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-- the -- more reliable of my men. -- the others were scattered in the bushes near by some of them too far in rear to be able to hear or understand my orders.

When I found that we were not in touch with any firing line needing reinforcing we set to work to find the source who were firing at us and I carefully searched the landscape with no success except that far away on the sky line about 1800 yards I should say we could see the actual forms that were firing at us -- the concealed pit -- the flash and dust of the explosion and the moving forms -- lower down the slope among some trees at the left front about 1200 yards away were some infantry moving forward in skirmishing formation -- we then fired some ranging shots at them but could not see the where the shots hit but we made the thinkers run and so opened fire at 12 hundred yards until they all got to cover -- Still no further orders from Major Baker who was about 50 or 80 yards away on my right and with whom I kept constantly in touch by lifting my head till I caught his eye. Then just in front I saw an abandoned Turkish trench which offered some cover and I trusted my men into that which was a mistake because although offering cover for the lower part of the body it was a brown Camouflaged on the green hill side and very accurately ranged only the enemy -- realizing my mistake I rushed the men out of it again fortunately without a casualty, into the bushes a little to the right front. Still no orders, still no firing line to reinforce, still nothing to do but lie and be fired at (badly -- thank Heaven). About this time Cpl Bailey was hit on a finger of his right hand by a shrapnel pellet -- he was lying on my right side and he cursed very volubly and began

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- began - to implore me to do something rather than
lie there and be murdered, which was exactly
what I wanted myself. - I took the precaution
of again asking Major Saker if there were any further
orders and the answer was "no" - I believe that
he was still waiting for a message from the right point
where A-B. Coys were supposed to be. I moved
forward again by one or two short rushes - still
in the direction of the Knoll on the right of Owen's Sully.
and came almost to the edge of the gully - about this
time word was passed along the line that Major SAKER was
wounded - I called out to him but got no reply, and
as I seemed to be the only officer in charge of the company
I decided to go to him at once and get his orders -
[I know now that he fainted - hence his silence] This entailed
moving by myself across the point and in full view of the
machine gunners in the gully - I carried out two short
rushes all right the bullets just singing over my head
each time I dropped - the third rush the gunner followed
me round and pinked me through my left thigh.
Twisting me round and bringing me down like a sack
of flour. I rolled a little way down the hill and called
out to Bailey, who was nearest to me that I was
hit. And to get in touch with an officer on the right.
I felt the blood pumping out of my leg but the thought
of dying from haemorrhage somehow never occurred to
me. to put on a tourniquet - Couldn't have done so
if I had thought of it as it is almost impossible
for a patient to stop his own femoral artery.
I remember feeling a bit dizzy but did not know
I fainted but think I must have [because Bailey
told me in 1917 that when I told him I was hit he
crawled to the edge of the gully and called for
me but got no answer] when I recovered from
the initial shock I found that my whole

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- whole - left leg was paralyzed - probably from shock to the great sciatic nerve. I felt it pretty awfully and found it was not broken as I had at first suspected so I started to crawl towards where I had last seen Major Saker. During this, power gradually returned and I was soon able to hobble along slowly and unsteadily but not painfully. I had not gone far before I met Sergeant Gellin (Commander of No 9. platoon in my Company - mine being No 10 platoon) with a mixed party of about twenty men of C. Company. These I took charge of though they wanted to carry me (I probably looked a good deal worse than I felt) and we went forward into the heavily wooded knoll to the right of Owen's pull and found there a few stragglers from various battalions and brigades but no forming line either defensive or offensive and no enemy - only shrapnel and a stream of machine gun fire wherever you showed in the open. The casualties there had been very heavy and it was heart breaking not to be able to carry the poor wounded chaps to a place of safety.

[Here I shall close
May Letter 1. and
will post it as it is
at the next
post]

to Mrs A.P. Derham
83 Wellington Street
Kew, Victoria
Australia

1963.0024.0002

— DIARY —

Diary of A.P. Derham (Lieut 5th Battalion
Australian Imperial Forces abroad Commencing
on the last day of March 1915)

1915.

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Any information inserted in this diary referring
to late happenings and knowledge will be
put thus [in square brackets]

Up to the end of March 1915 my diary is fairly fully
kept in a little red note book now in a box at home.
(I think in my war relics box) about this time the 5th Bn
received definite orders to prepare for embarkation
and on the first Sunday in April we struck Camp
cleaned up the Battalion lines and marched out
of camp about 5 PM with all regimental transport
and baggage. We marched from Mena Camp to
Cairo station a distance of ten miles or more and
quite trying on hard roads with extra heavy
equipment. — I remember as we passed Mena
House Hospital I saw Lieut P.J. Murray 5th Bn
in a taxi cab and broke all rules by leaving
the ranks to shake hands with him — he
had been invalided out of the Bn with
blackwater fever contracted on service with the
"Florists" in East Africa in pre war days

* [The next time I saw this officer was in 1917 when
he was a Lance-Corporal re-embodied in 5th Bn
reinforcements and going to the front again — poor
little Chap]

*

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The march into Cairo was not very eventful. I was in Command of my own platoon and remember having trouble with one private MORRIS a newly joined reinforcement - a tall lean & heavy man (who usually make splendid soldiers in the field but are a nuisance when they can get drunk and Morris was no exception) he was very drunk in a mandolin kind of way and after dropping him along for some time I put him on a train with an escort. We arrived at Cairo station and the battalion entrained uneventfully. Managed to get a little sleep on the hard floor of a corridor and woke up in the grey dawn as we were nearing Alexandria. - the dismal reeds of the vile marshes on our left and some typically desolate Egyptian tenement houses skirting the line on the right - all the desolation I felt when first leaving Alexandria for Cairo in the dusk of early December 1914 came back but was relieved by the sense that we were approaching the sea and the feeling that whatever the coming fate it would be in the sweet open air and near a sea shore. We embarked on H.M.A.T. Novian belonging to a transatlantic cargo line - she was

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a cargo Carrier pure and simple - a new boat about 7,000 tons very seaworthy. The men of the Battalion were accommodated on the decks below the horses round the hold shaft which was not an ideal arrangement by any means. The only officers accommodation was that of the ships officers which was stretched to accommodate some of the more senior battalion officers. We had on board the 3rd Battalion Officers, men, horses, and transport, the Bde Transport ^(Officers men & horses) of the rest of the 2nd Bde, A headquarters wireless unit, a section of a field ambulance, and some other odds and ends which I cannot remember. A & B companies were accommodated aft and C & D. (mine and the one containing the Public School boys) were forward. The junior officers dropped themselves about on the deck over the officers quarters as best they could and I personally was quite cosy in my Wolsey Valise. We sailed the same day and headed in a Northerly direction by ourselves and without any Convoy. - The last of the 2nd Bde units to leave Alexandria. By this time rumour had it that we were bound on an expedition in the neighbour hood of Asia Minor though it was uncertain whether the landing was to be made in Palestine, Alexandria, or

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Gallipoli — as soon as we got to sea however it became pretty definite that our objective was the Dardanelles. We had a most delightful voyage up the Aegean — blue isles and distant mountains wore the purple noons transparent night — there was plenty to do in a very small space — final touches to be put on the training of the men — particularly in rapid loading, unloading, and firing in which Major Saker was an expert. — the decks were further reduced by the presence of four large "home boats" or barges for the rapid landing of horses, guns, or men — there was some guard work to do also which meant wakeful hours of duty in the midnight hours when the pole star swung ahead and in the wonderfulopal dawn when all the morning seemed to breathe of peace and war seemed very far away. On the blue afternoons I used to lean over the prow and look down into the blue waters — blue with a deep changing viridescence which I have never ~~just~~ seen ~~the~~ in Southern Waters. A Quartermaster of the ship (sailor) — a barben or poler frigate lent me a copy of Palgrave's Golden Treasury Vol. 1. which I devoured (my own copy I had left in Egypt) — we used to have our meals in two delays, senior officers first and the cuts second — very happy meals — good solid wholesome food — (the Thorian had food freezing

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—praying—Stores and we were well looked after by
the ships people. In bad weather; and we had
a lot in Lemnos Harbour, it was pretty miserable
because there was really no where to go to keep
dry and to be on duty meant to be wet through.
— to continue — after about three and a
half days sail we entered Mudros harbour in the Island
of Lemnos on a beautiful blue day and we were
not alone then — the King's Brigade were already
there on shore and had been for some weeks and
there were ships of all sorts and sizes - merchant's,
transports, and Navy including the latest Super-
dreadnought - the Queen Elizabeth just back from the
bombardment of the Dardanelles — there were some
big vessels there including the *Graudenz*, a command
but I don't think any of the *Hammoths* had arrived
then — there were some very beautiful and fast
Hamamets *Maritimes* boats that with French troops aboard.
Afterwards day by day more ships arrived and we
heard of famous regiments being aboard and cheered
them as we passed. — then bad weather set in and
we learned that our expedition had been postponed
for days at least - we lay at anchor for more
than ten days and had a very monotonous time
broken only by boxing practice which involved
swarming & over the sides of our ship in full
fighting equipment into taking horse boats and
barges and being towed ashore where we left

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leapt into the "boiling surf" and rushed up the shore in
a pelting hail of bullets (imaginary)

On one beautiful day we carried out the most complete
of these practices and the whole Battalion landed and
took part in manoeuvres which included other Battalions
and involved route marches along strange Greek roads
among the most glorious sweet smelling fields and over
flowery uplands from where we could see the snow
capped hilltops of Samothrace and Imbros and further
to the right on the far horizon the dim land near
Gallipoli the land of our adventure. We went
back to the boat tired and happy and with
a strong sense of the goodness of the Spring earth and
the sweetness of life. — towards the end of our
stay the staff and commanding officers went
for a cruise on the Queen Elizabeth along the
coast which we were going to attack. When they
came back and saw George Capes (our machine
gun officer) colouring his map (i.e. filling in different
heights above sea level in different colours —
my original map so coloured is now at home) and
noticed that he started his work in the region of
what was later ANZAC Cove. — I took the print
and did likewise and even went to the
trouble of copying the same area of map into my

and I saw?

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my field Service pocket book (now at home).

The last few days at Semmo were spent in making final preparations for the landing - lightening my equipment by discarding non essentials & - buying a 'delightful' nylon waterproof over coat which was as light as a feather and rolled up in pocket size - this I lost on the first day.

Incidentally, I caught a very severe cold which made me feel miserable as it seemed so likely to spoil my chances of "arriving on" as I hoped to do. However on the second last night I went to bed.

early with doxor powder, aspirin and a large hot drink of whisky and lime juice - with excellent results. — in our spare time we used to play bridge or poker in the wheel house —

Lieut Adams [since killed in the flying Corps] Lieut J. Newham [killed at Cape Helles 8 May 15] Lieut

T. McVear [farming at Healesville, Victoria] and myself being the chief performers. — [our last scene is somewhere in my F.S. Pocket book] — on the last night of all (I had been on^{an} all day sitting of a Court martial on a battalion Cook for gambling at "Crown and anchor") I was detailed as officer of the guard which meant goodbye to all sweet sleep. I protested as there were other officers

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Officers - on board who were not to make the landing. Major
Saker arranged with Colonel for my relief and I went
to bed on the top deck at 10 pm while we were lying in
a hidden bay at Imbros and slept till 2 am when
reveille was announced by my batman rolling me
over - I awoke on the morning of Sunday 25th April
1915 - to a ^{pleasant} ~~pleasant~~ night with a silver moon
behind ~~floating~~ soft clouds and a thin sea mist softening
and obscuring everything. We were moving slowly in a
somewhat Northeasterly direction - no land in sight and
the dim ill defined shapes of our consort ships
looming now and then through the mist. I rose,
had a forebath, changed into clean underclothes,
had a good breakfast of porridge and eggs and bacon,
packed my kit including a bread & jam wide "luncheon"
(which was never eaten). At (about) 3.30 PM we slowed up
just in sight of dim hills ahead and one by one the
other vessels slipped alongside into place.
Just as the first streaks of dawn were appearing in the
east the third Brigade went ashore and through the
grey morning mist there were flashes of rifle and
machinegun fire and the Turkish battery at Saba Tepe
opened fire - shelling the beach and approaches
with high aimed shrapnel. At first no figures were
discernable but as dawn broke we were first able
to distinguish the men of the third Brigade scaling the
cliff already ~~xx~~ won. At about this time our naval
gun fire which had been searching the crests above the
beach was lifted and directed more against the
batteries and the cruiser Baccante sailed right into
the bay north of Saba Tepe and bombarded the
battery there with her quick guns - at point blank
range - seemingly enough to blow the whole point to
pieces. At about the little field battery which was
doing such terrible execution amongst our landing
parties but no - the battery was well hidden

?AM?

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hidden - in a hollow and our naval shells passed overhead or burst harmlessly in the mounds in front. Thus a naval armament which seemed at first capable of making a landing operation easy, was proved then and even afterwards incapable of doing much damage to well placed land defenses. While this was going on we on the "Norian" had long been prepared for our own landing which was delayed for some unknown reason - our Brigade and Staff had come aboard the day before and were to be among the first to land, the order of companies was to be I think A, B, C & D. The two troops going with A Co. While we were waiting for our "tow" of boats to come for us we were gathered on the upper decks - the men in the rigging watching the great panoramic scene which seemed so interesting and thrilling and not really dangerous. We were one of the nearest boats to the shore and Sabote battery commenced to drop shrapnel overhead the pellets fortunately raining harmlessly among the rigging and on the mounds - all the same the men were ordered below and the officers withdrew under the shelter of the deck house. - at this time something amusing happened to me - I had been watching the events on shore through pince-nez glasses and all at once I saw a host of brownish forms arise from the plain near Sabote and rush headlong towards our fellows on the beach - "There they are" I yelled excitedly, believing the whole Turkish army was about to set upon our unsuspecting comrades on shore, when I took down my glasses and saw that it was an illusion - the old Norian was backing with all speed out of danger and the sudden movement of a gun rope

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-- Snags -- against the scattered bushes on shore had appeared to make the latter spring to life in the eye of my glasses and move in the opposite direction. The mistake caused some amusement and its discovery caused me much relief. At about this time our "tow" came in sight and I began to tell my platoon in to disembark. A & B Companies were already leaving and I was going in charge of the first half of C Company together with the M. S. Section, Major Saker following in a later "tow" with the remainder of the Company. My last few minutes on board were spent in looking for rifles for Butler Davenport and Cpl. D. Forghlin (both killed on 25/4/15) whose own rifles were (I believe) stolen by members of the crew for fun running in Ireland, a common practice on troopships, and also in hunting for one of my best A.C.s - Cpl Bailey (now in the repatriation department) who was found observing the situation through his glasses on the bridge - no time to curse or censure him - though I was sore annoyed. We got into the boats and Major Saker from the deck waved me a "good luck". Our trip to the shore was effected without mishap though several bursts of shrapnel aimed at us burst just over head and a few rifle bullets - splashed into the water. - we landed comfortably on a shingly beach at a spot which was I think just at the Southern end of ANZAC Cove. (see sketches) and I formed my platoon up in two ranks as close to the shelter of the low cliff as I could though they were by no means safe from shrapnel there. I myself walked down a plank onto the shore with a sailor holding my hand (a list of the men who actually landed with me will be found in a black note book (which I left at home). I myself had got over my nervousness at that time and had ~~had~~ not yet begun to feel the sensation of fear which knowledge brings.

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I was just going along to the left to report all correct to my Col. Wanless. (Major Saker being not yet come ashore) when General Bridges came running down the hill among the bushes above my platoon - very red and excited, waving his cane and called out to the Co. "Wanless I want you to get your men together and reinforce the firing line with all available tools and ammunition - don't wait for the rest of your Battalion and don't wait to get into formation but push on!"

Immediately after this I made my report to Col Wanless who was already ordering A & B Companies to move off. Col Wanless ordered me to join A Company (Major Feltner) at once and place my platoon under his orders. I just had time to give the order "form fours, left turn, at ease quick march" when the tail of A Company swung past some in the direction up the hill indicated by dotted path in sketch. I joined on to A Co. and we toiled up the steep difficult hill along a sort of goat track - heavily laden with full equipment, tools etc, the men were a little bit inclined to curse and sweat in the now warm sun and it was difficult to keep them together in the narrow paths and at the same time keep up with the head of the column.

It was a beautiful day - we were out of danger from shrapnel behind a hill and the rifle & machine bullets were singing softly and harmlessly over our heads, sailing out with the summer sea like homing bees. No thought of danger or coming horrors - only the necessity of ascertaining what was to be done and the anxiety at being thus early separated from my own beloved company leader. We toiled over a couple of seaward running ridges and across two water courses afterwards famous as "Monarch Gully" and "Bridges Road" and as we began to ascend the second rise at "K" the order was given to drop packs which we gladly did. Major Feltner then moved to a point F high on the ridge and sent out scouts to reconnoitre and runners to get in touch with the Brits. I settled my men down on the slope and joined him on a high

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high - earthy knoll overlooking the beach and the sea and what a wonderful sight was there - still all apparent peace only marred by the still beautiful puffs of white smoke as drapnel burst and the singing or occasional whistling or whining bullets over head - and now the air was full of those - still no sense of danger and very little nervousness. Here we had a little discussion and I discovered that, so hurried had been our movement that the exact position of the troops we were to reinforce was not known - only the general direction - our Scouts had not come back and word came from the rear that we were to 'push on without waiting'. B Company were halted a little to the left still also in Column of Route, and word was passed to me that the remainder of C Co, under Command of Major SAKER had arrived in the Valley below and Major SAKER sent orders to me that I was to advance my platoon in the same general direction as A and B Companies and that he would follow me - I therefore pushed on (along dotted track) up towards the head of the gully keeping the high ground on my right - as I neared the crest I slowed down the head of the Column and sent two Scouts Plt Marsborough (since killed) and Plt Smith (wounded yesterday) ahead to see if they could locate our firing line but the country was so difficult and the messages from the rear to press on were so insistent that I found myself leading the Company over new ground ahead of my own scouts. - all this was bad tactics and I knew it but was powerless to prevent it and probably Major SAKER in his turn was pushed on by someone on the beach who did not know what he was doing. At this time the bullets had begun to sing not over us but between us and I decided that I could not lead my Company in Column of Route over a skyline with

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within — close range of enemy machine guns whatever the orders from the rear. — I therefore halted the head of the column now strung out over about four hundred yards sent a good scout back to Major Saker to explain the position and went to the crest to have a look (what I saw is shown in the next sketch) and saw nothing but bushes and empty hells and gullies — not a sign of a tank or a trench nor rifle smoke nor an Australian — only bullets whistling through the air (heard not seen) and an occasional burst of shrapnel on the ridges on my left and right. I went back immediately and reported same to Major Saker who had by this time got the company close up under the crest but still in column of fours. Sounds of firing broke out ahead on our right front and I think he received a message from "B" Company asking for support on the right — at all events he gave the signal to advance and the whole Company moved over the crest my platoon leading — as we topped the crest Major Saker rushed out in front and gave the signal to extend to the right so that my platoon became the left of the line opposite the top of OWEN'S gully the rest of the Company strung out to the right in the direction of LOWE PASS. Then the storm burst the Turkish gunners on Sun ridge had us in full view at short shrapnel range and they pumped it into us and some machine guns situated somewhere down OWEN'S gully and firing with flash screens and smokeless powder got onto us, but fortunately the shrapnel was poor stuff and the M.Suns fired a little too high. At all events the signal was given to lie down and advance by short rushes. I told my section Commanders to take their men forward to the ridge on the right in "Cloud formation" a method invented by Major Saker himself and now used under fire for the first time. I don't know whether many of my men were hit among these bushes or whether they heartily failed them but I do know that when we had advanced half way down the forward slope there were with me only my NCO's and a few of the

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Sketch of what I saw when I came over the ridge
above OWENS Gully and commenced to advance
towards the ridge near LONE PINE

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BABY 700.

