombs were attached. This time Harry Strain had more time to observe the port below. He noticed that the Turks had effectively blocked the inwards approach to the harbour by sinking three ships in the channel.

Geoffrey Bromet's aircraft flight over Smyrna was quite an event for the town. Batteries flung shells upwards and black

clouds of anti-aircraft gunfire burst behind them. Bromet made a thorough nuisance of himself, disrupting the quiet of the late afternoon. At the dockside of Tres Tepe, the pilot identified men working below on yet more defences. Bombs fell on the workers with visible effect as men were killed and maimed. The aircraft then returned to the elusive torpedo boats and attempted a hit on the twisting craft below, but missed again. Just before sunset, one more mission was attempted. Sopwith 922, its engine hastily repaired, was taken up again, only to suffer once more from engine failure and be hauled back on board after a short but exhilarating flight. The three Turkish torpedo boats remained at large to threaten the transport vessels soon to be transiting the Mediterranean.

Monday 5 April 1915

Gale force storms from north east/overcast heavy rain and snow/sea very rough/54 degrees/taking shelter off Tenedos Island.

Most of the ANZACs had now broken camp and were on trains or aboard ships waiting at the docks. Charles Bean, as an observer with 1 Division headquarters, was one of the last to leave the camp:

Mena HQ tents taken down from the back of the Mena House hotel. Slept on the floor in one of the rooms of the Manager's House. Just over four months from beginning to end. Division gone but for a few men with tents collapsed ready for storage.

More detailed train timings for the later New Zealand and Australian Division were prepared, scheduled and adhered

to in a demonstration of simple colonial efficiency. The ANZAC staff officers were becoming adept at planning extremely complex movements involving large numbers of men. Battalion headquarters staff had proven themselves in brigade-level exercises and had mastered a range of tactical manoeuvres. At the opposite end of the scale, Charles Bean noted that the new reinforcements who had arrived from Australia were very poorly trained. The three musketeers were among these reinforcements, although the wily three had secured a posting to 3 Battalion, rather than to the new camp built to train and accommodate the latest arrivals:

Reinforcements becoming a serious problem. Very unruly and poorly trained. The third reinforcements coming out seized the ships boats at Colombo and made ashore in them. In Abbassia in new camp a riot broke out after canteen raised its prices. Too few trained officers. Major Blamey, intelligence officer in Bridges staff, was sent over to gain control.

Bean expressed his growing admiration for the men who had learned their trade in the desert, recording the impressive sight of a battalion of 500 men as it left its camp for war. The men's lines were inspected and each company was formed up on the road:

Battalion will move to the right in fours, C Company leading . . . Then Company form fours! Right. . . and the company by the right began to file down the road.

The men marched solemnly, four abreast, with rifles sloped on the shoulder, down the road towards Cairo, a three-hour march to the railway station for a train to Alexandria and

the waiting ships. General Bridges also watched the men as they moved in disciplined files towards their waiting transports, describing their soldierly bearing in a dispatch to the Governor-General of Australia:

Our men are in capital spirit—their discipline has greatly improved—orders are now given and obeyed that officers would hardly have ventured to give five months ago.

The three musketeers on the transport *City of Benares* steamed from Alexandria later that evening:

. . . cleared the harbour and headed for the Dardanelles. Outside it was very cold and looking like rain. During the night it did rain, but Harry made due provisions for such emergencies, and I think the Three Musketeers were the only members of the hold party, who did not spend a miserable night.

At the other end of the docks, French colonial troops also began to embark. Their striking uniforms presented a complete contrast to the modern garb of fighting, the dull, serviceable uniforms of British forces. Hamilton inspected these splendidly dressed troops before they left for the other side of the Mediterranean:

Under an Eastern sun the colours of the French uniforms, gaudy in themselves, ran riot, and the troops had surely been posted by one who was an artist more than soldiering: Infantry of the Line in grey; Zouaves in blue and red; Senegalese wore dark blue and the Foreign Legion blue-grey. The Cavalry rode Arabs and mostly

white stallions; they wore pale blue tunics and bright scarlet breeches.

In contrast to the calm of the ANZAC embarkation, Hamilton's diary screams of his frustration and the chaos that engulfed his command as his staff attempted to coordinate the jumble on the docks.:

We are struggling like drowning mariners in a sea of chaos; chaos in the offices; chaos on the ships; chaos in the camps; chaos along the wharves; this is the road to dockside.

In the Mediterranean Sea off Malta, *Manica's* balloon section, known as Experimental No. 1 Kite Balloon Section, was attempting the first shipboard inflation of its torpedo-shaped balloon. A wicker basket was suspended below the balloon in which two or three observers could view the enemy and report via a telephone connection to the bridge and radio and signal ratings on the ship. Correctional information and targeting could then be radioed or communicated by flags to warships quickly and efficiently:

The main function of the kite balloon is to provide an observation platform at heights varying between 2,500 and 3,000 feet for the direction and control of artillery fire at long ranges. The balloon is 80 feet in length.

Manica was not specifically designed to accommodate a balloon and the explosive hydrogen plant required to produce the gas. Strict 'no smoking' rules existed on the ship as a spark or flame could easily ignite the odourless gas and blow

the ship to pieces. British war artist Herbert Hillier registered the crew's concerns over the threat of torpedoes:

A sharp look out all the way for enemy submarines. Gibraltar—watchful as ever. The weather is bad. Some magnificent storm clouds do not promise well for the sort of operations we have come out for. We leave here, by way of Malta, for Lemnos, where there is a large harbour, Mudros Bay, the appointed gathering place for our armada.

Ark Royal remained under the lee of Tenedos all day as, once again, bad weather made flying impossible. Despite its frequent setbacks, the aircrew of the Royal Naval Air Service was beginning to win a following as Vice Admiral de Robeck reported the past week's results to the Admiralty:

Aircraft spotted successfully for ships engaged with concealed guns, several being hit. Aircraft also located numerous field guns.

Yet another attempt by the navy to sweep the straits ended in failure. Supplied with maps of identified minefields corroborated by seaplane flights overhead, the minesweeping trawlers once again sallied forth to battle the current and accurate Turkish artillery fire. Having made some headway and cleared a canal, the barrage from the Turkish guns became too accurate and too intensive and the trawlers turned with the current, their toll of casualties further increased.

Lieutenant Commander Gibson and the crew of *Albion* were anchored in Mudros harbour servicing their guns.

Albion's captain had been summoned aboard Vice Admiral de Robeck's flagship, *Queen Elizabeth*, and returned at 4.00 p.m. to address his assembled officers:

He announced he had accepted job of charge of sweepers. *Albion* to be depot ship for sweepers, 30 trawlers and 8 to 10 destroyers . . . He is so full of common sense and up to date sweepers have been shockingly run and achieved very little.

At Turkish 5 Army headquarters in the little town of Gallipoli, Liman von Sanders received a report from Chanakale Fortress Area Command on enemy minesweeping efforts. Noting that the minesweepers had only two attendant warships, he was not surprised at their lack of success in prosecuting their mission. He reported to the War Ministry that, based on Allied behaviour, he expected the British would break off their attacks on Cape Helles, implying that the enemy was planning to land the forces that were daily arriving in transports. Liman von Sanders considered the flat areas around the Gulf of Saros and Bulair likely targets for the impending amphibious assault.

Tuesday 6 April 1915

Gale force and storm force from north east/overcast and misty/52 degrees/lee of Tenedos Island.

To Sir Ian Hamilton,
Alexandria.

Received 8.06pm 6 April
3 April, 1915.

3855 cipher. I have read Limpus's report of which the Admiral has a copy. It seems to point to the advisability

of the main landing taking place in the neighbourhood of CAPE HELLES and MORTO BAY while a feint in considerable force which also may possibly land, takes place NORTH and SOUTH of KABA TEPE with possibly the commanding ground of SARI BAIR as its objective in order that the enemy on the southern slopes may not support those on the KILID BAHR Plateau which I presume you will attack in force and occupy, and prepare to destroy the forts at the NARROWS. [sic] Night attacks and means of crossing barbed wire entanglements seem to me at a distance the points most necessary for consideration.

Kitchener

Kitchener and the War Council directed the Dardanelles campaign from far-off London with maps spread on boardroom tables, under the warm glow of shaded lamps. So far, these armchair strategists appeared unwilling to send the equipment and men required to achieve the mission they had set their commanders; the critical question of water supplies for 80,000 men likewise remained unanswered. Earlier that morning, the War Office had sent an appreciation confirming the scarcity of water and firewood on the peninsula. The enemy controlled the water; the wells that tapped the water table lay in the deep valleys and villages held securely by the Turks.

For the men who comprised the companies and battalions of ANZAC, these issues were of little concern. They were proving themselves remarkably efficient. Transports began independently leaving Alexandria—without the protection of convoys and escorts—bound for the collection area at Lemnos Island with its capacious Mudros harbour. The three musketeers were at the head of the pack as their transport steamed into stormy weather:

Next morning there was a good sea on and consequently I was sick, and to make matters worse, the hold party had to go on guard for 24 hours. As night came on a regular gale came up and it blew like the devil, many of the horses getting knocked about on account of the boat rolling so much.

MEF's intelligence section was still based in Cairo—its staff would be among the last to embark. A note in the divisional intelligence diary indicates that the ANZACs were gaining increasingly detailed intelligence on the Turkish formations they were to fight:

5 April CAIRO reports following from ATHENS: A new 5 Army Corps has been formed in GALLIPOLI under LIMAN PASHA, who left for that town March 25. Another source which cannot be given, states that the new 5 Army Corps consists of the 4, 7, 9 and 26 Divisions in GALLIPOLI Peninsula and KESHAN and 11 and 12 Divisions on Asiatic side down to KDREMID. 12 and 4 named Divisions are believed to be reserve formations.

The daily intelligence bulletin continued to be logged in the section's diary as MEF officers added detail to their appreciation on the best place to land. There was little to encourage them:

Cairo reports following from Athens: well informed man just arrived from Constantinople stated Germans expect Dardanelles to be forced and count upon dissension among the Allies over Constantinople. Turkish naval officer states that the three ships of war were sunk

by mines laid during the fog in area previously swept. German ambassador stated to an informant that no serious attack was expected on Dardanelles till end of May. Military said that attack on Egypt will be renewed. Both statements probably misleading.

Charles Villiers-Stuart, the senior officer in the ANZAC intelligence section, received the same report and entered the most pertinent information in the intelligence war diary:

Egyptian War Office agent reports: Germans expect Dardanelles to be forced, but expect dissension among the Allies regarding Constantinople.

Ark Royal and No. 3 Squadron cancelled flights yet again because of a strong, gusting north-easterly wind. In the evening, the ship weighed anchor and proceeded to a rendezvous fifteen miles south-east of the Turkish town of Enos, north of the Gulf of Saros. MEF sent another telegram to the War Office asking for four more aeroplane observers, and emphasising the urgency of capturing as much information as possible on the enemy defensive positions along the peninsula. Despite their vulnerability to the vagaries of the weather, aircraft were now considered the favoured means of gathering this information. Aerial technology had won itself a critical place in warfare.

CHAPTER 7

7–12 April 1915

The ANZACs deploy forward

Wednesday 7 April 1915

Light breeze from the south west/blue sky and clouds/
63 degrees/calm sea/flight operations in the north.

Major Ismet, the officer commanding the Turkish 27 Regiment's 2 Battalion, deployed three of his companies along the coast of the Gallipoli Peninsula from Fisherman's Hut to Gaba Tepe garrison. Each company comprised three platoons of nine sections with nine riflemen in each section. Ismet set one company to work scraping through the topsoil to dig gun emplacements to protect a battery of guns that he intended to deploy on the reverse slope of Second Ridge on the 400-foot plateau. The battery would sit in a cup-shaped depression, hidden behind the ridge line out of sight of enemy aviators and safe from naval shellfire. From here the battery would lob shells onto approaching boats or in the midst of men scrambling onto the beaches below.

Ismet placed his No. 1 Platoon on a small knoll behind the old stone fisherman's hut that gave the area its name, allocating the platoon one Maxim machine-gun and ordering the men to dig in. From their trench, the men manning the machine-gun covered a sweeping arc across the beach north of Anzac Cove. The machine-gun had clear fields of fire and its bullets would rip a beaten zone on the surface of the sea. Enemy soldiers packed in boats would have to row through this hail of steel to reach the shore. Ismet sited another platoon, also equipped with a machine-gun, on Plugge's Plateau which dominated the seaward approaches to Anzac Cove. He placed a company in reserve behind Gaba Tepe and sent another company to garrison the fortress itself.

Ali Said, Mustefah Riza and Hussein Ahmed were older men who had been called up in a later tranche of conscripts in February 1915. Unlike their younger fellows, these men had left their villages in the certain knowledge that they were going to war. Despite being older than the men from the first drafts, they were still classed as *mustahfiz* or first line troops. Having completed their training at the depot at Tekirdag, they were grouped with 400 others, crammed onto an overloaded steamer and sent to the 'front' at Chanakale. Perhaps in view of their age, the three older soldiers were eventually billeted as reinforcements to 27 Regiment, to be employed as telephonists. They were not issued rifles as this was regarded as a waste of resources for men who occupied support positions. When 2 Battalion marched towards the coast of Gaba Tepe under cover of darkness, the telephonists followed with the communications team, helping to carry the coils of telephone wire.

The older men were already tired of military deprivation and the dull, gnawing hunger that told of insufficient

food. Like the rest of the infantry they were fed twice daily on wheat porridge and beans. Grey enemy ships steamed menacingly off the coast and often sent shells arcing inland towards some unfortunate village or careless body of troops. Overhead, enemy planes appeared like malignant birds, occasionally dropping bombs in a wave of nerve-shattering noise. For these men, the wonder of seeing an aeroplane had long since passed while the strain of being hunted was mounting steadily. The telephonists' task was to establish a telephone switchboard to connect calls from the outposts at Fisherman's Hut, the sentries on Plugge's Plateau, the battalion headquarters, and the battery yet to be dragged forward behind Second Ridge alongside Regimental Headquarters. The communications plan involved coordinating fire missions and troop movements once the telephone wires had been connected, a critical mission in the heat of battle.

Immediately west of the *askers* keeping watch on Plugge's Plateau, several more transports steamed towards the safety of Lemnos and its harbour. Among these transports were HMT *City of Benares* which carried the three musketeers and HMT *Clan McGillivray* with Private John Fisher aboard. Fisher recorded his ship's entry into the harbour in his diary, describing the sombre view of Vice Admiral de Robeck's flagship, *Queen Elizabeth*, scarred from its pounding off Gaba Tepe on 5 March:

Next morning it was much calmer and I was all right, and able to watch the scenery, which was very fine, as we were passing through a group of Aegean islands . . . We passed a lighthouse and rounding a headland came into a fine harbour, which was crowded with boats of all

kinds. A great number of transports and British, Russian and French men-of-war. Coming in we steamed very close to *Queen Elizabeth*, then about the finest fighting boat afloat, and she looked just what she was. We went right up the harbour and anchored at the far end from the entrance. The port is called Mudros and the island Lemnos, and is our main base. The inhabitants are all Greeks, and I believe the British Government has leased the island. It is a very pretty place.

On board *Queen Elizabeth*, Lieutenant Charles Palmer was serving as a member of Vice Admiral de Robeck's staff. As a junior naval officer and a reservist, Palmer no longer enjoyed the privileges of his post as Vice Consul, and now shared a cabin with officers of similar rank and dined at the noisier end of the long wooden table in the wardroom. Lieutenant Palmer reported to de Robeck's Chief of Staff, Commodore Roger Keyes, who supervised the Flag Staff and ensured that the Vice Admiral's plans were translated into effective orders for the many ships and submarines in the squadron.

Thirty miles north of Lemnos, a flotilla of warships gathered once again off the very northern neck of the peninsula. The battleships *Swiftsure* and *Majestic*, the torpedo boat *Usk* and the hardy minesweeping trawlers joined *Ark Royal* off the Turkish port of Enos, north of the Gulf of Saros. The fleet's aim was to convince the enemy that this northern area was under threat and that troops should be deployed to guard its coastline and fill the empty forts observed by Harry Strain. The MEF forces assembling in Mudros were anxious to persuade the Turks to man the forts—in particular, to deploy gun batteries away from the beaches of the peninsula:

We stopped under the lee of Tenedos with a severe north wind from the evening of the 4th until last night . . . after dinner we got the *Ark* under way and went to rendezvous off Enos . . . we made a reconnaissance and reported it clean of troops and guns—then *Swiftsure* and *Majestic* sent in boats to explore landing places (it is probably a blind) and we left them doing it . . .

In the greyness of the early dawn, Sopwith 922 was prepared for flight and lowered onto the sea, destined for Enos to report on the location of Turkish troops. The Sopwith's crew managed to claw enough altitude to risk a flight over land and made a useful reconnaissance of the town and its approaches. There appeared to be little military activity and the aircrew enjoyed a leisurely observation free from the threat of ground fire until, having flown effortlessly for over forty minutes, the engine lost power and then seized completely. At the same time, Royal Marines from *Swiftsure* and *Majestic* descended rope ladders into rowboats and ships' cutters and pulled for the pier. A carefully orchestrated feint was under way, designed to force the garrison commander to call for help. This would ensure that Liman von Sanders' attention remained firmly focussed on the north.

Ark Royal steamed further down the coast to reconnoitre the port of Gallipoli and confirm intelligence reports on the area. Two short-lived reconnaissance flights set off, both aborted soon after due to engine failure. Commander Clarke-Hall, *Ark Royal*'s captain, planned to lay over in the lee of Xeros Island, but discovered that the flotilla's presence had been registered by Turkish gunners who were pounding a French battleship from their shore-based batteries. *Ark Royal* drifted during the night out of range of the shore.

The unloading of No. 3 Squadron's crated aeroplanes on Tenedos had been delayed for a number of days because of persistent bad weather. Additional men were co-opted to assemble the two Henri Farman pushers already ashore. Four missions were flown in the middle of the day providing more intelligence on the forts and guns along the Dardanelles. Two spotting flights along the northern shore brought naval gunfire onto targets and an ineffectual bombing flight saw three 22-pound bombs released with little damage to the positions below. There was no concerted effort to survey enemy defensive preparations inland.

The embarkation of the ANZAC forces was proceeding smoothly as regimental transport officers worked through the night. Their extraordinary dedication did not always add to their efficiency:

Some excitement caused by an RTO making a morning brief of train movements he had been superintending during the night—after a little reasoning and verification it was found that the officer had slept for 28 hours, and had missed a day.

At 5.00 p.m., Hamilton and the General Staff boarded the *Arcadian* where they were visited by Birdwood who reported that the embarkation of his corps was progressing according to schedule. Hamilton was more concerned for Godley's New Zealand and Australian Division which was short an infantry brigade. The commander was pressed for options; he could not simply steal a brigade from Europe in the face of opposition from generals who viewed the fight on the Continent as the main game. Hamilton was also running

critically short of time. There was, however, one other option open to him—General Herbert Vaughan Cox's 49 Indian Infantry Brigade, which was highly regarded and conveniently located in Egypt. The Indian soldiers, with their entrenched discipline and years of hard training, were ideally suited to the tough campaign ahead. The Zion Mule Corps was also attached with a number of its men proving individual bravery.

In Hamilton's opinion, Cox's Indian Brigade would provide a fine example for the hundreds of young newly trained Australian and New Zealand soldiers. This offers an interesting insight into the attitude of both the MEF and the ANZAC forces towards the prevailing view on the supremacy of the white man. ANZAC was a multi-racial force that represented the extremities of empire. The Indian Mountain Brigade, which was attached to the ANZAC forces, carved an enviable reputation during the landing and the subsequent campaign. Similarly, the MEF was a kaleidoscope of race and cultural identity, particularly with the inclusion of the colonial troops of the French Expeditionary Corps.

Even at this late stage in the planning of the campaign, the MEF's intelligence officers remained unsure of the capabilities of the Turkish officers who opposed them. They suspected that German military cadres had been established in all Turkish formations to train Turkish troops and their officers. In their ignorance, the Allied intelligence officers were unaware of the proud traditions of the Turkish Officer Corps and too preoccupied with the phantom role of attached German officers to consider the cultural and linguistic gulf that divided the German Military Mission and the Turkish General Staff. Added to this were contradictory intelligence reports that concentrated on the role of the Germans:

Cairo reports following from lady who had been in Constantinople since June 1914 and left on 22 of March 1915: when war broke out Germans had a great deal of influence and advanced large sums of money. On the declaration everything requisitioned. On the first days of bombardment great panic ensued and all Turks sent their families inland. A large quantity of German officers since arrived at the command of forts as well as administration of the police in Constantinople. They were under the impression that Dardanelles was impregnable unless fleet supported by powerful army. Elite of Turkish army about 130,000 strong command almost exclusively by German officers garrisoned at all forts in Dardanelles.

This made accurate assessment of the enemy leadership a difficult task and would lead to blind assumptions that would taint much of the advice provided by the MEF's intelligence section. Each unit of the MEF would base its plan for the landing on underlying assumptions concerning the enemy's willingness to fight.

Thursday 8 April 1915

Moderate breeze from the south west/blue sky and clouds-rain/60 degrees/sea state slight to moderate/flight operations in the north.

From his desk in 5 Army headquarters, Otto Liman von Sanders wrote another dispatch to his Minister of War. He had received reports overnight that warships had been active off the port of Enos to the north of the Gulf of Saros. He told Enver Bey that at least two battleships and two

torpedo boats were presently reconnoitring the Gulf of Saros, a clear indication that the enemy was showing particular interest in this vulnerable area. Liman von Sanders had reacted by deploying three divisions to the northern neck as a precaution.

Further to the south, Major Ismet's troops continued to strengthen their defensive positions. At night, safe from the unwelcome attention of enemy aeroplanes, companies of men constructed a series of three deep trenches on the high ground overlooking the gentler Brighton Beach to the south of Anzac Cove. The first trench had a clear field of fire onto the sand below. Behind the first trench and dug slightly into the hollow between the dunes, two further supporting trenches were sited to provide withering fire into enemy soldiers who had breasted the first dune. Ismet felt confident that little of 2 Battalion's trench work was visible out to sea where the grey warships continued to patrol.

Rear Admiral John de Robeck sent a signal in secret cipher to apprise Hamilton of events on the peninsula. The news was not good:

The peninsula is rapidly being fortified and thousands of Turks work like beavers all night . . . each morning brings evidence of nocturnal activity. All landing places are now commanded by lines of trenches and are effectively ranged by field guns and howitzers.

The last remaining men of 1 Australian Division had boarded their vessels and were waiting for their transports to slip their cables and steam seawards. Charles Bean noted that some of the soldiers continued to abscond:

The men in town are giving a good deal of trouble. Some officers give passes, contrary to orders, in other cases, men write their own passes; in other cases men break ship without passes. APM [Army Provost Marshal] has gone around Alexandria slums each night with a piquet; I accompanied him this night.

Birdwood's ANZAC Corps staff and Bridges' divisional staff were preoccupied with the task ahead. Major Charles Villiers-Stuart sought clarification from the navy on the allocation of rowboats and cutters—crucial details as they determined the strength and rate of movement to shore. The reply was factual and accurate and reflected the exact scale of movement used on the day of the assault:

From Captain Mitchell R.N. 12 tugs or steamboats. 16 lighters. 32 cutters and 16 horse-boats will be provided for 4 transports landing simultaneously. Should more than 4 transports land at once the number of boats etc. will be proportionally increased.

Hamilton's Chief of General Staff, Major General Braithwaite, also the target of a barrage of queries on the nature of the amphibious assault, issued further instructions to the ANZAC officers:

It is impossible yet to issue orders for disembarkation in the theatre of operations, but in order to enable you to issue general instructions to your subordinate commanders, with the view to practising the troops in carrying out operations . . . the following notes are considered likely to be of use.

Since the Covering Force is likely to be required to

get into the tows from the transports by night, men must be practised in doing so. No lights of any kind will be allowed. Men must be gradually accustomed to getting into the boats fully equipped, carrying 200 rounds of ammunition, 3 iron rations, and pack. Rifles should be slung. The list of tows already forwarded to you is liable to slight alteration depending on the method and place of landing which is finally decided on; also on the rapidity with which piers are constructed, thus enabling larger lighters to be used . . . It must be borne in mind that the number of naval ratings available for each boat is small, and therefore the boats etc. must be propelled by the troops in them when the steamboats can no longer tow them owing to the shallowness of the water. Eight men should be detailed to row in each cutter. Disembarkation will continue night and day until it is completed, but after the first night lights will probably be permissible . . .

Large, linen-backed maps of Gallipoli were collected from the Survey Department in Egypt and packed for the voyage. Further bundles were sent to the New Zealand and Australian Division in Zeitoun at the scale of one per officer.

Staff Sergeant John McLennan worked closely with Major Charles Villiers-Stuart at ANZAC headquarters. He was a bright and motivated intelligence operator and also a keen diarist who recorded events in the intelligence section leading up to the landings. He read every intelligence report, including aerial intelligence on enemy preparations. His diary entry of 8 April is the first to suggest that the ANZAC forces were committing to a night amphibious assault:

It is now finally settled that our 'front' shall be Gallipoli, the long peninsula in the South West of Turkey, in Europe. (maps ¼':1 mile and 1:40,000 mil Nos 1, 2 and 3). [sic] The general idea of our force is to land with as broad a front as possible probably at night so as to have as much an element of surprise as possible. The selected point is the flat ground just north of Gaba Tepe (report on landing facilities (B), report on Gallipoli Peninsula (C) a small map of country North of Gaba Tepe (D)).

That evening Private John Fisher and A Company, 8 Battalion, were briefed by the commanding officer aboard *Clan McGillivray* on the landing that lay ahead:

At 8.00 pm all NCOs were called to be addressed by General Bolton [Bolton was actually a colonel] on our landing and a description of the enemy we were to face, Turks. Felt as though I wanted to start on them straightaway. We have nothing to fear from them.

The three musketeers on *City of Benares* had a quiet day on their transport, riding at anchor in Mudros harbour. Greek traders in small boats came alongside selling oranges, figs and nuts. Money was lowered by basket over the side and the fresh produce placed in exchange. That afternoon, in the first ominous sign of events to come, the three musketeers were sent down into the hold to issue iron rations and rifle cartridges to each soldier on board. Still without berths, the three slept in one of the lifeboats hanging from salt-encrusted davits. They loosened the canvas top and crept inside with several pilfered sheepskins to cushion them against the hard clinker boards.

In the early morning *Ark Royal* steamed northwards into the Gulf, intending to reconnoitre the little town of Gallipoli, identified in intelligence reports as home to the headquarters of the Turkish 5 Army. Seaplanes were lowered over the side but were unable to take off due to the choppy seas. Several frustrating attempts later, all missions were cancelled and *Ark Royal* sailed for Mudros.

On the island of Tenedos, No. 3 Squadron's intelligence officer, Lieutenant Bertie Isaac, was attempting to unload aeroplane crates from *Inkosi* after numerous delays. Flight operations using the few assembled aircraft had continued sporadically:

Watched working parties from the ships unloading our stuff in splendid order. Splendid men. Five hundred seamen drag some of the heavy cases up the temporary road from the beach to the aerodrome. See and hear ships firing over Gallipoli Peninsula on to the enemy field guns on north shore of Dardanelles. Collet, Peirse and Commander Samson are spotting. Get busy with tent and equipment, bed etc. Slept all night in tent—a little cold.

Friday 9 April 1915

Light breeze from the south then south east/blue sky detached clouds with mist and haze/65 degrees/in port Mudros.

By 4.00 p.m. on Friday 9 April, both headquarters ANZAC and 1 Australian Division had arrived at the docks in Alexandria. Porters carried officers' valises up the gangway and into the staterooms and cabins of SS *Minnewaska* and,

having set up tables in the ship's public rooms, the divisional staff and members of the Army Corps were treated to a briefing on the impending operation. Birdwood embarked around lunchtime while Bridges arrived with a later group. The most senior officers were berthed in state rooms with private balconies while junior staff officers made various arrangements for guards on dock gates and pickets in town to relieve those already posted. Staff Sergeant John McLennan was entrusted with responsibility for securing ciphers for secret reporting. He described the *Minnewaska* in his diary:

We boarded our Lighter without losing any of our luggage and were duly conveyed to our boat the *Minnewaska*.

The *Minnewaska* is a beautiful vessel—in parts. The first class is very fine, the men's quarters rotten. We have 1 Battalion (NSW) on board with us, and in addition the Australian Divisional Staff . . . We worked till 11 o'clock getting things straightened out for our office which was to be in the first class saloon, and afterwards go to bed. Three to a cabin is not bad, especially as I nailed a lower berth.

One question that arose during the afternoon meeting on *Minnewaska* could not be directly answered by the Corps officers: did 3 Brigade on Lemnos have access to boats to practise at night? A telegram was sent to MEF headquarters requesting that the navy ensure the men were equipped with lighters and ships' boats to practise the critical skill of night embarkation.

General Hamilton's attention now turned to the British 29 Division. The division was staffed by professional

officers and soldiers who had completed years of peacetime training and deployments to the ends of empire. Divisional Commander Major General Aylmer Hunter-Weston was directed to draft an appreciation of the division's likely success on the peninsula. His comments were direct and succinct:

The Turkish Army having been warned by our early bombardments and by the landings carried out some time ago, has concentrated a large force in and near the Gallipoli Peninsula . . . It has converted the Peninsula into an entrenched camp, has, under German direction, made several lines of entrenchments covering the landing places, with concealed machine gun emplacements and land mines on the beach; and has put in concealed positions guns and howitzers capable of covering the landing places and approaches with their fire.

The Turkish Army in the Peninsula is being supplied and reinforced from the Asiatic side and from the Sea of Marmora and is not dependent on the Isthmus of Bulair. The passage of the Isthmus of Bulair by troops and supplies at night cannot be denied by the guns of our Fleet.

But if the views expressed in this paper be sound, there is not in present circumstances a reasonable chance of success.

Surveillance of enemy concentrations and gaps in the Turkish defences was only just beginning as aircrews from No. 3 Squadron were yet to be directly tasked with a list of priority reconnaissance targets. Lieutenant Bertie Isaac, the squadron's intelligence officer, was busy establishing his office in anticipation of operations to identify enemy weaknesses:

I spend part of morning joining up maps . . . Orders are issued. I am given charge of all maps and reconnaissance reports, and to fly occasionally to make reconnaissance. It looks as if I will get all the information first hand even before the Admiral or General Staff and see most of all the fighting too. First time for years that I have used my survey knowledge.

On 9 April No. 3 Squadron conducted six missions: two naval gunfire spotting missions onto enemy coastal defences, three flights over the land to record enemy activity and a bombing mission on an enemy encampment.

Ark Royal transferred three Sopwith Tabloid landplanes to SS *Bengarth*, which was used as a depot ship, and then took on board two Schneider Cup Sopwith seaplanes. The Schneider Sopwiths were fast, single-seater scouts which, despite their speed, were considered somewhat impractical as they carried neither an observer nor a radio. Sopwith 922, with Lieutenant Douglas, Petty Officer Brady and the machine's crew and store of spare parts, was transferred to the cruiser *Minerva* for patrolling duties in the Gulf of Smyrna.

Lieutenant Commander Gibson and the crew of *Albion* were playing host to a swarm of minesweepers and trawlers. They had been less active of late and speculation was growing:

No operations taking place . . . Our last time a week ago but came under heavy shell fire. I believe we are now waiting—for soldiers? I suppose so.

An extra wooden table was brought up from storage and squeezed into the wardroom to accommodate the guests.

Rough oilskin-caped trawler captains had earned a place of respect alongside the traditionally white-flannelled navy. The mess servants coped with the new influx of diners and continued to prepare cocktails before dinner. Wardroom life carried on as before.

Saturday 10 April 1915

Moderate breeze south backing to east/blue sky clouds with mist and haze/63 degrees/no seaplane flight evolutions possible.

As Australia's official war correspondent, Charles Bean travelled with Bridges and White and the other divisional staff aboard *Minnewaska*, dining with them regularly. From this privileged position, Bean observed and conversed with the men planning the assault:

I had a yarn with Colonel White. And he tells one that he thinks it is an extraordinary compliment the Australians being chosen to make the present attempt on the Dardanelles. They have got the very best British qualified troops they could—the 29 Division—the best they could find, so he said. 'They wouldn't send for us unless they thought we were competent.' As for me, I am in luck if ever any pressman was. This is perhaps the most interesting operation in the war—one of the most interesting in history. A business of this sort on this scale has never before been attempted.

Minnewaska was a ship of 14,317 tonnes with accommodation for 326 first class passengers. Birdwood's corps staff took over the music saloon on one side of the main passage

while Bridges' divisional staff occupied the drawing room on the other side. Staff officers met for meals in the dining saloon below on two long, polished wooden tables. The meals were served by white-coated stewards, menus were printed daily and wine was served with every course—just as in peacetime.

Once *Minnewaska* had slipped her berth and reached the open sea, the sealed packages were opened revealing more maps of the ANZACs' final destination. Maps dedicated to planning and intelligence were spread across tables in the two public rooms. In the music room, officers sat in cane chairs upholstered in cherry-coloured silk as they sought to gain an appreciation of the task ahead.

A report describing the Turkish order of battle in the Gallipoli area was delivered to Major Villiers-Stuart prior to his departure on *Minnewaska*. The detailed nature of this report suggests the senior Turkish staff officer gave targeted information directly to his handler. The information was only a day old:

Disposition of Turkish Forces 9 April 1915: Estimate for Dardanelles and Gallipoli includes four Army Corps with eight divisions and seventeen regiments giving 76,000 troops. Total troops in Constantinople and Bosphorus area a further 100,000. The troops in Smyrna area 10,000.

Major Ismet's 3 Battalion, 27 Regiment, was correctly listed as part of Esat Pasha's 9 Division alongside three other divisions. The exact location of 27 Regiment had been misidentified, described as based near Gallipoli rather than the port of Maidos. Although, by now, the Allies had a relatively clear picture of the enemy's units, the odds still lay heavily

with the defenders who had more men, more guns and all the advantages of the unfriendly terrain.

New Zealand staff officers of the Divisional Headquarters boarded the train at midnight, arriving in Alexandria at 5.30 a.m. and climbing the gangway to board HMT *Lut-zow*. By 9.00 a.m. the officers had installed themselves in the ship's sitting room with as much comfort as they could muster. The embarkation progressed as the troops on the wharves laboured to load the ship. The latest intelligence on enemy numbers from the Turkish staff officer was also added to the New Zealand and Australian Division intelligence diary and those who gathered for the morning briefing began to gain a sense of the task ahead.

The three musketeers aboard *City of Benares* had to secure what little comfort they could in their overcrowded transport:

A cold miserable day. Nothing doing at all. This waiting about here gets on a man's nerves. I hope we get a move on soon. It is pretty bad for the horses on board too; some of them are beginning to look a bit seedy. It started to rain early in the evening & I had to camp down the for'd hold on the bales of straw & a stinking stuffy place it is. It is pretty tough that we have to camp & mess on the open deck while the rest have fair quarters.

The luxury liner *Arcadian* had entered Mudros harbour that morning and rode at berth not far from the cramped conditions endured by the three musketeers. Hamilton rushed his breakfast and left for a conference with Vice Admiral de Robeck and his staff on *Queen Elizabeth*. Hamilton, Braithwaite, Admiral de Robeck, Admiral Wemyss and

Commodore Roger Keyes worked for three hours, poring over the same maps also in the hands of Australian officers recently embarked in Alexandria. Hamilton recorded their discussions and the emergence of an early plan that crystallised his intention for the coming assault. The emerging plan focussed on the enemy commander and his response to a landing that he was undoubtedly expecting:

So I then told them my plan. The more, I said, I had pondered over the map and reflected upon the character, probable numbers and supposed positions of the enemy, the more convinced I had become that the first and foremost step towards a victorious landing was to upset the equilibrium of Liman von Sanders, the enemy Commander who has succeeded Djevad in the Command of the Fifth Army. I must try to move so that he should be unable to concentrate either his mind or his men against us. No; we've got to take a good run at the Peninsula and jump plump on—both feet together. At a given moment we must plunge and stake everything on the one hazard.

I would like to land my whole force in one, like a hammer stroke—with the fullest violence of its mass effect—as close as I can to my objective, the Kilid Bahr plateau. But, apart from lack of small craft, the thing cannot be done; the beach space is so cramped that the men and their stores could not be put ashore. I have to separate my forces and the effect of momentum, which cannot be produced by cohesion, must be reproduced by the simultaneous nature of the movement.

From the South, Achi Baba mountain is our first point of attack, and the direct move against it will start from the beaches at Cape Helles and Sedd-el-Bahr. As

it is believed that the Turks are there in some force to oppose us, envelopment will be attempted by landing detachments in Morto Bay and opposite Krithia village. At the same time, also, the Australian and New Zealand Corps will land between Gaba Tepe and Fisherman's Hut to try and seize the high backbone of the Peninsula and cut the line of retreat of the enemy on the Kilid Bahr plateau. In any case, the move is bound to interfere with the movements of Turkish reinforcements towards the toe of the Peninsula. While these real attacks are taking place upon the foot and at the waist of the Peninsula, the knife will be flourished at its neck. Transports containing troops which cannot be landed during the first two days must sail up to Bulair; make as much splash as they can with their small boats and try to provide matter for alarm wires to Constantinople and the enemy's Chief.

With luck, then, within the space of an hour, the enemy Chief will be beset by a series of S.O.S. signals. Over an area of 100 miles, from five or six places; from Krithia and Morto Bay; from Gaba Tepe; from Bulair and from Kum Kale in Asia, as well as, if the French can manage it, from Besika Bay, the cables will pour in. I reckon Liman von Sanders will not dare concentrate and that he will fight with his local troops only for the first forty-eight hours.

As to the Australian and New Zealand landing, that will be of the nature of a strong feint, which may, and we hope will, develop into the real thing. My General Staff have marked out on the maps a good circular holding position, starting from Fisherman's Hut in the North round along the Upper Spurs of the high ridges and following them down to where they reach the sea, a

little way above Gaba Tepe. If only Birdwood can seize this line and fix himself there for a bit, he should in due course be able to push on forward to Kojah Dere whence he will be able to choke the Turks on the Southern part of the Peninsula with a closer grip and a more deadly [one] than we could ever hope to exercise from far away Bulair.

We are bound to suffer serious loss from concealed guns, both on the sea and also during the first part of our landing before we can win ground for our guns. That is part of the hardness of the nut. The landings at Gaba Tepe and to the South will between them take up all our small craft and launches. So I am unable to throw the Naval Division into action at the first go off. They will man the transports that sail to make a show at Bulair.

The ANZAC forces were to make a separate landing independent of the British 29 Division. This was not the *coup de main*; its purpose was to disrupt the movements of the Turkish 5 Army's main body of troops—identified as 3 Corps. The landing of ANZAC forces in between heavy troop concentrations at the town of Gallipoli and the main British thrust at the southern tip of Cape Helles was undeniably risky. The ANZACs were to seize a holding position and interfere with the enemy's movements southward. Hamilton's intention was clear—this assault was bound to interfere with the movements of Turkish reinforcements towards the toe of the peninsula. This would test the mettle of the ANZAC troops who would land directly in front of Major Ismet's solidly constructed beach defences.

Hamilton was aware of the danger posed by an entire division of enemy soldiers to the movement of ANZAC forces

in boats from ships to shore. Throughout the first day of the assault, the ANZACs were likely to be severely outnumbered as they worked through a disembarkation timetable. The number of boats was a known quantity and simple mathematics told them how many trips would be made under fire. The ANZACs would have to cycle through this slow process in the face of significant enemy artillery fire. The opposing 19 Division was described in intelligence reports as a first class *mustahfiz* division operating over familiar ground. If the division were committed to battle, the Turkish soldiers would counter-attack as a formed body with support from artillery batteries sending shellfire over the heads of the ANZAC troops. Hamilton was not prepared to underestimate the Turks. Landing at Gaba Tepe would be murderous and many, many men would die. The key was to win the beach quickly and create room for the assaulting forces to manoeuvre. This particular element of the plan was left to the ANZAC officers now seated in the music room of *Minnewaska* to devise. The ability of Turkish howitzers to shell the approaches to Gaba Tepe was well known.

Following his conference with EMS staff on the scarred *Queen Elizabeth*, Hamilton returned to his headquarters to draft a situation report to Lord Kitchener in London:

No. M.F.111, 10 April. Despatched 10/4/15. 8 p m—
Sir Ian Hamilton to Lord Kitchener:

Arrived this morning and have seen Admiral and disclosed my plan of which you made so close a forecast in your 3855. The only addition I have made to the plan is demonstration near, and heavy bombardment of, BULAIR LINES to take place simultaneously with the HELLES landing and with the feint at GABA TEPE. This GABA TEPE feint will I think develop into a real

landing. Am sure it is essential to keep enemy occupied everywhere. After full discussion Admiral seemed to be in entire agreement and he is keen to put everything to the test at the very earliest opportunity subject to only two days' practice by troops in actual landings here under naval supervision which he considers indispensable. My main anxiety is the first landing under fire and the rapidity with which I can seize covering position. Transports beginning to arrive but several more days must elapse before essential part of force is all assembled. After that the weather will be ruling factor and there I must place myself entirely in Admirals hands. Today it is blowing hard from the South and it looks as if no boat work for practice will be feasible for some time to come.

At the same time and with a great deal less pomp, the experimental hybrid *Manica*—half ship and half balloon—dropped anchor in Mudros harbour. War artist Herbert Hillier found himself surrounded by the panoply of modern war and described the stage on which key decisions were being made:

Period of preparation—the forces assembling. With the fleet in Mudros Bay, Lemnos. The signal lamps are very active . . . The large natural harbour in the island of Mudros, about 40 miles from Gallipoli . . . The bay is a fine anchorage, 2 or 3 miles wide, but bare as a pikestaff of everything wanted for a fleet—even fresh water . . . The weather is very bad—bad is the rule so far. A large fleet of warships, British and French, with transports and adjuncts of all sorts continues to collect here. Some of these have been in the earlier operations

in February and March last, the ship alongside us having some big holes in her still un-mended.

Ark Royal had also joined the flotilla of ships in Mudros harbour. Strong wind precluded flying so the ratings assembled the two newly arrived single-seater scouts. Sopwith 922 had been transferred to the warship *Minerva* and secured on her aft gun turret to be taken south to the Turkish port of Smyrna where the enemy torpedo boats lurked. The inclement weather continued to disrupt flights and damage aircraft: the Sopwith's aircrew had intended to mount a reconnaissance flight over Smyrna but, as the craft taxied to gain speed, waves had crashed into the propeller causing it to burst. The wood laminate had shattered, sending shards of wood spearing in a wide arc. The stranded seaplane was rescued and unceremoniously hoisted back aboard the ship.

No. 3 Squadron on Tenedos was also affected by the weather, reduced to conducting only two missions: a flight over the Dardanelles and a spotting flight in the afternoon as *Swiftsure* attempted to blast a fort. No. 3 Squadron's intelligence officer recorded the arrival of specialist observers, artillery officers for the army and light-weight midshipmen, selected because of their slight build to act as naval observers in the underpowered Maurice Farman pusher biplanes:

Start directly after breakfast joining up maps for Dardanelles for reconnaissance references. Major Hogg and Captain Jenkins and two midshipmen, Sissmore and St Aubyn join us as observers and Wireless Transmission officers respectively. Am hopeful I am given charge of all aeroplane reports and all maps and marking. This should be the most interesting job of the expedition for I will know everything before the Admiral or General

Staff. Everyone comes round for information. Mail arrives ashore but nothing for one! Very disappointed. Bed early.

Minnewaska sailed from Alexandria at 7.45 p.m. Even before the ship had slipped her dockside berth, the Australian staff were busy working through the issue of the movement of troops into boats from transports:

Tables of tows made out for all transports of both Divisions according to pattern sent out with GHQ. Maps distributed to Australian Division.

Birdwood, as General Officer Commanding ANZAC, wrote to the Mediterranean Forces' Quartermaster General:

MEMORANDUM

From Para 3 of your O and S 28 March, I gather that my Army Corps, or part of it, may be called on to make a landing, at some point, independently of the main force. I have drawn up a statement of what I estimate my requirements will be in Naval and Military Staff to control the disembarkation. I will produce the necessary military officers from my Army Corps.

Birdwood.

The ANZACs were now driving their own operation.

Sunday 11 April 1915

Light breeze from the south west/blue sky and clouds/
62 degrees/calm sea/flight operations in Port Mudros.

In the late afternoon of 11 April, the Rumpler was pushed from its shed and prepared for another intelligence-gathering flight over the enemy fleet in Mudros harbour, silhouetted against the sinking sun. The Rumpler flew easily without the bombs that had hampered its previous missions; this time, information was its target. After circling over the Dardanelles to gain height, the biplane flew west over the darkening sea to Lemnos and Mudros harbour.

On the transport *Minnewaska*, General Birdwood addressed the assembled officers and NCOs of the ANZAC forces. He told them that a month ago he had been ordered by the Secretary of State for War to reconnoitre the Dardanelles to assess the feasibility of forcing the passage by naval action alone. He had reported to Lord Kitchener that this was simply not possible. With the failure of the EMS to break through the Narrows on 18 March, it was London's considered opinion that a loss of confidence in Allied strength would have an adverse affect in the Balkans. Hamilton's appointment and the establishment of the MEF, with ANZAC as its single largest element, was designed to break down the door to Turkey. Having briefed the senior members of 1 Australian Division he spoke to the wider audience gathered on the forward deck:

'Boys' he said, 'as this may be the last occasion on which I shall have the opportunity of speaking to so many of you together, there are just two or three things I want to say. We have been given a very big task. You know that away in France two armies are facing one another and things are almost at a standstill. Well, we have been given a very important mission—to

turn the German flank. We are to land at the Dardanelles. There will not only be Turks opposing us but Germans; they will do everything they can to foil us. They will have done everything with their accustomed thoroughness: barbed wire, aeroplanes, and trenches. Your officers will exercise cunning to meet and outwit them. They will give you what you want—straight leading—any amount of it. There are just three things that I want you to do for yourselves and they are; first conserve ammunition, secondly water, and thirdly food. You may be landed under opposition and it may be some considerable time before the supplies can be sent up to you. You will have to take 200 rounds of ammunition, full water bottles, and three days rations. That is a very heavy load but it has to be done somehow. Now what I want to ask of you is this: first don't waste your ammunition. The time will come when you will want it—you will reach a point the enemy will be in front of you and you will have to pump as much as possible into him. Don't waste it or throw it away whatever you do, to start with. Secondly water. I have seen men begin to pull at their water bottles five minutes after leaving camp. If you once begin that you can't stop. It may be evening before we can get the water carts up to you. Don't waste your water. Thirdly, food, you will have to take three days rations. Some men are inclined just to nibble at a biscuit or two and then throw them away. The staff will do all they can to get these supplies to you but you will have to help yourselves. Remember these three things. As I say I have complete confidence that you will do all that the honour of England and Australia demand of you.'

Birdwood's staff continued to work on the landing process, this time addressing the issue of how the men's boats would be towed to shore. At one point, the *Minnewaska* was brought to a halt and a horse boat filled with men to test its capacity. Two officers, 101 men and their equipment and baggage were squashed into a single lifeboat. It was a tight fit, but deemed adequate nonetheless. Officers were nominated to act as beach masters and assistant beach masters in the assault and the planning continued.

Staff Sergeant John McLennan of Headquarters ANZAC's intelligence section, rose at 7.00 a.m. and enjoyed a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs in the Engineers' Mess. He attended church parade and listened to Birdwood's address. He pondered the likelihood that he would be under fire very soon 'and would likely find this a new sensation'. He was well acquainted with the destination and likely reception once the ANZAC forces attempted to land, something he knew from his position assisting Major Villiers-Stuart. He had seen details of the Turkish dispositions—the rest he could work out for himself.

The three musketeers on the *City of Benares* were not so well informed. They were more exposed to the weather without the warmth of a cabin but, like McLennan, also attended church parade led by a parson from the ranks of the Army Medical Corps. Their afternoon was punctuated with the excitement of a pay parade when they were handed £3 each. Most of their fellow soldiers would not have the opportunity to spend their newly acquired wealth. Later in the afternoon the soldiers on deck marvelled at the sight of a seaplane which flew several sweeps over the harbour. They did not see the enemy biplane high overhead taking note of the newly arrived transports. The three musketeers returned to the relative warmth of their lifeboat on this cold, clear night.

The Rumpler was spotted approaching Lemnos at over 6000 feet and *Ark Royal* was informed by pennant and radio. Captain Kilner and Lieutenant Park readied a Short seaplane to interdict the enemy intruder. General Hamilton saw his first enemy aircraft flying overhead: 'Our first Taube: it passed over the harbour at a great height. One of our lumbering seaplanes went up after it like an owl in sunlight, but could rise no higher than the masts of the Fleet.' The seaplane was unable to gain sufficient height because of engine failure, its limp performance in full view of the fleet. After sunset *Ark Royal* slipped her berth and steamed towards the Gulf of Xeros for more deception work.

Hamilton continued to grapple with the broader issues of the campaign, ordering the Royal Naval Division to commence embarking on 12 April. Bad news arrived from Alexandria confirming that no water tanking vessel or condensing steamer could be obtained, and suggesting that a telegram be sent to England asking for one. Hamilton was also informed that there was insufficient water for the men aboard the transports. What would happen when they were actually fighting on shore? The issue of hospital ships was yet another cause for concern and a return telegram was sent asking what hospital ships were available for service at Gallipoli and suggesting that at least two would be necessary.

On Tenedos, No. 3 Squadron flew ten successful missions. Lieutenant Pierce and his observer, Captain Collet, conducted the squadron's first reconnaissance mission over the Gaba Tepe area. Collet noted that emplacements were being dug at Gaba Tepe, although he could not see any guns. Five other reconnaissance missions were flown over the peninsula. A tracing marked all identified enemy emplacements and was then 'forwarded to the General Staff Officer showing position of the trenches on the Peninsula—several



A 12-inch gun on *Canopus* fires at Turkish forts on the southern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula. Naval gunnery proved ineffectual against batteries protected by forts.



Lieutenant Norman Holbrook and his crew on board B.11 before their attempt to sink *Lily Rickmeers* on the advice of the amateur spy Charles Palmer.



ANZACs found Egypt to be radically different from home. Most enjoyed the history only once before the siren calls of Cairo's nightlife.



A pause from training in the relentless heat of the desert. The men were becoming superbly fit marching across sand six days a week. Route marches and unit exercises increased in length and complexity to prepare the men for combat.



Not all ANZACs were young and carefree. A significant proportion were married, in their 30s and 40s, with their families far away at home.



Footy in March 1915 on a dusty field outside Mena was considered a safe diversion for the men. Only three of these four officers would survive Gallipoli. The death toll of senior officers was a feature of this campaign.

Private 439, John Martin Fisher, left his sweetheart, Nina, behind in Melbourne. His diary would eventually make it back to her after his death.



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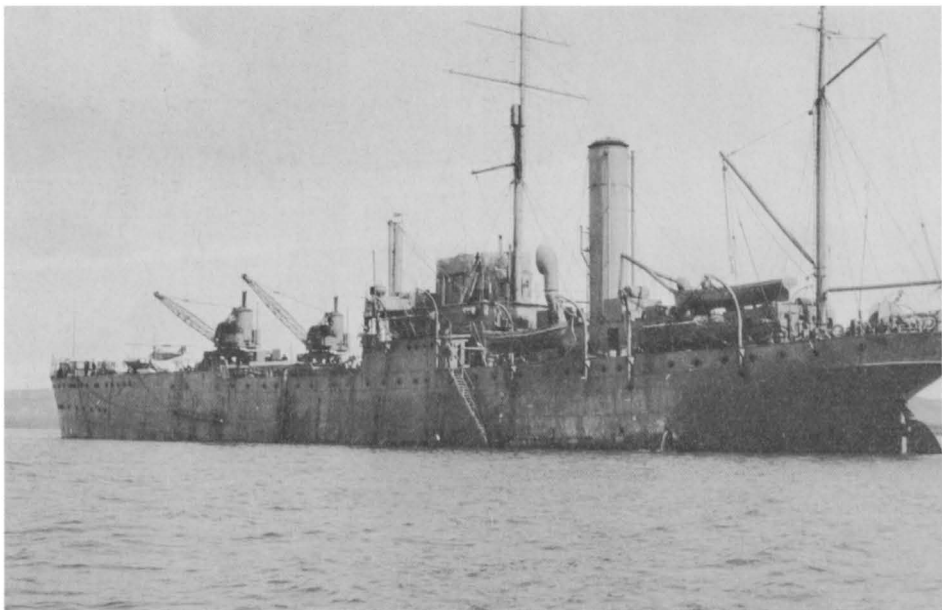
Colonel Brudenell White sits (centre) amid his devoted headquarters staff. These men would help frame the Australian orders for the landing on Z Beach.



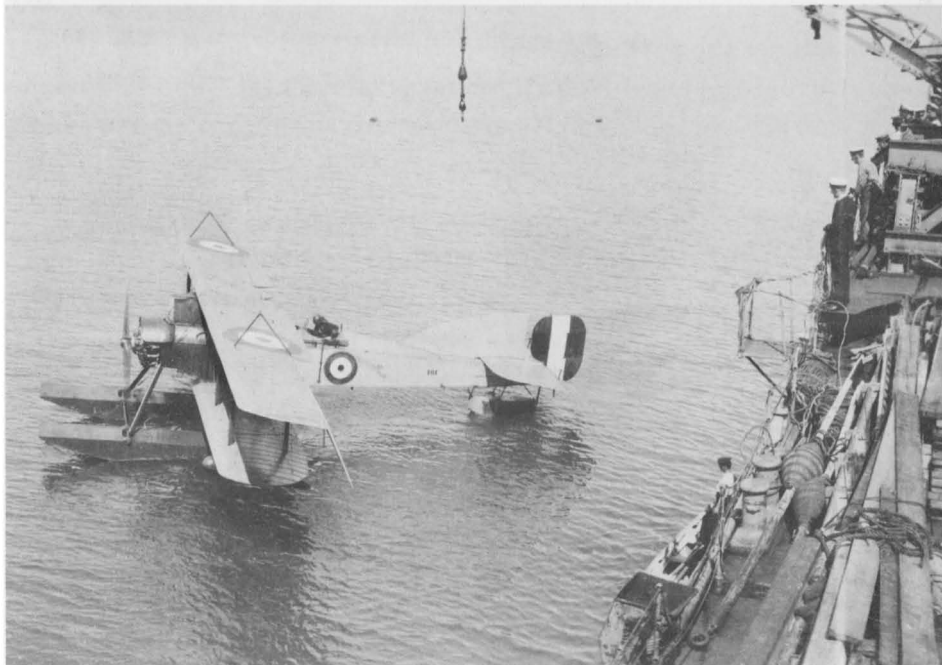
Fortunately for the ANZACs, General Sir Ian Hamilton (facing camera) gave Lieutenant General William Birdwood and Major General William Throsby Bridges authority to frame their own landing orders for Z Beach.



Major General Bridges, General Officer Commanding of 1 Division, was the architect for the successful seizure of Z Beach with mercifully few casualties. His orders for the covering force were based on aerial intelligence of enemy defences.

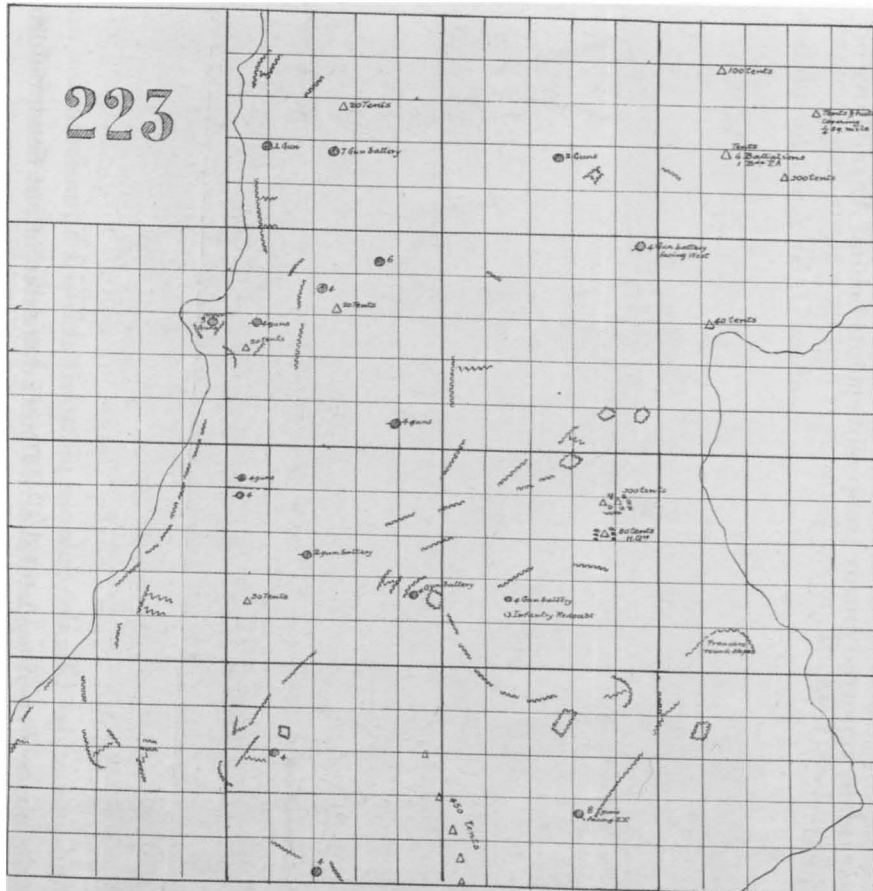


Ark Royal was the world's first aircraft carrier and arrived off Gallipoli on 17 February 1915. Her seaplane flight supported the ANZAC landing and directed naval fire support.



A seaplane is launched from *Ark Royal* for yet another reconnaissance mission over Gallipoli in the days before the landing.

223



Z.2012B

Printing Section
S.W. Art. Rep. Sec.

Gallipoli Peninsula

Sketch Plan showing amended results of

All Aeroplane Reconnaissance

Corrected to 20th April 1915

Coastline taken from the 1:50,000 map supplied by War Office

Symbols: --- Trenches V.V.V. Trenches

● Displacements --- Paths

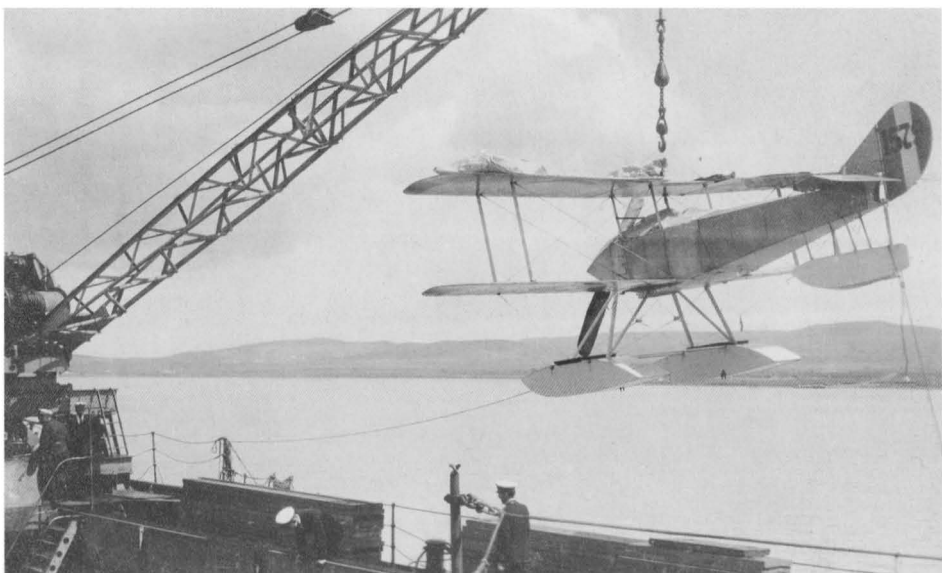
--- Communication trenches ▲ Tanks or Camouflaged

NOTE: In practically all cases the trenches appear to be well traversed

Where guns were noted it is so stated against emplacement

No trenches were seen North of Squares 224, 225 and 226.

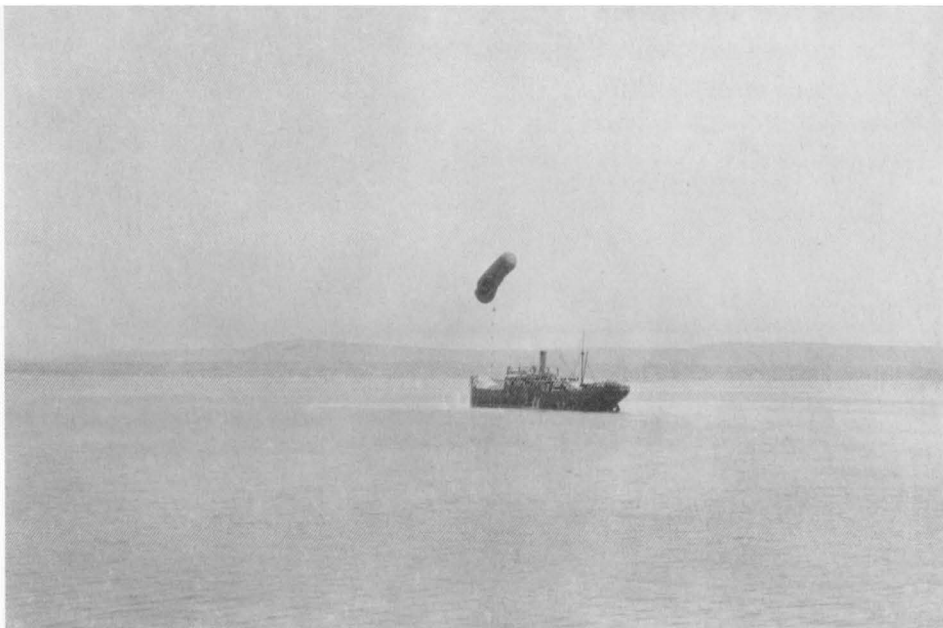
An overlay depicting Turkish positions used to update ANZAC maps prior to the landing. Anzac Cove is right of square 223.



A fast single seater seaplane being lowered into the sea from *Ark Royal*. This seaplane reported enemy troop movements behind Anzac Cove on 25 April.



Wing Commander Charles Samson pictured at No. 3 Squadron aerodrome on Tenedos. A total of 190 aerial missions were flown before the landing. All Turkish troop concentrations were identified.



Manica's balloon is aloft to direct naval fire on Turkish positions before and during the ANZAC landing.



The covering force on *London* stands beside a makeshift anti-aircraft gun mounted on a capstan. The Allies were unaware that an air raid by No. 3 Squadron had destroyed the Turkish hanger and its most reliable aircraft.



25 April 6.00 a.m.: heavily burdened soldiers descend rope ladders to wooden boats below. The beachhead was already secured by then.



25 April: 6 Battalion on their way to Anzac Cove after first having to run the gauntlet of Turkish artillery on Gaba Tepe. The battle was inland for the second ridge.



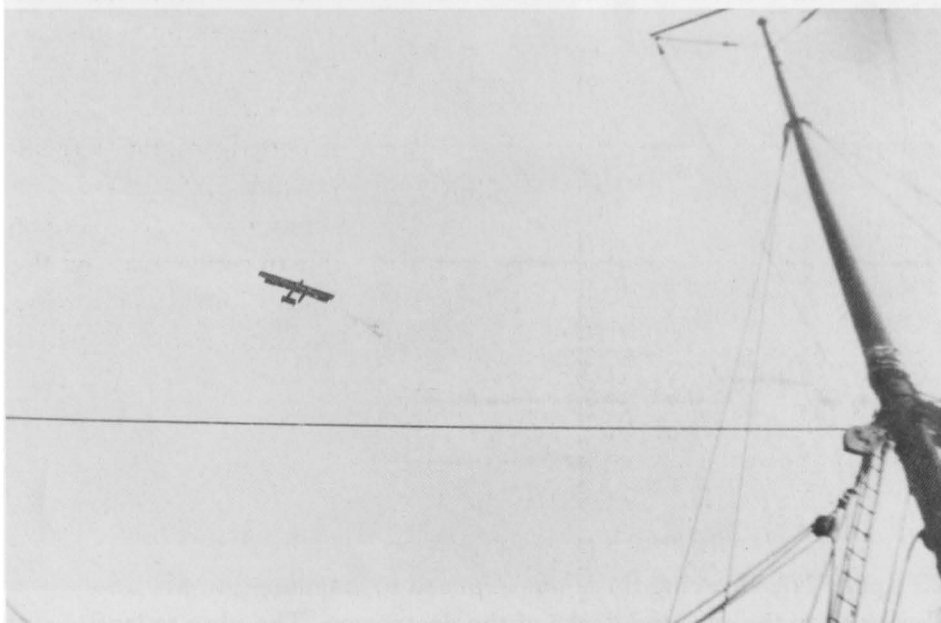
Soldiers were ordered to keep their webbing unbuckled in case shrapnel sunk their boats during the trip ashore.



25 April: The covering force was exposed to machine-gun fire and shrapnel on the exposed decks of the destroyers. The plan to land at night was common sense, with the first wave already ashore and a beachhead secured.



25 April: D Coy 9 Battalion on the destroyer *Usk* on the way to Z Beach. British caps were issued to disguise their ANZAC identity from Turkish defenders, another piece of a complex deception plan.



25 April: Lieutenant Harry Strain flies over ANZAC transports on his way to call in naval gunfire support for the ANZAC landing.



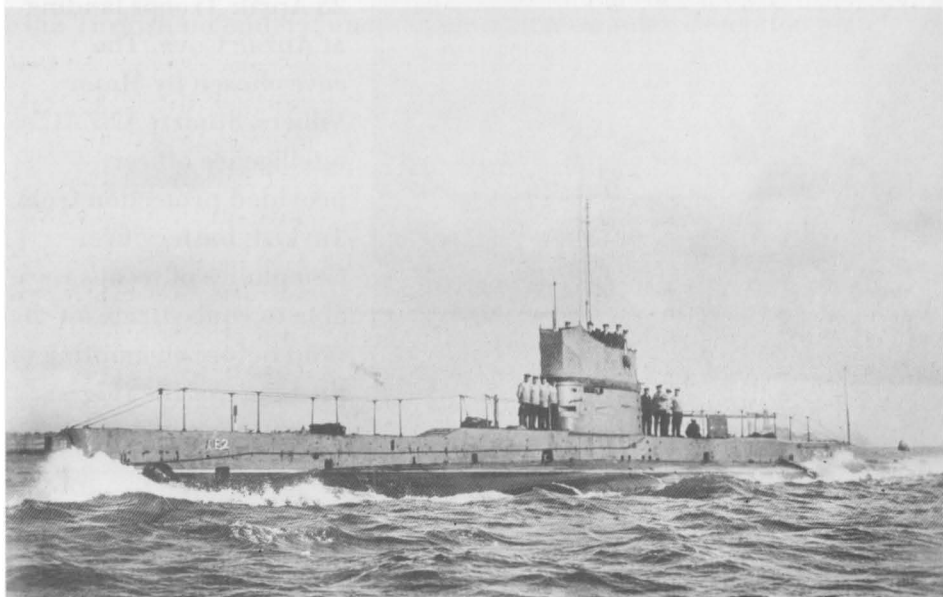
25 April morning: 1 Brigade signals land at Anzac Cove. Only one body from the covering force lies on the beach. The plan conceived by Bridges and White was a success. The silent night attack had achieved surprise.



25 April: Troops landing at Anzac Cove. The cove chosen by Major Villiers-Stuart, ANZAC's intelligence officer, provided protection from Turkish battery fire. Companies of troops were able to concentrate on the sand before committing to the battle of the ridges.



A Turkish infantryman from Sefik Aker's 27 Regiment rests onboard *Galeka* after a bitter fight and capture on the second ridge.

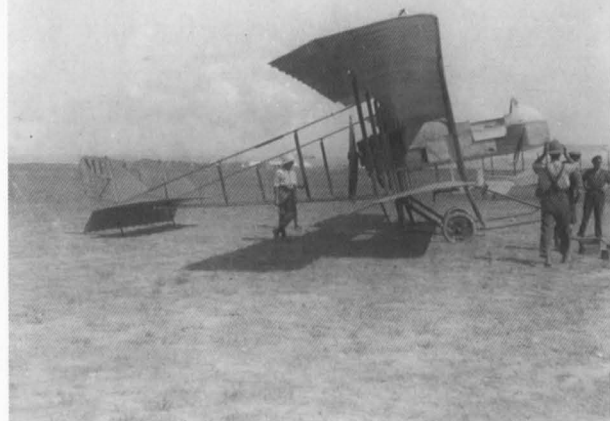


25 April: The Australian submarine AE2 dived under a series of seamines recorded by the spy Charles Palmer into the Sea of Marmora.

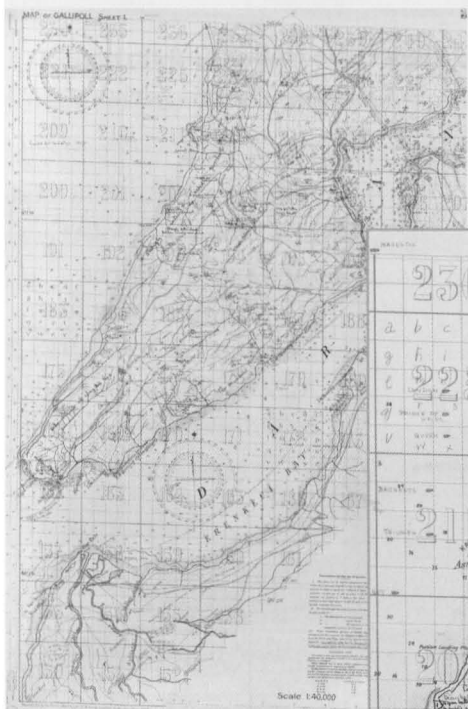
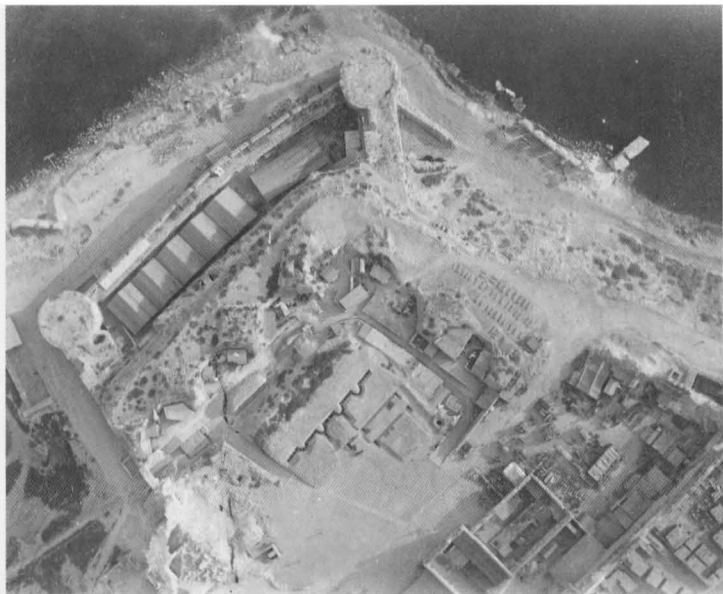


25 April: The British 29 Division landed at Cape Helles and turned the sea red with blood. Unlike ANZAC, the British ignored aerial intelligence reports and landed in daylight.

Similar airframe to that in which the ANZAC intelligence officer reconnoitred Anzac Cove on 14 April 1915. ANZAC inclusion and coordination of aircraft set it apart from the British.

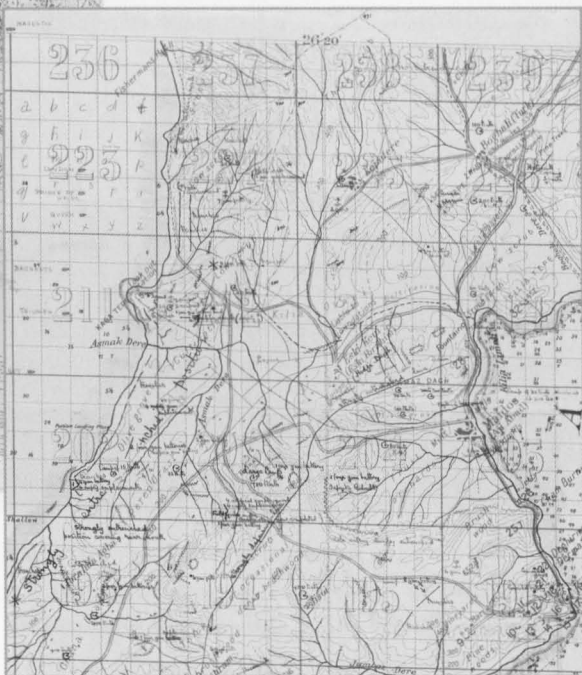


The Turkish fort of Sedd el Bahr was raided in February and March by marines and held-up the British landing on 25 April.



ANZAC planning map used by HQ on *Minnewaska*. Turkish batteries, trenches, redoubts and camps were clearly marked.

Detail of ANZAC planning map showing defences and large camps in ANZAC area of operations.



new roads being marked'. Two army artillery officers were trained as observers to help the army locate enemy batteries. Lieutenant Commander Gifford, one of the officers on the minesweepers, was flown over the minefields in the straits to lend his expertise to the aviators' observations. At the same time, Lieutenant Bertie Isaac debriefed his aircrew in the operations tent, discussing reports on enemy activity in the southern half of the peninsula. This was a time-consuming process as he had to check each enemy sighting against the map pinned to the board hanging at the rear of the tent. He drew the location of gun emplacements identified behind Gaba Tepe and Anzac Cove on the map and marked three parallel lines in black ink which identified them as entrenchments on the gentler bluffs between the cove and the promontory. He completed his reports and handed them to a naval writer who typed several copies. At midnight an orderly signed for the reports and caught a picket boat to reach Vice Admiral de Robeck and his senior staff on *Queen Elizabeth* before dawn. Exhausted, Lieutenant Isaac trod wearily back to his tent in the darkness to snatch a little sleep before the early dawn flights. The days of playing bridge long into the night with his friends were over. Those same friends—the junior aircrew in the squadron—were already asleep on their camp beds under blankets and greatcoats having flown two missions each and discovered that excitement and fatigue were twin bedfellows.

Monday 12 April 1915

Light breeze from the south west/overcast rain with mist and haze/57 degrees/smooth sea/flight operations in Gulf of Xeros.

Athanosisi Youanno Costaliki, several of his friends and a posse of sweat-streaked mules straining in their leather traces, pushed the brute of a gun up the side of the ditch and off the road. The 3-inch field gun was a dangerous beast; if not handled carefully, its iron-rimmed wooden-spoke wheels could crush a gunner's foot to a bloody pulp. Gulping air, the men laboured at their task. Dawn would come soon and the gun battery must be hidden under the trees before first light. Yesterday an aircraft had flown overhead reinforcing the risks of the battery being seen from the air. The fifty carts holding over 1200 shells to feed the battery's guns were already hidden, scattered through an olive grove further along the road from Maidos.

Costaliki was a local boy, having spent his entire life on the Gallipoli Peninsula. He had been mobilised in August, conscripted into 3 Corps and sent to join Major Ismet's battalion where he had been trained to serve one of the 3-inch field guns in a four-gun battery. Costaliki was of Greek descent and may well have been dismayed at the treatment of Greeks on the peninsula following the commencement of hostilities as many were evicted from their homes in Maidos. Once in uniform, however, he became one of many minorities folded into the polyglot Turkish Army.

After two months apart, 1 Australian Division finally caught up with 3 Brigade. The division entered Mudros harbour after a gentle two-day steam across the Mediterranean, the soldiers gathered along the rails of their ships to gaze at the concentration of men and vessels—battleships, submarines, cruisers, destroyers and more transports—that cluttered the harbour. Soldiers cheered as each new vessel's anchor

clattered through its hawse hole and into the water. They were days away from their first taste of modern war.

Once *Minnewaska* dropped anchor, Bridges, Birdwood and the headquarters staff were taken by picket boats to *Arcadian* to report to Hamilton only to discover that he had departed in *Queen Elizabeth* for a reconnaissance of the enemy's coast. The headquarters staff were then transferred to HMS *Queen* to meet Rear Admiral Cecil Thursby, senior officer in charge of naval operations at Gaba Tepe. In Thursby's cabin, the scheme of operations was laid before them in a series of maps. They were told of 29 Division's main thrust at Cape Helles and the objective of Achi Baba hill which dominated the lower portion of the peninsula. They also learned of the two feints—one by the French on the Asiatic shore at Besika Bay and the other by the Royal Naval Division near Bulair. The ANZACs were shown their objective north of Gaba Tepe and the rugged hills ringing this location. The officers were then briefed with the most recent information on enemy locations and preparations: two divisions were known to have been drawn northwards to Bulair, but both 7 and 9 Divisions of 3 Corps were now located near Maidos, not at Gallipoli which was over nine miles to the north along winding, hilly roads. These divisions posed a significant threat to the ANZAC forces' lodgement as they were only two hours' forced march from the landing beaches. Bridges now had a clear appreciation of the task ahead and duly wrote the plan in his diary that evening. The ANZACs were to hold a semi-circular area of high ground above Fisherman's Hut across the third ridge line towards Gaba Tepe.

Bridges and Birdwood were surprised at Thursby's revelation that a landing of Bridges' 1 Australian Division had been originally scheduled for 13 April, but had been cancelled due

to a shortage of boats. The new plan encompassed a series of simultaneous landings all effected in daylight. The ANZAC forces were to land north of the promontory of Gaba Tepe while a series of feints distracted the enemy. Rear Admiral Thursby commanded a squadron of eight warships which would assist in the landing. The intelligence brief was surprisingly accurate, although the camp identified by aerial reconnaissance was actually Mustafa Kemal's 19 Division rather than the incorrectly identified 7 Division. A reconnaissance of the enemy coast on Thursby's flagship *Queen* was arranged for the following day.

On their return to *Minnewaska*, the headquarters staff immediately sent a circular to all ANZAC transports outlining disembarkation procedures. Senior officers aboard each transport were directed to exercise the men in lowering lifeboats by day and night and descending fully equipped down the ship's steep metal sides to the boats beneath. Each boat carried an emergency repair kit for plugging the holes made by rifle, machine-gun and shellfire. These kits would be used extensively.

The EMS had discovered from one of its many informants that the Turkish 5 Army, which defended the peninsula, was heavily reliant on a magazine store outside a village located well inland. Another vulnerability was identified in the shape of a flour mill that supplied the daily bread ration for the troops. Both these facilities were added to *Ark Royal's* growing list of essential targets:

Ordered to examine Gallipoli and attack any warships there with bombs, and if possible blow up the magazine at Taifur Keui, either with bombs or by spotting gunfire. Heavy rainstorms and low-lying clouds put the Gallipoli trip out of the question, so meeting the

Agamemnon we offered to spot her on to Taifur; she accepted.

Lieutenant Dunning had high hopes of fulfilling his spotting mission for *Agamemnon* in one of the faster single-seater Sopwith 807 seaplanes. But the reality fell far short of his aim. The flight proved to be yet another frustrating excursion that saw the aircraft in action for 170 minutes with little to show, as the pilot later reported:

Nil sighting magazine. Adverse weather. Taifur behind steep mountain. Battleship had to fire half charges. Poor accuracy. Much rifle fire at seaplane from Taifur and Sheitan Keui. Machine returned lack of petrol.

Vice Admiral John de Robeck was still concerned about the three enemy torpedo boats lurking in Smyrna. Following an overhaul, *Ark Royal's* reliable Sopwith 922 was once again carefully lowered onto *Minerva's* rear gun turret. Late that afternoon Lieutenant Douglas and Petty Officer Brady flew a successful reconnaissance mission over Smyrna and signalled the squadron that the three torpedo boats were in the harbour.

No. 3 Squadron's morning reconnaissance missions were cancelled because of poor weather, although two flights took off that afternoon including a wireless spotting mission and a reconnaissance of Kephez Point and the approaches to the Dardanelles. Later that day, Wing Commander Charles Samson and submarine captain Lieutenant Commander Theodore Brodie climbed into the French-built Henri Farman for a further reconnaissance flight. Despite its manufacture in a modern factory that boasted a skilled workforce numbering in excess of 6000 workers, the

plane was an underpowered dud. This *marque* of a pusher biplane had a weak 70 horsepower Renault motor which could barely propel the machine through the air. While the pusher biplane chugged at a frustratingly sedate fifty-nine miles per hour, it boasted one huge advantage: Brodie sat in a wicker chair in a gondola at the very front of the machine. The aircraft's biplane wings were positioned behind the cockpit allowing the submariner a panoramic view of the Dardanelles below. He scanned the minefields and forts and plotted the future course of his submarine, the E.15. An official report later described the mission:

... thunder clouds made flying inadvisable this afternoon. A reconnaissance was made by aeroplane to Kephez Point with CO of Submarine E.15 as passenger; many gun emplacements were reported. The naval war staff map was reported to be unreliable as regards rivers and contours—corrected tracings were made and rendered, and a new road also reported.

This was 3 Squadron's fiftieth mission since its arrival only a few days before.

Having gained as much information as possible from his commanding officer and the captain of E.15, Lieutenant Bertie Isaac set to work on his report. He slept little despite the easier day as a terrific thunderstorm blanketed the aerodrome and rain poured into the tents. The canvas bell tent held up well but the guy ropes and wooden tent pegs were ominously loosened by the buffeting gale and required a great deal of hammering. All card games were washed out and the officers and men of No. 3 Squadron spent most of the evening securing their tents, belongings and the flimsy aircraft that stood unprotected on the dirt airstrip outside.

Staff Sergeant John McLennan and the soldiers manning the headquarters spent a more relaxed day, their senior officers absent attending briefings. McLennan spent time at the ship's rail looking out at the gathering flotilla:

This morning we woke up in Mudros Bay, in the island of Lemnos. . . . This afternoon I got my first glimpse of a submarine. It did not dive however but ran along the surface. It is rumoured that an aeroplane passed over us at 4 o'clock today but not having seen it myself, I cannot vouch for it. The sound of the guns can be distinctly heard today from the Dardanelles, which are only 35 miles away, so the ships must be putting in good work.

CHAPTER 8

13–16 April 1915

Bold plans

Tuesday 13 April 1915

Light breeze from south east/overcast heavy rain with haze and mist/54 degrees/slight seas/Gulf of Xeros—
No flying on account of bad weather.

Major Ismet had linked his scattered company outposts by telephone, allowing messages to be relayed both to 9 Division headquarters and to his superior officer, Lieutenant Colonel Sefik Aker. Some progress had been made in the construction of gun emplacements despite a shortage of picks and shovels, and the men had dug four positions on the reverse slopes of Second Ridge. Ismet's garrison company at Gaba Tepe had not been idle, constructing three uncovered gun emplacements. Once he had personally inspected these positions, Ismet planned to call up his batteries and have the teams drag the guns into place.

Ismet's reserve company had pitched twenty tents where

Third Ridge ended and his platoons now dug defensive lines across its finger-like spurs. Further north and behind the cove at Ari Burnu his company pitched camp behind Second Ridge where it flattened into a 400-foot plateau. The men could at least live comfortably, not that they were inclined to complain with the enemy in sight. The rain that washed in under the canvas was blithely ignored by men used to the hardships of working in the fields.

Across Mudros harbour rain squalls lashed the ships and soldiers took cover in the holds. Briefings were held on the battleship *Queen*, the flagship of Rear Admiral Thursby's 2 Naval Squadron, which would assist the landing of the Army Corps. The first of these briefings addressed a small cadre of staff officers and was then followed by a larger, more inclusive conference of unit commanders. Charles Bean was permitted to join the gathering in 1 Australian Division's office once the senior officers had departed:

The first battalion was practised at getting into the ships boats and landing. The drawing room on one side of the companionway down to the saloon is used as Army Corps headquarters office; and the lounge opposite it as the Divisional headquarters office. The lounge is full of little tables with cane chairs upholstered in cherry coloured silk. Each little table is now really a department—the Chief of Staff working out the details of our landing at his tea table in one corner; Colonel Hobbs and his staff of the artillery bending over their map on another tea table working out artillery positions; Gelibrand at his tea table drawing up some forms of the first General Court-martial; Colonel Robertson at his

tea table studying the map from the best corners from which to fetch wood and water; Griffiths military secretary at his table, putting the General's orders in form for signalling, recoding the letters that come in, seeing that the signallers get the messages which we want to get despatched.

Staff Sergeant John McLennan, left behind on *Minnewaska*, observed the mood of the 1 Battalion troops as they clamored into boats in the driving rain. By now the men had become heartily sick of the disembarkation ritual and most were in an evil temper, sharpened by the certain knowledge that there would be a repeat performance during the night.

After breakfast, Birdwood's Army Corps staff endured an uncomfortable boat ride to *Queen* to take its turn at being briefed. The officers gathered in the wood-panelled wardroom along a maze of grey-painted corridors. The walk through the dimly lit passageway was sobering—a series of pipes hung overhead attached to wall brackets and the passing officers had to step past watertight doors while the air was punctuated by oddly stirring sounds of distant whistles and bells. It was obvious to every man that a warship was not a place of comfort but a machine inhabited by men for a sole, grim purpose. The contrast with the comfort of *Minnewaska* was starkly evident.

The officers gathered around the polished table to be briefed by General Braithwaite on the responsibilities allotted to each division. The overall plan would see a coordinated daylight attack in four waves by British, French and ANZAC divisions along the breadth of the Gallipoli and Asian coasts designed to overwhelm the Turkish defenders. Each division would send a covering force to seize the vital beaches before the main force

landed. The covering forces would approach the coast in daylight under a coordinated naval bombardment which would soften the Turkish defence and allow the men to land and negotiate the obstacles on the shore with little opposition. The actual planning of the ANZAC landing, however, had been left in the hands of the ANZAC staff as MEF staff focussed on 29 Division's landing twelve miles to the south on the heel of the Gallipoli Peninsula. An annexe to the orders contained a map with arrows pointing to the landing beaches; for the ANZAC forces, an arrow pointed directly at Anzac Cove, just over a mile to the north of the promontory of Gaba Tepe. The ANZAC landing was no longer regarded as a feint: the whole corps of over 32,000 men was to land.

Each division was also provided a more detailed outline of its objectives following the landing. The ANZACs were to play a key role, advancing across the peninsula and taking the massive spurs of Hill 971, leading to a conical hill named Mal Tepe. By seizing the dominant high ground, the ANZACs would effectively sever enemy communications across the peninsula and prevent the Turks using the roads running down the spine and in and out of the vital port of Maidos. The ANZAC advance would also reduce the enemy's ability to react to the main southern assault on Cape Helles:

INSTRUCTIONS FOR GOC A. & N.Z. ARMY CORPS

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

13 April 1915.

1. Information regarding the enemy.

The enemy holds the KILID BAHR plateau in strength, and is believed to have a number of troops

concentrated in the neighbourhood of the ANA-FARTA villages and MAIDOS. There may be two Divisions (20,000 men) distributed in these areas. Gun emplacements have been located at KABA TEPE and NUBRENISI POINT, but repeated air reconnaissances have failed, as yet, to disclose any guns.

2. Objective.

A landing in force is to be made by the A. & N. Z. Army Corps on the beach between KABA TEPE and FISHERMAN'S HUT. The objective assigned to the Army Corps is the ridge over which the GAL-LIPOLI-MAIDOS and BOGHALI-KOJADERE roads run and especially MAL TEPE. Gaining such a position the Army Corps will threaten, and perhaps cut, the line of retreat of the enemy's forces on the KILID BAHR plateau, and must, even by their preliminary operations, prevent the said plateau being reinforced, during the attack of the 29 Division, from MAIDOS, GALLIPOLI or BULAIR.

3. Naval arrangements for landing covering force.

Four transports can be worked simultaneously on the beach selected (Beach 'Z'). Three steam pin-naces, or picket boats, with twelve cutters or life boats, will be available for each transport of the covering force. These boats will be formed into three tows, each with a carrying capacity of 120-130 men. There will therefore be 12 tows available in all, with a total capacity of 1450 to 1500 men.

On the afternoon before the landings is to take place, the troops detailed for the first trip of the tows will be transferred, under naval arrangements to be

notified later, from their respective transports to H.M. Ships *Queen, London* and *Prince of Wales*, which will steam during the night to a position off KABA TEPE. The 12 tows will be brought alongside H.M. ships, under naval arrangements, in time to admit of the landing taking place on Beach 'Z' at ____ a.m.

Transports A1, A2, A3, A4 carrying the remainder of the carrying force will also rendezvous off KABA TEPE during the night, attended by eight torpedo boat destroyers, two of which will be ready to stand by each transport to take off the remaining troops.

The landing of the covering force will be effected in three stages as follows:

Stage1	Landing of 1450-1500 men from H.M. Ships in the first trip of the tows
Stage2	Embarkation of remainder of Covering Force
Stage3	Landing of remainder of Covering Force

4. Naval arrangements for landing main body.

Subsequently, when the covering force is ashore, the transports of the Army Corps will come in and anchor, and the disembarkation will proceed . . . Four transports can be worked simultaneously—three steam pinnaces or picket boats, four lighters, four horse boats, and eight cutters or lifeboats being available for each transport.

5. Artillery support by the fleet.

. . . the guns of the fleet will be available . . .

6. Topography.

The first essential for the covering force will be to establish itself on the hill in Squares 224, 237, and 238 (SARI BAIR on War Office Map) in order to protect the landing of the Army Corps.

7. General plan of operation of the Army Corps.

As soon as the first division is landed with an irreducible minimum of animals and vehicles, the disembarkation of the second division will commence.

By the time the second division begins to land, sufficient troops should be available to admit a general advance. Leaving the covering forces to protect the northern flank . . . an effort will be made to storm MAL TEPE which is the centre and key to the ridge over which the GALLIPOLI-MAIDOS and BOGHALI-KOJADERE roads run.

Times and dates have purposely been omitted in these instructions, and will be telegraphed later.

(SGD) W. P. Braithwaite Major-General,
C.G.S. Med. Exp. Force

In brief, the assault plan encompassed a series of daybreak bombardments followed by morning landings. Two landings were genuine: the ANZACs at Gaba Tepe and 29 Division at Cape Helles. In a clever bid to dissuade Liman von Sanders from sending his reserves to defeat the two main lodgements, two simultaneous demonstrations and one feint were also planned. The British Royal Naval Division would conduct a demonstration in the Gulf of Saros against the Bulair lines in the north which would divert three enemy divisions. The men would appear poised to land without

actually doing so. On the southern Asiatic shore a second demonstration by the French Fleet off Besika Bay would occupy the two southernmost enemy divisions. All of the landings, real or distractions, were to occur *simultaneously* just after dawn. Hamilton explained that there would be:

... no half measures, no tentatives ... this is neither the time nor the place for paddling about the shore putting one foot on to the beaches without drawing it back again if it happens to alight upon a landmine. No; we've got to take a good run at the peninsula and jump plump on—both feet together. At a given moment we must plunge and stake everything on the one hazard.

Once again, Charles Bean recorded the detail of the activities that surrounded him. Evidently he was popular and the staff officers shared their thoughts with him, describing the afternoon's briefing and the tour of Z Beach scheduled for the following day. Bean did not join them on their tour of the enemy coast, but he noticed that many of the officers changed into their pre-war ceremonial blue uniforms, an action that aroused his curiosity:

Major Villiers-Stuart went off today to make a reconnaissance by aeroplane; and the staff—the General, White, Glasfurd, Blamey, and General Birdwood and some of the Army Corps staff, went off in the battleship *Queen*. They are to steam off tonight up the Gulf of Saros; tomorrow morning they will be near the head of the gulf and will come back along the coast close in so as to get a good view of the point where we are to land. They will—those that have them—go in blue uniforms, so that khaki clad officers may not be noticed aboard

the ship—which would give the Turks an idea of what they were doing.

That afternoon, key unit commanders were summoned from their transports for a more inclusive conference aboard *Queen*. The meetings throughout the day were conducted with utmost gravity as the men expected to be fighting for their lives in a mere seventy-two hours' time. The unit war diaries indicate that they gained a strong appreciation of enemy defensive preparations during the afternoon's update by the intelligence officer on *Queen*, with special mention of the aerial intelligence garnered from aeroplane flights over the peninsula. Major Villiers-Stuart carefully transposed his notes from the briefing into the war diary: 'Turkish positions observed by aircraft (from Intelligence Officer QUEEN) in GALLIPOLI PENINSULA entered on Appendix VI.' Following the briefing he was given a 1:40,000 map overlay with detail of Gaba Tepe, Kilid Bahr and Anzac Cove. The conference continued throughout the day with different levels of commanders cycling through. Thursby explained the plan of operations and the combined plan for assisting the ANZAC forces in their monumental task. Maps were spread on tables and cigarette smoke clouded the wardroom as officers bent over the contoured overlays noting the difficulties that lay ahead. Villiers-Stuart wrote: '5 pm Admiral Thursby explained proposed operations and combined plan of action. Map brought up to date as regards enemy. Steamed North out of sight of land.'

At the conclusion of the morning briefing, Colonel Brudenell White had slipped away from the milling crowd and wandered the warship's quarterdeck lost in thought. He recorded the day's activities in his diary, his mood positive:

14 April, Lemnos. I think it was on 14 April that a number of ours sunbathed on HMS *Queen* and made a reconnaissance of the west coast of Gallipoli. Slept all night on board and were made welcome by these excellent sailors. Our allotted piece of coast looked less formidable than it appears from the map.

The visiting officers remained aboard *Queen* as guests of the wardroom and were billeted in cabins vacated by junior officers who bunked together to make room. Bridges was given the navigating officer's cabin allowing him a measure of privacy to work through the task ahead. The life of the warship continued without interruption, the ship's crew working around the ANZAC officers, many of whom may have been intrigued by their first look at an operational warship at close quarters. Pink gins were served before dinner and formal settings adorned the wardroom table. The generals dined separately with the Rear Admiral in his private cabin.

Hamilton, in his stateroom on *Arcadian*, concentrated on 29 Division and the logistic holes that remained. Small pieces of good news punctuated the broad swathe of operational dilemmas: 1 Mule Cart Corps with its 550 carts had landed safely at Mudros, although the Zion Mule Corps, which would distribute water and food once a lodgement was made, had yet to arrive. Hamilton was planning to have all his troops assembled by 18 April, the earliest date for the commencement of operations.

At 8.00 a.m. *Ark Royal* raised its anchor and steamed out of the shelter of Mudros harbour to accompany *Agamemnon* and *Lord Nelson* up the Gulf of Xeros. The weather deteriorated

steadily, the wind strengthening to a gale in the late afternoon, making flying impossible and forcing *Ark Royal* to return to Imbros. The conditions had a similar impact on *Manica* at anchor in the sheltered bay—the weather was far too turbulent for the balloon to venture aloft.

Lieutenant Bertie Isaac on Tenedos spent a miserable day with a spade and thumbtacks. His tent had been almost swamped by rain so he spent the day digging drains to divert the sheets of water that assailed the canvas structure. He rescued his damp belongings and finished the day pinning maps of the peninsula to boards and placing them to the rear of the operations tent away from the threat of constant dripping.

With news of the impending operation, Private John Fisher on *Clan McGillivray* spent some time writing in his diary, addressing his deep love for his sweetheart, Nina:

... today when I [was] handed no less than six letters and four addressed in the handwriting of my Nina. Such letters I never hoped to get and what faith and love the little girl must have. They put new life into me, and how could I help forming a resolve to be worthy of her. Such letters make a fellow feel a coward, not for his own sake but for hers. The value of my life for my own sake is nothing but for her it is priceless. And may God permit me to return to her and comfort her loving heart and protect her during my absence. Such is my constant prayer.

Wednesday 14 April 1915

Moonrise data was a factor in shaping the details of the ANZAC landing plan:

Sunrise: 0457

Sunset: 1741

Moonrise: 0435

Moonset: 1748

New Moon: 1335

Anzac Cove longitude E26.2, latitude N40.2

Moderate breeze from west south west/blue sky with clouds/57 degrees/moderate seas/carrying out reconnaissance from 0744hrs to 1141hrs on HMS *Queen*.

On the morning of 14 April, the senior officers of the ANZAC forces saw the enemy coast for the first time. What greeted them was a tortured maze of bluffs, cliffs, washouts, sandy beaches and a salt lake. This broken terrain was covered alternately by dense scrub, olive groves and stone scree. The gentler folds of the land were inhabited and white-painted domes and even a distant minaret could be discerned by the watchers out to sea. Staff officers climbed the twin viewing tops on *Queen*, using powerful naval binoculars to gain a clearer definition of the coast. Even so, the dominant first ridges restricted their view to the beach and the coastal strip. From those dominant ridge lines hidden Turkish soldiers saw yet another warship prowling off the coast with blue-jacketed officers lining the upper decks.

Queen steamed past the coast at ten knots and at a distance of a mile and a half, passing Z Beach in ten minutes as the ANZAC officers scanned the shoreline. Their briefing had described the broad frontage of Z Beach, but the task of locating suitable landing places in the designated area had been left entirely to them. In the middle of Z Beach they noticed a sheltered cove, soon to be called Anzac Cove. They also saw the mass of Koja Chemen Tepe, depicted on their maps as Hill 971, which dominated the hinterland.

They saw no sign of the Turks, nor did they see the enemy's careful preparations on the reverse side of each slope.

Z Beach boasted a frontage of over three miles, its northernmost point marked by the stone fisherman's hut which was the furthest reach of the left flank. The beach was sandy, with low, hump-backed hills rising to older dunes covered by scrubby vegetation. Moving further south, the hump-backed mounds matured into higher sandstone cliffs, treacherous gullies and knife-edge bluffs. A singular sandstone finger stood proudly aloof from a cliff behind, later named 'the Sphinx' by men who regarded it as a smaller echo of the colossus that had ruled their former training grounds in Egypt. This northern sector of Z Beach was completely overshadowed by sandstone cliffs and washouts that towered above a thin strip of sand.

Anzac Cove, its pebble beach defined by two smaller spits, sat equidistant from Fisherman's Hut and the promontory of Gaba Tepe. The first ridge beyond the cove rose sharply, but was not as unapproachable as the washouts behind the Sphinx. At this point a feature known as Plugge's Plateau rose to overlook the approaches to the cove and the gentler beach southwards. A razorback ridge line attached it to a dominant spur that led to the mass of Hill 971 further inland. It was rough country. By contrast, the southern half of Z Beach tended to lose its violence as it rolled gently towards the promontory of Gaba Tepe. The Turks recognised the gentle nature of this feature as offering some encouragement to an invader and prepared strong defensive positions; barbed wire entanglements were clearly visible guarding the gentler approach. For the ANZAC officers to whom Hamilton had handed executive control and who now surveyed this unforgiving terrain, the question remained: where and how should they land?

The first-hand observations of the ANZAC officers aboard *Queen* matched the briefings from the day before. No Turk was seen. No guns were glimpsed. The beaches lay dormant. Barbed wire on the gentler southern beach was the only clue that a hostile reception awaited. Despite the limited perspective afforded to the scanning officers on the foretop and bridge of *Queen* whose vision had been framed by the first inland cliffs, the 1 Australian Division war diarist noted that the beach nonetheless 'seemed suitable'. Yet the commanders and their immediate staff knew that 34,000 enemy troops were waiting somewhere behind the first ridge.

Hamilton on *Arcadian* had moved beyond the landing itself and was considering the positioning of his reserve. The reserve was a significant body of troops (in this case a division) which would be committed by the commander at a decisive point in the assault. Commitment of the reserve was the commander's single most important decision once his men were in contact with the enemy. Hamilton's reserve was the Royal Naval Division. At this point in his planning, Hamilton had placed the Royal Naval Division in transports off Bulair to act as a feint to draw Liman von Sanders' troops northwards:

Hunter-Weston will be in executive command of everything South of Achi Baba; Birdwood of everything to the North. I went very closely with Hunter-Weston into the question of a day or night attack. My own leanings are in favour of the first boat-loads getting ashore before break of dawn, but Hunter-Weston is clear and strong for daylight. There is a very strong current running round the point; the exact lie of the beaches is unknown and he thinks the confusion inseparable from

any landing will be so aggravated by attempting it in the dark that he had rather face the losses the men in boats must suffer from aimed fire. Executively he is responsible and he is backed by his naval associates.

Birdwood, on the other hand, is of one mind with me and is going to get his first boat-loads ashore before it is light enough to aim. He has no current to trouble him, it is true, but he is not landing on any surveyed beach and the opposition he will meet with is even more unknown than in the case of Helles and Sedd-el-Bahr.

In an effort to look beyond the bluffs that impeded their view of the ridges behind Z Beach, the ANZAC staff officers dispatched the divisional intelligence officer on his first nervous ride in an aeroplane. Having been dropped at Tenedos by *Queen*, Major Charles Villiers-Stuart was briefed in the operations tent and assigned an aircraft to fly him over Gaba Tepe. His pilot was Flight Lieutenant Collet DSO who briefed his new observer on the finer points of aviation. Flying was a risky business, the fragile craft often at the mercy of violent eddies and aerial currents. It was not uncommon, he told his anxious passenger, for the craft to suddenly descend rapidly or, indeed, rise violently into the air. The Daily Orders that adorned the squadron notice-board directed that, having risen to an altitude of 300 feet, the pilot must then throttle back to reduce the risk of the engine overheating. This, however, prompted the engine, which sat behind the pilot's head, to cough alarmingly with the sudden drop in revolutions. The Renault engine also had an unsettling habit of cutting out in mid-flight. To address this potentially disastrous situation, the pilot was instructed to 'juggle the throttle in the hope the Renault would pick up'. Pilots were also reminded that they should

use full throttle only once every fifteen minutes. Observers, in turn, were instructed that sudden engine failure could also be caused by the main petrol tap which had a tendency to close off during the flight due to the aircraft's vibration. It was the hapless observer's task to open the petrol tap (as the aircraft rapidly lost height) by reaching down to the canvas and wood floor of the cockpit and turning the spigot. Villiers-Stuart was understandably apprehensive at the prospect of his maiden flight.

Not surprisingly, there was no guarantee of a safe return from flights such as these. Squadron Standing Orders, written by Commanding Officer Charles Samson, required both pilot and observer to either scrounge life vests prior to the flight or carry empty petrol cans to serve as makeshift flotation devices if the aircraft should ditch over the ocean. All maps and notes had to be nailed to the wooden instrument panel to prevent them being blown away, or across the pilot's face obscuring his vision.

While the Maurice Farman biplane bore little resemblance to a fighting craft, it was not completely toothless and carried two 100-pound bombs slung in bomb racks under the wings. These bombs were carried on every mission—including reconnaissance flights—to allow pilots to take advantage of targets of opportunity. The pilot and observer were also armed with a rifle and pistol in case they encountered a Turk aircraft or 'Taube' during the course of the mission. The real threat, however, came from below. Early aircraft barely exceeded 6000 feet in altitude given the vicissitudes of local flying conditions and were often easy targets for enemy gunners on the ground.

Having been extensively briefed, Villiers-Stuart climbed gingerly into the aircraft and lowered himself into the wicker chair behind the pilot in the open front of the gondola. The

mission was entered into the squadron journal, an old school textbook acquired as the squadron deployed to France in 1914. Flight entries were written in black ink along blue lines with ruled vertical lines in pencil. This was the second reconnaissance flight to Gaba Tepe listed, the first had been flown three days earlier on 11 April when Collet had acted as the observer.

The biplane left the aerodrome at 2.20 p.m., and the two men in the gondola—essentially the nose of this open-fronted aircraft—were consumed by the twin sensations of noise and the blast of cold air as the 110 horsepower Renault engine beat behind them. This was a pusher biplane, a Maurice Farman with the engine placed aft of the men to balance their weight. As they gained height, the aviators looked over an uninterrupted view of the sea and the Gallipoli Peninsula below. For Villiers-Stuart the flight must have been enthralling; not so for Collet who had flown eight operations since the squadron's arrival at Tenedos.

Later that evening, Charles Villiers-Stuart who, to his immense surprise had survived his flight over Gaba Tepe in the fragile biplane, had explosive news for those assembled in the music room on *Minnewaska*. He brandished a hand-drawn sketch map that identified enemy batteries not seen from *Queen* and proceeded to refute Hamilton's assessment of enemy activity along Z Beach. Villiers-Stuart reported that two four-gun batteries were covering the Gaba Tepe beaches with an arc of fire that would devastate the men attempting to land. Furthermore, field works were being systematically constructed inland supported by yet more batteries. A strongly entrenched line extended along the high ground behind the selected landing site protecting the landward approaches to the Turkish forts covering the straits. Villiers-Stuart's report turned the mood of the staff officers and a note of apprehension crept into their discussions. Charles

Bean recorded the subdued atmosphere and murmurings of concern that now filled the staterooms of *Minnewaska*:

This landing is clearly going to be a tremendously difficult thing. A string of boats is such an obvious mark and so vulnerable. One shrapnel shell exploded over any one of a string of boats would sink it and thus throw forty men into the water.

The ANZAC headquarters was caught in a terrible dilemma. The coded orders from Hamilton were based on incorrect or older assumptions on the enemy's level of preparedness. Now the ANZAC officers were in a position to interpret their orders in the light of contradictory, but fresh intelligence with damning implications for the assault. They retained the flexibility to plan their own approach to take the key objectives assigned to them, but the task was now infinitely more difficult in the face of almost overwhelming opposition. The information regarding the state of the enemy's preparations was immediately added to map overlays by the ANZAC headquarters staff. Turkish guns, secured in earthworks and deployed in batteries, were clearly identified. The effect of bursting artillery shells spraying hundreds of marble-sized metal balls on men packed into wooden boats was not lost on General Bridges and Colonel Brudenell White. The previously vague disposition of 34,000 enemy soldiers in the vicinity was also clarified.

Sitting in his bell tent on the edge of the dusty aerodrome at Tenedos, Lieutenant Bertie Isaac laboured at yet more staff work. His primary occupation was to compile reports on the day's activities, a seemingly endless task that typified the grind of staff duties. His diary entry for the day mirrored the laborious nature of his routine:

Butler takes photographs from the air. Commander Samson and Osmond go spotting for HMS *Majestic*. Busy all day with reports and maps. Sent them all away by 2.30am. To bed to nurse violent cold.

Like Villiers-Stuart's observations, Isaac's post-mission report provided evidence that Z Beach was going to be an extremely difficult undertaking and provided the impetus for some extraordinary Australian staff planning.³ A copy of the three-page report arrived at headquarters the following day and was used by Bridges and White to frame their objectives and orders.

With the return of Major Villiers-Stuart, Staff Sergeant John McLennan, who had enjoyed a short trip ashore, found himself immersed in an evening of intense effort:

At 4 o'clock we got permission to go off and look at Lemnos . . . Since the advent of arrival of the British and French soldiers and sailors the simplicity of the place has been knocked right over. Everywhere are cafes and wineshops. Hundreds of sailors, soldiers and marines are knocking around the port . . . with a glass of wine all round, fearful stuff at 1d. per glass.

A bunch of stuff came in from General Headquarters including a map showing enemy positions that had come to light from our aeroplane reconnaissances. The Turks have had such a good while to prepare their positions that I think that we will find Gallipoli a tougher nut to crack than we first thought.

³ See Appendix D for an extract from this flight report.

Dick, Sid and Harry, the three musketeers, were fighting a battle of their own on *City of Benares* where they heard rumours that they would be employed as storemen and miss the action ashore:

They also brought back news that us reinforcements were to be made into a permanent transport unit at which we were all down hearted, but in the evening had a yarn with Lieutenant Burley and he says we are sure to get to the front in good time.

Thursday 15 April 1915

Sunrise: 0456

Sunset: 1741

Moonrise: 0507

Moonset: 1842

New Moon: 1335

Moderate breeze from west south west/blue sky with clouds/59 degrees/moderate seas/Gulf of Xeros—no flight operations because of weather.

A fresh spate of reports of Allied warships in the Gulf of Saros reached 5 Army headquarters on 15 April. General Liman von Sanders guessed that the flotilla was bombarding the coast as a cover for a careful survey of landing sites. He could think of no other reason for the waste of precious time when a landing appeared to be imminent. Yesterday a seaplane had circled low over his headquarters, its engine coughing loudly. The aircraft was targeted by *askers* working on the dockside who peppered it with rifle fire before it limped westwards. Enemy activity in the northern neck of the peninsula appeared to justify Liman von Sanders' placement

of three infantry divisions around Bulair. The 5 Army commander sent another report to the Minister of War, this time recommending the evacuation of the island of Saros.

Hamilton's preference for personally interviewing members of his command who had contacted the enemy was widely known, so his visit to Wing Commander Charles Samson at No. 3 Squadron on Tenedos came as no surprise. Weathering Samson's oft-repeated insistence that aerial warfare could be decisive, Hamilton learned that there were practical limits to his serviceable aircraft. The army commander was, nonetheless, visibly impressed by Samson's aerial photographs of enemy positions:

Landed and made a close inspection of the Aerodrome where we were taken round by two young friends of mine, Commander Samson and Captain Davies, Naval Air Service. After lunch spent the best part of two hours in a small cottage with Samson and Keyes trying to digest the honey brought back by our busy aeroplane bees from their various flights over Gallipoli. The Admiral went off on some other naval quest.

Samson and Davies are fliers of the first order—and not only in the air. They carry the whole technique of their job at their finger tips . . . The total nominal strength of Samson's Corps is eleven pilots and one hundred and twenty men. As everyone knows, no Corps or Service is ever up to its nominal strength; least of all an Air Corps. The dangerous shortage is that in two-seater aeroplanes as we want our Air Service now for spotting and reconnaissances. If, after that requirement had been met, we had only a bombing force at our disposal, the Gallipoli

Peninsula, being a very limited space with only one road and two or three harbours on it, could probably be made untenable. Commander Samson's estimate of a minimum force for this 'stunt', as he calls our great enterprise, is 30 good two-seater machines; 24 fighters; 40 pilots and 400 men. So equipped he reckons he could take the Peninsula by himself and save us all a vast lot of trouble.

... The photographs, etc., I have studied make it only too clear that the Turks have not let the grass grow under their feet since the first bombardment; the Peninsula, in fact, is better defended than it was. Passed a very interesting evening, every one excited, I with my aeroplane reports; the Staff with the [gun] powder they had smelt. Two of the Australian Commanding Officers dined and I showed them the aerial photographs of the enemy trenches, etc. The face of one of them grew very long; so long, in fact, that I feared he was afraid; for I own these photos are frightening. So I said, 'You don't seem to like the look of that barbed wire, Colonel?' To which he replied, 'I was worrying how and where I would feed and water the prisoners.'

In the old stone vintner's hut that served as his headquarters, Samson was told the details of the landing plan by his force commander. The assembled officers stood around Bertie Isaac's master map and pointed out enemy defences along the coast in a briefing that Samson later recorded in his memoirs:

They had a look at all our photographs and discussed the part we were to play in the 'Landings'. I was greatly impressed by Sir Ian's remarks that he expected to lose nearly 50 per cent in casualties before he obtained a footing.

The briefing on the plans to land at Gaba Tepe left Samson with much to ponder and he immediately sent Davies and Jenkins to again reconnoitre the broken hinterland behind the coast. For Hamilton's part, he followed his visit to Samson's hut with a memorandum to Birdwood informing him that seaplanes from *Ark Royal* and *Manica*'s balloon would be placed at his disposal on the first day of the landing.⁴ Another memorandum was sent to Hunter-Weston at 29 Division, allocating him two aeroplanes for the duration of the assault. Samson's argument on the value of his aircraft had hit home.

Aboard *Minnewaska*, in the sheltered waters on the northern side of Mudros harbour, 1 Brigade conducted yet another exercise that sent troops clambering into boats. The Brigade's officers were determined to ensure that their troops were well practised in the difficult descent to the boats and movement to shore. Charles Bean watched as a string of seven boats was pulled across the harbour by a naval steam launch. A fellow observer told him that the seven boats could land a company of soldiers with thirty-eight sitting upright on the benches of each lifeboat. Bean noted the evident confusion and lack of coordination as empty boats were pulled ashore, the soldiers on board rowing with difficulty under the constrictive burden of their webbing. As he watched he pondered the effect of enemy shell bursts over these open boats and wondered how many would survive the spray of hot metal on men sitting upright and packed closely together.

As the chaotic drills continued, Bridges and White worked on the divisional landing plan in *Minnewaska*'s

⁴ See Appendix E for extract dated 15 April 1915.

music room. Major Charles Villiers-Stuart's intelligence section constructed a large plaster model of the environs behind Z Beach which was used to brief terrain and enemy positions. Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan, 3 Brigade's commanding officer, was told that his brigade would form the covering force which would land in the first wave of boats. With 18 April the scheduled landing date, Bridges had given Sinclair-MacLagan only three days to prepare. The 3 Brigade commander had been briefed on the aerial intelligence gathered from five missions on 14 April which reported a large camp of 700 enemy tents on the coast south of Gaba Tepe. The presence of the enemy encampment weighed heavily on Bridges' mind, particularly the notion that a force of over 7000 soldiers could counter-attack his men at their most vulnerable.

Concern over the difficulty of finding potable water once the ANZAC forces had landed was now filtering down to unit level as requests for drinking containers rebounded through the various support elements of the force. The officers commanding transports were instructed to collect 'empty biscuit tins . . . for use as water receptacles—arrangements will be made for concentrating these tins on certain ships later.' Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan briefed his battalion commanders on this critical issue and they reacted quickly, one officer commandeering water bottles directly from the men working in the ship's hold after finding that seventy water bottles belonging to his troops were leaking.

Routines changed with the prospect of action. The men now rubbed grease into their boots to prevent seawater from cracking the leather rather than polishing the brown leather to a high sheen for parade. Major John Austin, an ordnance staff officer, began to redistribute ammunition across the transports:

All of the day I spent going round the fleet making final arrangements regarding ammunition. We had too many eggs in one basket and are now adjusting them. Attended a meeting this morning at which the plan of operations was given to us. It is premature to put on paper, but we are up against tough opposition. Our division would play a leading part.

Private John Fisher and the men of 7 Battalion on *Clan McGillivray* were ignorant of the planning that preoccupied their senior officers inside the staterooms on *Minnewaska*. There was no point telling the men their objectives as they had yet to be finalised and could lead to careless talk by those ashore on Lemnos. Nerves were becoming increasingly frayed with the continued confinement aboard the transports:

Still at anchor. This inactivity is getting on my nerves and I feel terribly lonely and sad, worse than I've felt for some time. Why all the delay? Why don't they put us against the enemy and decide our fate one way or the other?

Across the hallway in the music room, Birdwood met with General Sir Alexander Godley, General Officer Commanding the New Zealand and Australian Division. Godley was briefed on the outline plan of attack over maps spread across the dining table and pinned to the panelled cabin walls. Godley's division would provide the troops for the push to Mal Tepe and the Maidos road once 1 Division had secured a footing.

Staff Sergeant John McLennan's workload increased dramatically with the delivery of aerial intelligence reports

from the presses on *Arcadian* well after midday, the reports' arrival having been delayed by the constant shortage of boats and the requirement to deliver secret documents by hand. With little to do in the morning, McLennan had obtained a shore pass from Major Villiers-Stuart intending to go for a walk. By the time he had secured a spot on a skiff, the reports had arrived and he remained hard at work updating the operational maps until midnight.

Samson briefed his aircrew on the plan for the 18 April landing which had produced a surge of reconnaissance missions. Lieutenant Bertie Isaac spent the day debriefing aircrew on their observations, recording enemy movements and writing reports. *Swiftsure* bombarded the enemy beach defences on Cape Helles with support from two aerial spotting missions. Four successful reconnaissance missions were flown—to the relief of the frustrated aircrew—with Major Hogg, an artillery officer, flying two missions as an observer. Lieutenant Butler flew a solo photographic mission with his hand-held camera exposing photographic plates in his hands while he held the control column with his knees. Seven artillery batteries were spotted from the air as were the foundations for another thirteen artillery emplacements still being constructed—a total of fifty guns now lay between Gaba Tepe and the Kilid Bahr plateau.

At 4.45 p.m., Lieutenant Davies and Captain Jenkins took off from the dusty aerodrome on Tenedos in the older Maurice Farman pusher for a flight over Anzac Cove and Gaba Tepe. They crossed land at the toe of the peninsula and flew directly up the spine. At 4000 feet Jenkins looked over the side into the fort of Sedd el Bahr noting that it appeared little changed from previous observations. Davies banked

gently to starboard and headed towards Maidos. Here they discovered that the enemy had erected a camp of thirty-two tents inland and built an earth redoubt around a battery of guns. Once over Maidos, Davies banked to port and headed out to the coast of Gaba Tepe and Anzac Cove on the western side of the peninsula. Half a mile inland from Anzac Cove, Jenkins noted that the enemy had completed new field work on Third Ridge with one gun emplacement sited to cover the approaches out to sea. The observer carefully marked this emplacement on his folded map at the bottom of the gondola. Davies then turned to overfly the coastal section looking down at the beach defences from Gaba Tepe to Fisherman's Hut. From Fisherman's Hut, which they recognised as the northernmost point of Z Beach, they banked steeply and flew back down the coast.

From their elevated vantage point, the airmen had a clear view of the coastal defences. From Fisherman's Hut to the northernmost point of Anzac Cove they saw no evidence of trenches atop the steep sandstone bluffs. However, turning inland from the cove, Davies observed Major Ismet's two forward trenches protecting the approaches to the cove itself. The first trench was sited on Plugge's Plateau while the second one lay further back across Monash Valley onto the next ridge line. The men in this trench would provide fire cover if the first trench was overrun. They were cleverly positioned and Jenkins nodded his admiration of the enemy commander as he carefully marked the trenches on his map.

Flying southwards along the coast and on the other side of Anzac Cove, Jenkins discovered yet another gun emplacement, this one with its field gun poking through the brushwood camouflage, its barrel pointing out to sea. Leading from the hastily concealed gun were two distinct parallel trenches running south towards Gaba Tepe. These

trenches defended the beaches with easier slopes and, aided by carefully placed machine-guns, would ensure that the sandy shores became lethal killing grounds when filled with assaulting troops. Jenkins marked these on his map with a note that they sat on the crest leading up to the high ground inland. Both trenches covered half a mile of open beach and would also be covered by enfilade fire from the garrison at Gaba Tepe.

As Davies circled the aircraft over the promontory, Jenkins noticed that the enemy had dug seven gun emplacements and three new trenches—all manned by enemy troops whose little faces stared up at him. The aircraft flew along the coast back to Cape Helles with Jenkins marking several new coastal batteries. The aviators returned to the aerodrome where they made their way to Bertie Isaac's tent to discuss their findings and compile a report. The evidence of fresh enemy activity across Z Beach was now compelling.

Jenkins' typed report highlighted the potency of the enemy's defences on Gaba Tepe and this portion of the coast, including the work of Major Ismet and his four companies of 2 Battalion, 27 Regiment. The gun emplacements and trenches had the potential to hit the planned landing on Z Beach direct from the front and the side. Every boat would have to row past Gaba Tepe and towards enemy trenches to reach the shore. Furthermore, a camp of thirty-two tents and two artillery guns had been detected in the valley behind. The frontage designated for the ANZAC Corps assault had also been identified by the enemy as a likely site for a landing. Each evening new emplacements were dug and additional guns dragged forward. An earlier reconnaissance flight the same day identified a camp of two battalions of infantry with supporting artillery south of Gaba Tepe and partially hidden in an olive grove. The camp of 700 tents that played on Bridges'

mind was now supplemented by another of 400 tents. Estimates placed over 11,000 infantry in positions south of Gaba Tepe. The opposition was building rapidly.

Friday 16 April 1915

Sunrise: 0455

Sunset: 1742

Moonrise: 0541

Moonset: 1748

New Moon: 1937

Light breeze from east backing north/blue sky and clouds/71 degrees/seas calm/Gulf of Xeros—flight operations.

On Friday 16 April, the Turkish aircraft company was tasked with two missions: the first to attack the enemy transports and the second to bomb the aerodrome on Tenedos. Repeated enemy reconnaissance flights over the Turkish 5 Army were causing mounting concern. The Rumpler could not fight the enemy aircraft in the air as its propeller arc prevented the mounting of a machine-gun to shoot forward for a frontal engagement. Instead, the Turks decided to bomb the enemy aircraft on the ground at Tenedos. This would strike a significant blow, robbing the enemy pilots of their ability to spy on 5 Army's defensive preparations.

Having been the target of enemy aircraft surveillance the day before, Colonel Sefik Aker ordered working parties from 27 Regiment's base in the olive grove to scrape a concealed pathway parallel to the main road that ran in a north-westerly direction to Gaba Tepe. The pathway would be protected by a cover of trees and bushes and be wide enough to allow two soldiers marching side by side to move

quickly from the regimental camp to Gaba Tepe without being observed by enemy aeroplanes.

Finding himself with some rare leisure time, Lieutenant Charles Brodie set out to visit his twin brother who was commander of submarine E.15. Theodore Brodie was preparing for operations in the Sea of Marmora and had twice flown over the straits and its minefields. His mission was highly dangerous and involved taking his submarine under the curtains of mines that barred the passage through the Dardanelles. Charles recorded his brother's final preparations:

...cluttered up with food and gear for three weeks patrol... The men had been working all night, and were tired and unkempt but eager, and to my eyes, very young. A few key ratings had been with Theodore in D8 and I knew his reliance upon them. I could sense their confidence and affection for him.

The submarine's newly appointed intelligence officer had never ventured below the surface in a submarine. Lieutenant Charles Palmer had learned of E.15 and her mission and had approached the Chief of Staff, Commodore Roger Keyes, requesting to be appointed to the submarine. Palmer knew the landing plans in detail and, despite the risk to the entire venture should he be captured, Keyes granted him permission to attempt to penetrate the straits with E.15. Palmer knew the precise location of the enemy minefields and would be a valuable asset to his commander during the transit up the Narrows.

Permission granted, Charles Palmer returned to his cabin and packed a small holdall to take on board. He would be

sharing a bunk with another officer and would be allocated a small cupboard in which to store the most basic necessities. Officers and men left their uniforms and most of their possessions on the fleet's accommodation ship as the cramped interior of the submarine was permanently damp in some sections and encrusted with grease in others. Palmer entered the conning tower of the submarine dressed in tweed trousers and a thick knitted jumper. Along with his small kitbag he included his commissioning certificate as proof of his seniority on the boat's crew list. It was a certificate of which he was enormously proud.

Bridges' orders directed 2 Brigade to follow the covering force as it landed and secure the left flank. Private John Fisher and at least thirty other soldiers of 7 Battalion were selected as oarsmen to row soldiers of the covering force in yet another practice exercise. Practical experience in boat drills was regarded as essential in preparing 2 Brigade for its turn to land:

Wasn't feeling too well. Spent a rather sleepless night and my feeling of loneliness hadn't quite worn off. Was picked as one of a boat crew to row 9 Battalion; done three trips which took about one and a half hours each and felt much better after it. The bit of exercise done me good.

The break in the weather finally allowed seaplane flights over the peninsula and *Ark Royal's* aircraft conducted six flights, five of them successful. The aircraft carrier was then dispatched to the Gulf of Xeros to attack shipping and reconnoitre the port of Gallipoli which was known to house an

enemy headquarters. Lieutenant Whitehead recorded the locations of encampments near the town before identifying the Turkish battleship *Turgud Reis* and attacking it, dropping his bombs 200 yards short of the target. Lieutenant Kershaw took the newly assembled Sopwith 1438, a single-seater scout, and flew out to search for enemy shipping to bomb. Kershaw dropped four bombs on *Turgud Reis* from 7600 feet but, with no observer aboard, he had no idea whether his aim was true and only discovered later that he had missed her completely. Whitehead flew the final mission, guiding naval gunfire onto a Turkish arsenal close to the village of Taifur Keui. The village was located inland, nestled in a fold of rugged hills on the spine of the peninsula, its precious magazine well protected by the enemy. The spotting aircraft was severely damaged:

Shooting good after the range for half charges had been got: blew up one section of the magazine. Heavy shrapnel fire received from Bergaz and Sheitan Keui, which damaged the machine. Machine worse damaged in landing, a float being carried away.

Ark Royal stopped to rescue the sinking seaplane, coming within range of enemy fire. While the distance from the shore proved too great for the Turkish gunners to hit the carrier, the number of artillery shells expended suggested that Turkish artillery had a plentiful supply of shells and that *Ark Royal* was considered a valuable target. The ship's intelligence officer debriefed Kershaw and sent his report to Vice Admiral de Robeck whose staff forwarded it to Charles Villiers-Stuart on *Minnewaska*. Enemy batteries had fired over 200 shrapnel shells to a range of 6000 yards causing consternation within the ANZAC forces; the enemy

artillery was evidently very well supplied.⁵ If the batteries located in the region of Anzac Cove boasted similar supplies, the ANZAC forces could expect to be brutally shelled while approaching the coast. It was fortunate that men such as John Fisher were quickly becoming proficient at rowing. Boats filled with men would need to move rapidly from the transports to the shore to reduce the time they spent on the open water. The unprotected transports were ordered to anchor over 6000 yards from the shore as a precaution and only move into the line of berths when it was their turn to disembark the soldiers mustered on the open decks.

The calm weather allowed No. 3 Squadron to build to a high operational tempo. The aircrew now suffered competing priorities as they also had to support naval operations, including the work of the submarines. On 16 April alone the squadron performed ten missions: five military reconnaissances, one photographic flight conducted by Lieutenant Butler, two naval gunfire spotting missions, one dedicated bombing flight and a patrol to seek out enemy aircraft. The reconnaissance flights flew over the town of Krithia and the port of Maidos, where two 100-pound bombs were dropped. Butler took photographs of Helles Beach where 29 Division had been ordered to land and assault the small sandstone cliff leading up to the old stone castle. Further flights were made over the area around Gaba Tepe noting two new batteries and additional defensive work. South of Z Beach, aircraft bombed the large camp of 700 tents. Lieutenant Bertie Isaac recorded the activities of his squadron:

I am Divisional Officer with Wilson. Making particular reports as to ships in Dardanelles as it is intended

⁵ See Appendix F for aerial observation report of 16 April 1915.

that submarine E.15 in command of Brodie (brother to Lieut Brodie), is to go through and stay in Sea of Marmora till our troops make landing. Busy all afternoon with reports and signals. Am called to aerodrome to meet Brodie and some other captain to go over reports. German aeroplane (aviatic) flies over and chap bombs, hits nothing. Warner's firing with 12 pounder anti aircraft gun very erratic. This happened at 11 am. Davies asks Commander Samson if I can go as his observer tomorrow at seven. The answer is no! Thomson, Peirse, Collet and others drop bombs at Chanak, Maidos and in Turkish Camp.

Admiral de Robeck and General Hamilton met with a former member of the embassy staff in Constantinople who spoke bluntly of the Allies' chances of success:

Arcadian. Lemnos—Spent the forenoon in interviews beginning at 10 a.m. with de Robeck and Mr. Fitzmaurice, late dragoman at the Embassy at Constantinople. Mr. Fitzmaurice says the Turks will put up a great fight at the Dardanelles. They had believed in the British Navy, and, a month ago, they were shaking in their shoes. But they had not believed in the British Army or that a body so infinitely small would be so saucy as to attack them on their own chosen ground. Even now, he says, they can hardly credit their spies, or their eyes, and it ought to be easy enough to make them think all this is a blind, and that we are really going to Smyrna or Adramiti. They are fond of saying, 'If the English are fools enough to enter our mouth we only have to close it.' Enver especially brags he will make very short work with us if we set foot so near to the

heart of his Empire, and gives it out that the whole of us will be marching through the streets of Constantinople, not as conquerors, but as prisoners, within a week from the date of our making the attempt. All the same, despite this bragging, the Turks realise that if we were to get the Fleet through the Narrows; or, if it were to force its own way through whilst we absorb the attention of their mobile guns, the game would be up.

Later that evening, Birdwood visited Hamilton to discuss the latest information on the enemy's defences. The assessment of enemy preparedness that underpinned Hamilton's original order to the ANZAC forces was in dispute. Many more guns and trenches had been identified and Gaba Tepe was now recognised as a heavily defended area. Cryptically, Hamilton recorded in his diary, 'Birdie came later and we took stock together of ways and means. We see eye to eye now on every point.'

Back on *Minnewaska*, the trickle of intelligence into Major Villiers-Stuart's office had become a torrent. Information on the state of Turkish defences and the tricky issue of water had been received from MEF headquarters as had numerous aeroplane observation reports from 15 April. Villiers-Stuart added the fresh intelligence to a master map and distributed copies to the different brigades. A Greek guide attached to ANZAC headquarters with an intimate knowledge of the peninsula was questioned at length by Lieutenant Woods and this report was shared throughout the MEF intelligence sections attached to each divisional headquarters.

Sitting at the table next to Major Villiers-Stuart were the logistics staff who, through a process of simple arithmetic, were busy calculating the amount of supplies the men would require ashore. One officer sat at the desk with a foolscap

sheet and began to work through the supply figures for 1 Australian Division which had 18,000 men to feed, water and arm. The logistics officer calculated that each soldier would require half a gallon of water per day with 150 bullets for every rifle. Similarly, rations were weighed out at four pounds per man. As a donkey could carry 160 pounds, the grand total was a staggering 1912 individual donkey journeys from the beach to the front line per day. While the Quartermaster staff worked on a solution to the logistics requirement, the men conducted yet more maritime exercises aimed to prevent mass drowning. The men of 1 Brigade continued their disembarkation practice in cutters and steamboats while horse boats were given to the artillery to practise lowering guns and donkeys from ships.

Headquarters New Zealand and Australian Division began to place troop numbers against rowboats available for the landing. Staff officers boarded *Minnewaska* and interviewed the Army Corps staff, questioning them on the disembarkation timetables. Godley boarded the flagship *Queen* to speak with the naval staff while his intelligence officer, Major Shawe, distributed intelligence reports to the division, many of these the sketches, plans and reports passed to him by Charles Villiers-Stuart. Information and intelligence was passed freely as the newly arrived division absorbed the details of events and plans.

Staff Sergeant John McLennan remained immersed in the intelligence process. Battalion headquarters staff boarded *Minnewaska* for briefings, eager to update their maps with enemy positions. McLennan saw no end to the relentless drive for information:

Still no hope of getting ashore. Working all day on aeroplane and other reports on Gallipoli. Major

Villiers-Stuart had a trip in one of the machines a few days ago to observe a few points. The War Authorities must attach a great deal of importance to these operations, as they have sent Commander Samson in charge of the Royal Naval Aeroplane Squadron. Knocked off at 11 and then had a strum on the piano to liven things up a bit.

Later that evening Vice Admiral de Robeck informed Hamilton that the transport *Manitou* had been attacked by a Turkish torpedo boat from Smyrna. Two torpedoes had been fired at the transport, although neither had hit. Despite this, fifty-one men had drowned in the panicked rush to the lifeboats. Captain Menaud Lissenburg of 97 Battery owed his survival to a doctor and a veteran of another famous sinking: 'Our ginger haired doctor organised us into providing help for the non swimmers, as did the steward, who had already survived the Titanic disaster.'

Hamilton met with Hunter-Weston, determined to persuade the 29 Division commander to land at a hidden smugglers' beach where no defensive measures had been constructed. Information from a local informant had identified an unguarded beach below what appeared to be a sheer hundred-yard sandstone cliff with a path climbing tortuously up its face. Hamilton offered ex-smugglers as guides and argued that, once the troops had reached the clifftop, the village of Krithia and the hill of Achi Baba could be taken from behind. Hunter-Weston was more circumspect, focussing instead on the heavily defended toe of the peninsula where he planned to lodge his main force. But Hamilton was determined, naming the beach 'Y Beach' and sending a memorandum to Hunter-Weston informing him that the Plymouth Marine Battalion, Royal Naval Division,

had been attached to 29 Division in order to make the ascent with the support of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. The Borderers would follow the Marines, landing under cliffs to the west of Krithia. Hunter-Weston was faced with a *fait accompli*, but the flexibility and promise of such an operation did not appeal to his rigid mindset.

Later that evening, Lieutenant Commander Charles Brodie stood on the conning tower of E.15 and barked orders to the ratings to release the hawsers that tied his vessel to the accommodation ship. His submarine pulsed with life as the petrol engine roared into higher revolutions. The blunt bow turned away from the ship's towering metal side and ink-black water soon separated them. Behind Brodie, the hatch was open, sending a shaft of light into the dark night sky. The moon had set below the horizon and Brodie knew that this was the ideal time to make his attempt on the Dardanelles. E.15 was escorted across Mudros harbour by a destroyer ready to reassure a panicky transport or warship that the submarine was friendly. Passing the harbour mouth and the patrolling warship, the submarine increased its revolutions and made for the mouth of the Dardanelles. Now in deeper waters, Brodie signalled his thanks to the friendly destroyer with his Aldis lamp and prepared to dive.

Closing the hatch above, the commander stood in the chartroom below and, in a calm, even voice, relayed the pattern of orders that filled the ballast tanks with seawater and caused the boat to slip below the surface with the hiss of escaping air. The petrol engines were shut off, the vessel powered by the electric motor which turned the screw. Brodie looked closely at Charles Palmer who was experiencing his first dive. Palmer appeared outwardly calm but gazed intently overhead as if he could see the water closing above him. The intelligence officer had no actual station on the

boat and was reduced to sitting at the chart table. The vessel's captain ordered the hydroplane operator to level the boat at thirty feet and, after more safety checks, the captain lifted the periscope handles and made a sweep of the surface above. He saw nothing but the blackness of the darkened water. Brodie set a course for the mouth of the Dardanelles and gratefully received the cup of hot, sweetened coffee passed to him by his steward.

A little later, the submarine commander stood at the chart table and checked that the boat was on course. The chart told him the mouth was opening in front of the boat and he was now entering his enemy's domain. He confirmed this with a quick sweep with the periscope, his vision aided by enemy searchlights catching the cliffs of Cape Helles in their white glare. E.15 was now in the mouth of the Dardanelles and fighting the current. Brodie took the boat deeper, operating his vessel at fifty feet below the surface. He would rely on a stopwatch and the occasional bearing through his periscope to guide him through. At thirty-one years of age, this was the most exciting mission of his career.

CHAPTER 9

17–18 April 1915

The spy returns

Saturday 17 April 1915

Sunrise: 0454

Sunset: 1742

Moonrise: 0619

Moonset: 2032

Light breeze from south/blue sky with detached clouds
and mist or haze/62 degrees/calm sea.

Theodore Brodie used the grey pre-dawn light to fix his position and calculate his submarine's speed against the strong current flowing through the Dardanelles. Each time the periscope was raised a hush descended on the crew of the vessel as if the men feared the slightest noise would betray their presence to the Turkish gunners on the shore. Charles Palmer, still sitting at the chart table, watched the boat's progress as it was marked in wax pencil on the chart. Palmer's presence on such a perilous mission was due solely to his proven local

knowledge. The vessel had not yet approached the minefields and was progressing slowly towards Erin Keui Bay as the captain waited for the stronger light of sunrise to provide a clearer indication of his position. Palmer checked the location of the mines on the Admiralty chart and saw that they had another hour of slow progress ahead before they would be forced to dive under the curtains of minefields, carefully balancing the risk of striking the seabed.

At the same time, on the island of Tenedos, four aircraft were preparing for flight. Bombs were wheeled on trolleys to the waiting aircraft to be lifted carefully by ground crew and fixed to the bomb racks beneath. Several fat 100-pound bombs were to be dropped on the forts to keep the enemy more concerned with the threat from the air than any that might lurk beneath the sea. Theodore Brodie's twin brother Charles stood in Lieutenant Bertie Isaac's operations tent examining the maps of the enemy coast and mentally willing his brother to succeed in his mission to penetrate the Dardanelles.

Earlier, submarine commander Theodore Brodie had coordinated his movement up the Dardanelles with No. 3 Squadron which was flying four supporting missions to distract the fortresses and patrol boats. Each of the early morning bombing missions was targeting coastal batteries and ports paralleling the submarine's route. The first aeroplane, a Maurice Farman pusher, was swung into life by an air mechanic and Lieutenants Peirse and Osmond took off, heading east out to sea. Four aircraft were to take off in fifteen-minute intervals to prolong the aircraft's loiter time over the enemy coast. Charles Brodie climbed into the observer's wicker seat behind Captain Collet in the older, more reliable Maurice Farman pusher 1241 and fervently hoped his mission would assist his twin brother's safe passage through the straits.

Deep inside the mouth of the Dardanelles, E.15 was in trouble. The submarine pitched violently as two ratings fought the hydroplanes in an attempt to remain level. Even with adjustment to her ballast, the boat's bow breached the water, a large metallic dolphin, alternatively diving and surfacing, pitching the conning tower above the safety of the dark water and into the line of sight of the watching shore. Brodie increased the engine's revolutions heedless of the battery life in a bid to keep the boat under control. E.15 dived once again before bouncing on a layer of denser seawater and rearing violently upwards, grounding herself on a sandbank. Men were thrown from their stations, one or two gashing their faces on exposed pipes, while crockery stacked in wooden racks above the sink crashed to the metal floor and pencils rolled off the chart table. Brodie immediately called for reverse thrust, but the boat was stuck fast.

The submarine commander climbed the ladder to fix his location through the small glass windows built into the conning tower. He knew he had only seconds before his boat was discovered and shelled from the shore. But Brodie was too late. His climb ended when a Turkish artillery shell punched through the thick metal skin of the submarine's exposed conning tower. The shell failed to detonate, passing instead through the confined space of the tower and out the other side. As it passed through the conning tower, it tore through the captain's body and he fell into the control room below and across the chart table in front of the horrified Charles Palmer. Theodore Brodie slid to the floor and stared momentarily in wild-eyed disbelief at the sight of his exposed entrails. He died quickly and the men in the chart-room, their ears ringing and eyes stinging with the acrid sting of explosives, gathered their captain's body and draped it reverently over the table.

Submarine E.15 was also dead. The conning tower was holed and she lay aground on a sandbar opposite the Turkish fortress of Dardanus, all the while shelled mercilessly by two large calibre Krupp guns. The gunners continued to fire at the stranded submarine which presented an easy target. A second shell smashed into the submarine's engine room and detonated in its confined space. The boat listed on an angle as seawater gushed through its damaged hull. The vessel's batteries, stowed in the lower hull, were soon swamped, emitting green clouds of poisonous chlorine gas. The interior of the stricken submarine filled quickly with smoke from the bursting shell and the poisonous green vapour, obscuring the vision of the struggling crew. Lieutenants Price and Fitzgerald collected charts and code books and prepared to throw them over the side in lead-weighted bags. Fitzgerald had considered himself a lucky man, a letter from his fiancée carefully stored in his locker with the promise of leave and a wedding. He ignored the impulse to retrieve her letters and pictures and focussed instead on the critical task of destroying the secret codes.

The submarine crew's only option was to abandon their vessel. The survivors made their way to the control room, knocking their heads on overhead pipes and gauges in the murky interior. E.15 had a complement of thirty-one officers and men, with the addition of the newly commissioned Lieutenant Palmer. Seven lay dead on the cold metal floor, three of them sailors who had choked to death. Four others had been killed by the shell that had burst in the engine room. For the living, light from the holed conning tower showed the only path to safety. The boat had become a death trap.

Slipping on blood, the men climbed the metal ladder up through the tower and emerged into the freshness of the early morning. Charles Palmer stood for a moment on the

deck and looked around in utter dismay; the guns at Fort Dardanus had stopped firing with the emergence of the submarine's crew and the approach of a Turkish torpedo boat. Palmer did not want to return to Channakale this way; he was frightened, bloodstained and wearing dishevelled civilian clothing after his first day in a Royal Navy submarine. Lieutenant Charles Palmer's only salvation lay in being bundled into captivity with the other prisoners and remaining *incognito*. Coughing, and with eyes streaming, the officers and men of E.15 jumped into the sea and swam to the nearest shore. *Askers* arrived at the water's edge to take them captive. Many Turkish soldiers, careless of their own safety, waded through the strong current to pull the exhausted crew to safety. The Turkish torpedo boat moved covetously towards its prize.

Overhead, Peirse and Osmond took their first flight across the peninsula in the Maurice Farman pusher, planning to attack the eastern port of Maidos. In all, they were to conduct four air raids to distract the garrisons. Their Maurice Farman had a smaller, less powerful engine and could not carry the heavier 100-pound bomb. Its underperforming engine allowed the aircraft to carry a maximum of three small 20-pound bombs in bomb racks under the wings. The early morning sky was clear with light clouds scudding overhead. The valleys below the wings of the aircraft, however, remained partially shrouded in mist which obscured the roads and encampments that the airmen knew were hidden below. They were safe for today; the targets were the port of Maidos and the fortress at Kilid Bahr.

As observer, Osmond controlled the rifle grenade-launcher attached to the wooden rim of the cockpit. With the engine mounted behind the gondola, Osmond could stand and point the barrel of the rifle forward to meet

oncoming targets. On the flat coastal plain beneath the canopy of a fruit orchard he could see smoke from a number of cooking fires wafting upwards into the still air. Peirse flew the craft further east into the rising sun, banked and lined up the point where the lines of smoke were thickest. With the sun obscuring his aircraft and at a height where the aircraft was unlikely to be heard by the men on the ground, he released a 20-pound bomb on the *askers* cooking their breakfast of lentil porridge. The bomb fell silently and gracefully onto the quiet encampment before detonating with a splintering crack. Banking around, Osmond peered down the barrel and fired his rifle grenade into a body of men scattering into trees, fleeing the first detonation. Peirse flew along the Maidos road until the aircraft was over the port; the warning had already sounded and they could see men running below. The pilot circled deliberately to attract the battery commander's attention as a black puff erupted below and behind suggesting they now had the attention of gun captains who were pointing out the position of the aircraft circling lazily overhead. Peirse pushed the control column forward and reduced the throttle as the machine gathered speed. He pointed the nose of the machine at a sea-side fort on the coastal fringe and pulled two release levers. The aircraft lifted, relieved of its burden, and Peirse pulled the control column towards him, climbing away from the fort below. Two 20-pound bombs glided along their ballistic path towards the cement box below. Intent on keeping the gunners looking skyward, Peirse and Osborne flew down the straits at 6000 feet as angry puffs burst above and below them. A few minutes later they noticed to their dismay the stranded submarine south of Kephez Point with an enemy torpedo boat alongside.

The second flight that morning was flown by Captain

Collet with Charles Brodie as observer. They left at 7.15 a.m. and flew a more direct route over the southern Asiatic shore and the broken village of Kum Kale. Collet and Brodie flew the reliable pusher with its powerful engine, three 100-pound bombs slung underneath. They approached Channakale from the land and identified a vessel, probably a mine-layer, sitting off the port. In an attempt to distract the gunners, Collet pitched his aircraft towards the vessel and released a 100-pound bomb. The bomb missed the minelayer, sending a water spout high into the air and drenching the men on board. Circling, Collet dropped another 100-pound bomb on the centre of town causing a minor disturbance with soldiers firing rifles ineffectually into the air before their officers could restore order. Mindful of the fact that E.15 could be negotiating the minefields at that time and perhaps using her periscope to fix her location, Collet flew his machine over a battery on the opposite shore and attacked it with his last 100-pound bomb. Men with rifles and anti-aircraft batteries fired all along the coast as Collet flew his craft down the straits on its return to the aerodrome. As they passed, they noticed the grey shape of the stricken submarine. Charles Brodie later described the scene: 'a slim grey straw at right angles to the line of the shore and a smaller black straw at an acute angle beside it . . . I realized it was failure and for E.15 final. I was conscious of disappointment but oddly no surprise.' The flight took eighty-five minutes and, as he landed, Charles Brodie knew he had lost his twin.

A further solo mission left Tenedos before reports of E.15's loss arrived with the first returning aircraft. Lieutenant Davies flew his underpowered Henri Farman at 6000 feet and bombed the forts again. He returned to report 'Something, probably a submarine was aground off Kephez

Point.' Having been briefed on E.15, Lieutenant Butler was sent on a photo reconnaissance mission to verify the fate of the submarine. He took the ageing but reliable Maurice Farman 1241—again with three 100-pound bombs in racks—intent on photographing the stranded boat and bombing her to deny the enemy the opportunity to salvage her. Concern was mounting over the potential capture of secret documents, particularly those with details of the coming assault. The submarine was likely to be salvageable and the Turks would be keen to collect any documents they could find inside the damaged hull.

Butler reported to Bertie Isaac on his return and a brief report was added to the flight records: 'Saw submarine E 15, the bows higher than the stern. There was a list to port and decks were completely above water. The forward hydroplanes were visible. Dropped three 100-pound bombs. No hits.' What Butler did not see—or failed to report—was that Turkish naval officers, bent on securing as much information as they could, had already entered the submarine. Some of the Turks were also looking for mementos, taking photographs of one another standing on the large bulbous tanks on the starboard side of E.15. Other men in rougher uniforms stood atop the conning tower, its hatch ajar. These men had entered the E.15 not in triumph but to retrieve the sailors lying inside for burial ashore.

Charles Brodie, back from his mission, waited for news from each returning aeroplane as Bertie Isaac recorded the deepening depression in the operations tent:

Early reconnaissance report that the E.15 which attempted to go through at Daybreak has run ashore at Eren Keui Bay. There is a Turkish destroyer alongside. Hope officers and crew are saved and treated properly.

Lieutenant Brodie is dreadfully anxious about his brother who is in Command. Marix flies over to try and to drop bombs on the E.15 and the destroyer, but fails to hit either. Thomson and Major Hogg drop bombs on Jessoi: two fall on camp and some fires observed.

That afternoon the squadron focussed on attacking the larger camps identified between Maidos and Gaba Tepe hoping to disperse the concentrations of men and material in preparation for the assault in two days' time. This would buy a little time as the enemy, hampered by a fractured command, would have to reorganise before mounting any form of counter-attack.

Turkish artillery officer Colonel Adel Savasman had first sighted the bow of the E.15 as the boat breached the surface and dived in a peculiar see-sawing motion. Initially his target was only above the safety of the dark sea for the briefest of moments and the artillery officer cursed his luck. To Savasman's surprise and renewed delight the submarine again thrust itself out of the water and into plain view where it remained, water churning at the stern as the screw clawed at the sea. The conning tower was an easy target and was quickly struck by one of Savasman's shells. The gun captain depressed the gun and aimed at the base of the submarine scoring another direct hit. Realising that the submarine was holed and could not dive again, Savasman ordered firing to cease just as the vessel's crew appeared on top of the tower and made their way forward along the tilting deck. He dictated a message to Colonel Djevad Bey at Channakale Fortress Area Command before racing to the water's edge with his men to capture the submarine's crew,

now floundering in the sea. Fearing that the boat could be damaged further or that he would lose his prize to a rapidly approaching torpedo boat, Savasman commandeered a small boat to take him across to claim his kill. The artillery officer climbed carefully into the stricken submarine where he found Brodie dead over his maps, bloodied from a stomach wound. Later, Savasman's men buried Brodie and the other dead submariners along the shoreline as an imam prayed reverently over the fallen enemy sailors.

Lieutenants Palmer, Price and Fitzgerald and seventeen ratings were herded into a small miserable group. Nine of the ratings were wounded, many bleeding from cuts and gashes to their head and arms. The enemy shell had ripped into the engine room catching most of the stokers at their stations. The adrenaline rush of the attack had now passed and the wounded men who had been laid carefully on the grassy bank outside the fort now began to moan piteously. The prospect of internment and rudimentary medical care lowered their spirits even further. The group milled in the early morning sunlight with little military dignity. Only the ratings wore a recognisable uniform in the form of stained heavy cotton whites. None of the three surviving officers of E.15 wore hats or rank embellishments. As a group they were unceremoniously corralled and taken inside Fort Dardanus for their own protection as an aircraft was patrolling above and likely to bomb the diminutive figures below. Later the group would be marched to Channakale for interrogation by the senior commander of Channakale Area Fortress Command, Colonel Djavad Bey.

On Lemnos Island, a few fortunate ANZAC soldiers had been granted day leave. Others who had been detailed on

working parties slipped away for a quick jaunt into the main village and a glass of retzina in the many cafes which had been hastily erected along the shore and the main streets. It was easy enough to disappear in a sea of uniforms and report later for duty. The Governor of Lemnos was less than impressed with the knots of men in baggy khaki uniform sporting the rising sun badge. Some appeared drunk and others were obviously absconding from duty. He sent a terse report to *Minnewaska* requesting police assistance to deal with drunken Australians in Mudros. Headquarters 1 Division ordered all transports to curtail leave and immediately recall those men already ashore. A curt reply from the Australian Provost Marshal to Headquarters 1 Division reported that the village was quiet and that most of the noise came from foreigners with differing ideas on entertainment to the men from the mines of Kalgoorlie:

There were 20 to 30 soldiers there mostly of 1 Battalion. I sent them to join their boat . . . 5 soldiers were confined for drunkenness. There was a slight disturbance caused by naval men who were dancing to music with some French soldiers.

The staff at Headquarters ANZAC continued working on the operation orders for its two divisions. Both division and brigade staff had access to current aerial intelligence on the enemy and were using this information to prepare for the landing. On the decks of the various transports men watched with growing amusement as the Australian Field Artillery took its turn to practise disembarkation. What they saw resembled a vaudeville comedy with kicking and braying donkeys. Charles Bean joined the gunners in a big iron punt carrying teams of mules which would drag the field

artillery once ashore. He noted the difficulties of the hapless Colonel Hobbs whose punt became stuck and rotated in slow circles to roars of delight from the men lining the rails. Despite the efforts of its crew, the punt continued to circle endlessly, the mules wearing a look of deep resignation to the task ahead.

The rhythm of the headquarters continued to the clatter of typewriters. Bridges and White worked closely to draft 1 Division's operation order for the assault, sitting around a circular table referring to the square map spread in front of them and a large plaster model scaled to the map. Bridges pointed to the high ground of Chunuk Bair which dropped in stages down to Baby 700 as both men noted the placement of enemy trenches and batteries along Z Beach. They knew their best option lay in reaching the shore in darkness before the gunners could register clear targets. While they did not know the exact position of the enemy machine-gun teams, they expected them to be cleverly sited to enfilade the approaches. The model clearly showed the dominance of the Gaba Tepe garrison. Bridges expressed his preference for an assault from the land—a company from the covering force performing a right hook once it had landed and attacking from the dominant spur inland. A camp of tents was located just inland suggesting a reserve company location and the potential for heavy fighting. That afternoon Bridges invited key staff members, including Birdwood, on a stroll to Mudros village and up a hill where they looked out over the harbour and the hundred ships riding at anchor. There they discussed the impending operation in freedom, out of earshot of junior officers and clerks.

The New Zealand and Australian Division's intelligence officer, Major Shawe, had secured a boat to take him to *Minnewaska* to call on Major Villiers-Stuart. With intelligence

reports arriving constantly, he and his brother intelligence officers had begun to feel mounting concern at the efficiency of the enemy's nocturnal construction. Staff Sergeant John McLennan and the officers working on the tables around him were as yet unaware of the loss of E.15 and the colossal impact of the submarine's demise on their fate. The plaster model, the updated maps and reports on the peninsula told McLennan that, once they landed, life would be very difficult. He and his mates in the headquarters staff would be expected to type and compile paperwork under gunfire and act with *sangfroid* in front of their senior officers:

I don't know what arrangements have been made with regard to the Headquarters future movements, but I think it will involve a fair amount of discomfort. However, I am feeling quite fit to take anything on and my experience at Mena was enough to get me used to the hardest fare that I could ever get.

With the release of Birdwood's Operation Order No. 1, the divisional staff were in a position to publish their own orders. Bridges' Operation Order No. 1 was a clear departure from the robust plans of 13 April charted by Hamilton and dependent on the now contradicted earlier estimates of the enemy. The orders opened with details of new enemy concentrations:

In view of the reported presence of guns in square 212 L and M, and of troops in the PEREN OVASI VALLEY, the covering force will have to advance and occupy the ridge . . . in square 212, towards the crest in square 238 Q and V.

No longer were the ANZAC forces to attack across the peninsula and cut the Boghali road near the high ground of Mal Tepe. Both Birdwood and Bridges, having absorbed Major Villiers-Stuart's careful briefings, had adjusted the ANZAC objectives in light of the strength of the enemy forces arrayed against them. Bridges intended the ANZAC forces to land north of Gaba Tepe and occupy the heights covering the beach as a preliminary to further operations. Nowhere were grid references used to describe Z Beach; the landing sites were flexible and could be changed depending on the level of opposition. This would allow the landing force to test the strength of enemy opposition before a possible advance inland.

The danger in Bridges' plan, however, was that any interruption to the carefully planned disembarkation schedule would expose his covering force to attack by an enemy in superior numbers with overwhelming artillery support. The covering force would therefore be followed immediately by the main force: three echelons of twelve transports with four ships from each discharging their men and material somewhere north of Gaba Tepe. It was critical that this main force arrive promptly to support the covering force. Bridges' divisional orders were distributed to his brigade commanders the following day and provided greater detail, including direct reference to aerial intelligence on Turkish units likely to oppose the landing.

The intelligence staff continued to search for evidence on the state of the enemy's morale. Would enemy resistance crumble once they came face to face with men from Australia and New Zealand? Their only report on the Turkish psyche was a national character 'assassination' written by a British member of parliament who made no attempt to disguise his deep-seated prejudices:

Studies of certain Turkish Types

Sir Mark Sykes, M.P.

It is probable that staff officers may come in contact with many varying types of Moslems in the present operations, and a study of the differing mentality of the various classes may be of some assistance. The object of this memorandum is to enable an officer to gauge the character of those whom he may meet in spite of the difficulties of language.

In the first place it is essential to realise that education has placed an almost unbridgeable gulf between Turks of the official and non-official classes, just as tradition and religion have completely severed Christians and Mohammedans.

The Turk of the official classes whether civil or military, is a person who has never had contact with any work of a productive kind, he knows nothing of business or of any employment other than the routines of an office, he has no relations nor friends except other officials, his literature is a meagre press, his education has been slovenly and formal, and his home is disorderly and dull, and his life has been spent in a continued round of spying, corruption and intrigue.

The official Turk is a wanderer with no fixed abode, his salary is only paid at rare intervals and in varying amounts, his life is one without purpose or hope of doing anything useful.

The irregular semi-western education accorded in Turkish State schools has a deplorable effect on Moslems. The education robs them in the better part of the creeds which inculcate honesty and sobriety, yet leaves them as overbearing and ruthless as a primitive fanatic.

The slovenly discipline of the schools and the want

of any physical exercise or of female society puts a premium on unnatural and solitary vice.

Therefore in dealing with Turks of the official classes it is important that a European should be on his guard against deceptive appearances.

Men of good address, charming manners, and apparent sincerity may be a veritable white sepulchre, capable of colossal crimes and unchecked by moral sense or scruple of any kind.

Turks of the younger generation are even less reliable than their immediate predecessors, and have often an even stronger veneer of Europeanism.

The men of ANZAC ignored the report and it was filed and forgotten. They would see clear evidence of Turkish industry and bravery on a daily basis once the campaign began.

Private John Fisher and his D Company mates aboard *Clan McGillivray* did not realise that their fate had been sealed with Operation Order No. 1. *Clan McGillivray* would disgorge her troops—allocated to A Echelon—soon after 5.00 o'clock on the morning of the landing. In the meantime, John Fisher's company was ordered to report in full marching order for yet another practice assault. By now, the ANZAC soldiers were learning to move efficiently in and out of boats while fully equipped, the chalk markings on the deck denoting assembly points. C Company stood in ranks on the transport's forward deck ready for inspection. Webbing was checked to ensure that each man carried his kit as stipulated in the 1906 military pamphlet. Scrambling nets were lowered over the side and sections were ordered to ease themselves over the railing. Fisher was an oarsman and sat on the outside bench of the boat looking rearward as he pulled, a position that would prevent him hunching down

on the bottom of the craft as it neared the shore under fire during the landing in two days' time.

During the practice, however, the boats were tied together in strings of three or four and towed towards the shore by a steamboat with Royal Navy sailors stoking the furnace. On command, the ropes were untied and the lifeboats raced ashore and grounded on the shingle. The men leapt out laughing, waded forward, formed extended lines and began skirmishing against a non-existent enemy. John Fisher paused to study the unique topography of Lemnos—snow-capped hills rising from the blue of the Mediterranean. He later noted in his diary that he saw a tiny village nestled in a green valley, its small, white-painted buildings capped with red-tiled roofs contrasting with the lush verdant meadows of the mountains behind. Compared to the towns in the east of Victoria, they presented a riot of colour.

Ark Royal arrived in Mudros harbour mid-afternoon after successfully assisting in the destruction of an enemy magazine. The carrier's commander noted changes in the harbour—there were now few berths where the vessels were not pressed closely together.

The rhythm of No. 3 Squadron continued unabated under mounting pressure to secure information on enemy defences prior to the landings. Commander Charles Samson signed the flight reports for the day: one spotting flight, one camera flight, two enemy aircraft patrols and six reconnaissance flights, four of which were in support of E.15. Samson himself flew two missions, the second to assist *Prince George*. The mission was unsuccessful, *Prince George's* gunfire proving inaccurate and ineffective even with aerial spotting. Samson dropped two 100-pound bombs on concealed batteries but

also missed his mark and returned to his squadron frustrated, galled by his failure to hit the battery.

Lieutenant Thomson's reconnaissance flight with his more senior observer, Major Hogg, identified more encampments of immediate interest to the ANZAC forces and further justified Birdwood's cautious orders. One camp of twenty tents was close to Z Beach—inland from the Gaba Tepe garrison and sited behind the protective bulk of Third Ridge. Outside Maidos, Hogg identified eighty white tents which he speculated was probably a headquarters, partially obscured from the air by an orchard of fruit trees. Further south, but an easy march from Z Beach, Hogg noted a regiment-sized camp along the spurs and west bank of the Jessoi stream. He counted 450 khaki-coloured bell tents. He shouted in the ear of Lieutenant Thomson and they banked suddenly and dropped two bombs on the camp. The detonation ripped through the tents and little brown figures scattered in all directions.

The discovery of the three camps proved beyond doubt that the area south of Gaba Tepe was populated by over 30,000 enemy soldiers, a total that included the large camps at Boghali. Worse for the ANZACs, the enemy could easily attack from both sides in a pincer movement. Over forty enemy guns were arrayed against an advance and most of the batteries on the Kilid Bahr plateau were in effective range. Returning the next day, Major Hogg discovered that the large camp he bombed at Jessoi had been struck overnight. He had no idea of its new location.

Admiral John de Robeck and his staff were determined to prevent the Turks salvaging E.15. Two submarines, two destroyers and *Majestic* and *Triumph* made repeated attempts to sink the stranded vessel. But the Turks had anticipated the Allies' need to destroy their prize and maintained accurate

fire against any ship that attempted to come within range 'with such a shower of shell that it was impossible to get within 12,000 yards of the target'.

The EMS continued to attack through the night. Two steam pinnaces were sent to destroy the captured submarine where two battleships had failed. Under the cloak of darkness one boat from *Vengeance* with Lieutenant Commander Robinson in charge and a second boat from *Triumph* under Lieutenant Godwin, both manned by volunteer crews, dodged the fingers of probing searchlights and slipped into the bay. They had difficulty locating the submarine in the inky black waters, its silhouette camouflaged against the cliffs, and were eventually caught in the glare of a powerful searchlight and subject to an intense bombardment. The searchlight also caught E.15, sharpening its silhouette. Godwin's pinnace was hit and sunk in a storm of projectiles with one man killed. The survivors struggled in the water and were picked up by Robinson's boat which steamed towards the target and launched a torpedo that struck E.15 amidships and broke its back.

The news of the destruction of E.15 on Kephez Point reached HMA Submarine AE2 on the day it sailed for Mudros, ready for action. The news of E.15's loss was a personal blow; the submarine community was a small fraternity.

AE2 had initially joined the Dardanelles patrol guarding the mouth of the straits in case the German ships *Goeben* and *Breslau* sortied into the Mediterranean. The Australian submarine was now the largest and most modern submarine of the flotilla and to her had fallen the task of penetrating the Dardanelles. AE2's commander, Commander Stoker, made light of the risks ahead for the benefit of his crew:

It was only in the English papers one gathered how easily and quickly the way to Constantinople would be forced; the men who were going to do the work had no false ideas on the subject. But knowledge of the dangers and difficulties ahead did not prevent the whole subject being lightly talked of. We submariners decided that the submarines must, of course, be the first vessels to arrive in Constantinople, and so stations were made out for sacking the city. The captain of the submarine was immediately to proceed in search of rare and precious gems; the second officer was to inspect the ladies of the harem, during which the third officer would engage the Chief Eunuch in polite conversation. That the fall of Constantinople did not take place may partly be attributed to the lack of patriotism of the third officers of submarines, who, it is regrettable to record, showed a great distaste for the duty allotted to them.

Sunday 18 April 1915

Sunrise: 0453

Sunset: 1743

Moonrise: 0702

Moonset: 2127

Light winds from north east/overcast misty and hazy/
calm sea/64 degrees.

The *askers* had learned to prepare for early morning bombing raids. The men of 27 Regiment had pulled down their tents before dawn and marched to the coastline, camping in the shade and under cover of an olive grove close to the Gaba Tepe garrison. Platoons cooked their porridge with eyes fixed on their cooking fires and on the horizon. Sentries

were detailed to scan for any signs of an attack and to ring a warning bell. Every morning and afternoon the enemy flew overhead forcing Colonel Sefik Aker to order his men to dig trenches around the new camp to provide shelter from air raids.

The Rumpler was now prepared for a bombing mission of its own, its pilot briefed to attack the British aerodrome on Tenedos and destroy enemy aircraft on the ground. The aircraft was loaded with three 12-pound bombs in racks beside the pilot. The bombs had been bought from British munitions factories before the war which, declared the Turks, made the task of returning them doubly delicious. The Rumpler took off in the cold morning air and circled as it climbed to a safe height. Flying over the straits the pilot turned his aircraft out to sea and towards Tenedos Island. At 6000 feet and in the clear light of the early morning, the pilot hoped to catch the enemy with his aircraft grouped prior to the daily rituals of pre-mission servicing. Lining up his target, the pilot released his bombs over the aerodrome. They fell and landed without the reassuring crack of detonation. They were duds.

Despite the cancellation of leave and the clear report of gunfire across the water, one or two determined ANZACs continued to sneak into town looking for a drink. Charles Bean had heard that soldiers still managed to jump ship, possibly in the small boats selling goods alongside the transports, and that several had caused trouble by trying to pick fights with British sailors on liberty. Bean laid much of the blame at the feet of the naval administrator for his lack of control on the island:

Little booths have gone up in the vacant spaces along the roadside selling postcards, and chocolate figs and drinks. Almost all the refreshment shops seem to sell cognac, beer, wines and as far as one could see without any sort of control although a British admiral is in command of the island. Some young fools belonging to the 7 Battalion were on shore last night and got drunk on beer. They were creating a great deal of trouble.

ANZAC headquarters received a stern rebuke from the naval governor, Admiral Wemyss, in a letter sent through naval channels, via MEF headquarters, and on to *Minnewaska*:

Much drunkenness among Australians on shore with which military police is unable to cope. Urgently request that shore leave be restricted as soon as possible. Have received no reply to my request sent on your behalf that Army Service Corps on shore be called upon to help policing. Military police at present consists of one sergeant and two men.

A terse note from Braithwaite, MEF Chief of Staff, which was appended to the letter, acknowledged that ANZAC headquarters must 'deal with this matter'. This was an embarrassment to the corps, particularly as the men had yet to establish a fighting reputation. The soldiers were from John Fisher's battalion and had been ashore practising skirmishing when a number had stayed behind to enjoy the hospitality of the booths along the roadside. For many of these men it would be their last drink.

Birdwood followed his instructions to his corps with a simple set of orders that included a detailed explanation

for 1 Division.⁶ The orders were divided into three distinct phases: the landing and securing as large a beachhead as possible; the landing of the whole corps; and a possible advance to cut the roads leading to Maidos depending on the strength of opposition. Birdwood's simplest order was based on the level of enemy resistance: 'be guided by the situation as to whether you make a further advance, or consolidate your position.' Birdwood's orders to the New Zealand and Australian Division were also based on conditionality: 'Further orders will be issued regarding the scope of operations which must depend on the situation at the time.'

The general nature of the direction allowed Bridges to determine his own course of action. Birdwood pointed out that the presence of enemy artillery batteries and the large enemy encampments in the olive groves of the Peren Ovasi valley south of Gaba Tepe would require him to secure a defensive position on the dominant Third Ridge. He had made key changes to Hamilton's orders of 13 April which amounted to the recognition that Z Beach could no longer be considered lightly defended. The conditions had changed dramatically: the enemy had dragged forward batteries and was concentrated in force on either side of the ANZAC force's direction of advance. The lodgement itself was likely to engage large enemy reinforcements and prevent these same enemy battalions interfering with the main landing of 29 Division at Cape Helles.

Under Bridges' Operation Order No. 1, his three brigades were to establish a defensive line with 2 Brigade following the covering force and taking the left flank towards Fisherman's Hut.⁷ The men of 1 Brigade were to

⁶ See Appendix G for a copy of 'Instructions GOC Australian Division'.

⁷ See Appendix H for a copy of the operational order.

form the reserve located just south of Anzac Cove. Further orders would be issued once Divisional Headquarters had disembarked. Bridges' first and primary mission was consolidation before the expected enemy attacks from his left and right flanks could materialise. Z Beach was given a wide frontage of over 4000 yards from Fisherman's Hut to Gaba Tepe which included Anzac Cove at the very centre of the arc: 'The Division will land between Kapa Tepe and Fisherman's Hut . . . Transports will be anchored in four berths. The beach will be divided into eight landing places.' This broad frontage provided a measure of flexibility, allowing the corps to avoid landing in a sector with hidden artillery batteries or machine-guns. A headquarters communication unit would establish itself in the centre of Z Beach, within Anzac Cove itself.

General Bridges' diary noted the race to distribute the orders to the brigades as Birdwood had ordered the assault for Wednesday 21 April: the approach would occur during the night of Tuesday 20 April with lodgement early the next morning. The moon was a waxing crescent and would set just before 1.00 a.m. The covering force would have four hours and twenty minutes of darkness to assault its objective.

Privates Dick, Harry and Sid of the three musketeers comprised a small part of the larger unfolding drama on *Minnewaska* and had been detailed as oarsmen to row battalion staff to the divisional briefing. The briefing would take two to three hours and the oarsmen were granted leave on Lemnos. Dick enjoyed his last glass of wine:

Sunday, I went with a boat's crew over to the *Minnewaska*, a beautiful big liner, on which was the divisional headquarters staff. The officer we were taking over

wasn't returning for two or three hours so he gave us permission to go ashore and have a look around. We pulled over to the largest village and landed at a small wharf which had just been built. What a heterogeneous collection of men were here. British and French sailors. Turcos and Greek Soldiers, all in their different uniforms. It is not often one could get the opportunity of seeing such a mixed collection of men and it was most interesting comparing and contrasting the different types. Harry Davies and I strolled about through the village, which consisted of one street a hundred yards long . . . It is a quaint out of the world spot right off the beaten track. We went into a tavern which was just the right kind of place one reads of in novels cast in Italy or Greece. We had some wine which was very good.

Bridges and White defined the task ahead with sublime clarity: cover the disembarkation with a rapid advance to disable enemy batteries and destroy the garrison on Gaba Tepe.

The French Oriental Expeditionary Corps under General d'Amade was to conduct a short-term landing or a feint rather than a demonstration like the Royal Naval Division which would remain aboard its transports. The French were to draw the enemy into battle in order to confuse Liman von Sanders and to prevent the movement of enemy troops across the straits to interfere with the main attack by 29 Division or ANZAC's lodgement on Z Beach. Orders directed the French to land on the southern Asiatic shore in front of Kum Kale and to engage the attention of hostile troops. French Admiral Emile Guepratte was instructed to simultaneously demonstrate with his warships off Besika Bay.

Both ANZAC and the French Divisions were to conduct key supporting roles. They were to land in the face of superior forces and commit them to battle. The French plan differed from ANZAC in one significant way: they were to pull away once they had achieved their objective. The ANZACs would remain.

The Rumpler arrived over the aerodrome on Tenedos in a visible challenge to the Royal Naval Air Service's accustomed air superiority. The bombing from 6000 feet was accurate, missing the aerodrome by just over twenty yards. Davies and an aircraftman with a Lewis gun went after the Rumpler, but their veteran MF1241 was unable to catch the German aircraft with its superior height and speed. After a quick debrief on the enemy aircraft's likely point of origin, a patrol was mounted to keep watch and attack if the Rumpler dared to return. At 10.30 a.m. Davies and Collet took MF1241 up again with three 112-pound bombs in racks under the fuselage, flying up the straits, over the stricken E.15 and towards Channakale. They released their bombs over the aerodrome but failed to hit the main shed where the machine was stored. They returned home and waited for their aircraft's engine to be serviced before they could mount another attempt in the afternoon.

The afternoon raid proved far more successful, and a 112-pound bomb detonated next to the main shed containing the Rumpler. Fuel and oil inside burst into flame and the Rumpler was caught in the conflagration along with vital stores for two aircraft awaiting parts from Germany. The British aviators were jubilant: Turkish 1 Aircraft Company was effectively grounded. On the dusty aerodrome on Tenedos, Lieutenant Bertie Isaac recorded both the enemy air

raid and the destruction of the enemy airfield at Channakale. Enemy camps were still a favourite target as bombing produced instant results:

German aeroplane (aviatic) flies directly over camp at 7.30am at 6,000 feet. And drops three bombs, but missed us, no one was hurt. The nearest being twenty yards away. Davies gave chase but never caught up to it. Davies and Collet again go up over enemy's camp and drop bombs over them setting camp on fire. They did some damage also to enemy aeroplane sheds near Channakale. Commander goes out in afternoon to drop bombs which fall in middle of some cavalry on road East of Krithia.

Later, a reconnaissance flight flew over Boghali village and turned inland from the ANZAC's sphere of operations. Two new camps were being constructed below and were described from the air as capable of accommodating six battalions in tents and huts covering an area of a quarter of a square mile. The camps were allocated a grid reference and entered in the first paragraph of the report for 18 April 1915.

Ark Royal's seaplanes had not been involved in their usual scrapes over enemy lines and devoted their time to preparing for their coming operations in support of the ANZAC forces. Commander Clark-Hall had been embarrassed by the performance of his seaplanes and fervently hoped that they would operate at their optimum level in support of soldiers packed into boats going ashore under fire.

Birdwood and Bridges were keen to meet the aircrew of *Ark Royal* and were invited to a joint conference and dinner

aboard *Queen Elizabeth*. The invitation to dine with two Generals and a Rear Admiral was a rare event. Commander Clark-Hall took as his guests two of his most experienced, albeit junior, airmen, Lieutenants Harry Strain and William Park. The generals were particularly keen to meet the men who had flown over the hinterland of Z Beach. Harry Strain recorded this unusual event in his diary:

In the evening just when I was having my cocktail before dinner another message came that I was to repair on board the military headquarters ship at once . . . I got there and everybody was at dinner and they had kept a place for me amongst all the fat generals. It was a good dinner but I hadn't time to eat much as all asked me so many questions that I had to talk all the time. Then we went up to the saloon and had a great pow wow as to what the seaplanes were going to be doing in the coming landing—it was very interesting and apparently they depend upon us enormously . . . we land 30,000 up by Gaba Tepe and from the camps, guns and trenches already discovered we should have a pretty hot time to make a good footing.

MEF headquarters intelligence section on *Arcadian* had questioned local Greek merchants and smugglers who had either worked or traded on the peninsula. Those who appeared to have sound local knowledge were now attached to divisional headquarters to assist the advance from the beachhead to the primary objectives. On board *Minnewaska*, Major Charles Villiers-Stuart interviewed his guides to garner further information. He had some prior experience following native guides in Afghanistan and was aware of the importance of testing their motivation. He regarded these

particular guides as decidedly untrustworthy although they hated the Turks intensely. Seated at the same table, Staff Sergeant McLennan kept the planning maps up to date and distributed reports to the brigades:

Just the same as last Sunday, only more work. Received more particulars of the preparations made by the Turks, including sketch of the forts and trenches at Helles.

CHAPTER 10

19–21 April 1915

A waxing moon

Monday 19 April 1915

Begin Civil Twilight: 0505

Sunrise: 0533

Sun Transit: 1215

Sunset: 1857

End Civil Twilight: 1925

Moonrise: 0802

Moonset: 0004 on 20 April

Phases of moon on 19 April: waxing crescent with 21 per cent of moon's disc illuminated.

Light breeze from the east/blue sky with clouds and mist or haze/69 degrees/sea calm.

BRITISH E-15 LOST IN DARDANELLES

An official statement issued in Constantinople says: The British submarine E-15 has been sunk in the Dardanelles east of Karanlik. Three officers and twenty-one

men of the crew of the thirty-one were rescued by the Turks. Among them was the former British Vice Consul at Dardanelles.

In response to press reporting, the Secretary of the Admiralty released an official announcement that E.15 had been lost while attempting a difficult reconnaissance of the Kephez minefield. The communiqué stated that the officers and men had been rescued and taken prisoner. The Admiralty was at pains to disguise the fact that the boat had been attempting to penetrate the Dardanelles prior to the landings. Unknown to the Admiralty, the Turks had a far better source of information on the submarine's mission.

The sailors from E.15 were marched under guard along the coast road to the port of Channakale and the headquarters building. For Lieutenant Charles Palmer, the walk past familiar places was excruciating. He was relieved that the streets were free of civilians as he was frightened that one of his formerly close Turkish friends would recognise him. The shelling of Channakale had devastated the town and Palmer noticed houses blown open to the street, their once private courtyards now open to public view, their spreading trees standing forlornly stripped of branches.

Palmer and his fellow crew members were taken past the pier and the promenade where he used to enjoy views and waterside dining. The pretty cafe now lay ruined, its smashed furniture in an untidy pile. Crockery crunched under his shoes. The captive group turned towards the centre of town leaving Palmer without a glimpse of his old residence. From the destruction he had seen so far he doubted it remained standing.

Once inside the headquarters, the submariners' names and

ranks were taken and the interrogation began. The Turkish officer in charge started with the three officers whom he assumed would have a clearer understanding of the enemy's plans. He was eager for the men to reveal the plans for the landing and save Turkey from humiliation at the hands of a powerful enemy. One of the officers had previously told his interrogators his name was Charles Palmer—the name of the former British Vice Consul and notorious spy. He was taken aside and questioned at length as his presence out of uniform in a British submarine was clearly a sign that he was attempting to continue his clandestine work. Palmer argued at length that he was a British officer and not a spy. With a shrug the Turkish officer told Palmer that, based on the evidence of his capture, he would be tried and hung as a spy according to the articles of war. The interrogator took great delight in delivering the message in the most casual tone he could muster.

Charles Palmer knew the Turkish officer was speaking the truth. Later he was paraded before Djevad Bey, commander of the garrison. They were well acquainted and the look of surprise on the commander's face was genuine. Djevad was appalled that Palmer, having lived and worked in this once beautiful town under diplomatic protection, should return in a British submarine. Palmer felt his own sense of betrayal. The kindly Djevad Bey sat behind his desk and slowly and deliberately pronounced the sentence of death for espionage. There was nothing more to be said as the verdict was correct, the formality appropriate and Palmer was going to die. While certainly a spy deserved the ignominy of a noose, the thought of a bungled execution hung heavily on Palmer's mind. The sentence was read out first in Turkish then in German for the benefit of German officers who stood as witnesses. They smiled wolfishly at the demise of this hated individual.

Returning to his darkened cell crammed with the survivors of E.15, Charles Palmer felt terribly alone. There was little space in the dark, cramped cell and the whole floor was taken up with the groaning wounded. There was no morphine and the men had to bear their pain as best they could. The lucky few who had escaped injury stood in a corner and spoke in hushed tones. Palmer called for the guard and requested a private audience with Djevad Bey. He could not look his former comrades in the eye. Later that evening he was escorted once again to the headquarters building under close guard.

The delay in announcing a date for the landing was threatening the ANZAC planning process. Of all the lodgements, that of the ANZAC forces was the most time sensitive as it depended on the moon setting to allow the covering force ashore in darkness. Each day's delay effectively cost the men of ANZAC over thirty minutes of darkness. On 19 April two separate conferences were convened to finalise the plans for the ANZAC landing. The first gathering was a joint naval and army conference held that morning aboard Vice Admiral de Robeck's flagship *Queen Elizabeth*. The second conference was convened for the benefit of the two divisions comprising ANZAC. The soldiers whose fate was the subject of the prolonged discussion continued with their shipboard routines, mucking out stables if they were not detailed for disembarkation practice.

The ANZACs knew that their days of practice were rapidly running out. Badges and khaki slouch hats were collected from the men and they were issued the round British field service caps in an attempt to persuade the Turks to misidentify them as British soldiers. Charles Bean noted the

increased activity aboard *Minnewaska*, recording his observations on the growing sense of purpose sweeping the men:

There is a stir in the ship today; a conference of colonels and brigadiers aboard here and a conference of the highest authorities on the *Arcadian*. All this week the staff have been at work down in the saloon and up in the divisional HQ and Army Corps HQ offices on either side of the staircase (formerly the lounge and drawing room) working out on maps the position of the enemy's trenches as reported to us every day by aeroplanes. The enemy of course know we are here . . . we know that the Turks are entrenching; everyday you hear of new works, or their progress, and then that they are completed.

While the senior officers were hunting for a solution to their more persistent dilemmas, some of their men were stirring for a different reason—hunting the lice that infested their unchanged, stinking clothing. Dick, Sid and Harry of the three musketeers sat in a small circle in the morning sunlight chasing the little insects along the seams of their shirts:

Lice hunting. Then hard at it on fatigue work all day. Taking in sand bags, barbed wire & timber & sending out ammunition. About 20 men from the artillery came on board and were hard at it all day screwing fuse caps on 18 pounder shrapnel shells. This looks a bit more like business. Finished up work about half past eleven & had a warm bath in a bucket before I went to bed.

At the 10.00 o'clock conference that morning, while Dick Bulkeley was hunting through his shirt for lice, Hamilton sat

with his divisional commanders and fixed the attack for the morning of 23 April. Bridges argued for an earlier date but was frustrated by the shortage of boats, the landing delayed by the necessity to await the arrival of a flotilla of small craft purchased locally and gradually assembling in Mudros harbour. Under Hamilton's plan, the ANZAC forces were not to assault simultaneously alongside the other landings and feints conducted by MEF divisions; instead the ANZACs were to silently seize Z Beach and hold the ridge line before the other MEF divisions approached their own landing sites.

The naval orders for Rear Admiral Thursby's 2 Squadron in support of ANZAC had been presented to Birdwood and Bridges. The orders were comprehensive, listing ships, transports and orders of disembarkation of the Army Corps. The covering force of 1500 men would land from three warships in twelve strings of boats pulled by steam pinnaces. The remainder of the covering force would land in shallow draft destroyers in the second wave.

The first twelve tows were to land across a broad frontage with 150 yards between each tow, covering a total of 1800 yards. A tow comprised a line of four wooden boats pulled by a steam-powered pinnacle. Each wooden boat would carry 125 men plus machine-guns and entrenching tools. On the left, the warship *London* would guard the northern flank in sector Z8, with *Prince of Wales* in the middle and *Queen* on the southern flank in sector Z1. The positions of these ships were pencilled on the ANZAC planning maps, the scribbling staff officers noting that *London* was to anchor opposite Anzac Cove. Following the landing of the covering force, the transports carrying the main force were to disembark the men in four berths either side of the battleships.

When the signal was given to disembark troops, the boats would come alongside and the men would clamber

into them as quickly as possible. The right flank guarded by *Queen* would land its boats 1800 yards north of the enemy garrison of Gaba Tepe. Half a mile further to the north, *Prince of Wales* would land her boats at the intervals listed in the orders. *London's* boats were to land another 900 yards north of *Prince of Wales* and would mark the northernmost flank of the landing including the frontage of Anzac Cove.

The ANZAC southern or right flank was only 1900 yards from the batteries dug into the limestone of Gaba Tepe. Without the cover of darkness they would attract enfilade fire on their exposed flank—they effectively occupied the centre of the killing zone. The broad frontage of Z Beach allowed room to manoeuvre to avoid points of resistance and the orders contained no mention of identifying grid squares providing a welcome degree of flexibility.

The naval orders reinforced the critical importance of a stealthy approach to the enemy-held coast. The covering force was to attempt the landing in complete silence:

The attention of the squadron is called to the vital importance for the success of the expedition that no lights are shown and no noise made. Smoking will not be allowed after midnight. All oars are to be muffled. Special attention must be paid to preventing flaming from the funnels of steamboats, or showing of lights from their engine rooms or stokeholds. Picket boats will have maxim guns mounted in the foremost position.

Shaded lamps and orders to use light sparingly were clear indicators of a disciplined night-time assault. Landing under the guns of Gaba Tepe meant that surprise was the key to a successful assault of the beachhead.

Unlike the two naval demonstrations, the French feint on Kum Kale and the British 29 Division's attack on Cape Helles, the assault on Z Beach would not be preceded by a naval bombardment. Birdwood was aware of the limited success of naval gunfire in destroying entrenched shore batteries. He knew also that use of a naval barrage would force him to delay his attack until there was enough light for the naval gunners to register their targets. Birdwood's plan favoured a silent night attack achieving surprise over a preliminary dawn bombardment and noisy daylight attack. Surprise is a key characteristic in warfare. If the landing was to succeed, it must take place while enemy observation was obscured by darkness. Once the light was sufficient for both sides to engage their guns, Thursby's squadron planned to use the Royal Naval Air Service seaplanes on *Ark Royal* and the balloon on *Manica* to conduct artillery spotting until the Army Corps' own artillery officers and batteries were established ashore.

Birdwood and Bridges had been briefed by Major Villiers-Stuart on the previous day's aerial report of the location of the two vast camps outside Boghali. Gaining the shore with two hours of darkness to consolidate the beachhead was the cornerstone of the operation and represented a clever tactic. Birdwood recorded his private doubts and reservations over a daylight disembarkation in the face of strong opposition:

I hope my advance may not be checked, and that we may be able to shove through and gain the first ridge, which is about three quarters of a mile from the shore. I shall hope to secure the whole of the hill and entrench myself, when I shall feel pretty secure of holding my own against anything that comes against me, and if possible, I shall hope to shove in the direction of Mal Tepe.

I have great hopes of my being able to effect my first landing in the dark without any great opposition, but I am afraid we may come in for a baddish time of it when it gets light.

The Australian Division had practised its daily disembarkation drills and now watched as the New Zealand and Australian Division took its turn. Monash's infantry brigade, the Field Artillery Brigade and howitzer battery began their exercises at 9.00 a.m.

At 5.00 o'clock the ANZAC brigade and battalion officers attended the afternoon conference and were given their orders for an attack on 23 April. Bridges explained his orders to his colonels and outlined his expectations of each: Operation Order No. 1 to the 1 Australian Division; the Instructions to the Covering Force; and Operation Order No. 1 to the New Zealand and Australian Division. Any advance towards Mal Tepe and Maidos was now regarded as likely to endanger the Army Corps and thus excluded from orders. The ANZAC forces would achieve the same aim of interdicting the movement of enemy reinforcements towards Cape Helles by establishing a beachhead. The orders to 1 Division concentrated on the securing of a defensive perimeter before the division in Boghali and the regiment in the olive grove south of Maidos could respond.

General Bridges' instructions to Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan, who commanded the covering force, were the work of a military practitioner far ahead of his time. His orders were simple and clear. He listed several batteries that dominated the beaches north of Gaba Tepe and identified each set of trench works, giving each a grid reference on the large squared map and describing their respective locations

while pointing to their positions. The men of 3 Brigade were tasked with capturing these batteries and with attacking the Gaba Tepe garrison from an inland route.⁸

Bridges continued his detailed brief, stating that the covering force would assault the beach and attack the batteries under cover of darkness. There was to be no wildness, no shooting into the blackness as each man would carry his rifle unloaded. Instead, Bridges gave orders that the men were to use the point of the bayonet and kill the enemy silently, in medieval fashion, both on the high ground and in the trenches. This would have the twin bonus of reducing the risk of a weapon prematurely discharging in the boats during the approach and of conserving ammunition for the later, bigger battles that were inevitable. The men tasked with overrunning the batteries were given detailed instructions on methods of immobilising and destroying Krupp field guns.

Bridges then turned his attention to the commanders of 1 and 2 Brigades, describing the heights and ridge lines above and across Anzac Cove which were their primary objective. He tapped the plaster model and pointed to Third Ridge. He told them of the two parallel trenches covering the beach and the number of known enemy camps they would have to overrun before they assaulted Third Ridge. The disembarkation of the main body was scheduled for 5.00 a.m. once the covering force had secured its objectives including destruction of the Gaba Tepe garrison. Bridges further added that they should expect a level of confusion and that it was imperative that, once landed, the brigades should form up as one body and push inland. A safe place to rendezvous would be selected by the intelligence officer

⁸ See Appendix I for 'Instructions to Officer Commanding Covering Force'.

on the morning once the landing had been effected. Bridges refused to tie his brigade commanders to an arbitrary point on the map.

For Bridges, the key point was flexibility. He was fully aware that the enemy was prepared and waiting and, as a consequence, his orders did not define the landing zone with grid references or any description of the beach, tying it to a place and timetable that invited failure. Instead, Bridges and White boldly entrusted the selection of the beach landing zones to the two intelligence officers: Majors Villiers-Stuart and Glasfurd. These officers were ordered to land with the first wave of the covering force and select forming-up places and rendezvous, to be marked with coloured flags. The key was to get the men ashore alive and ready to fight rather than follow a timetable that would leave most of them dead in the sea.

Ultimately, the phases and illumination of the moon would dictate timings for the landing. The landing force had to approach after moonset and before dawn avoiding first light which would silhouette the ships out to sea. Rear Admiral Thursby's squadron was directed to wait over the curvature of the earth (below the horizon) and approach the coast only in complete darkness. Surprise was the critical element and could be achieved with discipline—and the clever use of darkness, as Birdwood noted in his diary:

I am beginning to fear the delay may defeat my plans of being able to land as a surprise in the dark, as the moon may give away our approach.

Lord Kitchener signalled to Hamilton an extract from a report on the recent bitter fighting at the Persian port of Basra which he considered provided some indication of the

determination and morale of the Turkish troops. It was a warning that Hamilton shared with his commanders:

From Lord Kitchener

Received 5.20 pm 19 April

To Sir Ian Hamilton

No. 4109

Following extract may be of interest to you, describing the recent fighting at BASRA:

The Turkish troops were well disciplined, well trained and brave. Their machine guns had been well concealed, and were used to great effect, and their trenches were admirably situated part at 1,100 yards, and part at 800 yards, at foot of slope leading from us to them. Turks had no idea of being shot out of trenches, and had to be turned out by a charge OF THE WHOLE LINE WITH THE BAYONET. If pluck and determination of our troops, both British and Indian had not been the sternest, and if they had not been handled with initiative and decision, battle would not have been won. Trenches were captured about 4.30 pm and being so well concealed, brunt of taking them fell on the infantry.

Confusion over the quality of the Turkish fighting spirit was further increased by a series of recent military failures, particularly in the Caucasus against the Russians. A bulletin on the surrender of Turkish *askers* added to the ambiguity in the descriptions of Turkish morale. Throughout the campaign the ANZAC forces considered intelligence a priority and had assigned a number of linguists to prisoner interrogation once the beach was captured:

In view of importance of securing Turkish prisoners, both military and civilian, for the purposes of the

intelligence staff, it is desirable that, whenever possible, the surrender for such purposes should be accepted.

Experience of other fields of the War against Turkey has shown that many Turkish soldiers are serving under compulsion, and are anxious to give themselves up at the first opportunity. From these men information of great military value has often been obtained . . . An actual white flag should be regarded with the utmost suspicion as a Turkish soldier is unlikely to have anything of that colour.

While senior ANZAC officers were being briefed on the assault planned for 23 April, the air battle continued over the Gallipoli Peninsula. Two reconnaissance flights were flown, one in the morning and one in the afternoon, and a number of attempts were made to bomb enemy batteries in the area. The post-mission report sent to ANZAC caused grave concern with two new batteries of four guns identified behind the garrison at Gaba Tepe and a brigade of mobile field artillery observed outside the village of Boghali, two hours' march from Z Beach. The Turkish defence appeared to be improving daily.

The aircrew of No. 3 Squadron took enormous risks in their attempts to destroy the artillery waiting to catch the landing force at its most vulnerable. To improve their chances of hitting the guns, the pilots took to diving to low levels with their engines switched off to achieve surprise. At a thousand feet they would release their bombs, turning away before restarting the engines. A howitzer battery south of Z Beach was destroyed, a lone wheel sent spinning into the air. Next, a field gun was attacked and, although the gun escaped physical damage, the members of its trained crew were killed

and a fire was blazing among the powder charges as the aircraft pulled away. Lieutenant Butler, in a bid to improve 29 Division's knowledge of the trap that was Cape Helles, took low-level oblique pictures to persuade the British division of the strength of the enemy defences. Unlike ANZAC, 29 Division did not send its intelligence officer aloft. Lieutenant Bertie Isaac, as No. 3 Squadron's intelligence officer, was under pressure to capture every piece of information on a master map to supply to the assaulting forces:

Major Hogg gives me map with complete reconnaissance marked on it, to send to Rear Admiral tonight. This looks as if we are ready to land troops on the Peninsula at anytime. Probable landing seems to be at Helles Point, where there is a small sandy beach.

Repeated reports of enemy encampments in olive groves south of Gaba Tepe and the division-sized camps around Boghali were now a serious threat to operations.⁹ Vice Admiral de Robeck ordered *Manica's* balloon to assist bombardments of the coastal camps in the olive grove and Peren Ovasi valley. Four camps accommodating over 10,000 enemy troops were to be bombarded at dawn by over 200 naval shells.¹⁰ Herbert Hillier recorded the barrage from the safety of the deck below:

0350 hrs Gallipoli. Preliminary bombardments and reconnaissance. We are spotting gunfire for *Bacchante* [four funnel cruiser] trying to draw fire from the Turkish concealed batteries. Our fire is returned from some

⁹ See Appendix J for the Aeroplane Report dated 19 April 1915.

¹⁰ See Appendix K for de Robeck's orders for *Manica* dated 18 April 1915.

enemy batteries, but only a very small extent of those really there—as is proved later on. In some places we can see newly made lines of Turkish trenches, which are so easily discernible that our experts label them ‘duds’—cut to draw gunfire away from the real trenches and emplacements. So no shells wasted on those.

The men in the camps were caught asleep, the exploding naval shells wreaking havoc among the slumbering soldiers. Hamilton was informed of the successful bombardment of the Turkish camps, the only piece of good news amidst the growing reports on the enemy’s strength:

I believe the *Bacchante* today sent some shells onto the camp of 700 tents which is reported to be in the valley between Maidos and Gaba Tepe. There was a tremendous scattering of Turks. Just as well we did not land this morning. A hard northerly blow came up about 10 o’clock which would have made the job extraordinarily difficult.

In the evening the aircrew of No. 3 Squadron gathered in the simple comfort of their bell tents. Each tent accommodated two officers with room for folding beds, wash stands and wooden tables. Some tents boasted the luxury of carpets bought in the local markets and were decorated with framed pictures of wives and family. By the light of paraffin lamps, Jenkins, Isaac, Charles Samson’s brother Bill, and Butler the aerial photographer played bridge and drank tumblers of gin. Conversation was light with discussion of the impending attack politely ignored. The stress of low-level operations was building and quietly eating away at aircrew morale like a cancer.

On board *Ark Royal* the larger engine Sopwith seaplanes had reached the front. But the great experiment in attacking enemy shipping with torpedo-carrying seaplanes had been postponed because of a simple logistic bungle: there was no engine oil. The Whitehead torpedoes were left stacked in *Ark Royal's* hold and were useless against the enemy transports carrying reinforcements to the peninsula.

The intelligence staff on *Minnewaska* continued to collate reports and conduct briefings on the latest information. Green and white brassards were given to ANZAC's interpreters, often Greek refugees in a curious mixture of uniformed and native trousers, so they would not be mistaken for spies by their own troops and shot. Sergeant McLennan continued to plot artillery positions on the master map and to ensure that all maps across both headquarters were similarly updated. He remained well informed, recording the fate of E.15 and Lieutenant Charles Palmer without quite understanding the impact on the ANZAC landing:

One of our submarines the E.15, just arrived from Plymouth ran aground on a shoal in the Narrows. The Turks made several attempts to run it off but a party from *Triumph* ran up in two or three motor boats under circumstances of great risk and blew it up. An aeroplane did some damage at Taifur Keui blowing up one of the magazines with a 100lb bomb.

I received two maps of the peninsula today from Major Villiers-Stuart so I was able to follow things a bit more intelligently.

We have received a communication from Lord

Kitchener that makes it clear that we are not going to have a clear run up the peninsula.

Worked harder and later than ever.

ANZAC 3 Brigade's 9 Battalion was part of the covering force. All four battalions continued with their training in boat handling, assaulting the steep sandstone cliffs at Teliknea Point during the night. Soldiers chafed under the seemingly endless rituals. Corporal Thomas Ford of 9 Battalion was livid with the stupidity of military exercises:

It has sickened me completely. The routine is the same. Every preparation is done over and over again. Evenings we are kept standing in full marching order, then dismissed. On 19 April, A company [9 Battalion, 3 Brigade] practised landing. It was a laughable affair. Sergeant Polley was leading us all over the country, looking for the rest of the platoon. We would have been shot over and over again. After several attempts, the exercise was given up as a bad job so we returned to our boats about midnight.

Tuesday 20 April 1915

Light breeze (strengthening to strong wind in afternoon) from north east backing easterly/blue sky with detached clouds with mist and haze/63 degrees strong wind—a big wind rose in the night.

Begin Civil Twilight: 0503

Sunrise: 0532

Sun Transit: 1214

Sunset: 1858

End Civil Twilight: 1926

Moonrise: 0855

Moonset: 0050 on 21 April

Phases of moon on 20 April: waxing crescent with 29 per cent of moon's disc illuminated.

After his interrogation of the enemy spy, Colonel Djevad Bey sent a message to Enver Bey, Turkish Minister of War. The spy had provided valuable information on the enemy's invasion plan:

Palmer, who was the Consul at Channakale, was captured and made a prisoner of war. He was accused of being a spy for the Allied powers. Also a certificate was found in the submarine showing that Palmer was a reserve officer. But we did not tell him that we had found this certificate. Palmer was told that he was accused of being a spy, and that is why he may be executed. Because no soldier wants to be giving information openly, Palmer wanted to talk privately. So I promised him that he would be regarded as a prisoner of war. Then, he agreed to give us information.

I asked him about the Allied attack that was planned. He said that a British attack would be made against the Dardanelles with a force of 100,000 men, landing under the command of General Hamilton. According to Palmer's statement, the Allies planned to land at Gaba Tepe. But as soon as they found out that the Turks had learnt of this attack, they changed their plans concerning Gaba Tepe and Sedd el Bahr. Also they did not think their landing at Sedd el Bahr would be successful. Consequently they decided to land in the Gulf

of Saros, and the region in the northern part of the peninsula. Previously they had planned to attack Gaba Tepe, Sedd el Bahr and even Besike. To support their plans in these attacks in these regions, they needed the support of their navy. In fact they had planned to make these attacks last Monday, but they had now given up this plan. He does not have any new information about the new plan of attack.

This information has been given by the ex-consul on the condition that his life be spared under this agreement. Please do not give the origins of this information in order to ensure his safety. I have sent the prisoner of war and his goods that have been taken from the submarine, with this cipher. I beg you to accept him as a prisoner of war.

20 April 1915, The Commander of the Forts, Colonel Djevad.

The Minister of War trusted Colonel Djevad Bey—the commander who had successfully defended the straits four times. Enver Bey relayed the message to 5 Army headquarters in Gallipoli and ordered that beach observation stations be tripled in size from company to battalion strength. The report on the Allied plan confirmed General Liman von Sanders' concerns: the northern neck of the Gallipoli peninsula was vulnerable to an assault. The 5 Army commander adjusted his plans by ordering Colonel Sefik Aker to detach a battalion to watch the coast from Fisherman's Hut to Suvla Bay. He also ordered the relocation of artillery batteries further north to the village of Yeni Keui, west of Bulair, where they were to be dug in. Now he had to appoint a reserve—obviously not the three northern divisions as they would be committed to the fight once the enemy landed in

the Gulf of Saros. His only option appeared to be 19 Division at Boghali.

Liman von Sanders met 3 Corps commander Esat Pasha to discuss the military situation, grateful for the commander's easy fluency in German. He had decided that 19 Division was his best option as the 5 Army reserve and should remain in two large camps in the village of Boghali. His eight battalions of infantry and field artillery brigade at Boghali were warned of the enemy threat and placed on alert. Esat Pasha's 9 Division also had eight infantry battalions and divisional artillery dug into the Kilid Bahr plateau. Four of the division's battalions were deployed overnight to coastal positions from Suvla southwards to Cape Helles. The men of 27 Regiment, who had endured devastating attacks on their camps in the olive groves of the Peren Ovasi valley the day before, were ordered to disperse and remain hidden. They were warned of the invasion plan and stepped up their night-time exercises. The men of 25 Regiment remained ensconced, guarding the Kilid Bahr plateau in trench lines and redoubts. All units were placed on alert, stockpiling their ammunition and remaining vigilant.

At the aerodrome on Tenedos, No. 3 Squadron conducted only four morning flights before cancelling its afternoon missions because of strong winds. The camps shelled in the Peren Ovasi valley had shrunk significantly, but the aircrew were unable to determine where the troops had gone. The squadron intelligence officer had an easier day and walked across the island to the Greek village of Tenedos. Bertie Isaac had drachmae to spend after winning at bridge and planned to supplement his dinners in the mess with figs and local wine. Tired aircrew welcomed his return with an armload

of bottles and another card game was played to divert the men's thoughts from the battles ahead.

Major Villiers-Stuart and his intelligence staff worked with the maps and reports sent from the MEF intelligence section on *Arcadian*. A map of enemy positions completed on 18 April arrived in the form of an overlay that could be neatly placed over the 1:40,000 series maps to allow checks to be made. Major Villiers-Stuart placed copies across planning maps throughout *Minnewaska* and *Lutzow* and distributed the information to officers in the covering force who would be the first to face the enemy once ashore. In the hinterland, just inland from the coast north of Gaba Tepe, were five batteries with a total of eighteen guns. There were many other batteries able to bring fire onto the coast, including the covered batteries and quick firing pompom guns identified in emplacements on the promontory of Gaba Tepe itself. Camps were also located on the main roads showing the likely routes from Boghali and Maidos.

Harry, Sid and Dick were not enjoying life in the hold of the *City of Benares*:

On fatigue work all day. Got three lice on my singlet this morning. It is impossible to escape them. Had a good look at a submarine in the afternoon. She came alongside a boat laying near us & after she left the boat went out. Stacking ammunition down the hold for an hour or so after tea. The water boat, the [*Sunik*], came alongside in the evening & was there all night. Got nice & comfy in bed & it started to rain & I had to shift in & in consequence had to sleep on an iron floor. I didn't swear.

Staff Sergeant McLennan, who had a bunk bed and an electric lamp for reading at night, remained awake for different reasons. He was worrying over the fate of men like Dick, Sid and Harry, men he had never met:

More aeroplane reports have been received and the map received along with them shows that the Turks have not been idle. Emplacements, dummy emplacements, guns, dummy guns, and lines and lines of trenches and goodness knows how much barbed wire and all the other adjuncts to a successful defensive position. It only shows what a huge mistake that has been made in not despatching troops here before. For proof, the mere fact the Navy were able to land 700 marines with a total loss less than 30, is enough.

Wednesday 21 April 1915

Begin Civil Twilight: 0502

Sunrise: 0530

Sun Transit: 1214

Sunset: 1859

End Civil Twilight: 1927

Moonrise: 0954

Moonset: 0129 on 22 April

Phases of moon on 21 April: waxing crescent with 38 per cent of moon's disc illuminated.

Strong wind and heavy rain moderating later in day from North east backing east/sea rough becoming moderate/54 degrees.

Wind rising since 0700 hrs. Heavy rain. Gale conditions.

Colonel Djevad Bey was drafting a reply to an urgent request for information from Enver Bey. Djevad's telegraph

on the former Vice Consul Palmer had attracted immediate interest. Constantinople and 5 Army headquarters wanted to know exactly where the enemy was going to lodge his main thrust in the north:

The name of the region which is around the Gulf of Saros as mentioned by the ex-consul that I wrote in the cipher, is the region between Imbros and Karacali on the northern coast of the Gulf.

Liman von Sanders matched the information from the spy with reports of enemy activity from the Gulf of Saros. Two enemy battleships and two torpedo boats were currently surveying the beaches. The German commander forwarded this information to the Minister of War and turned his mind yet again to preparations for the looming conflict.

Charles Bean recorded the gathering of Australian and New Zealand officers as orders were discussed and arrangements coordinated with Thursby's 2 Squadron:

A wild wet night; raining and blowing hard this morning. Shortly after breakfast quite a considerable conference held in our saloon. The New Zealanders came over from the *Lutzow* or wherever they were. Own staff trooped down with Naval Officers, the staff of the Corps, the Commanders of our artillery brigades. There was a map on the wall and as a lecture of sorts was evidently going to take place I cleared out to the Divisional office in the lounge upstairs.

The plans for the landing were discussed in detail, including the phases of landing for the three later echelons of transports. The conference involved all senior officers and continued throughout the day with only a short break for lunch in the dining room. Later in the afternoon a signal arrived postponing the attack for twenty-four hours and moving the assault on Z Beach to Saturday morning 24 April. The men were still unaware of the date of the landing and the precise location of the beach they were going to assault and preferred to exercise their wits escaping the monotony of life aboard the transports and slipping into the cafes and grog shops ashore. Two members of the Divisional Train (logistics unit), who perhaps were more aware of preparations than the infantry soldiers, were reported absent: 218 Pte F. Howard and 1100 Pte J. Matheson. A report on their absence noted, 'It is believed the two men lowered themselves into a native boat and presumably were rowed to Lemnos Island.' In response, Headquarters 1 Division rotated a picket of one officer, two NCOs and twelve men for patrol duty ashore in the village of Mudros until the night of departure.

Birdwood, perhaps prompted by his experience of soldiering in India, ordered the printing of proclamations to be posted in villages on the Gallipoli Peninsula occupied by his troops. The ANZACs were to be made aware of the importance of respecting Islam and the possessions of families still living in Boghali and Anafarta villages:

General Officer Commanding Army Corps wishes Divisional Commanders to impress on all ranks that the inhabitants, their property, and their religion are to be scrupulously respected, as neglect to do so may very considerably increase the difficulties that exist in making the undertaking of the Allies on the Gallipoli

Peninsula a success. Any offences committed against the persons, religion and property of inhabitants will be very seriously dealt with.

On board the transport *Malda*, Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan had given Captain Arthur Ross the task of dividing the work outlined in Bridges' orders among his four battalions. As the intelligence officer, Ross had been briefed by Major Villiers-Stuart and had access to the most recent information on the location of enemy defences. He prefaced his advice to the battalion commanders with the warning that information on the disposition of Turkish forces on the Gallipoli Peninsula had been issued separately and required careful attention. Ross then provided detailed instructions for each battalion and company. On the left, 9 Battalion was to land at Anzac Cove and rush the trenches on Plugge's Plateau before advancing up the high ground of Baby 700. In the centre, 10 Battalion was directed to assault a gun position and two parallel trenches before scaling the 400 Plateau (Second Ridge). On the right, 11 Battalion was tasked with hooking inland and attacking the Gaba Tepe garrison. The men of 12 Battalion comprised the reserve, their battalion centrally placed south of Anzac Cove. The brigade would not advance against Third Ridge until the Indian Mountain guns were in position on the 400 Plateau.

Captain Ross took 3 Brigade's maps to his briefings and used the transparent overlays to mark the enemy positions. As the landing drew close, he took a pair of scissors to his large scale map of the Gallipoli Peninsula and cut it down to size so that it would fit into the leather map case that he would carry with him through the assault. Ross estimated the time it would take enemy battalions from both Boghali and the olive grove in the Peren Ovasi

valley to march along major roads and mount a counter-attack against his covering force. He calculated that the covering force had around ninety minutes before enemy reinforcements arrived in strength. He briefed Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan on the short window of opportunity available. As a staff officer responsible for brigade orders he also briefed the battalion commanders on the crucial importance of timing and attacking each enemy trench or battery identified in orders.

Major John Austin was an Ordnance Staff Officer in 1 Division and worked at one of the desks in the music room. Although not an infantry or artillery officer he was well informed and had acquired some knowledge of tactics, penning a candid assessment of the landing in his diary. The order to delay the landing had not reached him before his retirement to his cabin where he wrote his diary entry:

The last few days have passed me very quietly, going round the fleet distributing ammunition. The aircraft go out daily and bring back reports and sketches of the enemy's positions, and we have it all jotted down in our sketches. There is little doubt that we are up against it, one of the toughest propositions of the war.

We leave here to rendezvous off the island. Early next morning we go in our appointed order. On 23 April the brigade will face the initial brunt. With luck and good leadership, and they have a magnificent brigadier, they will do what they are there to do, to take the trenches at the bayonet. With bad luck they will be decimated. Having made a good footing they will entrench. The fleet in the meanwhile will conduct the rest of the convoy which comes up in A. B. and C. Echelons.

It is extraordinary the cheerfulness that exists. It is

impossible to realise that in a few hours we shall have left one of the most beautiful spots in the world and be taking part in one of the greatest battles of history.

For Sid, Dick and Harry, life on their transport without adequate shelter was cold and miserable:

Raining when we got up & continued so till late in the afternoon when it cleared up. Very cold & damned miserable all day as we have hardly any shelter. I believe we were to have sailed at 4 this afternoon but the order was cancelled. Noticed a destroyer in the afternoon, taking men off one of the boats. Slept on the boat deck but it was so windy & cold that I did not get much rest.

Dick and Harry took little interest in the special order that had been distributed to each transport and was pinned to the noticeboard at the entrance to the kitchen on *City of Benares*. They were more interested in having a bath and donning a clean pair of underwear.

FORCE ORDER.

(SPECIAL).

General Headquarters

21 April 1915.

Soldiers of France and of the King.

Before us lies an adventure unprecedented in modern war. Together with our comrades of the fleet we are about to force a landing upon an open beach in face of positions which have been vaunted by our enemies as impregnable.

The landing will be made good, by the help of God and the Navy; the positions will be stormed, and the

war brought one step nearer to a glorious close.

'Remember' said Lord Kitchener when bidding adieu to your Commander, 'Remember, once you set foot upon the Gallipoli Peninsula you must fight the thing through to a finish.'

The whole world will be watching our progress. Let us prove ourselves worthy of the great feat of arms entrusted to us.

(SGD) IAN HAMILTON, General.

Major General Aylmer Hunter-Weston, the officer commanding the regular British 29 Division tasked to land on the toe of Cape Helles, did not share the views of the ANZAC staff on the coming assault. He was determined to land in daylight having first announced his intentions with a naval bombardment. Like Hamilton, Hunter-Weston circulated a printed bulletin, but told his troops to expect 'heavy losses by bullets, by shells . . . by mines and by drowning'. Ultimately, Hunter-Weston's unimaginative plan delivered on his promise. The difference between the British and Australian plans has been clouded by legend. For the men packed into their transports it was the difference between landing alive on Z Beach or dying on V Beach following a timetable devised and adhered to by an uninspiring, conventional British general. The enemy was waiting, having been warned by Palmer of their coming.

'No flying on account of weather' and 'heavy rain and wind' were the comments written into No. 3 Squadron and *Ark Royal's* flight logs on Wednesday 21 April. Ratings were kept busy ensuring that the flimsy aircraft were not damaged in the heavy wind that now swept the aerodrome. Mugs of cocoa were popular and rum was piped following established naval routine. The squadron intelligence officer was

unwell and lay on his cot under a pile of blankets. Moisture collected on the inside of his canvas tent, but Bertie Isaac felt warm and dry in his cosy cocoon. Later that evening he used his precious free time to write in his journal under the circle of light cast by his paraffin lamp:

Stayed in bed all morning feeling ill from effects of inoculation. Blew gale all night. Impossible to land troops or fly this morning. Received instructions for my duties on morning of landing. I am to be left in charge here from 5am to make reports on each machine as it descends to aerodrome, as to hits, targets, and send them at once to Vice Admiral by signal at signal office. May fly over Peninsula in afternoon.

Wandering the decks of *Manica* forbidden to smoke, Ernest Hillier was unable to paint and loafed about the ship. His conversations with naval observers who looked down on Z Beach from aloft had told him of the strength of the enemy's defensive preparations:

At anchor in Mudros Bay, and the weather still very bad. Having now ourselves seen practically the whole of the coast on the Aegean side of the Gallipoli Peninsula, we cannot, in spite of innumerable 'buzzes' going around, imagine whereabouts the troops can possibly land there, if there is opposition, certainly not in weather like this. Fortunately this was the tail end of the uncertainty and a fine period began.

In the murmured tones of a private conversation, Charles Bean heard Colonel Brudenell White's candid assessment that the whole enterprise was doomed to failure:

His part in the planning of the Landing cannot be distinguished from that of Bridges except that the decision to include the capture of Gaba Tepe in the objective was due to Bridges. Speaking before the events, White mentioned to me his opinion that the total forces to be thrown against the peninsula, 70,000 men, were too small; his own conjecture as to the number required, now that the Turks had been given some ample warning, was 150,000.

Bean now studied the officers around him with a mounting sense of dread.

CHAPTER 11

22–25 April 1915

Silent night attack

Thursday 22 April

Begin Civil Twilight: 0500

Sunrise: 0529

Sun Transit: 1214

Sunset: 1900

End Civil Twilight: 1928

Moonrise: 1058

Moonset: 0202 on 23 April

Phases of moon on 22 April: First quarter moon at 1738.

Moderate breeze from north east/blue sky with detached clouds/61 degrees.

Liman von Sanders grunted with satisfaction as he read the telegraphed message from Minister of War Enver Bey confirming that the enemy was expected to land 100,000 troops in the northern area of the peninsula. His faith in his finely honed military instincts had been justified once again.

The Minister's communiqué, with its information from the captive former British Vice Consul, matched perfectly the reports of enemy naval activity in the Gulf of Saros. He had robbed the southern area of two battalions to act as coast guards and had deployed two divisions in the north around Bulair. A strong wind swept across the port from the east and Liman von Sanders knew he had a little more time to play with as troops could not be landed in these conditions. His men had one, perhaps two more days to prepare, so he ordered a series of night manoeuvres to repel a seaborne assault in his various areas of responsibility.

In transports riding at anchor in Mudros harbour, orders were gradually filtering down through the chain of command to the troops. First officers and then soldiers began to note in their diaries the tasks assigned to them. Only the officers were issued the large squared maps of the landing site and could make any sense of the verbal instructions. A soldier from 10 Battalion, the unit tasked with taking the battery behind the second ridge, wrote:

Told what is roughly to happen. There are to be three landings—the British, the French and ANZAC. We are not to load our rifles. Our first job is to rush a troublesome gun, then entrench and hold on. A general advance is contemplated when all are landed. Our aim is to silence the forts and make a simultaneous advance with our ships to Constantinople.

Orders were broken down and issued to companies and platoons. Captain Ray Leane, C Company commander in 9 Battalion, who was to land with the first wave of the covering

force from the warship *London* across Anzac Cove, added the enemy positions to his personal map. He sketched artillery batteries and trenches in black ink from the master map constantly updated by Staff Sergeant McLennan. Captain Arthur Ross, 3 Brigade's intelligence officer, briefed Leane and his fellow company commanders in a series of conferences. The soldiers of 10 Battalion, handed the onerous task of capturing the Krupp guns identified on 400 Plateau, were shown how to 'spike' the guns, effectively destroying them. They would be accompanied on their mission by engineers with explosive charges who would ensure that the guns were permanently silenced. The brigade orders deliberately omitted any description of the landing beaches as the ultimate selection of the site for the assault depended on the amount of gunfire that greeted the attacking force.

In Mudros harbour the Australian submarine AE2 was berthed alongside its fellows in the submarine flotilla. Stoker and his officers studied charts showing sea mine locations originally supplied by Charles Palmer and matched these with intelligence on shipping movements provided by aerial observation. The submariners' discussions were interrupted by a signal from de Robeck:

Then a signal was received saying the Admiral wished to see the commanding officer of AE2 on board the flagship at once. Aboard the *Queen Elizabeth* I was received by the Chief of Staff, Commodore Keyes. If I still believed that it might be possible to dive through the Dardanelles, I would be permitted to try . . . If we got through the other boats [submarines] would be immediately sent to follow. Finally wishing us luck he concluded, 'If you succeed there is no calculating the result it would cause, and it may well be that you

will have done more to finish the war than any other act accomplished.'

I hurried back to AE2, where we immediately commenced to take provisions and prepare for sea. Two hours later we were threading our way out through the crowded harbour.

The landing was postponed a second time as a howling gale made the use of small boats almost impossible without considerable risk to the lives of the men huddled aboard. The risk of disruption to the carefully orchestrated disembarkation plan was just as serious. News of this second postponement prompted Birdwood to convene a hurried conference with Thursby in the wardroom on *Queen* as the delay threatened to unravel the ANZAC assault.¹¹ The supporting naval squadron agreed to delay its approach to Z Beach until after the moon had set as the waxing moon would reveal the forms of the ships steaming around the island of Imbros to enemy sentries. The first wave of 1500 men would now hit the beach after 4.00 a.m. and the covering force would lose a further hour of darkness in which to make good its assault. Given the inevitable delays, the second wave from the destroyers was now more likely to land after dawn, assaulting the beach through a storm of enemy battery fire. The planners grimaced: it was less than ideal, but they had no alternative if they were to retain the integrity of the ANZAC plan.

Confirmation of enemy preparations behind Z Beach arrived with the latest intelligence feed. Charles Villiers-Stuart received corrections to the map overlay of 18 April and transferred the new information to the planning maps in

¹¹ See Appendix L for signal with news of another 24-hour delay.

Minnewaska's music and state rooms. The list of twenty-two corrections included six with immediate consequences for the ANZAC landing.¹² The existence of a four-gun battery behind the Gaba Tepe garrison had been corroborated by later air reconnaissance missions. The battery was perfectly sited to sweep Z Beach with deadly shrapnel. The camp of 700 tents accommodating over 7000 enemy troops was no longer there—the bombardment corrected by *Manica's* balloon had forced 27 Regiment to scatter across the valley. The ANZAC planners were concerned that one or two of these battalions might have relocated closer to the landing force's intended approach. Nonetheless, the news that this significant body of troops had dispersed was welcome, as a coordinated counter-attack by this disconnected Turkish regiment would take time to organise. Time was a precious commodity.

Colonel McCay completed his orders for 2 Infantry Brigade, directing his men to land immediately after the covering force to protect the exposed left flank.¹³ McCay's 2 Brigade was to land at Anzac Cove then scramble up Plugge's Plateau before making its way across a connecting spur onto Russell's Top where brigade headquarters would be established.

The ANZAC plan was bold and innovative compared with the unimaginative British plan for the 29 Division's landing on X, V and W Beaches on Cape Helles. The British orders omitted any mention of the location of enemy positions, appearing instead to adhere firmly to the intent of the original plan with the dominant hill of Achi Baba as the

¹² See Appendix M for corrections to sketch plans (dated 18 April 1915) of Gallipoli Peninsula showing results of air reconnaissance.

¹³ See Appendix N for McCay's orders, known as Operation Order No. 5.

main objective.¹⁴ The response of the British officers to a daylight attack was sanguine at best. Aerial intelligence had percolated down through the British staff despite its lack of inclusion in the divisional orders and a number of officers had marked enemy positions on their maps in a similar fashion to their ANZAC counterparts. Captain Creighton and the other 29 Division officers were well aware of the strength of the enemy forces:

Thursday 22 April. It seems a perfectly desperate undertaking . . . The aerial reconnaissance reports acres of barbed wire, labyrinths of trenches, concealed guns, maxims and howitzers everywhere. The ground is mined. In fact everything conceivable has been done. Our men have to be towed in little open boats to land in the face of all of this.

As part of the northern feint of the British Royal Naval Division outlined in Hamilton's orders of 13 April, an aircraft was assigned to overfly the Gulf of Saros and Bulair lines to add an element of reality to the pantomime landing. *Ark Royal* was tasked to send a seaplane northwards, housed on the gun turret of the warship *Doris*. A suitable aircraft was finally dispatched, although readying the machine for flight had involved a certain amount of cannibalism. The presence of a seaplane overhead was a further prop in the performance designed to convince Liman von Sanders that the northern pantomime landing was genuine.

Manica and her balloon section were waiting for the weather to improve. Herbert Hillier strolled across Lemnos, his sketchbook under his arm. He recorded the feverish

¹⁴ See Appendix O for 29 Division's orders.

activity of the camp as the men, their pockets stuffed with last-minute purchases, packed up prior to boarding *London*. The local traders were equally keen to make last-minute sales:

A little Greek 'bum-boat'. They come alongside, when permitted, and offer for sale eggs, fish, Turkish Delight etc. The coinage current here is most varied, some of it having being in circulation apparently since the fall of Rome. Odd, that what one bum-boatman gives you in change won't be received by the next one at any price! A sketch of the Australian Camp and part of Mudros village. This latter is a poor little place with only one notable building in it—the Cathedral.

Lieutenant Bertie Isaac and the aircrew of No. 3 Squadron spent the day lounging in the mess or reading in their tents. Isaac sat at his desk in his bell tent and wrote to his wife. He had been expecting a parcel from home with a handwritten note from his adoring spouse but, to his annoyance, had received instead an advertising pamphlet from the Morris Car Company. The squadron log noted: 'Weather improving, but no flying possible today'—a blow to the aircrew who had been impressed with the urgency of reporting enemy movements prior to the departure of the transports. On the other hand, the aviators were pleased to note the issue of a dispatch from MEF directing the assaulting troops not to fire at their own aircraft during the landing.¹⁵ The members of the squadron were similarly delighted to receive some recognition for the reconnaissance work they had conducted over the last few

¹⁵ See Appendix P for Force Order No. 4.

days at great personal risk. Vice Admiral de Robeck told his superiors in the Admiralty:

The Naval Air Service has done excellent work and it has been great value to our future operations.

Staff Sergeant John McLennan continued with his work in the music room. Information from Athens revealed that the enemy troops on the peninsula were short of supplies, particularly meat. Later, McLennan joined a long queue of troops for the issue of his own rations for the landing and the first days on the peninsula:

Weather is still dull and we are waiting. The trip has been again put off and I hear that we are to leave tomorrow night. I am more impressed with General Birdwood. He has drawn his three days' bully beef and biscuits like the rest of us, and carries all his kit in a holdall. If the fact becomes known, and I hope it will, it will make him still more popular with the boys, if it is possible.

Friday 23 April 1915

Begin Civil Twilight: 0459

Sunrise: 0527

Sun Transit: 1214

Sunset: 1901

End Civil Twilight: 1930

Moonrise: 1204

Moonset: 0231 on 24 April

Phases of moon on 23 April: waxing gibbous with 58 per cent of moon's disc illuminated.

Light breeze from north east/blue sky with broken clouds/67 degrees/trial flights in Mudros harbour.

The persistent threat from the air had forced Colonel Sefik Aker to relocate the headquarters of his 27 Regiment. He had also ordered the dispersal of his troops into company-sized encampments in the deep valley and woods near the stream of Aşmak Dere. The sausage-shaped balloon had become a hated symbol and most men feared its looming appearance on the horizon. All movements were conducted at night with tents pulled down before the arrival of dawn as a precaution in case aircraft appeared overhead. Colonel Aker was pleased with the performance of his men, particularly 2 Battalion under Major Ismet. They could see the enemy ships out to sea and had been spurred into considerable progress in constructing fortifications at Ari Burnu (Anzac Cove) and the beaches north of Gaba Tepe:

27 Regiment had done considerable work on this Ari Burnu site building fortifications and opening up roads. In order to inflict flanking fire on an enemy who might land on the Ari Burnu beach, they had positioned a MANTELLI gun right on the beach on the side of Gaba Tepe headland which was protected from naval bombardment.

Across the ANZAC's chosen landing zone, Major Ismet had placed four companies in commanding positions. The battalion was supported by artillery batteries in deep emplacements and hidden below the ridge lines with the dual purpose of concealing the guns from the air and directing fire across the beaches. A machine-gun company of four guns was deployed overlooking the beaches, capable of sweeping the

seaward approach with withering fire. A mountain battery of four guns was sited on the landward side of 400 Plateau—identified already as a target for capture and destruction by ANZAC 3 Brigade's 10 Battalion. Eight heavy guns were located behind the garrison and were capable of arcing fire over the first two ridges, plunging shells onto approaching enemy transports. Artillery fire correction was provided by spotters on Gaba Tepe with telephone communication to the forward posts and the battery captains in the hinterland. The battalion's fire control plan was highly efficient.

Ismet's 6 Company occupied the natural fortress promontory of Gaba Tepe with 5 Company as the battalion reserve behind and slightly southward of the garrison, ready to meet an anticipated assault in this sector. The battalion's 7 Company was deployed in twin parallel trenches and bivouacs on the gentler terrain to the north of Gaba Tepe along Brighton Beach. The men of 8 Company were entrenched on Plugge's Plateau overlooking Anzac Cove with a supporting machine-gun which could traverse the sheltered bay with its chattering fire. The company had reserve trenches on Russell's Top and dominated the beach to the north of the cove. One of 8 Company's platoons was entrenched on a knoll overlooking Fisherman's Hut.

Colonel Sefik Aker kept his men active at night responding to exercises and alarms. Under the illumination of a half moon, an alarm sounded and his battalions formed up, moving quickly along the hidden roads and paths to meet a mock landing. His *askers* responded efficiently as drivers harnessed mules in the moonlight and drew artillery batteries that followed the advancing infantry along roads that disappeared under the overhead canopy. The gunners practised deploying their guns onto the ridge line to support mock infantry assaults.

The Allies owned the day with warships prowling and bombarding the coast; a blue sky was a talisman of fear allowing enemy aircraft to fly overhead. During the daylight hours, Sefik Aker's men rested and slept under overhead cover while he conferred with his officers and planned more taxing drills. All too infrequently a string of mules carrying sacks of beans, lentils and loaves of flat bread would arrive from Maidos. The food supply was meagre and Aker knew it would not sustain his men in the field for very long. Already the men were grumbling. Aker's one advantage was access to a plentiful supply of clean water.

Later that day the hammer blow fell heavily on the port of Maidos. Several enemy aircraft bombed the wooden buildings and warehouses that lined the dockside. Heavy 112-pound bombs burst among the dockside workers and civilians employed along the waterfront. Considerable damage was inflicted and vital stores were lost to the flames while twenty soldiers were killed fighting fires or cut to pieces by shrapnel. Throughout the afternoon and into the evening the warehouses continued to blaze with the rising mushroom of smoke and flame a warning to all of the potency of the threat from above. The civilian workforce, unaccustomed to the rain of death from the skies, fled to the hills. Reluctantly, the Turkish area commander issued orders to reduce operations:

To avoid the losses caused by the enemy's aeroplanes at Maidos, owing no doubt, to the large number of troops they see there, transport and other traffic is to be suspended during the day.

The sight of smoke and the rumble of detonation helped speed rumours of a cowardly aerial attack on the citizens of

Maidos. The talk spread quickly through the soldiers bivouacked in the area who heard of heavy civilian casualties and expressed their outrage as their families came from similar towns along the coasts. Resolve hardened as men watched smoke rise in columns over the distant hills.

While Major Ismet's men deepened their trenches under the illumination of the moon in the early hours of the morning, the Australian submarine AE2 found a quiet anchorage where her crew could begin their final preparations. Stoker encouraged his men to write last letters home prior to AE2's attempt to penetrate the Dardanelles. E.15's attempt had failed spectacularly and every man on AE2 was aware of the risks involved in the mission. Stoker described the subdued atmosphere within the confines of the submarine, noting that nothing focuses the mind more than the prospect of action the following day:

If all the wisdom of all the men and all the women in the world are added together, what is the sum total of all their knowledge? How many sure and absolute facts do they truly and certainly know?

Just two, a bare two facts; and these are the fact of birth and the fact of death.

It is certain that we were born, for we are alive now; it is certain that we will die, for experience has taught us that all living things must come to their death . . . It is strange what little use we make of this solitary piece of knowledge of the future we possess . . . As we lay at anchor waiting, all hands in AE2 knew that the chances were in favour of to-morrow bringing their death. And so there were letters to be written . . . I left mine with

a friend, with instructions that they were only to be posted after certain news of my death had been received.

Stoker planned to enter the straits at 2.30 a.m. once the moon had set, and then proceed slowly along the surface of the water, concealed from the watching shoreline by the solid darkness of the night.

In Mudros harbour the officers and men on the transports were entering the final phase of preparation prior to the battle. The men were issued extra 'iron' rations, 200 rounds of ammunition and two sandbags. The iron rations comprised rock-hard army biscuits, salty bully beef, and a tin containing tea, sugar and Oxo cubes. Personal items were also packed into a small bag which was hung from the webbing belt. Ammunition was tucked into pouches attached to the front of the webbing harness with spare boxes stowed in the webbing pack, worn high on the back. The empty hessian sandbags were wrapped around the entrenching tool handle which dangled freely from the webbing belt. Inside the pack the men crammed spare underclothes, greatcoat, waterproof sheet and blanket. Once the pack was added to the assembled webbing, the men staggered under the weight of seventy-seven pounds of equipment. They carried just one water bottle which held a pint of water and which would have to see them through the first days of action.

On the decks of the troopships, the officers briefed their men. The soldiers of the covering force—the first to hit the beaches—were provided additional information on the tasks that lay ahead. Major Brand, the former school teacher who was Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan's Brigade Major, set

his map on an easel and briefed his men, pointing to key enemy positions with a stick. He explained the attack carefully, noting its various phases. On *City of Benares*, Dick and Harry enjoyed a welcome lull in activity, lying in warm pools of sunlight caught between decks. In the afternoon, *City of Benares* joined the other transports, slipping her anchor and moving into echelon:

Came off guard at 8 o'clock. Glorious day. Had a good old snooze in the sun in the morning. About 4.30 in the afternoon we got up anchor & together with a number of other boats drew out of the harbour & anchored near the entrance. I never realised that there were so many boats in the harbour. I could not count them, but I believe there were about 100. Passed quite close to the *Queen Elizabeth* coming out & she looked mighty fine. When I went to go to bed found some infamous dog had pinched one of my blankets & as it was very cold, I did almost perish.

Private G. C. Grove carefully copied Birdwood's order, displayed on the ship's noticeboard, into his diary: 'Concealment, covering fire, control of fire, and communications. Also persons, property, and religion of the villages of the Gallipoli Peninsula are to be scrupulously respected.' In the evening, military bands performed their final recitals—for some, this would be the last time they handled their instruments. The band members doubled as stretcher-bearers for the landing and many would be killed as they carried the wounded from the beaches on Sunday morning.

Charles Bean enjoyed a four-course dinner and a glass of French champagne with Major Tom Blamey and the officers manning 1 Division headquarters:

I got back before dinner. Watched Birdwood and Corps staff going to *Prince of Wales*—the battleship from which they and the Divisional staff and a part of the men of the 3 Brigade are to land. The Divisional staff are not leaving the *Minnewaska* until after dinner.

At dinner I shared a bottle of Pommery with Blamey. The talk was mostly of Gilbert and Sullivan operas. After dinner several officers were in the lounge upstairs—the office of the 1 Australian Division—trying on their kits. Saw White in his pink cardigan. Then little Blamey ran down the companion way with an infantryman's swag on his back.

Headquarters in the *Minnewaska* seems quite empty—just like Mena House did. We have been on the ship a fortnight. Until just before the staff was going I thought that tonight was the night we land. But before he left Blamey said, 'You know there is nothing till Sunday.'

Major Charles Villiers-Stuart was kept busy distributing printed pamphlets of Turkish and English phrases to the various transports holding the Army Corps. To the helpful phrases on the pamphlets the men would add their own colourful Arabic phrases picked up in Cairo. Staff Sergeant McLennan packed up the maps in the music room and prepared for his own disembarkation with the headquarters as part of A Echelon. The mood was positive with most men caught up in the excitement of the coming action:

To-day the General left for the *Queen*. As he left the *Minnie* the guard gave him the general salute, and as his cutter moved off, we gave him three cheers to which he responded with a smile and a salute. About 4 pm the

3 Brigade under Col MacLagan went off in their boats accompanied by several battleships.

Hamilton, who struggled with the prospect of landing minimally trained soldiers against a well-prepared enemy, fell into despair. The landing would bring no surprises, the weather was improving and the transports and warships were readying for the battle ahead. He was a veteran of a number of sharp actions and he knew the face of battle. His age and position would insulate him from danger but not from his anxiety over the fate of his men:

A gorgeous day at last; fitting frame to the most brilliant and yet touching of pants. Nunc Dimittis, O Lord of Hosts! Not a man but knows he is making for the jaws of death. They know, these men do, they are being asked to prove their enemies to have lied when they swore a landing on Gallipoli's shore could never make good. They know that lie must pass for truth until they have become targets to guns, machine guns and rifles—huddled together in boats, helpless, plain to the enemy's sight . . . Death grins at my elbow. I cannot get him out of my thoughts.

At midday the capricious weather finally relented, allowing the first group of transports to leave the safety and confinement of Mudros harbour.

While the covering forces from both ANZAC and 29 Division were being ferried to the warships which would take them towards the enemy coast, five aeroplanes from No. 3 Squadron were flying high over the peninsula towards the

port of Maidos. This was the squadron's first concerted air raid and it involved all of the battle-ready aircraft the harried mechanics could muster. Wing Commander Charles Samson had been ordered to strike the port and paralyse the docks. Sea lanes of communication were vital for the movement of food and war materiel and provided the most efficient mode of transport from Constantinople. Five aircraft, including two BE2 Charlies and three Maurice Farman pushers, dropped a total of 840 pounds of explosives on the wooden warehousing and docks. This air strike was probably one of the first in the history of modern warfare and halted daytime port activity. Thirteen bombs hit the town itself.

The squadron's missions continued through the afternoon. Lieutenant Butler flew a photo reconnaissance mission over the beaches where 29 Division's covering force was to step ashore in daylight: Cape Helles, Sedd el Bahr, Morto Bay and Eski Hissarlik.¹⁶ Butler's photographs were rushed through a makeshift darkroom assembled in one of the original aircraft packing cases and dispatched immediately to Hamilton. A reconnaissance flight was also conducted over Z Beach and noted that the large camp of 700 tents had shrunk to fifty. The captain of submarine E.11 was flown over the straits to reconnoitre his difficult passage first hand. Because of his rushed departure, Stoker of AE2 was the only submarine captain not to have been taken over the Dardanelles in an aircraft prior to his mission. Lieutenant Bertie Isaac debriefed the triumphant aircrew returning from the devastated port of Maidos:

Davies, Collet, Peirse, and Marix go over Maidos and drop 100lb bombs, nearly all of which explode in town.

¹⁶ See Appendix Q for a truncated report from 3 Squadron aeroplanes.

Commander Samson drops three 20lbs bombs with equal skill. They all arrive back at 1.30pm and give in reports. Weather still too bad for troops to land. Go to bed early. Do not sleep well, am badly in want of letters and news of Vi and the boys and Pater.

Vice Admiral de Robeck scanned the aerial intelligence reports and examined the photographs of 29 Division's landing beaches before signalling the Admiralty in London warning of a difficult landing ahead. The Allied commanders received a detailed briefing on the obstacles facing the British assault. How they reacted to this intelligence on the enemy defined the difference between the British and Australian approaches to war:

... reported that some minor earthworks and trenches appeared to have extensively prepared for the defence of possible landing places. Photographs of such positions were taken around Cape Helles.

Ark Royal sat in the safety of Mudros harbour as the air mechanics worked feverishly on seaplane engines corroded by seawater. Several seaplanes were to fly in support of the ANZAC landing on Sunday morning and the mechanics worked around the clock to prepare the aircraft. Five missions were flown to test the airworthiness of two of the seaplanes. Another seaplane was overhauled then parcelled out to *Doris* in support of the Royal Naval Division's demonstration off Bulair on the far north of the peninsula:

Ordered to send a pilot and machine aboard *Doris*. Took the planes and tail of 807 and fitted them to 922,

recovering her fuselage, truing up her landing chassis and tuning up her engine. Ready at 8 pm.

That evening AE2 waited with her escorting destroyers for the moon to sink below the horizon. Stoker was keen to save battery power and planned to proceed through the straits on the surface using his engines as far as he could. It was a highly risky venture. At 2.30 a.m., AE2 advanced up the straits at seven knots watching the arc of Turkish searchlights sweep the waters. The Kephez searchlight blinked on and swept towards AE2 as Stoker ordered the submarine to dive. The shaft which worked the foremost diving rudders promptly broke and AE2 was unable to regulate the angle of her dive. AE2 and her disappointed crew resurfaced and turned back towards Mudros to repair the damaged shaft. It was an inauspicious beginning.

Saturday 24 April 1915

Begin Civil Twilight: 0457

Sunrise: 0526

Sun Transit: 1214

Sunset: 1902

End Civil Twilight: 1931

Moonrise: 1312

Moonset: 0257 on 25 April

Phases of moon on 24 April: waxing gibbous with 68 per cent of moon's disc illuminated.

Moderate breeze from north east/overcast with mist and haze/sea moderate/57 degrees at midday/steaming to RV with *Manica* off Gaba Tepe.

Midday log entry, *Ark Royal*

SILENT NIGHT ATTACK

Light breeze north east backing north/clear sky with detached clouds with haze/sea slight /57 degrees /at anchor N28W of Imbros.

2000 hrs log entry, *Ark Royal*

At Turkish 5 Army headquarters, the suspense was tangible. The weather, which had prevented an assault over the last few days, was now clearing and with it came the prospect of enemy landings. Reports of enemy aircraft overhead and battleships engaging onshore targets followed a relentless daytime theme with movement and preparation at night its panacea. On the southern shore, the troops of 11 Division conducted an exercise based on an enemy landing on the southern shore of Besika Bay. General Otto Liman von Sanders watched the exercise and returned by boat to Gallipoli later that evening. He could see the lights of the enemy camp on Tenedos and knew it was feasible for a strike to be launched at any time from the island base. He held a brief discussion with his staff, then walked to his stone house and went to bed.

Early that morning, in the camouflaged tents of 27 Regiment's headquarters in Asmak Dere, Colonel Sefik Aker and his staff discussed the cowardly bombing of the citizens of Maidos. This dreadful news had circulated through the companies, arriving with the delivery of rations. Athanosisi Youanno Costaliki was manning the reserve post in the trench behind the garrison of Gaba Tepe when he heard the horrifying news that enemy bombs had killed ninety civilians in Maidos. The *askers'* discussion was interrupted by a dispatcher from the switchboard who arrived with news that the enemy balloon was being readied for flight and two enemy warships were steaming towards the garrison. The men were ordered to take cover in their trenches and

Costaliki squatted in the solid earthy darkness alongside the other men from his platoon. They could see a portion of the sky through the branches overhead. A sudden tearing sound warned of enemy shells approaching. The shriek grew in intensity until it ended with a crash which deafened the *asker* despite the palms pressed firmly over his ears. The explosions continued, the shells striking the garrison rather than Costaliki's trench in the hinterland. The *asker* mumbled a prayer of thanks as he crouched in his earthy refuge.

Colonel Sefik Aker waited for darkness to fall. Earlier that day he had heard the detonation of shells against the cliffs of Gaba Tepe. Fortunately he had ensured that all his guns were dug in and they had survived the naval bombardment. His switchboard told him that the enemy balloon was directing gunfire and that there had been a number of casualties. Once night fell, Aker continued with his plan to exercise 27 Regiment's 1 and 3 Battalions. He sounded the alarm and sent the troops marching to Gaba Tepe in the moonlight. It was important that his platoon and company commanders knew their way in the dark. His *askers* continued skirmishing drills in the hinterland of Z Beach throughout the night.

Rear Admiral Thursby ordered *Talbot* and *Minerva* to bombard the fortress at Gaba Tepe in an attempt to smash the guns dominating Z Beach. With directional aid from spotters swinging in the basket below *Manica's* balloon 3000 feet above the sea, shells were sent smashing into the rocky headland. A Naval Air Service officer used the telephone to guide the shells onto the stone building framed in his binoculars. A shroud of dust covered the garrison and black and grey smoke soon rose into the sky. Yet, despite the crack of explosives striking the building and the clouds of earth and bricks

flung high into the air, the action was credited with destroying a barracks but little else. *Ark Royal* sent a seaplane to look for recent changes to the Turkish defences, but the aircraft returned a short while later with engine trouble.

Herbert Hillier watched the action from *Manica*'s deck and was impressed with the destruction caused by the naval bombardment:

'Action Stations' again, off Gallipoli. Our last skirmishing action before the great battle. This being over satisfactorily we beat about in the Aegean until keeping our rendezvous, place and time, when all is truly in the melting pot. A calm sea and a beautiful evening, moon only about half full but too bright for our liking, while it lasted. Then dark enough. In the night the troops from Tenedos are on their way here, and the ANZAC from Mudros.

Manica now moved alongside *Ark Royal*, both ships anchored off Imbros for the night in readiness for the landing at dawn on Sunday morning.

On this last day, Charles Samson's landplane squadron flew four reconnaissance missions over the beaches looking for the enemy's new camps, the Turkish regiment having been dispersed by the naval gunfire coordinated by *Manica*'s balloon. More bombs were dropped on the remnants of the large enemy camp in the olive grove in the Peren Ovasi valley south of Z Beach. The squadron had prosecuted 124 missions since its arrival: fifty-four of these had been reconnaissance flights with a further eighteen photographic missions giving the military planners a clear view of the enemy. This information had been an integral element in the planning for the ANZAC assault; the British 29 Division, on the other hand, had largely ignored it.

Butler took a final series of five photographs of Y Beach, developed the images and couriered them to Hamilton on *Queen Elizabeth*. That evening the aircrew sat through briefings on the flight schedule to cover the British landing across the toe of the peninsula. As the officers enjoyed a late dinner in the mess, a signal arrived confirming that the landing would proceed at sunrise. A new set of codes and tables designed to simplify reporting between aircraft and the supporting warships arrived and had to be carefully digested by the observers who were in no mood to concentrate. Bertie Isaac noted the suppressed excitement that pervaded the atmosphere as the air mechanics worked on engines late into the night.

Saturday was the last full day many young men would own. At 7.00 a.m., the soldiers formed in ranks for Church Parade standing in the close bonds of fellowship formed during weeks of training. Across many transports, Catholic soldiers, including the devout Private John Fisher, assembled for Mass. Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan addressed the soldiers of the covering force, delivering a sermon on the military reality that confronted his men:

It is necessary you should understand that we are to carry out a most difficult operation. There is no going back. Whatever footing we get on land must be held at all costs, even to the last man. We must expect to be shelled but remember, this is part of the game of war and we must stick to it. You may get orders to do something which, in your position, seems wrong and perhaps a mad enterprise. Do not cavil at it but carry it out with absolute faith in your leaders because we, after

all, are only a small piece on the board. Some pieces have to be sacrificed to win the game and it is to win the game that we are here.

Afterwards, the men in the companies and platoons were given their orders. Sergeant Cheney from 10 Battalion, the unit detailed to capture the battery of Krupp guns on 400 Plateau, was briefed on the salient points of the battalion's mission. He wrote of his concern at advancing too quickly inland and increasing the battalion's vulnerability to a series of counter-blows:

We were to capture a gun at the end of an advance, then await the enemy. On no account were we to chase the enemy too far for fear of a trap having been set.

Charles Bean remained on *Minnewaska* with the soldiers of 1 Battalion, taking time to observe the activity and attitudes of the men as they filled their last day before going into action. Last-minute orders were issued by ANZAC headquarters tying up loose ends:

This morning at 5 am I was wakened by the motion of the ship. The screws were turning. Staff officers have been advised to take off their brassards whilst in close touch with the enemy—so the bright colours have for the moment disappeared. I am keeping mine—dark green—it's not very conspicuous and in any case it is best to conform with all the rules. Otherwise a chance of a non-combatant being shot if captured is pretty good. I don't possess a pistol or any arms of any sort.

There was, I believe, an attack on the Bulair Lines or near them. The sound of firing was heard about 9 to 11

o'clock last night. Tomorrow morning at about 3am the *London*, *Prince of Wales* and *Queen* with troops on board will take station near the beach and disembark troops.

Charles Bean met with Colonel Brudenell White who was preparing to transfer to *London* later that day. He mused that White would have looked more warlike had it not been for his wife's pink knitted cardigan which poked from under his khaki tunic. He compensated for this homely touch by clipping two large brown leather holsters containing service revolvers onto his canvas webbing belt. White penned his last diary entry for a number of days:

24 April, sailed at noon. Great sight to see several battleships steaming out followed by destroyers. Sailed around Lemnos, arrived at a rendezvous off Imbros about midnight. Too much moon showing but men transferred quietly from transports into battleships.

The Army Corps commenced operations calmly and routinely. Just before Saturday lunch, 1500 men of the first wave were transferred from the transports *Malda*, *Suffolk* and *Ionian* to 2 Division's warships *Queen*, *London* and *Prince of Wales*. The warships of the squadron steamed out of the harbour at 2.00 p.m. to ringing cheers from soldiers lining the rails of the other transports corralled in their echelon groups. Once in the open sea, a second church parade was held at 4.30 p.m.

The weather had improved and the day was now fine and sunny with a calm sea outside the harbour entrance. The remnants of the covering force remained on their transports and proceeded to Imbros where they were transferred to seven destroyers early the next morning. At 9.00 p.m. Commander Clark-Hall on *Ark Royal* sent a message to

Rear Admiral Thursby that Gaba Tepe was quiet and that no batteries had fired or were visible from out to sea. This information was passed to the ANZAC headquarters staff.

General Godley held a conference with his divisional staff on the transport *Lutzow*, scheduled to leave the outer harbour at 1.00 o'clock the next morning. He told his staff that the covering force of the Australian Division would commence landing at around 4.00 a.m. Disembarkation from the *Lutzow* would occur much later, at around 4.00 p.m. Godley ensured that all his brigade commanders were in receipt of his own instructions directing the division to wait for orders once landing was commenced. This wait-and-see approach made it clear that strong opposition was expected and that the division would be required to fill gaps in the defensive line. Godley did not mention the advance to Mal Tepe. The ANZAC plan was based on flexibility rather than hidebound by prescriptive dogma.

Hamilton and key members of his general headquarters left the comfort of *Arcadian* to join Vice Admiral John de Robeck on *Queen Elizabeth*. Hamilton took with him his three intelligence officers who were to land on each of the three beaches around Cape Helles. By 3.00 p.m. *Queen Elizabeth* and the transports carrying the British 29 Division had left the harbour on their southwards journey to Cape Helles. Just before the division's departure, the MEF had received its final intelligence report from its overseas agents. The report emphasised Turkish confidence in the impregnability of the Dardanelles and quoted enemy estimates that the Allies would require a force of at least 500,000 men to capture the straits.¹⁷

Berthed next to the submarine tender, the crew of AE2

¹⁷ See Appendix R for the final intelligence report.

worked all morning and repaired the damaged shaft by lunchtime. Soon after, de Robeck sent for Stoker to give him new orders which, the captain noted, significantly decreased the likelihood of a successful passage through the Narrows:

Instead of attempting to pass Channakale without being seen by the enemy, we were to attack and sink, if possible, any mine-dropping ships found in the Narrows—if we got there. The reason for this was obvious. The morrow, Sunday, April 25, was the day of disembarkation of our attacking army. The transports [29 Division off Cape Helles] were to approach the shore at daylight, and while the landing of troops was carried on, the fleet would engage the forts and batteries . . . and therefore it was expected that many floating mines would be launched in the Narrows. The Chief of Staff's words were, 'Generally run amuck' off Channakale.

Private Bulkeley and the other two musketeers occupied a ringside seat watching the ships prepare for one of the most difficult actions in military history. Hoses were rigged over wooden decks, the surgery was taken below and hammocks were stacked around the superstructure. Little had changed since Nelson's day:

Up early—too dashed cold to sleep. On canteen fatigue in the morning, all the afternoon carrying sand bags up to the bridge to put it & the wheel house in a state of defence. Men-of-war & transports coming out all the afternoon. The *Queen Elizabeth* came out about 5 o'clock. The engineer Major gave us details about landing. We are to leave here at 1am & get to

the place where we land about 8.30, but we won't see any fighting as we are to unload the boat. A great night; got to bed early & slept well.

The men were given a hot meal on their last night before the landing. The best fed were the soldiers of 3 Brigade on war-ships where roast beef with Yorkshire pudding was served in the sailors' canteen. The luckless soldiers on transports endured traditional army fare of bully beef and potatoes. Curry was served to a fortunate few. The officers and men on *Minnewaska* dined well, their printed menus embellished with the intertwined flags of Britain and the United States from the liner's days crossing the Atlantic. The officers toasted their last meal with port served by gloved waiters.

Charles Bean was transferred along with Bridges and White and 1 Division headquarters from *Minnewaska* to *Prince of Wales*. He wandered the decks treading carefully between piles of kit and knots of soldiers and recorded the departing conversation between General Bridges and Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan. In the late afternoon, Bridges found his 3 Brigade commander about to climb down the ladder on the steep-sided *Prince of Wales* and onto the decks of the diminutive destroyer *Colne* alongside. Bridges, appreciating the difficulties ahead, overcame his natural shyness to speed his friend on his way with confidence and humour:

'Well, you have not thanked me yet,' said Bridges.

'Yes sir, I do thank you for the great honour of having this job to do with my brigade,' was the reply. 'But if we find the Turks holding these ridges in any strength I honestly don't think you'll ever see the 3 Brigade again.'

'Oh, go along with you,' said Bridges, laughing.

Sunday 25 April 1915

Begin Civil Twilight: 0456

Sunrise: 0525

Sun Transit: 1213

Sunset: 1903

End Civil Twilight: 1932

Moonset: 0257 on 25 April: waxing gibbous with 68 per cent of moon's disc illuminated.

Hours of darkness from moonset 0257 to early light 0456 on 25 April 1915.

For Anzac Cove longitude E26.2, latitude N40.2

Light breeze from East/clear sky detached clouds/sea smooth/53 degrees/Stopped 0315 deploying seaplanes/Cape Suvla N34E/0400 hrs destroyers commenced landing Expeditionary Force.

Vice Admiral de Robeck had ordered a separate squadron of warships to escort the transports carrying the 9907 men of the Royal Naval Division northwards into the Gulf of Saros, steaming in full view of the coast. The warships *Canopus*, *Doris* and *Dartmouth* met at a prearranged rendezvous prior to their bombardment of the Bulair lines at dawn. On board *Breamer Castle*, 44-year-old Staff Sergeant Charlie White joked with the old hands of the RMLI. Charlie White had returned to the colours after twenty years' service as a Royal Marine. He married late in life having finally achieved sufficient rank and money to wed his sweetheart in the small garrison town of Deal and he now had two sons and a daughter. His entry into the war had been violent—Charlie White had been wounded during the retreat from Antwerp. Against the advice of his doctor and despite the constant nagging ache of his wound, he had cut short his

convalescence to rejoin his battalion. He considered the young volunteers immature and pasty-faced and to leave them to their fate in the silence of the night was more than he could morally accept.

Steaming slowly towards the toe of the peninsula, *Albion* was yet another darkened ship shepherding the transports that carried the 29 Division towards its assault on X, Y, S, W and V Beaches after dawn. In their midst was HMT *River Clyde* carrying two battalions of men hidden in her holds. She was to be a modern Trojan Horse, running herself ashore on V Beach before disgorging men from sally ports cut into her sides. A total of 17,649 soldiers of 29 Division were to be landed and fight their way to the dominant hill of Achi Baba by the end of the day. Most would never make it past the headland, dying like flies along the foreshore.

The French Expeditionary Force of 16,762 men was likewise steaming south for its feint on the southern shore of Kum Kale, escorted by French warships. Only one brigade from this force was scheduled to row ashore and draw the wrath of the defending troops. Hamilton hoped that the actions of the French, combined with the antics of the Royal Naval Division in the very north and the feint landing on the southern shore of the Dardanelles, would divert Liman von Sanders' attention from the ANZAC and 29 Division landings in the centre. French warships were also being readied for a planned demonstration off Besika Bay at the very place where the Turkish 11 Division had conducted its exercise against an assault from the sea.

The soldiers waiting on the deck wrapped themselves against the cool of the evening. The sea was dead calm with the large disc of the moon, approaching full, just above the horizon. The light was sufficient for the troops to find their way, stepping over bundled forms as they moved along

the deck. Those awake sat in corridors or holds meticulously cleaning their rifles, writing letters or conversing in hushed tones. The rhythm of the evening was dictated by their landing orders and the covering force had few hours remaining. Those in the later echelons had the opportunity to sleep until dawn when the sound of gunfire would jolt them awake.

White's detailed planning had ensured that each soldier was given hot food before disembarkation, fed a decent meal rather than the usual army fare of sandwiches and hard biscuits. The officers of the covering force were given bunks and welcomed into wardrooms in the largest of the cruisers or destroyers. The soldiers, in turn, found themselves welcomed in the canteens and mess decks where sailors passed over cigarettes and sips of rum. Large pails of hot cocoa were ladled into the men's canteens. Many naval officers lent their bunks to their army colleagues where some dozed or sat in the wardroom smoking final cigarettes. Outside the warmth of mess decks, the men slept on the wooden decks or engaged in idle conversation along the rails. No-one was permitted to smoke on deck and NCOs and patrolling officers strictly enforced noise and light discipline. Dr Harry Nott was attached to 10 Battalion as officer commanding the stretcher-bearer and first aid party:

I was awakened at 1245 on 25 April, put on my equipment and had a hurried meal in the wardroom; and then proceeded to my station with my stretcher-bearers. There was some delay, but eventually we filed down a wood gangway, constructed for the purpose temporarily, into small open boats.

Lieutenant Assim stood in a trench dug into Russell's Top. He was on duty commanding 3 Platoon of 1 Company, reporting to Major Ismet. He scanned the sea and telephoned his regimental headquarters to report the shapes of enemy warships out to sea. They were some distance off, but the moon glistening off a smooth sea outlined the ships' distinct shape. Lieutenant Assim sent one of his men racing to the valley over the ridge where the rest of the platoon lay asleep. The man scrambled along a beaten track, his orders to wake the *askers* and send them to the forward trenches to stand to.

At 1.00 a.m., the ships came to a gentle standstill. *Prince of Wales*, *London* and *Queen* sat five miles from the shoreline. The outline of the cliffs and the entrance to Suvla Bay were clearly visible in the bright moonlight. Despite the clarity of the moon's illumination, it was considered unlikely that the transfer of the troops into rowboats would be seen by men from landside lookouts. Matting and carpets were laid on the decks to muffle the sound of men's boots. The three warships maintained strict noise and light discipline, their crews hoping that their silhouettes would cause no undue alarm; after all, warships had patrolled the coastline for months. The boats on the three battleships were swung out.

Half an hour later, the moon's light shone just as brightly, casting ghostly shadows. The troops began disembarking into the tows to be gently pulled towards the shore by steamboats. On *Queen* the disembarkation was completed in silence. The battleships and destroyers began to close up. Having taken their station with *Triumph* closest to Gaba Tepe's garrison, the covering warships launched their boats to help with the disembarkation of the covering force. Each

boat had a junior midshipman at the tiller and four ratings at the oars, now pulling silently towards *London, Prince of Wales and Queen*.

The Turkish 27 Regiment was unaware of the enemy movements out to sea. The headquarters and bivouacs dispersed in the olive grove in the Peren Ovasi valley were empty of troops. The platoons from 1 and 3 Battalion continued with their skirmish in the hinterland, counter-attacking a phantom enemy landing at Gaba Tepe. The *askers* knew this was another drill, but worked steadfastly through the night. As the moon was about to set below the horizon, the men returned to camp and the prospect of sleep. By 3.00 a.m., most had thrown themselves on the ground exhausted.

The first transports of A Echelon carrying 2 Brigade had left Mudros harbour and arrived off Imbros, close to the Gallipoli coast. B and C Echelons were ordered to proceed in later tranches to hide their movements from the enemy and to reach their allotted rendezvous times later in the morning. Major John William Hamilton, aboard the transport *Galeka* with 6 Battalion, 2 Brigade, used the quiet time to write a last letter to his wife:

S.S. *Galeka*,
Officers Mess
6 Battalion

Dearest,

As we are on the eve of landing on the Peninsula, I am writing this in the hope that it will get to you in due course. Dearie, this may be my last to you, so cheer up,

if I fall tomorrow morning, well I will be only one of the many brave fellows who have died trying to do their duty for King and country.

We are about to undertake a task which is extremely difficult and we are to land in the face of the enemy. They have any amount of artillery in hidden spots, so our airmen tell us, we have to face that in our boats. If they get shrapnel into them we will sink and of course we have a poor chance to swim with all our equipment; but then we have the consolation of knowing that the fleet are behind us and will pepper the Turks if they can only see their guns. Well dare I hope that by the time you are reading this letter that I am still in the land of the living and may have got into communication by cable or otherwise, after we get ashore. Anyhow, Dearest, there is one consolation that we are the reserve battalion of a brigade, and the last of the 4 to get ashore. And then another aspect to look at is that we will have alarmed the Turks with our first shore party and as it will be in the morning by the time we are putting off from the ship we may cop all their artillery fire whilst we are in our boats.

Anyhow, Dearest, I hope that this will not be my last letter by any great long chalks, we are all bustle each man has 200 rounds, 3 days rations, 1 quart water, a water proof sheet, his greatcoat, officers the same. We will have to live for 3 days without any supplies. I cannot conscientiously tell you any more about myself or what is going on, but as you will have it in the papers long before this reaches you it would be useless telling you. Anyhow believe me this, if I fall tomorrow be happy in the thought that I have done my duty to you and my country. Dearest, I have been a true hubby since

we met and dearest, it is comforting that I can face God and be pardoned for my sins. The only thing I can say is that being a soldier for so long, 19 years, I felt that if I didn't come on this I would not be worthy of my name as a captain in the Intelligence Corps.

Good love and God bless you and my darling little Boyne
Your loving and true hubby

Jack

Xxxxxxxxxx from Daddy to Boyne and her mother.

Seven sleek destroyers towed the second wave of the covering force from lines attached to their stern traces. The destroyers mimicked the landing sequence of the warships and prepared to land men from all four battalions fifteen minutes behind the first wave. Major Beavor, a company commander from 10 Battalion, was waiting to land with his company from the destroyer *Foxhound*. He thought, not entirely morbidly, that the hospitality he had enjoyed aboard the destroyer was a solid indication that the ship's crew did not think he would survive the dawn. The officers in the tiny wardroom had simply left him alone with the key to the grog cabinet.

From the bridge of *Queen*, Rear Admiral Thursby noted the tension that simmered beneath the quiet, orderly preparations:

It was a still night. There was hardly a breath of wind. Every sound seemed magnified tenfold and it seemed impossible that the noise of our boat hoists could escape being heard by the enemy a few miles away. We eagerly scanned the direction of the shore, the loom of which could be seen, to see if we could detect any movement, but all was still.

A 9 Battalion soldier on *London* wrote of his last minutes on the deck of the ship:

We were all called to fall in at 2.30 am, each man was given a liberal supply of rum, and then stood by to await landing. Time 3.30 am. The moon just going down behind the horizon, the cliffs ashore just looming like large grey clouds. The war boats had all stopped steaming. Sailors were everywhere moving about silently. Not a noise of any kind could be heard. The sea was as smooth as glass. The boats were being lowered into the water. The order came to get into the boats. Every man was in a short time seated into his respective boat, and everything was done in such a quiet matter that one would not realise that such a movement in the dark had been carried out.

Staff Sergeant McLennan remained on *Minnewaska* and recorded the atmosphere as the ship headed towards the silent shore. He was not expecting an ANZAC victory, but rather a fight for survival against superior numbers:

I awoke this morning at 2.30 dressed in the dark and went up on deck. It was bitterly cold and I shivered some. To tell the truth, I was not particularly in a brave mood, but nor exactly in a funk. I was horribly excited . . . I shivered more than ever. My legs were going like a step-dancer's, but after seeing a man with five ribbons on his chest, whose legs were about three times worse than mine, I felt better.

The forces on the Gallipoli Peninsula were variously estimated from between 60,000 to 80,000 Turks and 10,000 to 15,000 Germans. The land all round the peninsula as shown by aerial reconnaissance maps

was strongly held. All that the best of German military science and organisation could do was placed at the disposal of the Turks.

Ark Royal was on station on the left flank of Z Beach by 3.10 a.m. and her captain, Commander Clarke-Hall, ordered his men to prepare for action, the mechanics and ratings readying the seaplanes for flight. The ratings carefully manoeuvred the fragile machines in the darkness, moving them out of the hold and onto the flight deck. Once in the open the wings were folded down into place and the engines prepared for flight. The first seaplane to be lowered onto the calm sea was Short 161 with Captain Kilner as pilot and William Park as his observer and radio operator.

On the right flank, *Manica's* balloon remained bloated with highly flammable hydrogen. The ropes supporting the wicker basket were inspected and the telephone line connecting the bridge and the basket checked. A flask of coffee and a pack of sandwiches were prepared for the two naval gunnery officers who were shortly to climb over the basket's wicker sides. The two officers had been given a copy of the 1:40,000 scale map marked with the locations of enemy camps and had been ordered to observe the southern flank, at the end of 3000 feet of cable, and view the landing.

AE2 was now inside the mouth of the Dardanelles and had slipped unseen past the stricken hull of E.15. The sea inside the straits was dark, still and calm. AE2 proceeded along the surface saving her batteries. Standing on the conning tower, Stoker noted the sweep of the Kephez searchlight—a finger of bright sweeping light—and ensured that AE2 carefully hugged the European shore:

BANG! Tsh tsh, tsh, tsh, tsh . . .

Mighty close was the bang of that gun, and mighty close to my head the broken swish of the shell as it hurtled past. With too much thought for the eyes of the watchers of the searchlights we had edged to within a mile of the European shore, and had been sighted by the look-outs of a battery of Huns near the Saundere River.

The large disc of the moon had set below the horizon and the three warships were readying to send strings of boats full of troops towards the blackened shore. With no moon and a cloudy sky, the darkness seemed impenetrable. Diaries record descriptions of the pitch dark—a darkness so intense that the men were unable to see their hands, even when held before their faces.

At 3.30 a.m., the battleships stopped. Orders were whispered hoarsely to the steam pinnaces through metal megaphones, 'Go ahead and land.' Twelve steamboats cast off, tugging thirty-six boats towards land.

Young Midshipman Bush was in charge of a steam pinnace pulling three lifeboats with the men of ANZAC's first wave. He later wrote of the trip towards land:

. . . it is not easy keeping station in the pitch dark, not to keep the tell tale sparks from coming out of the funnels [of the pinnaces towing the men in strings of boats]. The order 'Tows are to be 150 yards apart' to give the soldiers the broad frontage they need for forming up is proving impossible to carry out. I, for one, close for fear of losing touch. Other tows are doing the same, reducing the frontage by one third—a serious matter.

By 4.00 a.m. the first wave of the covering force was close to the shore. At 4.10 the destroyers were signalled to 'come on' with the second wave.¹⁸

The men of ANZAC were committed to battle.

¹⁸ See Appendix S for the report.

EPILOGUE

Z Beach

Major Charles Villiers-Stuart, ANZAC's intelligence officer, sat in shared silence with 1500 men of the first wave. He was hunched on a cold wooden bench in a boat pulled by a steam launch towards the silent, brooding shore. The night was so dark that, as he climbed down the swaying cargo net on the ship's side, he could not see the man below. Slowly, a greyish light gave shapes to the heads and rifles of the men who sat before him. The gentle chug of the steam engine was the only sound save for the occasional nervous cough, quickly stifled. In silence the ropes attaching the boats were cast off and the men lowered their oars and pulled softly towards the shrouded ridges ahead.

The fourteen-year-old naval midshipman who was in charge noticed that the steam launches had bunched together. He pushed the tiller hard over to avoid becoming tangled with the other boats that loomed out of the darkness. There was no sound but the creak of oarlocks and the sea sucking on the shingle ahead; above and about them stood

Ari Burnu and the crest of Plugge's Plateau. The ropes were cast and soldiers sitting on the outside benches of the boats slowly pulled the men to the shore. The first wave of boats had moved crab-like to the left flank of Z Beach and had been swallowed by the cove.

As the first boat grounded, a shot was fired by a sentry above. Then dozens of flashes shattered the quiet of the early dawn; the men in the boats pulled on their oars to move quickly to the shelter of the shore. Charles Villiers-Stuart survived the first fusillade and turned to his primary duty—to locate a forming-up place for the men following behind. Officers took lines of soldiers past him and up the slopes towards the fight above. Men whooped with delight and screamed insults learned in the back streets of Cairo. The enemy machine-gun in the forward trench of Plugge's Plateau fired a dozen rounds from its belt; in reply, a machine-gun mounted on the bow of one of the steam launches fired at its muzzle flash, knocking it off its tripod and wounding its crew. The surviving *askers*, some running while others dragged the wounded, retreated rearwards to the higher ridge line to continue the fight inland. The crest surrounding the beach was taken in fifteen minutes of shouting punctuated with rifle fire. ANZAC soldiers rolled over the top of the plateau into the deep valley beyond in pursuit:

At 5.35 am *Queen* (HQ Lt Gen Birdwood) reported that 4000 men had been landed on Z Beach. Heavy rifle firing was in progress about this time on the slopes of SARI BAir and at 5.45 am some shrapnel was seen to fall.

Framed in the early dawn light, the second wave, towed behind seven destroyers, approached the shore. The

gunners at Gaba Tepe and in the batteries dug into the hill-sides were given the order to fire. Shrapnel burst over the destroyers, the small metal balls and shell casings striking the men assembled and smearing the grey ship with darker patches. The destroyers launched their men across the cove and the beaches right under the heights of 400 Plateau.

By 5.30 a.m., 4000 soldiers of the covering force were ashore on Z Beach and moving inland. Major Charles Villiers-Stuart decided that the sheltered cove would provide a more protected rendezvous and a safer point of disembarkation and sent a message on a p torn from his notebook to General Bridges aboard *Queen*. The first line of A Echelon transports, *Devenha*, *Suffolk*, *Ionian* and *Derflinger*, steamed towards the sheltered cove rather than the beach raked by relentless bursts of shrapnel. The MEF war diarist noted the ANZACs' initial successes:

8.39 am Australians reported capture of ridge 400 sq 224 and advancing extending their right towards Gaba Tepe. 3 Krupp guns captured in sq 2245. Disembarkation proceeding satisfactory and 8,000 men landed.

Major Charles Villiers-Stuart survived the hurly-burly of the first few days only to be killed by a shrapnel ball striking his chest as he sketched enemy trenches on 17 May. His death was lamented by Birdwood and Brudenell White who stood at his grave side as his body was carefully lowered into a hole marked with a wooden cross. Later, an unknown friend edged the rough earthen mound with white pebbles. He left behind a young wife and a tiny son he had never seen.

Above them and framed in the sky, the naval gunnery officers suspended under the balloon observed the battle

inland. At intervals a seaplane would fly low over the ridges to report on the movement of Turkish troops and to call in naval fire against an enemy warship on the other side of the peninsula. Lieutenant Harry Strain was afforded a unique view of the ANZAC landing:

We were in the air at dawn and saw the whole show; ants in the water and running about the beach but always making for the steep broken ground from which the Turks were firing heavily . . . many coming in by towed picket boats, to be greeted by shrapnel, stuttering machine-guns and persistent rifle fire.

By the time the commander of the ANZAC covering force, Colonel Sinclair-MacLagan, had halted in the scrub of 400 Plateau, having secured the beachhead and captured a battery of enemy guns, the British covering force was approaching the southern end of the peninsula. Tommies sat in orderly rows under white painted pith helmets and looked towards a shore bathed in warm sunshine. By the time they reached that shore, 29 Division's covering force had been mauled, its brigadier dying on a slowly sinking lifeboat alongside the beached *River Clyde*, directly under the cliffs and glacis of the medieval fort of Sedd el Bahr:

On *Queen Elizabeth* it was plainly visible that no progress had been made by covering force on beach V owing to barbed wire entanglements and hostile fire from troops entrenched close to beach. The beach also infiltrated by pom-pom fire from buildings on either flank.

Airmen in the landplane squadron that supported the southern assaults were traumatised by the sight:

The landing at Sedd el Bahr was disastrous. Blood in the sea: boats and bodies and gruesome debris were seen all along the beach even at 6000 feet . . . The sea for a distance of about 50 yards from the beach was absolutely red with blood, a horrible sight to see.

Men hung like washing over the barbed wire to be collected by grave registration teams a week later. The British, despite astonishing feats of bravery, managed to secure Cape Helles only after close fighting over three days. Hamilton's intelligence officer, Lieutenant Colonel Doughty-Wylie, who landed with the first wave, was shot through the head leading a charge into the broken village of Sedd el Bahr on 26 April, for which he was awarded a posthumous Victoria Cross.

General Bridges and Colonel Brudenell White landed at Anzac Cove at 9.00 a.m. Bridges endorsed the covering force commander's change of plan to send 1 Brigade to the exposed right flank. The Australian general, who had exhibited such flexibility of mind in his planning process, would also demonstrate enormous personal bravery on the peninsula. He was wounded in the leg by a Turkish sniper on 15 May, the bullet cutting his femoral artery, and died three days later aboard the hospital ship *Gascon*. Initially buried at Alexandria, Egypt, Bridges was the only Australian whose body was repatriated. He was reinterred on the heights above the Royal Military College, Duntroon, with the ceremony befitting an officer of his rank and bearing.

Private John Fisher landed with 1 Brigade and was immediately thrown into battle on 400 Plateau in an attempt to prevent Sefik Aker's 27 Division rolling the ANZAC flank:

I was in the first and pulled about 10 yards away when we were saluted with a shrapnel shell which struck the destroyer and several lads on deck. Then they rained ones on us till we landed. But, fortunately, their elevation was too high. Had to land up to our knees in water. A lad was lying on the beach who I thought might be just wounded, but found after inspecting him that he was dead with half his face blown away. Well, we fixed bayonets and started after the enemy and the country, which was very hilly and covered with scrub, made it very difficult work. Gotten tough with them about noon when the fun began, in fact, where I was on the right flank, it was hell's own work. Shrapnel bursting over us, machine guns pouring their deadly fire in and the explosive rifle bullets exploding all around us.

John Fisher was badly wounded on the second ridge line and had to drag himself to the beach for evacuation. He returned only to fall in the August offensive retaking 400 Plateau, renamed Lone Pine, after it was lost to the Turks on the afternoon of 25 April. Fisher died on 9 August 1915 at 8.00 p.m. aboard *Gascon* at Imbros from wounds received at the Battle of Lone Pine. He was buried at sea by a Catholic chaplain leaving Nina alone with his letters.

The three musketeers survived the landing but not the war. Dick Bulkeley recorded the initial action of the battle from the comparative safety of his transport:

Left Lemnos at 1.30. At day break were off S.W. corner of Gallipoli where Tommies were landing & very heavy firing was going on. Got off our landing place at 8am & things were pretty lively, the men-of-war were shelling the heights & our boys were ashore & at it. Got pretty

close in & landed some engineers & Australian Medical Corps but then some shells fell near us & we pulled out a bit. Battle raging all day on the ridge & grave reports coming in about our boys. Working like hell all day unloading ammunition & general supplies. Got no sleep all night, taking on board wounded & shipping staff. When you see our poor wounded boys you realise what a hell war is.

On 28 April the three musketeers landed at Anzac Cove after volunteering as stretcher-bearers, but were sent to reinforce the forward trenches as infantrymen instead. Harry Davies was hit in the head by a sniper's bullet and died on 23 June. Sid Kirwan was repatriated to Australia severely wounded by shrapnel leaving Dick Bulkeley alone. Bulkeley soldiered on without his friends and was promoted to sergeant, leading men who were strangers to him. After the withdrawal from Gallipoli he was sent to officers' school in Cairo and commissioned as a lieutenant in February 1916. He arrived in France with 3 Battalion and was appointed its intelligence officer. Dick Bulkeley was awarded the Military Cross for gallantry at Pozières under heavy shellfire. News of his death arrived in the form of a pink telegraphic slip at the front door of his parents' house in Wallerawang, New South Wales. The telegram was succinct:

Officially reported that Lieutenant late 1519 R. Bulkeley third battalion killed in action Seventh August. Please inform Mr R. H. Bulkeley Wallerawang and convey deepest regret and sympathy of their Majesties the King and Queen and Commonwealth government in loss that we and army have sustained by death of soldier.

Hamilton's overall strategic plan was sound. The Royal Naval Division demonstration off Bulair caught Liman von Sanders' attention and occupied two infantry divisions for two days. Similarly, the French landing at Kum Kale met with some success taking over 420 prisoners and diverting two enemy divisions before it was withdrawn to land on the British right at Cape Helles. The Royal Naval Division, having ended its pantomime, landed fresh troops at Anzac Cove as reinforcements on 28 April. Colour Sergeant Charlie White arrived with his battalion and occupied the second ridge line on the same day the three musketeers waded ashore. In May Charlie White's battalion was among the forces that attacked the village of Krithia at the foot of Achi Baba. With only one or two RMLI officers surviving, Charlie White was commissioned as a lieutenant. He was killed four days later, mentioned in dispatches for his bravery and leadership. In the lists of those recommended for gallantry published by the *London Gazette*, Charlie White's name immediately preceded that of General Bridges.

The ANZAC landing at Z Beach has not enjoyed its rightful place in history. ANZAC achieved its set objectives by drawing the wrath of the Turkish 5 Army and providing the British a fighting chance of landing in front of the hornets' nest of Cape Helles. Scattered units of ANZAC soldiers held off the Turkish 27 Regiment and Mustafa Kemal's 19 Division. Having endured hours of artillery barrages and repeated assaults by *askers* determined to throw the enemy into the sea, the ANZACs clung to their positions around the cove. Z Beach was taken in minutes; the battle for the ridge lines continued for another eight months.

Charles Palmer survived his incarceration, and the war. It is not clear whether he was punished for twisting the

landing plans and turning the feint at Bulair into the genuine assault. Palmer spent the rest of the war in a miserable Turkish prison, sharing a room with Lieutenant Commander Stoker whose submarine, AE2, was caught and sunk on the surface of the Dardanelles on 30 April 1915. The kindly American consul Mr Van Engert remained in contact with Charles Palmer, sending him socks, underwear, tobacco and an encyclopedia on ancient coins. He also sent news to Charles's father of his son's incarceration:

The Hague, Netherlands
October 5, 1918

My dear Mr. Palmer:

I have received a letter from your son, Lt. Palmer, at Afion Kara Hissar, copy of which I am enclosing herewith. I also sent a copy to the British Legation here for their information.

I was very glad to hear from your son. I happened to be attached to our Embassy in Constantinople when Turkey entered the war and was sent down to get the 'enemy' consul away. That is how I met Mr. Palmer, who was then H.B.M.'s vice-consul there. It was really a most unfortunate coincidence that he should have been captured a few months later at the identical spot! I'm sure it did not help him with his captors, as I remember that the Turkish officials never ceased—after I had got him safely out of the country—to lament the fact that they ever let him go at all! So you can imagine their feelings when fate again put him in their power . . .

C. Van H. Engert

Charles Palmer proved to be a true survivor. Later reports tell of his arrival in Constantinople dressed in a Turkish

officer's blue coat and driving a Ford motor car. How he achieved this miraculous reversal of fortune remains a mystery.

APPENDICES

Appendix A (Chapter 1)

Letter from Vice Admiral Sackville Carden to the Admiralty (and subsequently the Naval Intelligence Department) describing the work of Vice Consul Charles Palmer. The enclosures (not included) list a series of five minefields and changes to defences along the Narrows.

INDEFATIGABLE

22nd November 1914

Sir,

I have the honour to submit the following report with reference to the demonstration by bombardment of the forts at the entrance to the Dardanelles carried out on 3rd November last.

2. Mr. C. E. S. Palmer, Vice Consul at the Dardanelles, who was at Channakale on the 3rd November is now staying on board *INDEFATIGABLE* and reports to me as follows:

3. From reports he received, very considerable damage was done to Sedd el Bahr fort, where a magazine exploded. One Turkish officer from this fort stated that the accuracy of the fire was bewildering, one of his guns was actually struck and others apparently dismounted.
4. In the Kum Kalessi forts it was officially admitted that two officers and five men were killed, while several carts with wounded were seen passing the same night for the hospital. The lowest estimate of casualties was 150 killed and wounded, including 40 Germans, but most of his informants placed the number much higher . . .
5. The Turkish population of Channakale was not at first aware of the real damage done, as reports were sedulously spread that two British ships were damaged . . . The Government Archives and funds of the Ottoman Bank were hastily despatched to Bergaz, in the interior, and a partial exodus of Turkish families began. It was even said that all non-combatants might eventually be ordered to leave the town.
6. The Reserves troops in the Gallipoli Peninsula were brought across in caiques, while next day Essad Pasha arrived from Rodosto, and his Army Corps was to follow him.

Information supplied by Mr Palmer as to minefields and guns in the Dardanelles defences is shewn in the accompanying closures A and B.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient Servant.

S. Carden

VICE ADMIRAL.

Appendix B (Chapter 4)

Précis of one of three reports on the Gallipoli Peninsula available to planning staff for the amphibious assaults of 25 April 1915. The northern Gaba Tepe area described was later code-named Z Beach for the landing of ANZAC troops.

REPORT ON GALLIPOLI PENINSULA

Appendix No Z 2

(3) GALLIPOLI PENINSULA

The GALLIPOLI Peninsula from Cape HELLES to BULAir has a length of 32 miles, and a breadth of 12 miles near the centre to 6000 yards at a point one and a half miles southwest of BULAir, . . . The northern shore is bordered by a range of hills, which fall steeply towards the sea, and throw out spurs towards the southern shore. These steep slopes are covered with brushwood.

LANDING PLACES.

4. Two landing places exist at KABA TEPE.
 - (a) North of KABA TEPE. It is inadvisable to land here except by day, as there are indications of shoals (cliffs) close inland. The mainland consists of sandy hillocks covered with coarse grass. Movement for any troops except infantry would be difficult. This landing place might be used to cover troops moving on ESKI KEUI.
 - (b) South of KABA TEPE there is a beach stretching southwards for almost a mile.

In consequences of the existence of shoals (cliffs), only about 600 yards due South of KABA TEPE, as far as the mouth of ASMAK DERE, affords a safe landing place.

Appendix C (Chapter 4)

Précis of the second of three reports on the Gallipoli Peninsula that notes the importance of feint landings opposite the northern neck of the peninsula at Bulair.

**REPORT OF LANDING FACILITIES GABA
TEPE AND CAPE HELLES-GALLIPOLI
PENINSULA**

General Remarks

The whole coast under review appears to be steep-to, allowing vessels to approach closely, and the coast is backed by ridges which run generally parallel to the coastline, rising gradually to the summit of the peninsula, which in this portion attains a height of 600 to 700 feet.

2. A remarkable feature is that, with the exception of a break about $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile southward of Gaba Tepe, and another about 2 miles further south known as Chani Ovasi, the coast is backed by a ridge about 100 to 150 feet high. Behind this ridge is a valley and then other ridges or slopes rise to higher ground. In this valley enemy batteries or troops could be placed and moved without any fear of detection and without much chance of being exposed to the gunfire of ships.

...

12. Feints of landing troops at a certain point would probably serve a very useful purpose. A small number of guns in a comparatively large number of vessels could make a pretence of landing at BULAir where, owing to the mass of trenches and

wire entanglements seen, it is obvious that a landing is expected by the enemy.

It is also obvious that a landing is thought very possible at GABA TEPE. My reconnaissance showed many new trenches apparently and wire entanglements which were not seen when the look-out station at GABA TEPE was partially destroyed by H.M.S. *Dublin* on 3 March.

A feint landing here, however, does not appear of use as the distance from Cape Helles is comparatively short, whereas a feint landing at BULAir would possibly divert enemy troops entirely in the wrong direction for them and would give far more time for a thorough hold to be made at CAPE HELLES. In this event it is suggested that the whole fleet of transports could arrive off BULAir at 3.00 or 4.00pm with a large number of warships, the transports detailed for the feint could proceed to make it, covered by a heavy bombardment from the warships, this being continued up to and after dark—the main landing party, covering ships etc moving off after dark to CAPE HELLES all ready to commence the real operation at daylight the following morning.

These remarks are submitted because the landing at BULAir is good, and it is more less an obvious objective, whereas that at CAPE HELLES is not.

13. Aerial Reconnaissance. Prior to landing, it appears most necessary especially to examine the ridges between GABA TEPE and CAPE HELLES already referred to. There is doubtless plenty of space here for enemy troops to take cover, and to manoeuvre without being seen from seaward,

and batteries do exist there, as H.M.S. *Grampus* was fired upon when examining Chani Ovasi—the number and extent of the ridges in this area it is impossible to know without walking over the ground or from an aeroplane reconnaissance.

Aeroplanes over BULAir are also considered necessary, so as to support the enemy in the theory that a landing is to be made in that direction.

...

16. Concluding remarks. It is thought that immediately prior to the landing a systematic shelling of KERITHIA village, SEDD EL BAHR, ERENKEUI, all small villages and houses, should be carried out between GABA TEPE and the Straits, as it is thought that troops must be housed here. It was most remarkable that during the examination of this coast there were absolutely no signs of human beings or other living things, whereas between GABA TEPE and SUVLA BAY the plain was full of herds of cattle and goats, together with a comparatively large number of human beings ploughing and tilling the land. It would thus appear that south of GABA TEPE the country is in the hands of the military or entirely deserted, and from experience most probably the former.

Appendix D (Chapter 8)

Précis of one of many aerial intelligence reports produced by No. 3 Squadron, Royal Naval Air Service, from its aerodrome on Tenedos. Aerial intelligence reports were detailed and comprehensive, listing myriad changes to Turkish defences and troop concentrations. Note the military reconnaissance flight conducted by ANZAC's intelligence officer.

AEROPLANE REPORT, APRIL 14th 1915

The following flights were carried out:

One spotting flight.

One flight taking photographs

One flight taking Major Villiers-Stuart to Gaba Tepe.

Two reconnaissance flights.

Reconnaissance Flight

Pilot

Lieut. Collet

Observer

Major Villiers-Stuart

Started at 2.30 p.m.

Returned 3.40 p.m.

Results of flight:

- (1) The gun emplacements at ACHI BABA appear to be empty.
- (2) The field work at 203 X 8 reported under construction on the 11th is now complete and is an eight gun battery. Four emplacements face west and are occupied. Four emplacements face north-west and are not occupied.

A strongly entrenched line extends along the high ground from 214 V to 194 H whence it runs south in the direction of MAGRAM.

Appendix E (Chapter 8)

Signal detailing the use of seaplanes (and later *Manica's* tethered balloon) to support the ANZAC landing at Z Beach. Note the joint nature of ANZAC operations.

The Vice Admiral regrets that the aerodrome at TEN-EDOS is too distant to enable aeroplanes to operate effectively with your Corps until a place for a landing can be found for them on the GALLIPOLI peninsula. For the first day or so, it will be necessary to use seaplanes with your force.

Appendix F (Chapter 8)

Abbreviated intelligence report from HMS *Ark Royal's* seaplane in support of land operations. The number of shells detonating over three miles out to sea signalled the importance of landing in darkness.

AEROPLANE REPORT 16 APRIL, 1915

Seaplane reconnoitred GALLIPOLI in forenoon and afternoon. Fired at TAIFUR magazine. Seaplane marked. Expended 14 rounds 9.2". Observer reported 2 Magazine apparently exploded. Seaplane heavily fired on by shrapnel from field guns also by rifles. Seaplane hit but aviators not touched. Later enemy commenced fire with field gun, shrapnel, while picking up seaplane. Shells apparently near TAIFUR over hill. All burst short, appeared as if fuzes are limited to 6,000 yards. In all enemy expended 200 shrapnel.

Appendix G (Chapter 9)

Birdwood's instructions to Bridges which order an advance towards Mal Tepe despite the identification of strong Turkish defensive positions. It is important to note that there is no description (or grid reference) for Z Beach.

SECRET: Instructions to GOC Australian Division

The objective of the covering force and the subsequent action of the Army Corps is to secure a position covering the Kaba Tepe—Fisherman's Hut Landing Place; the landing of the Army Corps; and an advance to cover the enemy's North and South communications in the vicinity of Mal Tepe.

In your instructions to the covering force you should keep in mind the advantage of landing on a broad front and the necessity for occupying as rapidly as possible the covering positions laid down on the Force Orders.

In view of the reported presence of guns in square 212 L and M, and of troops in the PEREN OVASI VALLEY, the covering force will have to advance and occupy the ridge running first East from KABA TEPE and then NORTH EAST (marked low scrub) in Square 212, towards the crest in square 238 Q and V.

To assist in this task the rest of your Division is being landed immediately after the covering force, and should be disposed with a view to securing the above line and the northern flank in the direction of FISHERMAN'S HUT.

When this line has been secured, you will be guided by the situation as to whether you make a further advance, or consolidate your position until the landing of the bulk of the Army Corps permits the development of an advance towards its objective—MAL TEPE.

You should however watch the approaches from the South, from ESKI KEUI, KOJADERE and BIYUK ANAFARTA, and you may find it possible to send detachments to the three places mentioned, to turn the enemy out of them.

WALKER Brig-Gen,

Gen Staff,

ANZAC,

HMT MINNEWASKA 18/4/15

Appendix H (Chapter 9)

Bridges and White published their orders to their four brigades but did not include Mal Tepe as the divisional objective given the possibility that the Turks would mount a strong defence.

OPERATION ORDER No.1

By Major-General W T Bridges CMG

Commanding First Division

Transport A11 MINNEWASKA

18 April 1915

1. The ANZAC will land north of KABA TEPE—the landing will probably be opposed.
2. The Division will land between KABA TEPE and FISHERMAN'S HUT. Its first objective will be the occupation of the ridge extending from Sq 121 I to point 971 in Sq 238 M.
3. The Covering Force will occupy the ridge between 212 I and 238 V. Special Instructions have been issued to Colonel MacLagan (3 Bde).
4. The following unit is attached to the Division:-
No. 7 Indian Mountain Brigade.
5. General Lines of disembarkation:-
The troops on each transport will disembark in echelons.
6. Until the issue of orders upon the disembarkation of Divisional Headquarters:-
 - (i) That portion of the objective between sq 224 F inclusive to 238 M inclusive and the protection of the left flank in the direction of FISHERMAN'S HUT, is assigned to 2 Infantry Brigade.
 - (ii) That portion of the 1 Infantry Brigade

disembarked will be the reserve in the rendezvous.

(iii) The 7 Indian Mountain Artillery Brigade will be placed at the disposal of the Officer Commanding Covering Force.

(iv) The 2 Field Company:
Improve exits from the beach and begin the construction of radio communications from the centre of the beach on the spur in Sq 224 (Q) to (D) and towards 212 (C).

Search and sink for water.

10. A casualty clearing station found by No. 1 Australian Casualty Clearing Station will be established on the beach . . .

11. Until Divisional Headquarters land, reports will be sent to HMS PRINCE OF WALES.

G.B.B. White

Lieutenant-Colonel

General Staff

1 Australian Division.

Appendix I (Chapter 10)

Bridges (via White) issues Sinclair-MacLagan detailed instructions on Turkish guns and methods for their destruction. There is no description of the landing beaches—the objective was to seize a covering position allowing disembarkation of the following brigades which had to land during daylight.

INSTRUCTIONS TO OFFICER COMMANDING COVERING FORCE.

I am to direct attention to secret memoranda of the 15 and 16 April, and particularly to the following information:

On KABA TEPE there are seven gun emplacements and three occupied trenches.

There is one battery with four large emplacements (either roofed or empty) in Sq 212 I.9 to M 7.

There are trenches on the crest and forward slope on the ridges between Sqs 212 A and 224 Q and is the crest from 224 V to about 237.

In 224 O 8 there is a field work and one gun emplacement.

In Sq 224 Q there is a gun emplacement with one gun position.

Your objective is to cover the disembarkation of the 1 Australian Division between Gaba Tepe and Fisherman's Hut.

The Covering position which it is desired you should occupy extends Sq 212 I to Square 238 V.

It is essential that you should advance rapidly on a broad as front as possible. You will observe that in the Operation Order the 2 Infantry Brigade is directed to the left of the objective.

In order to enable your objective to be seized and held and to prevent the landing being interfered with, the General Officer Commanding considers it important to clear Gaba Tepe and clear any guns there. On your left similarly it will be necessary early to disable the guns said to be in Sq 224 Q.

Some notes on the disablement of guns are enclosed for information and distribution. The 1 Field Company have been ordered to land a quantity of explosives.

White Lieutenant-Colonel

General Staff

1 Australian Division

Major Villiers-Stuart: Will go ashore after covering force. His services will be placed at the disposal of the GOC Australian Division to assist in the duties laid down in manual of Combines Operations 52 iv. As regards last duty, he will be prepared to give the Army Corps Commander a plan to include both Divisions.

Appendix J (Chapter 10)

The aerial observation of large enemy encampments is reflected in the 3 Squadron report of operations compiled by Lieutenant Bertie Isaac on 19 April 1915. The land-planes prosecuted a range of missions in support of coming military operations.

AEROPLANE REPORT—19 APRIL 1915

Spotting flight- Firing Ship H.M.S. Talbot.

Commenced firing at 7.30 a.m.

Target square 203 P and U, trenches and gun emplacements. At least one hit on trenches. At 7a.m. Eurarlus was firing at camp in 194. Most shots over.

Observations made:

Submarine E15 was in same position, with one small steamboat alongside. Oil was still coming from her but not so much as yesterday. There is a small camp of twenty tents at 212 L5. Dropped one 20 lb. bomb at this, missed 100 yards right, and one at redoubt 169 B 2, missed 10 yards over. Dropped 20 lb bomb at houses 175 B 9 missed 2 yards right.

Reconnaissance flight

Observations made:

Square 168 C Three gun emplacements previously reported occupied now apparently empty.

Square 212 Y Four guns (shown on map)

Square 212 L Four guns (shown on map)

Square 224 B No entrenchments seen up to Nibrunesi Point as far inland as Biyük Anafrata.

Boghali Supplementary to previous report, note 1 Brigade Field Artillery.

APPENDICES

Maidos Number of troops seen outside town.
Nothing new to report on other parts of Peninsula
covered.

Appendix K (Chapter 10)

Turkish troop concentrations were singled out for bombardment to assist the ANZAC landing on Z Beach. Camps and batteries that could interfere with the landing were selected for heavy naval bombardment with fire direction from *Manica's* tethered balloon and *Ark Royal's* seaplanes.

Sailing Orders

QUEEN ELIZABETH

No. 25 MEMORANDUM

18 APRIL 1915.

With BACCHANTE and MANICA with tug you will proceed to rendezvous TALBOT at a position 6 miles west of GABA TEPE at 4.30 a.m. 19th April.

On arrival there you will take orders and carry out bombardment of camps in neighbourhood of Gaba Tepe by daylight. The positions of the camps, as reported by aeroplane reconnaissances, which you should attack are:-

- (a) Camp of 700 tents at 203 T.
- (b) Camp of 450 tents at 194 P to 195 Q.
- (c) Camp of 20 tents at 219 I 9.
- (d) Camp of 20 tents at 224 N 2.

Method of attack.

Ships are not to anchor or remain under fire from shore batteries . . .

2. A seaplane has been ordered to be in position to spot for TALBOT on camp 203 T at 6.30 a.m. at which hour fire should also be opened by BACCHANTE on camp 194 P . . .

3. After bombarding camps you should proceed along the coast and attack shore batteries between Fisherman's Hut and point four miles south of Gaba Tepe.

(sd) J.M. de Robeck.

Vice Admiral

Appendix L (Chapter 11)

Postponement due to inclement weather cruelled Bridges and White's plan to land the covering force on Z Beach in the hours of darkness.

Commencement of operations is postponed for another 24 hours, making total postponement 48 hours from original programme. Please inform necessary military officers. "QUEEN" 22 April 1915.

Appendix M (Chapter 11)

The following list of twenty-two enemy defences issued by Hamilton's MEF headquarters was used to update the 1:40,000 coloured topographical maps issued to ANZAC officers.

**CORRECTIONS TO SKETCH PLANS
(DATED 18 APRIL 1915) OF GALLIPOLI
PENINSULA SHOWING RESULTS OF Air
RECONNAISSANCES.**

1. Woods in vicinity of SEDD EL BAHR thoroughly reconnoitred but no guns seen. Concealment, however, would be easy.
2. The 3 gun emplacement shown as occupied at 168 C 6 is now apparently empty.
3. The small circles shown at 170 G which represent circular marks seen, not yet identified.
4. Camp of 400 tents seen at 177 A 8
5. There are 9 guns in battery shown at 178 F 9.
6. Emplacement shown at 178 K 1 is occupied by 4 guns.
7. The dotted line at 178 F and G is approximately the situation of about 20 tents.
8. Two emplacements at 177 Z 5 certainly occupied.
9. New trench in 195 O between 4, 1 and 2.
10. New trench in 198 A between 4, 7 and 8.
11. Four gun batteries at at 186 U 3 and 186 U 6 with trench between.
12. New camp of about 400 tents at 193 W 6.
13. New camp of about 400 tents at 193 S 6.
14. Summit of hill 690 (195 I 5) is entrenched.
15. Summit of hill 652 (196 N 1) is entrenched.
16. Four gun battery at 196 G 2.

APPENDICES

17. Infantry trenches round lower spurs at 203 VYZ.
18. Four gun emplacement occupied at 203 A 7.
19. Four gun emplacement unoccupied at 203 G 2.
20. Four guns at 212 L 2.
21. Twenty tents at 212 L 5.
22. Camp of 700 tents at 203 T not seen by balloon observer.

The above corrections should be made to the copies of the maps supplied and the map re-dated 20 April.

A new sketch plan embodying these and other subsequent corrections will be published as soon as possible.

Issued by Intelligence Section G.H.Q.

Appendix N (Chapter 11)

Précis of orders for the first brigade to land following the lodgement of the covering force. The primary route for 7 Battalion is over Anzac Cove with the brigade headquarters sited on Russell's Top. This partially dispels the myth of the landing at the 'wrong beach'.

OPERATION ORDER NO. 5

COL McCay Commanding 2 Infantry Brigade

INTENTION: The 2 Infantry Brigade will seize the ridge from Square 224 F to square 238 M, both inclusive, and will also protect our left flank in the direction FISHERMAN'S HUT.

Unless circumstances forbid, the route for the 5 Battalion will be through Square 224 Q, 224 M, 224 I, 224 D (north of baby knoll Baby 700) 237 Z, 238 Q.

The route for the 7 Battalion 224 G, 224 H, 224 B, 224 C, 224 D, and thence northwards.

The route for the 6 Battalion and 8 Battalion will be via 224 Q, 224 M, 224 I, 224 D, etc.

Reports to 224 D 5 till Battalions in position thereafter 237 Z 3.

Appendix O (Chapter 11)

Précis of British 29 Division orders that do not list Turkish defences as part of the appreciation of the division's battlespace.

SECRET GENERAL HEADQUARTERS

19 April 1915

The objective of this covering force is the ridge across the Peninsula, point 344 sq 170 D) ACHI BABA PEAK—472—coastline (Sq 184).

Précis:

Landing across five beaches: S, V, W, X, and Y. The covering ships will bombard the southern end of the peninsula at daybreak. Landings in four stages starting with Y and bombardment of Helles. Second is landing 2,900 troops S, V, W, and X. Third is River Clyde run ashore at V Beach. Fourth is remainder of covering force on V, W, and X.

Appendix P (Chapter 11)

Signal from Hamilton's headquarters MEF to ANZAC directing the assaulting troops not to fire at their own aircraft overflying the landing.

FORCE ORDER No.4

General Headquarters

22 April 1915

1. No aircraft are to be fired at during the forthcoming operations unless they bear the German distinguishing mark—a black cross—or unless by committing hostile acts, they proclaim their nationality.

Appendix Q (Chapter 11)

A truncated report from 3 Squadron aeroplanes describing aerial photo reconnaissance of the landing beaches at Cape Helles and the strategic strike against Maidos.

Five aeroplanes attacked Maidos 7-100lbs and 6-20lbs bombs dropped at batteries or other objectives near the town. Recce flights—photographs of Cape Helles, Sedd el Bahr, Morto Bay and Eski Hissarlik (beach 3) taken. It was reported that only 50 tents remained of large camp at Jessoi (result of raid 17 April). The OC HM Submarine E.11 was carried as passenger for a flight over straits.

Appendix R (Chapter 11)

The last intelligence report distributed to ANZAC headquarters before the landing. Its contents proved to be prophetic.

24 April ATHENS reports information from one Mr Fraser:- States Turkish forces divided into five Armies. 1C ONSTANTINOPLE CHATADLJA ADRINOPLE. 2 EGYPT or BAGHDAD 3 ERZEROUM or EGYPT. 4 CAUCASUS. 5 DARDANELLES & SMYRNA. Also force of 250,000 men (independent) on BOSPHOROUS, under German Admiral Suchon, and that Admiral von USEDOM commands coast defence artillery DARDANELLES. States Turkish confidence in the impregnability of the DARDANELLES, provided neutrality of Bulgaria maintained, and that Allies will require at least 500,000 men to capture Straits.

Appendix S (Chapter 11)

The first wave of boats of the covering force landed in darkness, but the second wave on seven destroyers landed in daylight and suffered the consequences.

At 1.35 a.m. on the 25 April, at a rendezvous east of IMBROS, the troops were transferred in good order and absolute silence to the tows. At about 3.30 a.m. when some four miles from the coast the battleships stopped and orders were given for the tows to proceed inshore and the men to land. At 4.10 a.m. the destroyers carrying the remainder of the covering force were ordered to follow.

ENDNOTES

Prologue

Page

1. ‘‘Boys,’ he said, ‘as this may be the last occasion . . .’: AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry 11 April 1915, General William Birdwood’s address to his men.

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6. He began to toy . . . : TNA ADM 137/2165, *Mediterranean War Records*, vol. 1, 1914, copy of a letter received from the British Vice Consulate, 15 August 1914.
6. The man who was so disturbed . . . : The Foreign Office List for 1914 includes a detailed listing for Clarence Edward Stanhope Palmer born 29 October 1883 and promoted to Vice Consul at the Dardanelles on 4 August 1911. Palmer preferred to be called Charles rather than Clarence, leading to some confusion in written records.
8. Two days earlier he had carefully marked . . . : TNA ADM 137/787, *Letters of Proceedings Eastern Mediterranean Squadron*, contains letters and dispatches from Vice Consul Palmer including his hand-drawn map of the Dardanelles defences with annotations in red pencil marking changes to the defences since 4 August.
9. Why bring the European conflagration to this ancient land . . . : The Sublime Porte was the term used in official reporting documentation to refer to the Sultan and his empire.

12. Somehow, from within this mire of difficulty, . . . : Otto Liman von Sanders, *Five Years in Turkey*, United States Naval Institute, Annapolis, 1927.
15. Within the Turkish Army, 3 Corps stood alone . . . : E.J. Erickson, *Ordered to Die: A History of the Ottoman Army in the First World War*, Greenwood Press, London, 1950, p 77.
16. 'Sir, I have the honour to inform you . . .': TNA ADM 137/787, *Mediterranean War Records*, vol. 1, 1914, letter to *Indefatigable* dated 18 August 1914.
17. 'Sir, I have the honour to acknowledge . . .': Ibid., letter HMS *Indomitable* to Palmer dated 16 August 1914. While Palmer wrote to *Indefatigable*, his letter was received and a response sent by *Indomitable* as command of the patrol was changed regularly.
18. 'H.B.M Vice Consul Dardanelles . . .': TNA ADM 137/787 contains two separate ciphers for Channakale and Constantinople. There were twenty-one permeations, many of which focussed on the movements of the *Goeben* and *Breslau*.
19. The Royal Navy enjoyed considerable influence . . . : TNA ADM 137/881 includes a letter to the Senior Naval Officer detailing the withdrawal of the mission dated 20 September 1914.
20. 'As already reported by telegram . . .': Ibid., appreciation by Colonel Cunliffe-Owen dated 8 September 1914.
21. The British Ambassador's report . . . : Ibid., letter from Sir Louis Mallet dated 25 September 1914.
22. ' . . . without risking the ships . . .': TNA ADM 137/2165, letter from the Secretary of the Admiralty.
23. 'It seemed to me to be a deliberate bombardment . . .': Petty Officer Cave, HMS *Indefatigable*, in P. Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, Battle Standard, London, 1976, p 15.
24. Inside Kum Kale fort . . . : TNA ADM 137/2165, descriptions taken from a letter by Charles Palmer to Naval Intelligence Department dated 12 December 1914.
25. 'My dear Mr. Palmer: . . .': Cornelius H. van Engert papers, box 1, folder 23, Georgetown University Library, Special Collections Division, Washington, D.C.
26. He included a detailed report . . . : TNA ADM 137/2165: Enclosure A was a detailed list of minefields totalling six lines—listed as Line A to Line F totalling 195 mines with bearings and distances to landmarks. Enclosure B was a list of batteries in the Dardanelles, 'an extra 44 guns have been sent to the Dardanelles since 1 September, 12 of which are 10.5cm, the remainder probably 12cm some perhaps 15cm'.

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28. 'The Director of Naval Intelligence Department . . .': TNA ADM 137/881 NID 4264, File 'Tenedos as an Aeroplane Base near the Dardanelles'.
29. 'If B.11 fails to reach Channakale . . .': TNA ADM 137/2165 letter from Captain 'D', HMS *Blenheim*, to Vice Admiral commanding Mediterranean Detached Squadron, 3 December 1914.
31. 'I put in nine hours under water . . .': L. Ryan, *Holbrook The Submarine Town*, Greater Hume Shire Council, Holbrook, Victoria, 2008.
32. 'I had the starboard torpedo ready . . .': Victorian State Library, MS10705, Austin family files.
33. 'Sir, I have the honour to report . . .': TNA ADM 8418/90, *Hindu Kush* ship's log.
33. The fact that he had sunk the wrong ship . . .: An Australian town in northern Victoria was named in honour of Holbrook's bravery. The connection between the town of Holbrook and Charles Palmer the spy has so far remained undisclosed.
33. On 31 January 1915, the world's first aircraft carrier . . .: See TNA Air 1/479/15/312/239 for a more detailed description of *Ark Royal*.
34. *Ark Royal* also carried . . .: TNA ADM 1753/340 98, *Ark Royal* ship's log, p 2.
35. 'HMS *Indefatigable* . . .': TNA ADM 137/1089, Vice Admiral Sackville Carden's covering letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty.
35. 'Noted . . .': Ibid.
36. 'It is possible none of these defences . . .': TNA ADM 137/2165.
38. 'We did reconnaissance flights along the coast . . .': RAF Archive AC 75/33/3/3, *Lieutenant H. Strain memoirs*.
39. 'The main fleet lay off at anchor . . .': TNA Air 1/37/2, *Ark Royal* flying log, 30–31 Jan 1915.
40. 'From where I was sheltering . . .': Jean Deffez, diary entry, in Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, p 27.
42. 'They landed by the pier at No. 6 Fort . . .': Midshipman William Powlett, diary entry, in Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*.
43. 'In the night trawlers were sent up . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Diary of Lieutenant Commander Gibson*, gunnery officer, HMS *Albion*.
43. 'We had been ordered to go below . . .': Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, p 35.
44. The aviators returned to *Ark Royal* . . .: TNA Air 1/137/2, *Ark Royal* flying log.
44. 'no considerable damage': Ibid.
45. 'Our job was to fly over the surrounding country . . .': RAF Archive AC 75/33/3/2, *Strain memoirs*.

46. 'Every man who put his head . . .': TNA Air 1/137/2, *Ark Royal* debrief from Lieutenant Allsop.
46. 'We could see from the ship men . . .': Ibid.
47. 'Two scouting parties of eight men each . . .': George Kadar, diary entry, in Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, p 30.
47. 'They got so far, . . .': Ibid.
47. 'Demolishing party from our ship landed at Kum Kale . . .': Ibid., p 31.
48. 'Tues 9 March: . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*.
49. 'Successful reconnaissance . . .': TNA ADM 137/2165.
50. 'Saturday March 13: . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*.
51. 'The instructions went over . . .': Ian Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1, Project Gutenberg Ebook of *Gallipoli Diary*, <http://informotions.com/etexts/gutenberg/dirs>.
52. 'The Peninsula itself is being fortified . . .': Ibid.
53. 'Wednesday March 17: . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*, entry 17 March.
53. 'I do pray that I will do my duty bravely, . . .': Ibid.

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55. 'Light breeze from the south, . . .': TNA ADM 53/340, ship's log HMS *Ark Royal*. All log entries at the front of chapters are from *Ark Royal* unless otherwise listed in endnotes.
57. 'Wash clothes as convenient this afternoon . . .': W.H. Price, *With the Fleet in the Dardanelles*, Andrew Melrose Ltd, London, 1915, p 15.
62. 'We were amazed, . . .': Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, p 76.
63. 'I tell him . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1, entry 18 March 1915.
65. 'Our ships were frequently hit, . . .': TNA Air 1/137/2, *Ark Royal* flying log entry 18 March 1915.
66. 'Forts 13, 16, 17, 19 . . .': Ibid., post-mission debrief, mission no. 63 Wight No. 173, pilot: Lieutenant Whitehead, observer: Lieutenant Strain, 18 March 1915.
66. 'This morning the bombardment of the Narrows, . . .': AC 75/33/3/2, *Strain diary entry*.
67. 'I was sent to get spares shells . . .': Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, p 43.
68. 'Next the *Irresistible* struck a mine, . . .': TNA Air 1/137/2, *Ark Royal* flying log entry, 18 March 1915.
68. 'Then I noticed *Bouvet* . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary entry*, 18 March 1915.
69. 'We could hear the *thunder* . . .': Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, p 40.

71. As many as a third of the ships had sunk . . . : Cenk Anci, *The Skies over Gallipoli*, Nart Yayincilik, Istanbul, 2003, p 35.
72. 'I am being most reluctantly driven . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, entry 19 March 1915.
74. The loss of ships and friends was keenly felt . . . : IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary entry*, 18 March 1915.
77. 'It is pretty big camp . . .': Richard 'Dick' Farley Bulkeley *diary*, private holding.
77. 'somewhere in Cairo, location unknown': Ibid.
78. 'Great deal of disease . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry 19 April 1915.
81. 'The old general slept out . . .': C.E.W. Bean, *Two Men I Knew: William Bridges and Brudenell White, Founders of the AIF*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1957, p 44.
82. '18 March, Mena . . .': AWM MS 7824 877/2, *Colonel Brudenell White diary entry*, 18 March 1915.
83. The Admiralty responded . . . : TNA WO 158/574, *General Birdwood's report*; TNA 3443 MO192, Kitchener's reply dated 8 March 1915.
84. 'You will occupy positions . . .': D. Winter, *25 April 1915: The Inevitable Tragedy*, University of Queensland Press, St Lucia, 1994, p 69. Denis Winter finds a strong correlation between Teliknea Point and the beach below Anzac Cove. AWM4 23/3/2, Part 1, *3 Brigade's war diary* has a list of training activities.
84. 'Alexandria 6 am . . .': AWM4 23/28/1, *11 Infantry Battalion war diary*, August 1914–April 1915.
86. 'Troops are being trained daily . . .': AWM4 23/3/2, Part 1, *3 Brigade war diary*.
87. 'The men rowed ashore . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*.
87. Captain Arthur Ross . . . : AWM G74321 G1S65, map, Colonel Arthur Ross, 26/6/28. Before he landed at Anzac Cove, Ross cut his map to fit his map case.
89. 'The allies probably recognised . . .': Liman von Sanders, *Five Years in Turkey*, p 20.
91. 'Alexandria: 20/3/1915: . . .': AWM4 1/27/1, *March intelligence bulletin* ANZAC headquarters; AWM4 1/5/1, Headquarters MEF intelligence section.
91. The ANZAC intelligence war diary appendix . . . : AWM4 1/27/1, ANZAC headquarters intelligence section, March 1915.
91. 'overestimate': Ibid.
91. However, he also noted that . . . : Ibid.
92. 'The last estimate of dispositions . . .': Ibid.

92. '... ten miles away ...': AC 75/33/3/2, *Strain diary entry*.
93. 'Blowing hard, ...': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary entry*.
93. 'His Majesty the King ...': Ibid.

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96. 'the Navy have shot their bolt ...': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1, entry 21 March 1915.
96. An irritated Hamilton telegraphed ...: AWM4 1/4/1, Part 1, Headquarters MEF General Staff.
96. 'Cairo reports following from Athens ...': AWM4 1/27/1, *Egyptian War Office bulletin*, ANZAC headquarters intelligence section; AWM4 1/5/1, Headquarters MEF intelligence section, log entry 21 March 1915.
99. The report was dispatched ...: Tim Travers, 'Liman von Sanders, the Capture of Lieutenant Palmer, and Ottoman Anticipation of the Allied Landings at Gallipoli on 25 April 1915' in *Journal of Military History*, vol. 65, issue 4, October 2001, p 965.
99. 'I told them too that my Intelligence folk ...': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1, entry 21 March 1915.
101. He had resigned as ...: The Navy List for July 1915 shows Palmer, Clarence, E.S. as a lieutenant. He had been commissioned a temporary lieutenant in the Naval Reserve (RNVR) on 22 February 1915.
102. 'He told me the 29 Division transports ...': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*.
103. '... I wish to introduce you ...': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
103. 'We have some of the saved aboard ...': AC 75/33/31, *Strain diary*.
104. 'Area considered dangerous ...': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*, entry 23 March 1915.
105. 'At 10 o'clock Birdie and myself ...': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1.
107. '... notification was received ...': AWM4 1/4/1, Part 1, Headquarters MEF, March–April 1915.
108. 'We spent the rest of the evening ...': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
110. The informant added ...: AWM4 1/27/1, Headquarters ANZAC intelligence section, March 1915.
111. 'HMT *Franconia* ...': AWM4 1/54/1, Headquarters New Zealand and Australian Division intelligence section, April 1915.
113. The vineyard's Greek owner ...: TNA Air 1/361/15/228/50: *Royal Naval Air Service Reports*, Jan–Dec 1915; message from Vice Admiral de Robeck, EMS, to Admiralty dated 18 March 1915.

113. 'Thereafter all was feverish preparation . . .': AC 75/33/31, *Strain diary*.
115. 'Have cabled to Lord K. . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1.
115. ' . . . 32 miles in length . . .': AWM4 1/54/1, Headquarters New Zealand and Australian Division intelligence section, April 1915, p 3, 'General Description'.
116. ' . . . appearing to be steep-to, . . .': Ibid., 'Report of landing facilities between Gaba Tepe and Cape Helles—Gallipoli Peninsula'.
116. ' . . . the enemy thinks a landing is possible . . .': Ibid.
116. 'Feints are considered essential . . .': Ibid.
117. 'She went into a vertical spinning nose dive . . .': AC 75/33/31, *Strain diary*.
121. 'I hear that the 29 Division is at Alexandria . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*.
121. '24 March, night operations again.': AWM MS 7824 877/2, *White diary entry*.
122. 'Up early & find the camp . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.

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| 123. | Confirmatory evidence arrived . . .: See Travers, 'Liman von Sanders'. |
| 124. | 'They are sending the venereal cases off . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, <i>Bean March and April diaries</i> . |
| 125. | 'I have had leave one afternoon . . .': <i>Bulkeley diary</i> , private holding. |
| 126. | 'Telegram from Vice Admiral . . .': <i>Chartwell Collection</i> , CHAR 13/65 telegram 858 dated 25 March 1915, de Robeck to Admiralty. |
| 126. | As Tenedos did not have a dock . . .: IWM 72/113/3/41, aeroplane report on Gallipoli. |
| 126. | He had achieved particular renown . . .: John Hamilton, 'The King saw the First Aerial Bomb Dropped', <i>The West Australian</i> , Saturday 9 May 1959. |
| 127. | Samson had enhanced . . .: TNA Air 1/724/76/6, Notes on interview with Air Commodore C.R. Samson, 15 March 1923. |
| 127. | 'Commander Samson . . .': IWM 87/32/2, <i>Gibson diary</i> . |
| 128. | Of all the obstacles . . .: H. Kannengiesser, <i>Gallipoli Bedeutung und Verlauf der Kampfe</i> , Oldenberg, Berlin, 1927, p 27. |
| 129. | 'The important question . . .': Liman von Sanders, <i>Five Years in Turkey</i> , p 44. |
| 130. | ' . . . new positions were taken up . . .': Ibid. |
| 131. | His artillery park . . .: IWM 76/75/1, Kemal Atatürk, 'Memoirs of the Anafarta Battles'. |

133. 'Biplane with black X under wings . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*.
134. 'An American who travelled to Angora . . .': AWM4 1/5/1, Headquarters MEF intelligence section.
136. 'Reported from two different sources . . .': AWM4 1/4/1, Part 1, Headquarters MEF.
137. 'Brisk walk 2 ½ hours . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*.
138. 'Prologue . . .': AWM1 DRL/0352, Herbert Hillier, British war artist.
139. He immediately pulled: 'The Serno Reports', *Cross and Cockade*, vol. 13, no. 12, summer 1972, p 105.
140. 'It blew hard . . .': AC 75/33/3/2, *Strain diary*.
140. '*Ark Royal*'s two anti-aircraft maxims . . .': TNA Air 1/137/2, aeroplane report on Gallipoli.
142. 'In the evening Commander Samson . . .': TNA Air 1/137/2, *Ark Royal* flying log entry, 28 March 1915.
143. 'No. 4032, . . .': AWM4 1/25/1, Part 2, Headquarters ANZAC.
143. 'Grand lunch at the Abdin Palace . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1, entry 28 March 1915.
144. 'During the last days of March . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, entry 28 March 1915, private holding.
145. 'Early start to the Mena Camp . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1, entry 29 March 1915.
146. 'On parade all the morning . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
147. 'About 5 am a biplane . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*.
147. 'I realise how hard up you must be . . .': AWM4 1/4/1, Part 2, Headquarters MEF.
148. 'No. 2 & 4 sections . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
149. 'Sir Ian told me . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*. Bean recorded the conversation with Hamilton in his notebook.
149. 'DEAR HIGH COMMISSIONER, . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1, entry 31 March 1915.
150. 'From: GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON . . .': TNA ADM 137/109, Dardanelles general operation telegram.
151. 'Played cricket on deck . . .': IWM 99/75/1, Lieutenant B.A. Isaac, RNVR, No. 3 Squadron's intelligence officer.
152. 'None of the machines climb . . .': Air 1/137/2, *Ark Royal* flying log for 31 March 1915.
156. 'It was necessary to make Ari Burnu . . .': AWM MSS 1886, Lt Col Sefik Aker, 'The Dardanelles: the Ari Burnu Battles and 27 Regiment'.
156. 'The remaining two battalions . . .': Ibid.

157. 'The *Arcadian* has arrived . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1, entry 1 April 1915.
158. 'Lunched on the *Franconia* . . .': Ibid.
159. '1 April 1915 . . .': AWM4 1/5/1, Headquarters MEF intelligence section.
160. 'I heard afterwards that . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
160. 'Up at ¼ to 5, . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
161. 'One knew of course . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
162. 'One of the duties of *Ark Royal* . . .': AC 75/33/3/2, *Strain diary*.
163. 'The shore is covered with tents, . . .': IWM 99/75/1, Isaac.

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166. Oglu's regiment . . .: AWM4 1/27/2, Headquarters ANZAC intelligence section, April 1915, record of interrogations of prisoners of war captured at ANZAC.
168. 'When we came to the street . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
169. 'A new 5 Corps is said . . .': AWM4 1/27/1, Headquarters ANZAC intelligence section, March 1915.
170. '... anxious to receive any information . . .': IWM 72/113/3/41, aeroplane report on Gallipoli.
170. 'On morning of April 2, . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
171. 'Sweepers were late . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*.
173. 'They say there is likely . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
174. 'Up pretty early . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
175. '9.30 am. Telegram received . . .': AWM4 1/4/2, Part 2, Headquarters MEF General Staff, March–April 1915, telegraph 3855 addressed to Savoy Palace Hotel, Alexandria.
176. 'Your reference 20 . . .': AWM4 1/4/1, Part 2, Headquarters MEF General Staff, March–April 1915, telegram dated 3 April 1915.
177. Lieutenant Colonel Skeen . . .: AWM4 1/25/1, Part 1, Headquarters ANZAC General Staff, April 1915.
178. 'We entrained about 4 am . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
180. 'Every man arose at reveille, . . .': *Private John Fisher diary*, private holding.
181. The ANZAC staff . . .: AWM4 1/25/1, Part 1, Headquarters ANZAC General Staff.

182. 'There was a nasty swell . . .': AC 75/33/3/2, *Strain diary*.
184. 'Mena HQ tents taken down . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
185. 'Reinforcements becoming a serious problem . . .': Ibid.
185. 'Battalion will move to the right . . .': Ibid.
186. 'Our men are in capital spirit . . .': C.E.W. Bean, *The Official History of Australia in the War of 1914–1918*, vol. I, *The Story of ANZAC*, Angus & Robertson, Sydney, 1924, p 216.
186. ' . . . cleared the harbour . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
186. 'Under an Eastern sun . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary* vol. 1, entry 5 April 1915.
187. 'We are struggling . . .': Ibid.
187. 'The main function of the kite balloon . . .': TNA Air 1/2013/207/31, 'Kite balloons History etc. dated 14 October 1915'.
187. *Manica* was not specifically designed . . .: TNA Air 1/11/15/1/44, 'Report of No. 1 Kite Balloon Section'.
188. 'A sharp look out all the way . . .': AWM1 DRL/0352, *Herbert Hillier diary*.
188. 'Aircraft spotted successfully for ships . . .': IWM 72/113/3/41, aeroplane report on Gallipoli.
189. 'He announced he had accepted job . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*.
189. 'To Sir Ian Hamilton, . . .': AWM4 1/4/1, Part 2, Headquarters MEF General Staff.
191. 'Next morning there was a good sea . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
191. '5 April CAIRO reports . . .': AWM4 1/4/1, Part 1, Headquarters MEF General Staff.
191. 'Cairo reports following from Athens . . .': AWM4 1/5/1, Headquarters MEF intelligence section.
192. 'Egyptian War Office . . .': AWM4 1/27/2, Headquarters ANZAC intelligence section, April 1915.

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193. From here the battery . . .: AWM MSS 1886, *Sefik Aker's memoir*.
194. Ali Said, Mustefah Riza and Hussein Ahmed . . .: Information collected from prisoners of war taken near Gaba Tepe, Sunday 25 April 1915; AWM4 1/27/2, Headquarters Australian and New Zealand Army Corps war diary secret intelligence summary.
194. The older men were already tired . . .: Ibid.

195. 'Next morning it was much calmer . . .': *Fisher diary entry*, 7 April 1915, private holding.
197. 'We stopped under the lee of Tenedos . . .': AC 75/33/3/2, *Strain diary*.
198. Four missions were flown . . .: IWM 72/113/1, Part 33, *Flying Log in Air Commodore C.R. Samson Collection*, vol. 33.
198. 'Some excitement caused by an RTO . . .': AWM4 1/25/2, Part 2, ANZAC General Staff.
199. The Indian soldiers, with their . . .: AWM4 1/4/1, Part 2, Headquarters MEF General Staff.
200. 'Cairo reports following from lady . . .': AWM4 1/5/1, Headquarters MEF intelligence section.
201. 'The peninsula is rapidly being fortified . . .': The Sir Winston Churchill Archive Trust, CHAR13 G5 telegram Vice Admiral de Robeck to First Lord of the Admiralty.
202. 'The men in town . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
202. 'From Captain Mitchell . . .': AWM4 1/4/4, Part 2, Headquarters MEF war diary.
202. 'It is impossible yet to issue orders . . .': Ibid.
204. 'It is now finally settled . . .': AWM1 DRL 454, J.H. McLennan. Unfortunately, only a typed extract of McLennan's diary remains in his file. The appendix to which he refers is now misfiled or lost.
204. 'At 8.00 pm all NCOs were called . . .': *Fisher diary*, private holding.
205. 'Watched working parties . . .': IWM 99/75/1, Lieutenant B.A. Isaac.
206. 'We boarded our Lighter . . .': AWM1 DRL 454, J.H. McLennan.
207. 'The Turkish Army having been warned . . .': TNA WO 95/4304, Headquarters 29 Division war diary.
208. 'I spend part of morning . . .': IWM 99/75/1, Lieutenant B.A. Isaac.
208. 'No operations taking place . . .': IWM 87/32/2, *Gibson diary*.
209. 'I had a yarn with Colonel White . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
210. 'Disposition of Turkish Forces . . .': AWM4 1/27/2, Headquarters ANZAC intelligence section, April 1915.
211. The latest intelligence . . .: AWM4 1/54/1, Headquarters New Zealand and Australian Division intelligence section, April 1915.
211. 'A cold miserable day . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
212. 'So I then told them my plan . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1.
215. 'No. M.F.111, 10 April . . .': AWM4 1/4/1, Part 2, Headquarters MEF General Staff.
216. 'Period of preparation . . .': AWM1 DRL/0352, Hillier.

217. Sopwith 922 . . . : TNA Air 1/AH/207/20/7, 'Reports from HMS *Ark Royal* Feb–May 1915'.
217. 'Start directly after breakfast . . .': IWM 99/75/1, Lieutenant B.A. Isaac.
218. 'Tables of tows . . .': AWM4 1/25/1, Part 2, Headquarters ANZAC General Staff.
218. 'MEMORANDUM . . .': Ibid.
219. He had reported . . . : AWM4 1/42/3, Part 1, Headquarters 1 Australian Division General Staff.
219. Hamilton's appointment . . . : The Dardanelles Commission, HMSO, 1917 (cd 8446).
219. 'Boys' he said, . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
221. 'and would likely find this a new sensation': AWM1 DRL 454, J.H. McLennan.
222. 'Our first Taube: . . .': Hamilton, *Gallipoli Diary*, vol. 1.
222. On Tenedos . . . : IWM 72/113/1, Part 33, *Flying Log*, Air Commodore C.R. Samson Collection, vol. 33.
222. 'forwarded to the General Staff Officer . . .': IWM 99/75/1, Lieutenant B.A. Isaac.
223. Those same friends . . . : Ibid.
225. Bridges now had a clear appreciation . . . : AWM2 DRL 469, *Bridges diary*.
226. A reconnaissance of the enemy coast . . . : AWM4 1/25/1, Part 1, Headquarters ANZAC General Staff.
226. 'Ordered to examine Gallipoli . . .': TNA Air 137/2, *Ark Royal* flying log.
227. 'Nil sighting magazine . . .': Ibid.
227. Later that day, Wing Commander . . . : Vice Admiral de Robeck ensured that submarine captains overflow the Dardanelles prior to making the risky attempt to dive beneath the minefields. CHAR 13/65 telegram Vice Admiral de Robeck to Admiralty.
228. '... thunder clouds made flying inadvisable . . .': IWM 99/75/1, Lieutenant B.A. Isaac.
228. All card games were washed out . . . : Ibid.
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339. 'If all the wisdom of all the men . . .': Stoker, *Straws in the Wind*, p 101.
341. 'Came off guard at 8 o'clock . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
341. 'Concealment, covering fire . . .': Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, p 75.
342. 'I got back before dinner . . .': AWM 38 3DRL 606/3/1 and 4/1, *Bean March and April diaries*, entry for April.
342. 'To-day the General left . . .': AWM 1 DRL 454, J.H. McLennan.
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354. 'Instead of attempting to pass Channakale . . .': Stoker, *Straws in the Wind*.
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358. 'I was awakened at 1245 . . .': AWM 224 MSS136, H.C. Nott.
359. The man scrambled along . . . : AWM MS 1886, Sefik Aker's recollections.
360. 'S.S. *Galeka* . . .': Victorian State Library MS9819, Major John William Hamilton.
362. 'It was a still night . . .': *Reveille*, March 1932.
363. 'We were all called . . .': Liddle, *Men of Gallipoli*, p 92.
363. 'I awoke this morning at 2.30 . . .': AWM 1 DRL 454, J.H. McLennan.
364. The first seaplane to be lowered . . . : TNA ADM 1753/340 98, HMS *Ark Royal's* ship's log 25 April 1915.
364. The two officers had been given a copy . . . : TNA Air 1/11/15/1/44, 'Reports on No. 1 Kite Balloon Section, HMS *Manica*, May 1915'.
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365. '... it is not easy keeping station . . .': IWM Bush unpublished papers.

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368. The surviving *askers*, . . . : AWM MS 1886, Sefik Aker's recollections.
368. 'At 5.35 am *Queen* . . .': AWM4 1/4/1, Part 1, Headquarters MEF war diary log entry.
369. The first line of A Echelon . . . : Ibid.
369. '8.39 am Australians . . .': Ibid., war diary log entry of 8.39 a.m. based on a report possibly from Bridges via Birdwood.
370. At intervals a seaplane . . . : Ibid., *MEF war diary*: 'At 6 am enemy's ship was reported by balloon (*Manica*) on square 205 J S.E. of Maidos raising steam, at 6.15 am a returning destroyer reported good progress on Beach Z and 300 casualties up to date. At 6.42 the Australian Brigade were making good progress up the hill.'
370. 'We were in the air . . .': RAF Archive, AC 75/33/3/1, *Strain's diary entry 25 April 1915*.

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371. 'The landing at Sedd el Bahr . . .': Samson, *Flights and Fights*, p 233.
372. 'I was in the first . . .': *Fisher diary*, private holding.
372. 'Left Lemnos at 1.30 . . .': *Bulkeley diary*, private holding.
373. 'Officially reported . . .': Ibid.
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375. Charles Palmer proved to be . . .: TNA ADM 137/3018.

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| 377. | Appendix A: TNA ADM 137/881, bound in file MO 4576/14, 'Mr Palmer, late Vice Consul at the Dardanelles: results of bombardment of 3 November 1914 and positions of minefield and guns.' |
| 379. | Appendix B: AWM4 1/21/1, <i>ANZAC Intelligence Diary March 1915</i> , report found in appendix. |
| 381. | Appendix C: Same AWM file as above and also found in divisional intelligence war diaries of the MEF. |
| 384. | Appendix D: AWM4 1/5/1, Intelligence, General Headquarters, MEF. |
| 385. | Appendix E: AMW4 1/25/1, Part 5, General Staff, HQ ANZAC, April 1915. Extract taken from letter from GHQ MEF on 10 April to GOC ANZAC. |
| 386. | Appendix F: AWM4 1/54/1, Intelligence, Headquarters New Zealand and Australian Division. |
| 387. | Appendix G: AWM4 1/25/1, Part 7, Headquarters Australian and New Zealand Army Corps General Staff, April 1915. |
| 389. | Appendix H: AWM4 1/42/3, Part 2, Headquarters 1 Australian Division General Staff. |
| 391. | Appendix I: Ibid. |
| 393. | Appendix J: AWM 1/54/1, Intelligence, Headquarters New Zealand and Australian Division. |
| 395. | Appendix K: TNA ADM 137/787, <i>Mediterranean War Records</i> . |
| 396. | Appendix L: AWM4 1/25/1, Part 6, Headquarters ANZAC General Staff, April 1915. |

397. Appendix M: AWM4 1/21/1, *ANZAC Intelligence Diary April 1915*. The list required the unit, in this case corps and division HQs, to update their 1:40,000 scale maps with the listed information. Examination of ANZAC maps in the AWM shows that this was done.
399. Appendix N: AWM4 1/25/1, Part 6, Headquarters ANZAC General Staff, April 1915.
400. Appendix O: AWM4 1/25/1, Part 4, General Staff, HQ ANZAC, April 1915 Appendix No. 1f. Extract taken from orders from GHQ dated 19 April 1915. Orders for MEF divisional units were sent to ANZAC in order to assist situational awareness.
401. Appendix P: AWM4 1/25/1, Part 4, General Staff, HQ ANZAC, April 1915. Extract of Force Order found in divisional war diaries.
402. Appendix Q: AWM4 1/21/1, *ANZAC Intelligence Diary April 1915*. The New Zealand and Australian Division intelligence war diary has an almost complete set of aerial intelligence reports in its appendix.
403. Appendix R: AWM4 1/4/1/, Part 1, General Staff, MEF.
404. Appendix S: AWM4 1/25/1, Part 4, General Staff, HQ ANZAC, April 1915, Part 8. Birdwood's report on the landing written on 8 May tells of the importance of silence to achieve surprise.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I am sitting in my cramped home office and earnestly typing when the door opens with a crash. Framed in the doorway are my sons, Thomas (6) and Charlie (2). Charlie is named after my great-grandfather, Charlie White, who fought at Gallipoli with the Royal Marine Light Infantry. The search for Charlie White and the men who fought with him forms part of the genesis of this book, as does my long-held desire to understand what the ANZACs actually knew in the lead-up to the Dardanelles campaign. My search for information on this aspect of the campaign proved frustratingly fruitless and provided the impetus for the writing of this account.

I am indebted to the archivists, particularly those of the Australian War Memorial and various State libraries, the Imperial War Museum, the RAF archive and the British National Archives, whose assistance has unlocked the doors to understanding the men who planned and executed this campaign. The work of our archivists is far less celebrated than it deserves; these are the people who keep alive the

voices of our soldiers, sailors and airmen long since dead. My gratitude extends also to the grandsons and daughters of soldiers who allowed me to quote from carefully preserved diaries. I have presented the words and experiences of these men and given their thoughts equal weight in this work. I hope I have brought them to life.

This story would have remained unpublished were it not for Tom Gilliatt, Non-Fiction Director at Pan Macmillan. He accepted my call and with it the risk of publishing an inexperienced author who claimed to have a new approach to an element of Australian history that is both cherished and established. Editors Emma Rafferty and Cathy McCullagh played their part in burnishing and refining the manuscript and producing a story from my ragged sequence of notes.

This book has occupied every weekend and holiday for the past seven years. Thomas and Charlie have often seen me close the office door to emerge sometimes triumphant, but more often tired and worn out. *36 Days* could not have come to press without the patient acceptance of my children and the forbearance of my wife, Sarah, who has endured both my lengthy absences and my constant inane chatter over some obscure reference that has lain buried in a once secret manila folder. This book is as much a tribute to her commitment as mine.

The unfolding stories of these men as they grasped the momentous challenges that lay ahead of them are very real to me. My task is to reveal the truth, long obscured by the legend that has masked their voices. Even today, as I read their diaries and letters, I remain in awe of their courage and stoicism. I hope that, as we stand in the darkness before dawn each Anzac Day we will remember the reality of the men and women rather than the cloaking blandness of the ANZAC legend.

When Australian troops stormed Z Beach in the pre-dawn darkness of 25 April 1915, it was the culmination of one of the most complex and daunting operations in the history of warfare—a seaborne assault on a heavily fortified shore, defended by a well-prepared and forewarned enemy. To add to the difficulty, the assault was planned and executed in just thirty-six days.

The risks were enormous, and the death toll on the beach at Anzac Cove could have been catastrophic—as it was with the British landings further south. Yet the ANZACs had been allowed to organise their own assault, and their ingenuity, intelligence-gathering and willingness to do the unorthodox allowed them to seize a foothold and fulfil the task they had been set by their commanders. All too often the scale of that task and the successful way the ANZACs approached it have been overshadowed by events later in the campaign.

Hugh Dolan, an intelligence officer in the Australian military, has minutely re-examined the assault itself, giving us a day-by-day account of the build-up to the landing that shows a very different side to the Gallipoli story. Drawing on a wealth of previously unpublished material and research, he has produced a riveting work of narrative history that sheds a fresh light on the original ANZACs.



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